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Tvvelfe Night, Or what you will.

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.*

*Duke*

IF Musicke be the food of Love, play on,  
Give me excesse of it : that surfetting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.  
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:

O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a banke of Violets ;  
Stealing and giving Odour. Enough, no more,  
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,  
That notwithstanding thy capacity,  
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,  
But falles into abatement, and low price  
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone, is high fantastickall.

*Cu.* Will you goe hunt my Lord?

*Du.* What *Curio*?

*Cu.* The Hart.

*Du.* Why so I doe, the Noblest that I have :

O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,  
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestelence ;  
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart  
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,  
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid doe returne this answer:  
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares heate,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view :  
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,  
And water once a day her Chambers round  
With eye-offending brine : all this to season  
A brothers dead love, which she would keepe fresh  
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Du.* O she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else  
That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,  
These soveraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd  
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king :  
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,  
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Viola, a Captaine ,and Saylors.*

*Vio.* What Country (Friends) is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria Lady.

*Vio.* And what should I doe in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he has not drown'd : What thinke you saylors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you your selfe were saved.

*Vio.* O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,

Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poore number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boate : I saw your brother

Most provident in perill, binde himselfe.

(Courage and hope aboth teaching him the practice)

To a strong Maste, that liv'd upon the sea :

Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waters,

So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's Gold :

Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority

The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

*Cap.* I Madam well, for I was bred and borne

Not three houres traivale from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governes heere?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* *Orsino*.

*Vio.* *Orsino* : I have heard my father name him.

He was a Batchellor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late :

For but a moneth ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know

What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)

That he did seeke the love of faire *Olivia*.

*Vio.* What's she ?

*Cap.* A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count

That di'd some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his sonne, her brother,

Who shortly also di'd: for whose deere love

(They say) she hath abjur'd the sight

And company of men.

*Vio.* O that I serv'd that Lady

And might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow  
What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compasse,  
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,  
No, not the Dukes.

*Vio.* There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,  
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution : yet of thee  
I will beleeve thou hast a minde that suites  
With this thy faire and outward character.  
I prethee (and Ile pay the bounteously)  
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy paines : for I can sing,  
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thanke thee : Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* What a plague meanes my Neece to take the  
death of her bruther thus? I am sure care's an enemy to  
life.

*Mar.* By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlyer  
a nights : your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions  
to your ill houres.

*To.* Why let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* I, but you must confine your selfe within the  
modest limits of order.

*To.* Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:  
these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so be  
these boots too : and they be not, let them hang them-  
selves in their owne straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undoe you : I  
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday : and of a foolish  
knight that you brought in one night here, to be her

*To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*? (wooeer.)

*Ma.* I he.

*To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Ma.* What's that to th'purpose ?

*To.* Why he ha's three thousand ducats a yeare.

*Ma.* I but hee'l have but a yeare in all these ducats :  
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

*To.* Fye, that you'll say so : he playes o't Viol-de-gam-  
boys, and speaks three or foure languages word for  
word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost naturall : for besides that  
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that he hath  
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-  
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly  
have the gift of a grave.

*Tob.* By this hand they are scoundrels and subtrac-  
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Ma.* They that adde moreouer, he's drunke nightly  
in your company.

*To.* With drinking healths to my Neece : Ile drinke

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to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in *Illyria* : he's a Coward and a Coystrell that will not drinke to my Neece till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*:for here comes Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*And.* Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch*?

*To.* Sweet sir *Andrew*.

*And.* Blesse you faire *Shrew*.

*Mar.* And you too sir.

*Tob.* Accost Sir *Andrew*, Accost.

*And.* What's that?

*To.* My Neeces Chamber-maid.

*An.* Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

*Ma.* My name is *Mary* sir.

*And.* Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

*To.* You mistake knight : Accost, is front her, boord her, wooe her, assayle her.

*And.* By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

*Ma.* Fareyouwell Gentlemen.

*To.* And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightst never draw sword agen.

*And.* And you part so mistris, I would I might never draw sword agen : Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have fooles in hand?

*Ma.* Sir, I have not you by 'th hand.

*An.* Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

*Ma.* Now sir, thought is free : I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

*An.* Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Meta-phor?

*Mar.* It's dry sir.

*An.* Why I thinke so : I am not such an asse, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Ma.* A dry jest Sir.

*And.* Are you full of them?

*Ma.* I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand,I am barren. *Exit Maria*

*To.* O kinght, thou lack'st a cup of Canary: when did I see thee so put downe?

*An.* Never in your life I thinke, unlesse you see Canary put downe : me thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeeve that does harme to my wit.

*To.* No question.

*An.* And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby*.

*To.* *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

*An.* What is *purquoy*? Do, or not doe? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting : O had I but followed the Arts.

*To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

*An.* Why,would that have ended my haire?

*To.* Past question,for thou seest it will not coole my

*An.* But it becomes me well enough, dost not? (nature

*To.* Excellent,it hangs like flax on a distaffe: and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

*An.* Faith Ile come home to morrow sir *Toby*,your niece will not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me: the Connt himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

*To.* Shee'l none o'th Count, she'd not match above her degree,neither in estate,yeaes,not wit : I have heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man.

*And.*

*And.* Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world : I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

*To.* Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

*And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*To.* And I can cut the Mutton too't.

*And.* And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*To.* Wherefore are these things bid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walke should be a jigge : I would not so much as make water byt in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

*And.* I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Revels?

*To.* What shall we do else : were we not borne under *Taurus*?

*And.* *Taurus*? That sides and heart.

*To.* No sir, it is leggs and thighes : let me see the caper. Ha, higher : ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No beleeve me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* I thanke you : heere comes the Count.

*Duk.* Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

*Vio.* On your attendance my Lord heere.

*Du.* Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*, Thou knowst no lesse, but all : I have unclasp'd To thee the booke even of my secret soule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her, Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores, And tell them, there thy fixed food shall grow Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure my Noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Du.* Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds, Rather then make unproofed returne.

*Vio.* Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

*Du.* O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith ; It shall become thee well to act my wors : She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of mor grave aspect.

*Vio.* I thinke not so, my Lord.

*Duk.* Deere Lad, beleeve it :

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For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,  
That say thou art a man : *Dianas* lip  
Is not more smooth, and rubious : thy small pipe  
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,  
And all is semblative a womans part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affayre : some foure or five attend him,  
All if you will : for I my selfe am best  
When least in company : prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.  
*Vio.* Ile doe my best  
To wooe your Lady : yet a barrefull strife  
Who ere I wooe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*Enter Maria, and Clowne.*

*Ma.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I  
will not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in  
way of thy excuse: my lady wil hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me : he that is well hang'de in this  
world, needs to feare no colours.

*Ma.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to feare.

*Mar.* A good lenton answer : I can tell thee where  
that saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

*Clo.* Where good mistris *Mary*?

*Mar.* In the warres, and that may you be bolde to say  
in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it :  
and those that are fooles, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long ab-  
sent, or to be turn'd away : is not that as good as a hanging  
to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage :  
and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one breake, the other will hold: or if  
both breake, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if  
sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece  
of *Eves* flesh, as any in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* Peace you rogue; no more o'that: here comes  
my Lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

*Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.*

*Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:  
those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove  
fooles : and I'that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a  
wise man. For what sayes *Quinapalus*, Better a witty  
foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

*Ol.* Take the foole away.

*Clo.* Doe you not heare fellowes, take away the Lady.

*Ol.* Go too, y'are a dry foole : Ile no more of you: be-  
sides you grow dis-honest.

*Clo.* Two faults *Madona*, that drinke and good counsell  
wil amend : for give the dry foole drinke, then is the foole  
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,  
he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the Botcher  
mend him : any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertue  
that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a-  
mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple  
Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy?

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As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beautie's a flower ; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

*Ol.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* : that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine : good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a foole.

*Ol.* Can you doe it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

*Ol.* Make your prooffe.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my Mouse of vertue answer me.

*Ol.* Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your prooffe.

*Clo.* Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?

*Ol.* Good foole, for my brothers death.

*Clo.* I thinke his soule is in hell, *Madona*.

*Ol.* I know his soule is in heaven, foole.

*Clo.* The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heaven. Take away the foole, Gentlemen.

*Ol.* What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall doe, till the pangs of death shake him : Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doeth ever make the better foole.

*Clo.* God send you sir, a speedy Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly : Sir *Toby* will be sworne that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for twopence that you are no foole.

*Ol.* How say you to that *Malvolio* ?

*Mal.* I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall : I saw him put downe the other day, with and ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already : unlesse you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kind of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

*Ol.* O you are sicke of selfe-love *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, [guiltlesse,] and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets : There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though he doe nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

*Ol.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

*Ma.* I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

*Ol.* Who of my people hold him in delay :

*Ma.* Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

*Ol.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman : Fye on him. Goe you *Malvolio* ; If it be a suite from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

*Exit Malvo.*

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole : whose scull, Jove cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*  
One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

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*Ol.* By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

*To.* A Gentleman.

*Ol.* A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

*To.* 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring : How now Sot.

*Clo.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*Ol.* Cosin, Cosin, how have you come so earely by this Lethargy?

*To.* Letchery, I defie Letchery : there's one at the gate.

*Ol.* I marry, what is he?

*To.* Let him be the divell and he will, I care not: give me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

*Ol.* What's a drunken man like, foole?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a mad man: One draught above heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

*Ol.* Goe thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sit o'my Coz : for he's in the third degree of drinke: he's deown'd : goe looke after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe. he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Lady, he's fortified against any deniall.

*Ol.* Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

*Mal.* Ha's beene told so: and he sayes he'll stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speake with you.

*Ol.* What kinde o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why of mankind.

*Ol.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of verie ill manner : he'll speake with you, will you, or no.

*Ol.* Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy : as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly : One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

*Ol.* Let him approach : Call in my Gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Ol.* Give me my vaile : come throw it ore my face, We'll once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

*Enter Viola.*

*Vio.* The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?

*Ol.* Speake to me, I shall answer for her : your will.

*Vio.* Most radiant,exquisite,and unmarchable beauty. I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech : for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustaine no scorne ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Ol.* Whence came you sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more then I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that



I may proceede in my speech.

*Ol.* Are you a Comedian?

*Vio.* No my profound heart : and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house ?

*Ol.* If I do not usurpe my selfe, I am.

*Vio.* Most certaine, if you are she, you doe usurp your selfe : for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Ol.* Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I tooke great paines to study it, and 'tis Poeticall.

*Ol.* It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keepe it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be breefe : 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Ma.* Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lyes your way.

*Vio.* No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

*Ol.* Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

*Vio.* It alone concernes your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand : my words are as full of peace, as matter.

*Ol.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

*Vio.* The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your eares, Divinity; to any other, prophanation.

*Ol.* Give us the place alone.

We will heare this divinity. Now sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet Lady.

*Ol.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your Text?

*Vio.* In *Orsinoes* bosome.

*Ol.* In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Ol.* O, I have read it: it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good Madam, let me see your face.

*Ol.* Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face : you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present : Ist not well done?

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Ol.* 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

*Vio.* Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st shee alive, If you will leade these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

*Ol.* O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted : I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be Inventoried and every particle and utensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent red, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

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*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud:  
But if you were the divell, you are faire:  
My Lord, and master loves you : O such love  
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd  
The non-pareil of beauty.

*Ol.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertill teares,  
With groanes that thunder love, with sighes of fire.

*Ol.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him  
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant.  
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person ; But yet I cannot love him :  
He might have tooke his answer long agoe.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my masters flame,  
With such a suffring, such a deadly life :  
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,  
I would not understand it.

*Ol.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,  
And call upon my soule within the house,  
Write loyall Cantons of contemned love,  
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night :  
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,  
And make the babling Gossip of the ayre,  
Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest  
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,  
But you should pittie me.

*Ol.* You might doe much:  
What is your Parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a Gentleman.

*Ol.* Get you to your Lord :  
I cannot love him : let him send no more,  
Unlesse(perchance) you come to me againe,  
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:  
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,  
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love.  
And let your fervour like my Masters be,  
Plac'd in contempt : Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit.*

[ *Ol.* What is your Parentage?  
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a Gentleman. ] Ile be sworne thou art,  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions ,and spirit[.]  
Doe give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft,  
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinkes I feele this youths perfections  
With an invisible, and subtle stealth  
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Heere Madam, at your service.

*Ol.* Run after that same peevish Messenger  
The Counts man : he left this Ring behind him  
Would I, or not : tell him, Ile none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him :  
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,  
Ile give him reasons for't ; hye thee *Malvolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. *Exit.*

*Ol.* I doe I know not what, and feare to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind :

Fate

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Fate, shew thy force, our selves we doe not owe,  
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

*Finis, Actus primus.*

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*Actus Secundus, Scaena Prima.*

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*Enter Antonio, and Sebastian.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer : nor will you not that  
I goe with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely  
over me : the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps di-  
stemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave,  
that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recom-  
pence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*An.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere  
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch  
of modesty, that you will not extort from me, what I am  
willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners,  
the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee  
then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodo-*  
*rigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I  
know you have heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,  
and a sister, both borne in an houre ; if the Heavens had  
beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, al-  
ter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the  
breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resem-  
bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though  
I could not with such estimable wonders over-farre be-  
leeve that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, she  
bore a minde that envy could not but call faire : Shee is  
drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to  
drowne her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murther me for my love, let me  
be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is  
kill him, whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare  
ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I  
am yet so neare the manners of my mother, that upon the  
least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am  
bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:  
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there:  
But come what man, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will goe. *Exit.*

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*Scaena Secunda.*

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*Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at severall doores.*

*Mal.* Were not you ev'n now, with the Countesse O-  
livia?

*Vio.* Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since a-  
riv'd but hither.

*Mal.* Shee returns this Ring to you (sir) you might  
have saved me my paines, to have taken it away your  
selfe. Shee adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

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into a desperate assurance, she will none of him And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come againe in his affaires, unlesse it be to report your Lords taking of this : receive it so.

*Vio.* She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

*Mal.* Come sir, you peevisly threw it to her : and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lyes, in your eye: if not be it his that finds it.

*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no Ring with her : what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That sure me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly. She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, if it be so as tis, Poore Lady, she were better love a dreame: Disguise, I see thou art a wickedhesse, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their formes: Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if such we be: How will this fadge? My master loves her deerely, And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him: And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my maisters love; As I am woman (now alas the day) What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Tob.* Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to bee a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

*And.* Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements?

*An.* Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*To.* Th'art a scholler ; let us therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

*Enter Clowne.*

*And,* Heere comes the foole yfaith.

*Clo.* How now my hearts : Did you never see the Picture of we three?

*To.* Welcome asse, now let's have a catch.

*And.* By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctiall of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixepence for

For thy Lemon, hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*An.* Excellent : Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*To.* Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

*An.* There's a testrill of me too : if one knight give a-[ ]

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*To.* A love song, a love song.

*An.* I, I. I care not for good life.

*Clowne sings.*

*O Mistris mine where are you roming?*

*O stay and heare, your true loves coming,*

*That can sing both high and how.*

*Trip no further pretty sweeting.*

*Journeys end in lovers meeting,*

*Every wise mans sonne doth know,*

*An.* Excellent good, ifaith.

*To.* Good, good

*Clo.* What is love, tis not heereafter,

*Present mirth, hath present laughter:*

*What's to come, is still unsure.*

*In delay there lyes no plenty,*

*Then come kisse me sweet and twenty:*

*Youths a stufte will not endure.*

*An.* A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

*To:* A contagious breath.

*An.* Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

*To.* To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weaver ? Shall we doe that?

*And.* And you love me, let's doo't : I am dogge at a Catch.

*Clo.* Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*An.* Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou Knave knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

*An.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole : it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*An.* Good ifaith : Come begin *Catch sung.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere ? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me.

*To.* My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood : tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

*An.* I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so doe I too : he does it with a better grace, but I doe it more naturall.

*To.* *O the twelfth day of December,*

*Mar.* For the love o' God peace.

*Enter Malvolio,*

*Mal.* My masters are you mad? Or what are you?

Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Doe yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

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*To.* We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke up.

*Mal.* *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house : if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*To.* Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mar.* Nay good *Sir Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*To.* But I will [never] dye.

*Clo.* *Sir Toby* there you lye.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*To.* Shall I bid him go.

*Clo.* What and if you doe ?

*To.* Shall I bid him goe, and spare not ?

*Clo.* O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*To.* Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

*Clo.* Yes by S. *Anne*, and Ginger shall be hotte y'th mouth too.

*To.* Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine *Maria*.

*Mal.* Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladyes favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule ; she shall know if it by this hand. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Goe shake your eares.

*An.* 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

*To.* Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge : or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet *Sir Toby* be patient for to night : Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet, For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, doe not thinke I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed : I know I can doe it.

*To.* Possesse us, possesse us, tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritane.

*An.* O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

*To.* What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

*An.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The div'll a Puritane that he is, or ant thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that Cons State without booke, and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe : so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that looke on him, love him : and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

*To.* What wilt thou doe?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*To.* Excellent, I smell a device.

*An.* I have't in my nose too.

*To.* He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt d

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that they come from my Niece, and that she's in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*An.* And your horse now would make him an Asse.

*Mar.* Asse, I doubt not.

*An.* O twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royall I warrant you : I know mt Phisicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: observe his construction of it : For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell. *Exit.*

*To.* Good night *Penthesilea.*

*An.* Before me she's a good wench.

*To.* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

*An.* I was ador'd once too.

*To.* Let's go to bed knight : Thou hadst neede send for more money.

*An.* If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foule way out.

*To.* Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

*An.* If I doe not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*To.* Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to goe to bed now : Come knight, come knight.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Du.* Give me some Musicke; Now good morrow frends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last nigfht; Me thought it did releev my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not heere (so please your Lordship) that should sang it?

*Du.* Who was it?

*Cur.* *Feste* the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Lady *Oliviaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

*Du.* Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

*Musicke playes.*

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love  
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ?  
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very eccho to the seate  
Where love is thron'd.

*Du.* Thou dost speake masterly,  
My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye  
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves :  
Hath it not boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Du.* What kind of woman ist ?

*Vio.* Of your complection.

*Du.* She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

*Vio.* About your yeeres my Lord.

*Du.* Too old by heaven : Let still the woman take

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An elder than her selfe, so weares she to him;  
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart :  
For boy, however we doe praise our selves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirme,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne,  
Then womens are.

*Vio.* I thinke it well my Lord.

*Du.* Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre  
Being once displaid, doth fall that very houre.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so:  
To dye, even when they to perfection grow.

*Enter Curio, and Clowne.*

*Du.* O fellow come, the song we had last night:  
Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine ;  
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thred with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready Sir?

*Duke.* I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

*The Song.*

*Come away, come away death,  
And in sad cypresse let me be laid.  
Fye away, fie away breath,  
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:  
My shrowd of white, stucke all with Ew, O prepare  
My part of death no one so true did share it. (it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweete  
On my blacke coffin, let ther be strewne :  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne.  
And thousand thousand sighes to save, lay me O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.*

*Du.* There's for thy paines.

*Clo.* No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

*Du.* Ile pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or  
another.

*Du.* Give me now leave, to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the  
Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy  
mind is a very Opall. I would have men of such constan-  
cy put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing,  
and their intent every where, for that's it, that alwayes  
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

*Du.* Let all the rest give place: Once more *Cesario*,  
Get thee to yond same soveraigne cruelty:  
Tell her my love (more noble then the world)  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune :  
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Jems  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you sir.

*Du.* It cannot be so answered.

*Vio.* Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her:  
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

*Du.* There is no womans sides

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Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,  
 As love doth give my heart: no womans heart  
 So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.  
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
 No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,  
 That suffer forfet, cloyment, and revolt,  
 But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,  
 And can digest as much, make no compare  
 Betweene that love a woman can beare me,  
 And that I owe *Olivia*.

*Vio.* I but I know.

*Du.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe.  
 In faith they are as true of heart, as we.  
 My Father had a daughter lov'd a man  
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman  
 I should your Lordship.

*Du.* And what's her history ?

*Vio.* A blanke my Lord : she never told her love,  
 But let concealment like a worme i'th budde  
 Feede on her damaske cheeke : she pin'd in thought,  
 And with a greene and yellow melancholly,  
 She sate like Patience on a Monument,  
 Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeed?  
 We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed  
 Our shewes are more then will : for still we prove  
 Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

*Du.* But di'd thy sister of her love my Boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,  
 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.  
 Sir, shall I to this Lady?

*Du.* I that's the Theame,

To her in haste : give her this Jewell : say,  
 [Thy] love can give no place, bide no deny. *exeunt*

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*Scoena Quinta*

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*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*To.* Come thy wayes Signor *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Nay Ile come : if I loose a scruple of this sport,  
 let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

*To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly  
 Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

*Fa.* I would exult man : you know he brought me out  
 of favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

*Te.* To anger him wee'l have the Beare againe, and  
 we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *Andrew*?

*An.* And we doe not, it is pittie of our lives.

*Enter Maria.*

*To.* Heere comes the little villaine : How now my  
 Nettle of *India*?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box tree : *Malvolio's*  
 comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the  
 Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe  
 houre: observe him for the love of Mockery : for I know  
 this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him, Close  
 in the name of jeasting, lye thou there : for heere comes  
 the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once  
 told me she did affect me, and I have heard her selfe come  
 thus neere, that should she fancy, it should be one of my  
 complection. Besides she uses me with a more exalted

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respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't?

*To.* Heere's an over-weening rogue.

*Fa.* Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

*And.* Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

*To.* Peace I say.

*Mal.* To be Count *Malvolio*.

*To.* Ah Rogue.

*An.* Pistoll him, pistoll him.

*To.* Peace, peace.

*Mal.* There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*An.* Fye on him Jezabel.

*Fa.* O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagination blowes him.

*Mal.* Having beene three moneths married to her, sitting in my state.

*To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

*Mal.* Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gowne : having come from a day bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

*To.* Fire and Brimstone.

*Fa.* O peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to have the humor of state : and after a demure travaile of regard : telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my kinsman *Toby*.

*To.* Boltes and shackles.

*Fa.* Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

*Mal.* Seaven of my people with an obedient start, make out for him : I frowne the while, and perchance winde up my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell : *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

*To.* Shall this fellow live ?

*Fa.* Though our silence be drawne from us with cares, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus : quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

*To.* And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

*Mal.* Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

*To.* What, What?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkennesse.

*To.* Out scab.

*Fab.* Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot?

*Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

*And.* That's me I warrant you.

*Mal.* One sir *Andrew*.

*And.* I knew 'twas I, for many doe call me foole.

*Mal.* What employment have we heere?

*Fa.* Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

*To.* Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

*Mal.* By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes shee her great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.

*An.* Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

*Mal.* To the unknowne belov'd, this, and my good Wishes : Her very Phrases : By your leave wax. Soft, and the im-  
pressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seale : tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This winnes him, Liver and all.

*Mal.*

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*Mal.* Jove knowes I love, but who, *Lips* doe not moove, no man must know. No man must know. What followes?

The numbers alter'd : No man must know,  
If this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

*To.* Marrie hang thee brocke.

*Mal.* I may command where I adore, but silence like a *Lucresse* knife:

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O. A. I.* doth  
sway my life.

*Fa.* A fustian riddle.

*To.* Excellent Wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first  
let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dish a poyson has she drest him?

*To.* And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

*Mal.* I may command, where I adore : Why she may  
command me : I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is  
evident to any formall capacity. There is no obstruction  
in this, and the end : What should that Alphabeticall po-  
sition portend, if I could make that resemble something  
in me ? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

*To.* O I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as  
ranke as a Fox.

*Mal.* *M. Malvolio, M.* why that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is  
excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the se-  
quell that suffers under probation : *A.* should follow,  
but *O.* does.

*Fa.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*To.* I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

*Mal.* And then *I.* comes behind.

*Fa.* I, and you had any eye behind you, you might  
see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before  
you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I.* This simulation is not as the former:  
and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for e-  
very one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol-  
lowes profe : *If this fall into thy hand, revolve.* In my Starres  
I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse : Some  
are become great, some atcheeve greatnesse, and some  
have greatnesse thrust upon em. Thy fates open their  
hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-  
ure thy selfe to what thou art like to be : cast thy humble  
slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,  
surly with servants : Let thy tongue tang arguments of  
State ; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity. Shee  
thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who  
commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee  
ever crosse garter'd : I say remember, goe to, thou art  
made if thou desir'st to be so : if not, let me see thee a ste-  
ward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to  
touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter  
services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and  
champion discovers not more : This is open, I will be  
proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir  
*Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point  
devise, the very man. I doe now fool my selfe, to let  
imagination jade mee ; for every reason excites to this,  
that my Lady loves me. Shee did commend my yellow  
stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-  
garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my love,  
and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits  
of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy : I will  
be strange, stout, in yellow stocking, and crosse garter'd,

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even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my  
starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst  
not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let  
it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. There-  
fore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Jove  
I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do every thing that thou  
wilt have me. *Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pensi-  
on of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*An.* So could I too.

*To.* And aske no other dowry with her, but such ano-  
ther jest.

*Enter Maria.*

*An.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Heere comes my [neble] gull catcher.

*To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my necke.

*An.* Or o' mine either?

*To.* Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become  
thy bondslave?

*An.* Ifaith, or I either?

*Tob.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that  
when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Ma.* Nay but say true, do's it worke upon him?

*To.* Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark  
his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her  
in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and  
crosse garter'd, as fashion shee detests : and he will smile  
upon her, which will now be so unsuteable to her dispo-  
sitions, being addicted to a melancholly, as she is, that it  
cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will  
see it follow me.

*To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent divell  
of wit.

*And.* I'le make one too.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundus*

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*Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Viola, and Clowne.*

*Vio.* Save the Friend and thy Musick : dost thou live  
by thy Tabor?

*Clo.* No sir, I live by the Church.

*Vio.* Art thou a Churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter sir, I doe live by the Church : for,  
I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

*Vio.* So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a  
begger dwell neer him ; or the Church stands by thy Ta-  
bot, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

*Clo.* You have said sir : To see this age ! A sentence is  
but a chev'rill glove to a good witte, how quickly the  
wrong side may be turn'd outward.

*Vio.* Nay that's certaine : they that dally nicely with  
words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

*Vio.* Why man?

*Clo.* Why sir, her names a word, and to dally with  
that word, might make my sister wanton : But indeed,  
words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason man?

*Clo.*

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*Clo.* Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without words, and words are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady *Olicia's* foole?

*Clo.* No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husbands the bigger, I am indeed not her foole, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

*Clo.* Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sunne, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, and thou passe upon mee, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

*Clo.* Now *Jove* in his next commodity of haire, send thee a beard.

*Vio.* By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a paire of these have bred sir?

*Vio.* Yes being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

*Vio.* I understand you sir, 'tis well begg'd.

*Clo.* The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my Welkin, I might say Element, but the word is over-worne. *Exit.*

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craves a kinde of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art: For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit; But Wise mens folly false, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.*

*To.* Save you Gentleman.

*Vio.* And you sir.

*And.* Dieu vou guard Monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous ausie vostre serviteure.

*And.* I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

*To.* Will you encounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

*To.* Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

*To.* I meane to goe sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gate and entrance, but wee are prevented.

*Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.*

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

*And.* That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

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most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

*And.* Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed : Ile get 'em  
all three already.

*Ol.* Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave me to my  
hearing. Give me your hand sir.

*Vio.* My duty Madam, and most humble service.

*Ol.* What is your name?

*Vio.* *Cesario* is your servants name, faire Princesse.

*Ol.* My servant sir ? 'Twas never merry world,  
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement :  
y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* (youth.)

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:  
your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

*Ol.* For him, I thinke not on him : for this thoughts,  
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalfe.

*Ol.* O by your leave I pray you.  
I bad you never speake againe of him ;  
But would you undertake another suite  
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,  
Then Musicke from the spheares.

*Vio.* Deere Lady.

*Ol.* Give me leave, beseech you : I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did heare,  
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse  
My selfe, my servant, and I feare me you :  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning  
Which you knew none of yours, What might you think?  
Have you not set mine Honor at the stake,  
And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving  
Enough is shewne, a Ciprisse, not a bosome,  
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

*Vio.* I pitty you.

*Ol.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No not a grace. for tis a vulgar prooffe  
That very oft we pitty enemies.

*Ol.* Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:  
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

*Clock Strikes.*

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time:  
Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you,  
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
your wife is like to reape a proper man :  
There lies you way, due West.

*Vio.* Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship :  
You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me :

*Ol.* Stay : I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me ?

*Vio.* That you doe thinke you are not what you are.

*Ol.* If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

*Vio.* Then thinke you right : I am not what I am.

*Ol.* I would you were, as I would have you be.

*Vio.* Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

*Ol.* O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?  
In the contempt and anger of his lip,  
A murtherous guilt shewes not itselfe more soone,  
Then love that would seeme hid: Loves night, is no one.  
*Cesario*, by the Roses of the Spring,  
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,  
I love the so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:  
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
 For that I wooe, thou therefore hast no cause:  
 But rather reason thus, with reason fetter:  
 Love sought, is good : but given unfought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,  
 And that no woman has, nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu good Madam, never more,  
 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

*Ol.* Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayst move  
 That heart which now abhorres, to like his love. *Exeunt*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*And.* No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer:

*Tob.* Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.

*Fabia.* You must needs yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew.*

*And.* Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the  
 Counts Serving-man, then ever she bestow'd upon me:  
 I saw't i'th Orchard.

*To.* Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

*And.* As plaine as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward  
 you.

*And.* S'light ; will you make an Asse o'me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of  
 judgement, and reason.

*To.* And they have beene grand Jury men, since before  
*Noah* was a Saylor.

*Fab.* Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight,  
 onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,  
 to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver :  
 you should then have accosted her, and with some excel-  
 lent jests, (fire-new from the mint) you should have bangd  
 the youth into dumberesse : this was look'd for at your  
 hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this oppor-  
 tunity you let time wash off, and you are now saild into  
 the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang  
 like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, unlesse you doe re-  
 deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or  
 policy.

*And.* And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for  
 policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politi-  
 cian.

*Tob.* Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of  
 valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him  
 hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it,  
 and assure thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world,  
 can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman,  
 then report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this sir *Andrew.*

*And.* Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

*Tob.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe:  
 it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of  
 invention : taunt him with the license of Inke : if thou  
 thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-  
 ny Lyes as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the

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sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England,  
set 'em downe, goe about it. Let there be gall enough in  
thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no mat-  
ter : about it.

*And.* Where shall I find you?

*Tob.* We'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Goe.

*Exit Sir Andrew.*

*Fa.* This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

*Tob.* I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousahd  
strong, or so.

*Fa.* We shall have a rare Letter from him, but you'll  
not deliver't.

*Tob.* Never trust me then : and by all meanes stirre of  
the youth to an answer. I think Oxen and waine-ropes  
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd  
and you find so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the  
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite the youth beares in his visage no  
great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*Tob:* Looke ye where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your  
selves into stitches, follow me : yond gull *Malvolio* is turn-  
ned Heathen, a very Renegatho ; for there is no christian  
that meanes to be saved by beleiving rightly, can ever  
beleeve such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in  
yellow stockings.

*Tob.* And crosse garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villanously : like a Pedant that keepes a  
Schoole i'th Church : I have dogg'd him like his murthe-  
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt,  
to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes,  
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the  
Indies : you have not seene such a thing as tis: I can hard-  
ly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will  
strike him : if she doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great  
favour.

*Tob.* Come bring us, bring us where he is.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But since you make your pleasure of your paynes,  
I will no further chide you.

*Anth.* I could not stay behinde you : my desire  
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,  
And not all love to see you (though so much  
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)  
But jealousie, what might befall your rravell,  
Being skillesse in these parts : which to a stranger,  
Vnguided, and unfriended, often prove  
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of feare  
Set forth in your pursuite.

*Seb.* My kinde *Anthonio*,  
I can no other answer make, but thankses,  
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You



You should find better dealing : what's to doe?

Shall we goe see the reliques of this Towne?

*Ant.* To morrow sir, best first goe see your Lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let us satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That doe renowne this City.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walke these streetes.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,

I did some service, of such note indeed,

That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell

Might well have given us bloody argument :

It might have since beene answer'd in repaying

What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake

Most of our Citty did. Onely my selfe stood out,

For which if I be lapsed in this place

I shall pay deere.

*Seb.* Doe not then walke too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,

In the South Suburbs at the Elephant

Is best to lodge : I will bespeake our dyet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase : and your store

I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

*Seb.* Ile be your purse-bearer, and leave you

For an houre.

*Ant.* To th'Elephant.

*Seb.* I doe remember.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

*Ol.* I have sent after him, he sayes he'll come:

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speake too loud : Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,

And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,

Where is *Malvolio*?

*Mar.* He's comming Madam :

But in a very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.

*Ol.* Why what's the matter, does he rave?

*Mar.* No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La-

dyship were best to have some guard about you, if he

come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

*Ol.* Goe call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I am as madde as he,

If sad and [mercy] madnesse equall be.

How now *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ha, ha.

*Ol.* Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad :

This does make some obstruction in the blood :

This crosse-gartering, but what of that?

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If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true  
Sonnet [it ]: Please one, and please all.

*Ol.* Why how doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my mind, though yellow in my  
legges : It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall  
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane  
hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou goe to bed *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

*Ol.* God comfort thee : Why dost thou smile so, and  
kisse thy hand so oft ?

*Mar.* How doe you *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* At your request :

Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

*Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse  
before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse : 'twas well writ.

*Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeve greatnesse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

*Mal.* And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

*Ol.* Heaven restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stock-  
ings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee cross garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a servant still.

*Ol.* Why this is very Midsomer madnesse.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count  
*Orsino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe : he at-  
tends your Ladyships pleasure.

*Ol.* Ile come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my  
Cosin *Toby*, let some of my people have a speciall care of  
him, I would not have him miscarry for the halfe of my  
Dowry. *Exit.*

*Mal.* Oh ho, do you come neere me now : no worse  
man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurre direct-  
ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may  
appeare stubborne to him : for she incites me to that in  
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she : be oppo-  
site with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue  
tang with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke  
of singularity : and consequently sets downe the manner  
how : as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in  
the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lymde  
her, but it is Joves doing, and Jove make me thankefull.  
And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd  
to : Fellow ? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but  
Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no  
dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle,  
no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be said?  
Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full  
prospect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of  
this, and he is to be thanked.

*Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

*Z. 2*

*To.*

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*To.* Which way is he in the name of sanctity? If all the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile soake to him.

*Fab.* Heere he is, heere he is : how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

*Mal.* Goe off, I discard you : let me enjoy my private: goe off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha, does she so?

*To.* Goe too, goe too: peace, peace, we must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe you *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What man, defie the divell : consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

*Mal.* Doe you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, and you speake ill of the divell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry his water to th' wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

*Mal.* How now mistris?

*Mar.* Oh Lord.

*To.* Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

*Fa.* No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*To.* Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou

*Mal.* Sir. (chucke?)

*To.* I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers Minx.

*Mar.* No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-nesse.

*Mal.* Goe hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more heereafter. *Exit*

*To.* Ist possible?

*Fa.* If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

*To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

*Mar.* Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

*Fa.* Why we shall make him mad indeede.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*To.* Come, we'll have him in a darke room and bound. My Neece is already in the beleife that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, till our verry pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fa.* More matter for a May morning.

*And.* Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Ist so sawcy?

*And.* I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

*To.* Give me.

*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fa.* Good, and valiant.

*To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call

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*thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.* (Law

*Fa.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the

*To.* *Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou lyeest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fa.* Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

*To.* *I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.*

*Fa.* Good.

*To.* *Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.*

*Fa.* Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

*Tob.* *Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules.*

*He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.*

*To.* If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: Ile giv't him.

*Mar.* You may have verie fit occasion for't: hee is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

*To.* Go sir *Andrew*: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bailly: so soone as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horribly: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagge-[ting] accent sharpely twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then ever prooffe it selfe would have earn'd him. Away.

*And.* Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

*To.* Now will not I deliver his Letter : for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-Cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

*Enter Olivia and Viola.*

*F.* Heere he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*To.* I wil meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge. *Exeunt.*

*Ol.* I have said too much unto a hart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary on't: There's something in me that reproves my fault : But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofe.

*Vio.* With the same haviour that you passion beares, Goes on my Maisters greefes.

*Ol.* Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beseech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give.

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Ol.* How with mine honor may I give him that, Which I have given to you.

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Ol.* Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

*Enter Toby and Fabian.*

*To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio*

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*Vio.* And you sir.

*To.* That defence thou hast, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not : but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me : my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

*To.* You'l finde it otherwise I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard : for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

*Vio.* I pray you sir what is he?

*To.* He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a divell in private brall, soules and bodies hath he fivore'd three, and his incensement at thi moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher : Hob, nob, is his word : giv't or take't.

*Vio.* I will returne again into the house, and desife some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

*To.* Sir, no : his indignation derives it selfe out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him? therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked : for meddle you must that's certaine, of forswear to weare iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligene, nothing of my purpose.

*To.* I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

*Vio.* Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incest against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeed sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, and fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria : will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight : I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Toby and Andrew.*

*To.* Why man he's a very divell, I have not seen such a firago : I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he gives me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable : and on the answer, he payes [your] as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has beene Fencer to the Sophy.

*And.* Pox on't. ile not meddle with him.

*To.* I but he will not now be pacified,  
*Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

*An.* Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

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Ile give him my horse,gray Capilet.

*Tob.* Ile make the motion : stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Enter Fabian, and Viola.*

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youth's a divell.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, and lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

*To.* There's no remedy sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray God defend mee : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground if you see him furious.

*To.* Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the Duello avoide it : but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

*And.* Pray God he keepe his oath.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Vio.* I doe assure you tis against my will.

*Ant.* Put up your sword : if this yong Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defie you.

*Tob.* You sir? Why, what are you?

*Ant.* One sir, that for his love dares yet doe more Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Tob.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

*Tbo.* Ile be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

*And.* Marry will I sir : and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you casily, and raines well.

1.*Off.* This is the man, doe thy Office.

2.*Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*.

*An.* You doe mistake me sir.

1.*Off.* No sir, no jot : I know your favour well : Though now you have no sea-cap on your head : Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy, I shall answer it: What will you do : now my necessity Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeves mee Much more, for what I cannot doe for you, Then what befalls my selfe : you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2.*Off.* Come sir away.

*Ant.* I must intreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money sir?

For the faire kindnesse you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low ability Ile lend you something : my having is not much, Ile make division of my present with you: Hole, there's halfe my Coffe.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now, Ist possible that my deserts to you Can lacke perswasion? Do not tempt my misery, Least that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainesse, babling drunkennesse,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabites our fraile blood.

*Ant.* Oh heavens themselves!

*2. Off.* Come sir, I pray you goe.

*Ant.* Let me speake a little. This youth that you see  
I snatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death, (heere,  
Releev'd him with such sanctity of love

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*1. Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by : Away.

*Ant.* But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this God :

Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.

In Nature, there's no blemish but the mind :

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.

Vertue is beauty, but the [beateous] evill

Are empty trunkes, ore-flourish'd by the devill.

*1. Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come sit.

*Ant.* Leade me on

*Exit*

*Vio.* Me thinkes his words doe from such passion flye

That he beleeves himselfe, so doe not I :

Prove true imagination, oh prove true,

That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

*To.* Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian* : Well  
whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes.

*Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian* : I my brother know

Yet living in my glasse : even such, and so

In favour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate : Oh if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

*Tob.* A very dishoest paltry boy, and more a coward  
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leaving his friend  
heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward-  
ship aske *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in  
it.

*And.* Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

*To.* Doe, cuffe him soundly, but never draw thy sword

*And.* And I doe not.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*To.* I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit.*

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*Actus Quartus, Scoena prima.*

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*Enter Sebastian, and Clowne.*

*Clo.* Will you make me beleeeve, that I am not sent for  
you?

*Seb.* Goe too, goe too, thou art a foolish fellow,  
Let me be cleere of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out yfaith : No, I doe not know you,  
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come  
speake with her : nor your name is not Master *Cesario*,  
nor this is not my nose neither : Nothing that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou  
know'st not me.

*Clow.* Vent my folly : He has heard that word of some  
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-

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ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney : I prethee now ungird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady ? Shall I vent to her that thou art comming?

*Seb.* I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worse paiment.

*Clo.* By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise-men that give fooles money, get themselves a good report, after fourteene yeares purchase.

*Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

*And.* Now sir, have I met you again, : there's for you.

*Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there,  
Are all the people mad?

*To.* Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

*To.* Come on sir,, hold.

*And.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile have an action of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let goe thy hand.

*To.* Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong souldier put up your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*To.* What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Ol.* Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

*To.* Madam.

*Ol.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the Mountaines and the barbarous Caves,  
Where manners nere were preach'd : out of my sight.  
Be not offended, deere *Cesario*:

*Rudesbey* be gone. I prethee gentle friend,  
Let thy faire wisdom, not thy passion sway  
In this uncivill, and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
And heare thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
Mayst smile at this : Thou shalt not choose but goe:  
Doe not deny, beshrew his soule for me,  
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this ? How runes the streame?  
Or am I mad, or else this is a dreame:  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steepe,  
If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

*Ol.* Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Ol.* O say so, and so be.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Maria and Clowne.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gown, and this beard,  
make him beleewe thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.

*Clo.* Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such



such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to be thought a good Student : but to be said an honest man and a good Houskeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, and a great scholler. The Competetors enter.

*Enter Tobie.*

*To.* Jove blesse thee M. Parson.

*Clo.* *Bonos dies* sir *Tobie*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that never saw Pen and Inke, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is : so I being M.Parson, am M. Parson ; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*To.* To him sir *Topas*.

*Clow.* What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

*To.* The Knave counterfets well: a good Knave.

*Malvolio within.*

*Mal.* Who cal's there?

*Clo.* Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

*Clo.* Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

*Tob.* Well said M. Parson.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

*Clo.* Fye, thou dishonest Sathan: I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the divell himselfe with curtesie : sayst thou that house is darke?

*Mal.* As hell sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as *Bariadoes*, and the cleare stones toward the South North, are as lustrous as *Ebony* : and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is darke.

*Clo.* Madman thou errest : I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the *Aegyptians* in their fogge.

*Mal.* I say this house is a darke as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* cocerning *Wilde-fowle*.

*Mal.* That the soule of our Grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkst thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well : remaine thou still in darknesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

*To.* My most exquisite sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gowne, he sees thee not.

*Tob.* To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word, how thou findest him: I would wee were all rid of this knavery. If hee may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the up-shot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit.*

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*Clo.* Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* My Lady is unkind, *perdie*.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* Alas why is she so?

*Mal.* Foole, I say.

*Clo.* She loves another. Who calles, ha?

*Mal.* Good foole, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankfull to thee for't.

*Clo.* M. *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* I good Foole.

*Clo.* Alas sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Foole, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well : then you are mad indeede, if you be not better in your wits than a foole.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me : keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to mee, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say : the Minister is heere.

*Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wittes the heavens restore : endeavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir *Topas* : Marry Amen. I will sir, I will sir..

*Mal.* Foole, foole, foole I say.

*Clo.* Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were sir.

*Mal.* By this hand I am : good foole, some inke, Paper, and Light : and convey what I will set downe to my Lady : it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

*Clo.* I will helpe you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or doe you but counterfeit.

*Mal.* Beleeve me I am not, I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, Ile nere beleeve a madman till I see his I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke. (braines,

*Mal.* Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree : I prethee be gone.

*Clo.* I am gone sir, and anon sir,

Ile be with you againe :

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your neede to sustaine.

Who with dagger of Lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries ah ha, to the Divell :

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles Dad,

Adieu good man Divell.

*Exit.*

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### *Scena Tertia*

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*Enter Sebastian.*

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,  
This Pearle she gave me, I do feel't, and see't  
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

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Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then,  
 I could not finde him at the Elephant,  
 Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,  
 That he did range the towne to seeke me out,  
 His counsell now might do me golden service,  
 For though my soule disputes well with my sense,  
 That this may be some error, but no madness,  
 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,  
 So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,  
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me  
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
 Or else the Ladies mad; yet if'twere so,  
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
 Take, and give backe affayres, and their dispatch,  
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable-bearing  
 As I perceive she do's: there's something in't  
 That is deceiveable. But heere the Lady comes.

*Enter Olivia, and Priest.*

*Ol.* Blame not this haste of mine : if you meane well  
 Now goe with me, and with this holy man  
 Into the Chantry by : there before him,  
 And underneath that consecrated rooffe,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
 That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule  
 May live at Peace. He shall conceale it,  
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
 What time we will our celebration keepe  
 According to my birth, what doe you say?

*Seb.* Ile follow this good man, and goe with you,  
 And having sworne truth ever will be true.

*Ol.* Then lead the way good father, and heavens so shine,  
 That they may fairely note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

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*Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Clowne and Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now as thou lov'st me, let me see his Letter.

*Clo.* Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Feb.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Doe not desire to see this Letter.

*Fab.* This is to give a Dog, and in recompence desire  
 my dogge againe.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

*Clo.* I sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well : how doest thou my good  
 Fellow?

*Clo.* Truly sir, the better for my foes, ad the worse  
 for my friends.

*Du.* Just the contrary : the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No sir, the worse.

*Du.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry sir, they praise me, and make an Asse of me,  
 now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse : so that by my  
 foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my  
 friends I am abused : so the conclusions to be as kisses, if  
 your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why  
 then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

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*Du.* Why this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth sir, no : though it please you to bee one of my friends.

*Du.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.

*Du.* O you give me ill counsell.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flexh and blood obey it.

*Du.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer :there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good Play, and the olde saying is the third Payes for all : the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bels of S. *Bennet* sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

*Du.* You can foole no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speake with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my desire of having is the sinne of covetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

*Exit*

*Enter Anthonio and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man sir, that did rescue me.

*Du.* That face of his I doe remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of Warre: A bawbling Vessell was he Captain of, For shallow draught and Bulke unprizable, With which such scathfull grapple did he make, With the most noble bottome of our Fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of losse Cride' fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

*1.Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio* That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*, And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord, When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge; Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Du.* Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe, What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou intermes so bloudy, and so deere Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* *Orsino* : Noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee: *Anthonio* never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate, Though I confesse, on base and ground enough *Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither : That most ungratefull Boy there by your side, From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeeme : a wracke past hope he was : His life I gave him, and did thereto adde My love without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake, Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love) Into the danger of this adverse Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was beset : Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing  
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use,  
Not halfe an houre before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Du.* When came he to this Towne?

*Ant.* To day my Lord :and for three months before,  
No *Intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,  
Both day and night did we keepe company.

*Enter Olivia and attendants.*

*Du.* Heere comes the Countnesse, now heaven walkes  
on earth:

But for thee fellow; fellow thy words are madnesse,  
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon me,  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Ol.* What would my Lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme serviceable?

*Cesario*, you doe not keepe promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam:

*Du.* Gracious *Olivia*.

*Ol.* What doe you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

*Vio.* My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

*Ol.* If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare  
As howling after Musicke.

*Du.* Still so cruell?

*Ol.* Still so constant Lord.

*Du.* What to perversenesse ? you uncivill Lady  
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars  
My sould the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out  
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I doe? (him.)

*Ol.* Even what it please my Lord, that shall become

*Du.* Why should I not, (had I the heart to doe it)

Like to the AEgyptian theefe, at point of death  
Kill what I love :(a savage jealousie,  
That sometime favours nobly) but heare me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screwes me from my true place in your favour :  
Live you the Marble-brested Tyrant still.  
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I sweare, I tender deerely,  
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.  
Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,  
To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

*Vio.* And I most jocund, apt and willingly,  
To doe you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Ol.* Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio.* After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more then my life,  
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.

If I do feigne, you witnesses above  
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

*Ol.* Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

*Ol.* Hast thou forgot thy selfe ? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

*Du.* Come, away.

*Ol.* Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

*Du.* Husband?

*Ol.* I Husband. Can that he deny?

*Du.* Her husband, sirrah?

*Vio.* No my Lord, not I.

*Ol.* Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

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That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome Father :  
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keepe in darknesse, what occasion now  
Reveales before 'tis ripe : what thou dost know  
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.  
*Priest.* A Contract of eternall bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lippes,  
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,  
And all the Ceremonie of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travail'd but two houres.

*Du.* Oh thou dissembling Cub : what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow :  
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,  
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

*Vio.* My Lord, I doe protest.

*Ol.* O doe not sweare,  
How little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*And.* For the love of God a Surgeon, send one pre-  
sently to sir *Toby*.

*Ol.* What's the matter?

*And.* H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has given Sir  
*Toby* a bloody Coxcombe to : for the love of God you  
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

*Ol.* Who has done this sir *Andrew*?

*And.* The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke  
him for a Coward, but hee's the very Divell incardinate.

*Du.* My Gentleman *Cesario*?

*And.* Odd's lifelings hee he is : you broke my head  
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to doo't by sir  
*Toby*.

*Vio.* Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you:  
you drew your sword upon me without cause,  
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

*Enter Toby and Clowne.*

*And.* If a bloody Coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt  
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.  
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if  
he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickl'd you  
other gates then he did.

*Du.* How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

*To.* That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't:  
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe : his eyes  
were set at eight i th morning.

*To.* Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavinn: I  
hate a drunken Rogue.

*Ol.* Away with him? Who hath made this havocke  
with them?

*And.* Ile helpe you Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-  
gether.

*To.* Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a Coxcombe,  
and a knave : a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

*Ol.*

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*Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:  
But had it beene the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I doe perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes  
We made each other, but so late agoe.

*Du.* One face, one voyce, one habit, and two persons,  
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

*Seb. Anthonio :* O my deere *Anthonio!*  
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee?

*Ant. Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?

*Ant.* How have you made division of your selfe,  
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

*Ol.* Most wonderfull.

*Seb.* Doe I stand there ? I never had a brother :  
Nor can there be a Diety in my nature  
Of heere, and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd:  
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?  
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

*Vio. Of Messaline :* *Sebastian* was my Father,  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:  
So went he suited to his watery tombe:  
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossely clad,  
Which from the wombe I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goe even,  
I should my teares let fall upon your cheekes,  
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

*Vio.* My father had a Moale upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And di'd that day when *Viola* frome her birth  
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

*Seb.* O that record is lively in my soule,  
He finished indeed his mortall acte  
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre :  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,  
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and jumpe  
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,  
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,  
Where lye my maiden weeds : by whose gentle helpe,  
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Count :  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it Lady, you have been mistooke:  
But Nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have beene contracted to a Maid,  
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and a man.

*Du.* Be not amazed, right noble is his blood :  
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,  
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vil.* And all those sayings, will I over sweare,  
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

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As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,  
That severs day from night.

*Du.* Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

*Vio.* The Captaine that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my Maides garments : he upon some Action  
Is not in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,  
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

*Ol.* He shall inlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,  
And yet alas, now I remember me,  
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

*Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*  
A most [exacting] frenzie of mine owne  
From my remembrance, clearely banisht his.  
How does he sirrah?

*Clo.* Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves  
end as well as a man in his case may do : has heere writ  
a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning.  
But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles  
not much when they are deliver'd.

*Ol.* Open, and read it.

*Clo.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole  
delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

*Ol.* How now, art thou mad?

*Clo.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse : and your  
Ladyship will have it as it out to bee, you must allow  
*Vox.*

*Ol.* Prethee read i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I doe Madona : but to reade his right wits, is to  
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and give  
eare.

*Ol.* Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab. Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and  
the world shall know it : Though you have put mee into  
darknesse, and given your drunken Cozen rule over me,  
yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-  
ship. I have your owne letter, that induced me to the  
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to  
doe my selfe much right, or you much shame: Thinke of  
me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of,  
and speake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

*Ol.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* I Madame.

*Du.* This savours not much of distractio.

*Ol.* See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:  
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,  
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,  
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Du.* Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer :  
Your Master quits you : and for your service done him,  
So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:  
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee  
your Masters Mistris.

*Ol.* A sister, you are she.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Du.* Is this the Madman?

*Ol.* I my Lord, this same : How now *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Ol.* Have I *Malvolio*? No.

*Mal.* Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.  
You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or



Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention :  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,  
Bad me come smiling and crosse-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne  
Upon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:  
And acting this in an obediante hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,  
And made the most notorious gecke or gull,  
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

*Ol.* Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,  
Thought I confesse much like the Character :  
But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.  
And now I doe bethinke me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,  
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd  
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,  
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee:  
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Judge  
Of thine owne cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam heare me speake,  
And let no quarrel, nor no brawle to come,  
Taint the condition of this present houre,  
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*  
Set this device against *Malvolio* heere,  
Upon some stubborne and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ  
The Letter, at sir *Toby*'s great importance,  
In recompence whereof, he hath marryed her:  
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,  
May rather plucke on laughter then revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
That have on both sides past.

*Ol.* Alas poore Foole, how have they baffled thee?

*Clo.* Why some are borne great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness throwne upon them. I was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's

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all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but doe you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not hee's gag'd : and thus the whirle-gigge of time, brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* Ile be reveng'd on the whole packe of you.

*Ol.* He hath beene most notoriously abus'd.

*Du.* Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace :

He hath not told us of the Captaine yet,  
When that is knowne, and golden time covents  
A solemne Combination shall be made  
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come  
(For so you shall be while you are a man.)  
But when in other habites you are seene,  
*Orsino's* Mistris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt.*

*Clowne sings.*

*When that I was and a little tine boy,  
with a hey,ho, the winde and the raine :  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
for the raine it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,  
with hey hom &c.  
Gainst Knaves and Theeves men shut their gate,  
for the raine, &c,*

*But when I came alas to wive,  
with hey ho, &c.  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,  
with hey ho, &c.  
With Tospottes still had drunken heads,  
for the raine, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begon,  
hey ho, &c.  
But that's all one, our Play is done,  
and wee'l strive to please you every day.*

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**F I N I S**

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