

# Twelfth Night

ISBN 0-9738654-1-5

**Shakespeare 21,333 words**

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## TWELFTH NIGHT SYNOPSIS

Viola is shipwrecked on the shores of Illyria and fears her twin brother Sebastian has drowned. With the help of a sea captain, she disguises herself as a young man and becomes a page at Duke Orsino's court. As Cesario, she/he quickly becomes a favorite of the Duke. Orsino is in love with the beautiful Countess Olivia, who mourning over the deaths of her brother and father, has declared she will not allow suitors for seven years. Thinking Cesario's youth will be persuasive to Olivia, Orsino sends Cesario to woo Olivia on his behalf. Olivia believes 'Cesario' is a male and falls in love with 'him.'

Sir Toby Belch, Olivia's alcoholic uncle, has persuaded the silly, foppish Sir Andrew Aguecheek that he has a chance to marry Olivia. While Sir Andrew attempts to woo Olivia, Sir Toby stays drunk at Sir Andrew's expense. Their late night carousing inflames Olivia's puritanical steward Malvolio, who threatens Sir Toby with eviction from the household. Seeking revenge on this self-important prude, Maria, Olivia's maid who loves Sir Toby, comes up with a plan. She writes a letter that Malvolio finds and believes is from Olivia. In it 'Olivia' reveals her secret passion for Malvolio and implores him to act superior, wear cross-gartered yellow stockings and smile a lot. When Malvolio follows the instructions in the letter, Sir Toby has him locked in a dark room as a madman.

Meanwhile Sebastian, Viola's twin brother, has also survived the shipwreck. He is befriended and helped by Antonio, who at one time fought against Orsino, and therefore must be careful not to be captured in Illyria.

Olivia continues to woo Cesario which makes Sir Andrew jealous. Sir Toby convinces Sir Andrew to challenge Cesario to a duel. With the help of Fabian, Sir Toby manages to get both Cesario and Sir Andrew terrified of each other, yet forced to fight. His fun is spoiled however when Antonio, thinking Cesario/Viola is Sebastian, intervenes. Antonio is easily recognized however, and promptly arrested. When Viola does not recognize or help Antonio, his outrage at being betrayed gives Viola hope Sebastian may be alive.

Sebastian, meanwhile, has met the beautiful Olivia and though somewhat bewildered, has agreed to her marriage proposal. When later attacked by Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, he beats them both soundly. Orsino arrives and realizes Olivia is now in love with Cesario. Just as he is about to leave to punish Cesario, Sebastian enters. Brother and sister are reunited and Olivia realizes she has fallen in love with a woman, yet betrothed herself to a man. Orsino decides to marry Viola, who has loved him all along. In recompense for his treatment of Malvolio, and to save his skin, Sir Toby finally marries Maria. The happy ending of three marriages is only marred by Malvolio's oath to be revenged on the whole pack of them.

## TWELFTH NIGHT

### NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

VIOLA/CESARIO	Twin sister of Sebastian
SEBASTIAN	Twin brother of Viola
CAPTAIN	Friend to Viola
ANTONIO	Friend to Sebastian
ORSINO	Duke of Illyria
VALENTINE	Gentleman attending on Orsino
CURIO	Gentleman attending on Orsino
OLIVIA	A Countess
SIR TOBY BELCH	Uncle of Olivia
MARIA	Maid to Olivia
MALVOLIO	Steward to Olivia
FESTE	Fool to Olivia
FABIAN	Servant to Olivia
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	A foolish knight

Officers, lords, musicians, servants, sailors and attendants.

SCENE	Illyria
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## Act 1, Scene 1 Duke Orsino's palace

*(DUKE ORSINO, CURIO and other lords, musicians attending.)*

DUKE ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on,  
give me excess of it, that surfeiting,\* the appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain\* again. It had a dying fall.  
O, it came over my ear like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets,  
stealing and giving odor.

*(Musical phrase is played again.)*

Enough. No more. 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.\*

DUKE ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.  
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, methought she purged the air of pestilence.\*

*(Enter VALENTINE.)*

How now? What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted; but from her handmaid do return this answer:  
for seven years shall she veiled walk and refuse the company and sight of men,  
to remember her dead brother's love.

DUKE ORSINO

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 killed the flock of all affections else that live in her?  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*(Exeunt.)*

*surfeiting* - consuming too much, *strain* - musical phrase, *hart* - deer, *pestilence* - sickness,  
*shaft...her* - when Cupid's arrow has slain all other emotions in her

**Act 1, Scene 2      The sea coast**

(*VIOLA and a CAPTAIN.*)

VIOLA

What country, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria? My brother he is in Elysium.\*  
Perchance he is not drowned. What think you?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O my poor brother, and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance, assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
when you and those poor number saved with you hung on our driving boat,  
I saw your brother bind himself to a strong mast that lived upon the sea.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold.  
Knowest thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born not three hours travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name him. He was a bachelor then.

*Elysium* - home of the blessed dead

CAPTAIN

And so is now.

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain.

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously, conceal me what I am.

I'll serve this duke.

Thou shall present me as an eunuch\* to him, for I can sing and speak to him in many sorts of music.

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

*(Exeunt.)*

*eunuch* - a singer, but Viola enters Orsino's service simply as a page

### Act 1, Scene 3 Olivia's house

(SIR TOBY and MARIA.)

SIR TOBY

What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus.  
I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA

Sir Toby, you must come in earlier at nights. That quaffing\* and drinking will undo you.  
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday;  
and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.\*

SIR TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

He's a very fool and a prodigal.\*

SIR TOBY

Fie, that you'll say so!

He speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA

He's a fool, and a great quarreler.

And 'tis thought among the prudent he will quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY

By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him.

Who are they?

MARIA

They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*quaffing* - drinking in large quantities, *wooer* - a potential husband,  
*prodigal* - recklessly wasteful person

SIR TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece.

I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

What, wench?\*

Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch. How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost.

SIR TOBY

You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

*What, wench?* - perhaps Sir Toby cuddles or hugs Maria on this line



SIR TOBY

And thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR ANDREW

And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again!

Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Farewell.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

SIR TOBY

O knight, when did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless you see drink put me down.

Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has.

But I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY

No question.

SIR ANDREW

I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is 'Pourquoi'? Do or not do?

I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear baiting.

O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY

Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY

Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW

But it becomes me well enough, does it not?

SIR TOBY

Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff.\*

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me.

The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY

She'll none of the count.

She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it.

Tut, there's life in it, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer.

I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world.

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else? Let me see thee caper.\* (*SIR ANDREW jumps.*)

Ha, higher! (*SIR ANDREW jumps.*) Ha, ha. Excellent!

(*Exeunt.*)

*flax on a distaff* - straight strings of flax on a stick used in spinning,

*caper* - a leaping dance-step

## Act 1, Scene 4 Duke Orsino's palace

(VALENTINE and VIOLA, now called CESARIO [in man's attire].)

VALENTINE

If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the Duke.

(Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO and attendants.)

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario?

VIOLA

My lord?

DUKE ORSINO

Stand all awhile aloof.

Cesario, thou knowest no less than all. I have unclasped to thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait\* unto her; be not denied access, stand at her doors, and tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love; surprise her with discourse\* of my dear faith.

It shall become thee well to act my woes.

She will attend it better in thy youth, than in a messenger of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it. I know thy constellation is right apt for this affair.

Some four or five attend him, all, if you will; for I myself am best when least in company.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to woo your lady.

(*Aside.*) Yet, a barful strife!\* Whoever I woo, myself would be his wife.

(Exit VIOLA.)

*thy gait* - your footsteps, *discourse* - conversation, *barful strife* - conflict full of obstacles

**Act 1, Scene 5**      **Olivia's house**

*(MARIA and FESTE.)*

MARIA

You will be hanged for being so long absent, or turned away. Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FESTE

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and for turning away, let summer bear it out.\*  
If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh\* as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace, you rogue. No more of that.  
Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

FESTE

Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

*(Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO and attendants.)*

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FESTE

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA

Go to. I'll no more of you. You grow dishonest.

FESTE

Good madonna, give me leave\* to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

*let summer bear it out* - "I can survive outside in the summer."  
*Eve's flesh* - married woman, *give me leave* - give me permission

FESTE

I must catechize\* you for it, madonna.  
Good my mouse\* of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide\* your proof.

FESTE

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.  
Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

MALVOLIO

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him.  
I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal.  
I saw him put down the other day by an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone.  
Look you now, he's out of his guard\* already.  
Unless you laugh and minister occasion\* to him, he is gagged.

OLIVIA

Oh, you are sick of self love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite.  
To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition,  
is to take those things for bird bolts\* that you deem cannon bullets.

MARIA

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

*catechize* - teach by a method of question and answer,  
*mouse* - affectionate nick-name, *bide* - endure, *out of his guard* - without a defense (of wit),  
*minister occasion* - give an opportunity, *bird-bolts* - blunt arrows used to hunt birds

MARIA

I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him!

*(Exit MARIA.)*

Go you, Malvolio.

If it be a suit\* from the count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

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

FESTE

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.  
Here comes one of thy kin.

*(Enter SIR TOBY.)*

OLIVIA

By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY

'Tis a gentleman there. *(SIR TOBY belches.)* A plague on these pickle herring.  
How now, sot?

FESTE

Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

**suit** - proposal

SIR TOBY

Lechery? I defy lechery.  
There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY

Let him be the devil and he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I.  
Well, it's all one.

*(Exit SIR TOBY.)*

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

FESTE

Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man:  
one draught too many makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the coroner, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned.

FESTE

He is but mad yet, Madonna.  
The fool shall look to the madman.

*(Exit FESTE and re enter MALVOLIO.)*

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.  
I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you.  
I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you.  
What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

Has been told so; and yet says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy;  
as a squash\* is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple.  
He is very well favored and he speaks very shrewishly.\*

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

*(Exit MALVOLIO and re enter MARIA.)*

OLIVIA

Give me my veil; come, throw it over my face.  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*(Enter VIOLA.)*

VIOLA

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me; I shall answer for her.  
Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable 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 penned, I have taken great pains to learn it.  
Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet I swear I am not that I play.  
Are you the lady of the house?

*squash* - unripe pea pod, *well favored...shrewishly* - attractive with a sharp tongue



OLIVIA

I am.

VIOLA

I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in it. I excuse you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.

OLIVIA

I heard you were saucy at my gates.

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment.\*  
What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead:  
to your ears divinity;\* to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.

*(Exeunt MARIA and attendants.)*

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

*entertainment* - reception, *divinity* - a holy message, *comfortable doctrine* - obvious theme

OLIVIA

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, I have read it; it is heresy.\* Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face?

You are now out of your text.

But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

(*OLIVIA lifts her veil.*) Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is it not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out schedules\* of my beauty.

It shall be inventoried, as, item, two lips, indifferent red;

item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.

VIOLA

I see you what you are; you are too proud. But if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears, with groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth.

Yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

*heresy* - untruthful, *schedules* - lists

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame, in your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house;  
write loyal cantons\* of contemned\* love and sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
halloo your name to the reverberate hills and make the babbling gossip\* of the air cry out 'Olivia!'  
O, you should not rest between the elements of air and earth but you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord. I cannot love him. Let him send no more,  
unless, perchance, you come to me again, to tell me how he takes it.  
Fare you well.  
I thank you for your pains.\* Spend this for me.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post,\* lady; keep your purse; my master, not myself, lacks recompense.\*  
Farewell, fair cruelty.

*(Exit VIOLA.)*

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?' 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.'  
I'll be sworn thou art.  
Not too fast; soft, soft.  
How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague?\*

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections with an invisible and subtle stealth.  
Malvolio!

*(Re enter MALVOLIO.)*

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

*cantons* - songs, *contemned* - rejected, *babbling gossip* - echo, *pains* - efforts,  
*fee'd post* - messenger to be tipped, *recompense* - reward, *catch the plague* - fall in love

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger, the count's man.  
He left this ring behind him, would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow, I'll give him reasons for it.  
Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

OLIVIA

I do I know not what.

*(Exit OLIVIA.)*

## Act 2, Scene 1      The sea coast

(ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.)

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no.

My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours.

ANTONIO

Let me know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

No, sooth, sir. My determinate\* voyage is mere wandering.

Know of me, Antonio, my name is Sebastian.

My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of.

He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. Would we had so ended.

But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea\* was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful.

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.\*

SEBASTIAN

O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO

Let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

Desire it not. Fare ye well at once.

I am yet so near 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 SEBASTIAN.)

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

*determinate* - determined upon, *breach of the sea* - the breaking waves, *entertainment* - treatment as my guest

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, else would I very shortly see thee there.  
But come what may, I do adore thee so that danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

*(Exit ANTONIO.)*

**Act 2, Scene 2      A street**

*(Enter VIOLA, then MALVOLIO following.)*

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir.

You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself.

She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate\* assurance she will none of him.

And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.

Receive it so.

VIOLA

I gave her no ring.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned.

*(MALVOLIO drops the ring.)* If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

VIOLA

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her.

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, that sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, for she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion invites me in this churlish\* messenger.

None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.

I am the man.

If it be so, poor lady, she were better love a dream.

How will this fadge?\*

My master loves her dearly; and I, poor monster, fond as much on him; and she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this?

O time! Thou must untangle this, not I. It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

*(Exit VIOLA.)*

*desperate* - without hope,    *churlish* - surly,    *fadge* - turn out

**Act 2, Scene 3      Olivia's house**

*(Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew.

Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes,\* thou knowest.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY

A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can.

Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY

Thou art a scholar! Let us therefore eat and drink.

Marian, I say! A stoup\* of wine!

*(Enter FESTE.)*

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, in faith.

FESTE

How now, my hearts.

SIR TOBY

Welcome, ass. Let's have a catch.\*

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.

I had rather than forty shillings so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.

Now, a song!

SIR TOBY

Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW

There's a testril\* of me too. If one knight give a-

FESTE

Would you have a love song, or a song of good life?

*betimes* - early, *stoup* - goblet, *catch* - a round song (such as 'Three Blind Mice'), *testril* - sixpence



SIR TOBY

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

FESTE

(*Sings.*) O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, in faith.

SIR TOBY

Good, good.

FESTE

(*Sings.*) What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come is still unsure.  
 In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous\* voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, in faith.

SIR TOBY

But shall we make the welkin\* dance? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch? Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

And you love me, let's do it! I am dog at a catch.  
 Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

FESTE

'Hold thy peace, thou knave.'  
 I shall be constrained\* in it to call thee knave, knight.

*mellifluous* - flowing sweetly and smoothly, *welkin* - sky, *constrained* - forced

SIR ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave.  
Begin, fool. It begins 'Hold thy peace.'

FESTE

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, in faith. Come, begin.

*(Catch is sung - 'Hold thy peace, thou knave, and I prithee hold thy peace' etc.)*

*(Enter MARIA.)*

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here!  
If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY

Malvolio's a Peg a Ramsey.\*  
Am not I consanguineous?\* Am I not of her blood?  
Tillyvally,\* lady.  
*(Sings.)* 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

FESTE

The knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too.  
He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY

*(Sings.)* 'On the twelfth day of December,'-

MARIA

For the love of God, peace!

*(Enter MALVOLIO.)*

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you?  
Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?  
Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your catches?  
Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Peg-a-Ramsey* - contemptuous character in an old song,  
*consanguineous* - related, *Tillyvally* - nonsense

SIR TOBY

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up.\*

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round\* with you.

My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders.

If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house.

If not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY

(Sings.) 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FESTE

(Sings.) 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO

Is it even so?

SIR TOBY

(Sings.) 'But I will never die.'

FESTE

(Sings.) Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY

(Sings.) 'Shall I bid him go?'

FESTE

(Sings.) 'What and if you do?'

SIR TOBY

(Sings.) 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

FESTE

(Sings.) 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not!'

SIR TOBY

Out of tune, sir? Ye lie!

Art any more than a steward?

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.

*Sneck up* - go hang yourself, *round* - plain

A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

MARIA

Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW

I'll challenge him in the field.

SIR TOBY

Do it, knight. I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the count's youth was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull\* him into a common recreation,\* do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY

Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW

O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!

SIR TOBY

What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA

He's an affected ass; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY

What wilt thou do?

*gull* - fool, *recreation* - amusement

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles\* of love,  
wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait,\*  
he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

I can write very like my lady your niece.

On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY

Excellent! I smell a device.\*

SIR ANDREW

I have it in my nose too.

SIR TOBY

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you.

I know my physic\* will work with him.

I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter.

For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

SIR TOBY

Good night, Penthesilea.\*

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY

She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me.

What of that?

*epistles* - letters, *gait* - walk, *device* - underhanded scheme,  
*physic* - medicine, *Penthesilea* - Queen of the Amazons

SIR ANDREW

I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY

Let's to bed, knight.

Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW

If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.\*

SIR TOBY

Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not in the end, call me cut.\*

SIR ANDREW

If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack.\* 'Tis too late to go to bed now.

Come, knight; come, knight.

*(Exeunt.)*

*out* - out of money, *cut* - to pretend not to see or know a person,  
*burn some sack* - warm some sherry

**Act 2, Scene 4 Duke Orsino's palace. Music plays**

(ORSINO and VIOLA.)

DUKE ORSINO

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, unstead and skittish in all motions\* else,  
save in the constant image of the creature that is beloved.

How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throned.

DUKE ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon it, young though thou art, thine eye hath stayed upon some favor\* that it loves.

Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is it?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

She is not worth thee, then. What years, in faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven. Let still\* the woman take an elder than herself:

so wears\* she to him, so sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, our fancies\* are more giddy and unfirm,  
more longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, than women's are.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Then let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy affection cannot hold the bent;\*  
for women are as roses, whose fair flower being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

*motions* - emotions, *favor* - face, *still* - always, *wears* - adapts herself, *fancies* - loves, *bent* - direction

VIOLA

And so they are; alas, that they are so. To die, even when they to perfection grow.

DUKE ORSINO

Once more, Cesario, get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.\*

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, hath for your love as great a pang of heart as you have for Olivia. You cannot love her. You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides can bide\* the beating of so strong a passion as love doth give my heart; no woman's heart so big to hold so much; they lack retention.

Mine is all as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much.

Make no compare between that love a woman can bear me and that I owe\* Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know—

DUKE ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man, as it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord.

She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask\* cheek.

She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy she sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.

Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more; but indeed our shows are more than will;\* for still\* we prove much in our vows, but little in our love.

*sovereign cruelty* - supremely cruel person, *bide* - withstand, *owe* - have towards, *damask* - pink and white (as in a damask rose), *will* - passions, *still* - often



DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel.

Say my love cannot yield, bide\* no denial.

*(Exit VIOLA.)*

**Act 2, Scene 5    Olivia's garden**

*(Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN.)*

SIR TOBY  
Come, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN  
Nay, I'll come. If I lose a bit of this sport, let me be boiled to death.

SIR TOBY  
Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep biter\* come by some shame?

FABIAN  
I would exult, man!  
You know he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear-baiting\* here?

SIR TOBY  
Well, we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW  
And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY  
Here comes the little villain.

*(Enter MARIA.)*

MARIA  
Get you all three into the box tree.\* Malvolio's coming down this walk.  
He has been yonder in the sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half hour.  
I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.  
Lie thou there.

*(Maria throws down the letter and exits.)*

*(Enter MALVOLIO.)*

MALVOLIO  
'Tis but fortune. All is fortune.  
Maria once told me she did affect\* me; and I have heard herself come thus near,  
that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion.  
Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her.  
What should I think on it?

*sheep biter* - dog that bites sheep; sneaking fellow,  
*bear-baiting* - a popular Elizabethan spectator and gambling sport where dogs attacked a chained bear,  
*box tree* - some type of hedge, *affect* - to have emotions towards

SIR TOBY

Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN

Peace!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio.

SIR TOBY

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

FABIAN

Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY

O for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my officers about me, in my branched\* velvet gown;  
having come from a day bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

And then to ask for my kinsman Toby—

SIR TOBY

Bolts and Shackles!

MALVOLIO

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him.  
I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel.  
Toby approaches; courtesies there to me—

*branched* - embroidered

SIR TOBY

Shall this fellow live?

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, saying,

'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech.  
You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY

Out, scab!

MALVOLIO

'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight'—

SIR ANDREW

That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

'One Sir Andrew.'

SIR ANDREW

I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO (*Looking at the letter.*)

What employment have we here?

By my life, this is my lady's hand.

These be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's.

It is, in contempt of\* question, her hand.

To whom should this be?

By your leave, wax.\*

(*MALVOLIO opens the letter and reads.*)

'Jove\* knows I love, but who? Lips, do not move; no man must know.'

'No man must know.'

If this should be thee, Malvolio?

'I may command where I adore,

but silence, like a Lucrece knife,

with bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

SIR TOBY

Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO

'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

'I may command where I adore.'

Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady.

*in contempt of* - beyond, *by your leave, wax* - an apology for breaking the seal, *Jove* - God

And what should that alphabetical position portend?  
 If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly, 'M, O, A, I,'  
 M. Malvolio. M. Why, that begins my name. M.  
 But then there is no constancy in the sequel. A should follow, but O does. And then I comes behind.  
 And yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name.  
 Soft, here follows prose.  
 (*MALVOLIO reads.*) 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve.  
 In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.  
 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.  
 Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants.  
 Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity.  
 She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.  
 Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,  
 and wished to see thee ever cross gartered. I say, remember.  
 Thou art made if thou desirest to be so.  
 If not, let me see thee a steward still, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.  
 Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,  
 The Fortunate Unhappy.'  
 Daylight and champain\* discovers not more. This is open.  
 I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance,  
 I will be point devise\* the very man.  
 She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross gartered.  
 I thank my stars I am happy!  
 Here is yet a postscript.  
 (*MALVOLIO reads.*) 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am.  
 If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well.  
 Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet.'  
 Jove, I thank thee!  
 I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

(*Exit MALVOLIO.*)

(*SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN reveal themselves.*)

SIR TOBY

I could marry the wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

SIR TOBY

And ask no other dowry\* with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW

Nor I neither.

*champain* - open country, *point devise* - perfectly correct, *dowry* - wedding gift

FABIAN

Here comes the noble gull\* catcher.

*(Re enter MARIA.)*

SIR TOBY

Wilt thou set thy foot on my neck?

SIR ANDREW

Or on mine?

MARIA

Does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of our sport, mark his first approach before my lady.

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross gartered, a fashion she detests.

If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY

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

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

*(Exeunt.)*

*gull* - fool, *Tartar* - Tartarus, the section of hell reserved for the most evil

### Act 3, Scene 1 Olivia's garden

(Enter VIOLA and FESTE [with a tabor\*].)

VIOLA

Save thee friend, and thy music.  
Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FESTE

No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE

No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married.  
I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FESTE

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere.

VIOLA

There's expenses for thee.

FESTE

Now Jove, in his next commodity\* of hair, send thee a beard.

VIOLA

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one,  
(*Aside.*) though I would not have it grow on my chin.  
Is thy lady within?

FESTE

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*tabor* - small drum, *commodity* - shipment

FESTE

I would play Lord Pandarus\* to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA

'Tis well begged.

FESTE

My lady is within, sir.

*(Exit FESTE.)*

*(Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR TOBY

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.\*

VIOLA

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.\*

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY

Will you encounter the house?

My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA

I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list\* of my voyage.

SIR TOBY

Taste\* your legs, sir; put them to motion.

VIOLA

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

We are prevented.

*Pandarus* - a go-between the lovers Troilus and Cressida, *Dieu...monsieur*. - God protect you, sir,  
*Et...serviteur*. - And you also; your servant., *list* - destination, *taste* - try



*(Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.)*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you.

SIR ANDREW  
'Rain odors?' Well!

OLIVIA  
Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

*(Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and MARIA.)*

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA  
My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA  
What is your name?

VIOLA  
Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA  
My servant, sir? You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA  
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA  
For him, I think not on him.

VIOLA  
Madam, I come to whet\* your gentle thoughts on his behalf.

OLIVIA  
O, I pray you, never speak again of him.

VIOLA  
Dear lady

OLIVIA  
Give me leave, beseech you.  
I did send, after the last enchantment you did here, a ring in chase of you.  
So did I deceive myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.  
What might you think?  
Let me hear you speak.

*whet* - stimulate

VIOLA  
I pity you.

OLIVIA  
That's a degree to love.

VIOLA  
Very often we pity enemies.

OLIVIA  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you,  
and yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, you are like to be a proper man.  
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA  
Then westward ho!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA  
Stay.  
I prithee tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA  
That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA  
If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA  
Then think you right. I am not what I am.

OLIVIA  
I would you were as I would have you be.

VIOLA  
Would it be better, madam, than I am?

OLIVIA  
O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip.  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,  
I love thee so that, despite all thy pride, nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

VIOLA  
By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom 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 master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA  
Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move that heart which now abhors to like his love. (*Exit VIOLA.*)

## Act 3, Scene 2      Olivia's house

*(Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN.)*

SIR ANDREW

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot\* longer.

SIR TOBY

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me.  
I saw it in the orchard.

SIR TOBY

Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

Will you make an ass of me?

FABIAN

I will prove it legitimate, sir.

She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you,

to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver.

You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint,  
you should have banged the youth into dumbness.

This was looked for at your hand, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion,  
where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,  
unless you do redeem it by some attempt either of valor or policy.

SIR ANDREW

It must be with valor; for policy I hate.

SIR TOBY

Why then, challenge the count's youth to fight. Hurt him in eleven places.

My niece shall take note of it.

There is no love broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

*jot* - instant

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY

Go, write it in a martial hand.

Be curst and brief, it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention.

Taunt him with the license of ink.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY

We'll call for thee at your chamber. Go.

*(Exit SIR ANDREW.)*

FABIAN

This is a dear puppet to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

I have been dear to him,\* lad, some two thousand strong.

FABIAN

We shall have a rare letter from him, but you'll not deliver it?

SIR TOBY

I will, and stir on the youth to an answer.

I think oxen and wainropes cannot pull them together.

For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Look, where the youngest wren\* of mine comes.

*(Enter MARIA.)*

MARIA

If you will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY

And cross gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously.

He does obey every point of the letter.

He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.

*dear to him* - cost him, *youngest wren* - smallest of small birds

You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.  
I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take it for a great favor.

SIR TOBY

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

*(Exeunt.)*

**Act 3, Scene 3    A street**

(Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.)

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you.  
My desire, more sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.

SEBASTIAN

I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

I was anxious what might befall your travel, being skillless in these parts;  
which to a stranger, unguided and unfriended, often proves rough and inhospitable.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks.  
What's to do? Shall we go see the relics\* of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes with the things of fame that do renown this city.

ANTONIO

Pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets.  
Once in a sea fight against the count's galleys\* I did some service, of such note indeed,  
that were I taken here it would scarce be answered.\*

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO

The offence is not of such a bloody nature but myself stood out;  
for which, if I be taken in this place, I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

It doth not fit me.  
Hold, sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs at the Elephant is best to lodge.  
I will bespeak our diet, whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town.  
There shall you find me.

*relics* - monuments, *galleys* - ships, *answered* - atoned for

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy you have desire to purchase,  
and your store I think is not for idle markets.\*

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse bearer\* and leave you for an hour.

ANTONIO

At the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

*(Exeunt.)*

*store...markets* - you don't spend money foolishly,

*purse bearer* - this odd but necessary plot development can be justified if Sebastian thinks he is protecting Antonio's money

**Act 3, Scene 4**      **Olivia's garden**

*(OLIVIA and MARIA.)*

OLIVIA

I have sent after him; he says he'll come.  
How shall I feast him? What bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.  
I speak too loud. Where is Malvolio?  
He is sad and civil, and suits well for a servant with my fortune. Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA

No, madam, he does nothing but smile.  
Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness equal be.

*(Re enter MARIA with MALVOLIO.)*

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho!

OLIVIA

Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross gartering.  
But what of that? If it please the eye of one, please one, and please all.

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with you?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.  
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.  
I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.



OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed? Ay, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee.

Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

'Be not afraid of greatness.' 'Twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great.'

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness.'

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings'—

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

'and wished to see thee cross gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross gartered?

MALVOLIO

'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.'

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a steward still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*(Enter SERVANT.)*

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned.  
I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

*(Exit SERVANT.)*

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.  
Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him.  
I would not have him miscarry\* for the half of my dowry.

*(Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.)*

MALVOLIO

O, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me.  
This concurs directly with the letter.  
She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.  
'Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state;  
put thyself into the trick of singularity.'  
And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to.'  
'Fellow!' Not 'Malvolio,' nor after my degree, but 'fellow.'  
What can be said?  
Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes.  
Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*(Re enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.)*

SIR TOBY

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?  
If all the devils of hell possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

*miscarry* - come to harm

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How is it with you, sir?

SIR TOBY

How is it with you, man?

MALVOLIO

Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA

Lo, how hollow the fiend\* speaks within him! Did I not tell you?

Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! Does she so?

SIR TOBY

Go to, go to. We must deal gently with him.

How do you, Malvolio? How is it with you?

What, man, defy the devil. Consider he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

Pray God, he be not bewitched.

FABIAN

Carry his water\* to the wise woman.

MARIA

Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning if I live.

My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress?

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY

Hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN

No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*fiend* - devil, *water* - urine for analysis

SIR TOBY

Why, how now, my bawcock?\* How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

Sir.

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx?

MARIA

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO

Go hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element.  
You shall know more hereafter.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

SIR TOBY

Is it possible?

FABIAN

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device.

MARIA

Pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.\*

FABIAN

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad.  
We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance.  
But see, but see.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW.)*

*bawcock* - fine fellow, *take air and taint* - be exposed and ruined

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.

FABIAN

Is it so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, it is. Do but read.

SIR TOBY

Give me. (*Reads.*) 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY

(*Reads.*) 'Wonder not nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for it.'

FABIAN

A good note that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY

(*Reads.*) 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

FABIAN

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less.

SIR TOBY

(*Reads.*) 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'-

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY

(*Reads.*) 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN

Still you keep on the windy side of the law. Good.

SIR TOBY

(*Reads.*) 'Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.'  
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give it him.

MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for it.  
He is now in some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum baily.\*  
So soon as thou seest him, draw; and as thou drawest, swear horrible;  
for oft a terrible oath, with swaggering accent sharply twanged off,  
give manhood more reputation for courage, than courage itself.  
Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*(Exit SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR TOBY

Now will I not deliver his letter.  
The behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good breeding.  
Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth.  
He will find it comes from a clodpole.  
But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, and set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor.

*(Re enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.)*

FABIAN

Here he comes with your niece.  
Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY

I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*(Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN and MARIA.)*

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone.  
Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture. Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you.  
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honor may I give him that which I have given to you?

*bum-baily* - someone who arrests people

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*(Exit OLIVIA.)*

*(Re enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.)*

SIR TOBY

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY

That defense thou hast, betake thee to it.  
Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not;  
but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee\* at the orchard end.

VIOLA

You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel with me.  
My remembrance is very free and clear from any offense done to any man.

SIR TOBY

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you.  
Therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard;  
for your opposite hath in him what strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY

He is a knight, and a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three.  
'Hob, nob'\* is his word.

VIOLA

I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.  
I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposefully on others to taste their valor.  
Belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY

Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very real injury; therefore, get you on.  
Back you shall not to the house, unless you will undertake that with me  
which with as much safety you might answer him.

*attends thee* - waits for you, *'Hob, nob'* - a frightening nickname?

Therefore on; for meddle you must, that's certain.

VIOLA

This is as uncivil as strange.

I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is.

It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY

I will do so.

Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*(Exit SIR TOBY.)*

VIOLA

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN

I know the knight is incensed against you, but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN

He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.

Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for it.

I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight.

I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*(Exeunt.)*

*(Re enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR TOBY

Why, man, he's a very devil! I had a pass\* with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in\* with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable.\*

They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.\*

SIR ANDREW

Pox\* on it, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY

Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*pass* - bout, *stuck in* - thrust, *inevitable* - as in death, *Sophy* - ruler of Persia, *pox* - syphilis



SIR ANDREW

Plague on it. And I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence,  
I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.  
Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY

I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on it.  
Pray this shall end without the perdition\* of souls.  
(*Aside.*) I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

(*Re enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*)

(*To FABIAN.*) I have his horse to forget the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN

He is as horribly afraid of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY

(*To VIOLA.*) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake,  
but he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA

Pray God defend me!  
(*Aside.*) A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN

Give ground if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy.  
The gentleman will for his honor's sake have one bout with you;  
but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you.  
Come on; to it.

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

(*VIOLA and SIR ANDREW draw their swords.*)

(*Enter ANTONIO.*)

ANTONIO (*Drawing his sword.*)

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman has done offense, I take the fault on me.

*perdition* - damned to hell

SIR TOBY

You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO

One, sir, that for his love will do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. (*SIR TOBY draws his sword.*)

(*Enter OFFICERS.*)

FABIAN

O good Sir Toby, hold. Here come the officers.

SIR TOBY

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

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

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir; and I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man; do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well.

ANTONIO

I must obey.

(*To VIOLA.*) This comes with seeking you, but there's no remedy.

What will you do, now my necessity makes me to ask you for my purse?

You stand amazed, but be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,  
out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something. There's half my purse.

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?

Do not tempt my misery, lest that it make me so unsound a man as to upbraid you  
with those kindnesses that I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none, nor know I you by voice or any feature.

ANTONIO

O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here I snatched one half out of the jaws of death.

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? Away.

ANTONIO

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
none can be called deformed but the unkind.

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad; away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

*(Exeunt ANTONIO with OFFICERS.)*

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly, that he believes himself.

O, prove true, that I, dear brother, be now taken for you!

*(Exit VIOLA.)*

SIR TOBY

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare.

His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him.

And for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN

A coward, a most devout coward; religious in it.

SIR ANDREW

I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY

Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW

And I do not

*(Exit SIR ANDREW.)*

FABIAN

Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

*(Exeunt SIR TOBY and FABIAN.)*

**Act 4, Scene 1      Before Olivia's house**

*(Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE.)*

FESTE

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of you.

FESTE

No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.

SEBASTIAN

Vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou knowest not me.

FESTE

Vent my folly?

And tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY and FABIAN.)*

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. *(Strikes SEBASTIAN.)*

SEBASTIAN

*(Striking SIR ANDREW.)* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there! Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY

Hold, sir. *(Seizing SEBASTIAN.)*

FESTE

This will I tell my lady straight.

*(Exit FESTE.)*

SIR TOBY

Come on, sir; hold.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let him alone. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY

Come sir, I will not let you go.

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee. (*SEBASTIAN frees himself.*) What wouldst thou now?  
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY

What, what? Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of blood from you. (*SIR TOBY draws.*)

(*Enter OLIVIA.*)

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee hold!

SIR TOBY

Madam.

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves. Out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.  
Rudesby, be gone!

(*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN.*)

I prithee, gentle friend, go with me to my house, and hear how many fruitless pranks this ruffian hath botched up.  
Do not deny.

SEBASTIAN

(*Aside.*) What relish is in this? How runs the stream? Am I mad, or is this a dream?

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be.

(*Exeunt.*)

## Act 4, Scene 2      Olivia's house

*(Enter MARIA and FESTE.)*

MARIA

Put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate.  
I'll call Sir Toby.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

FESTE

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble\* myself in it.  
I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

*(Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.)*

SIR TOBY

Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

FESTE

Bonos dies, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

Ha, ha! To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE

What, ho, I say. Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY

The knave counterfeits well.

MALVOLIO

*(Within.)* Who calls there?

FESTE

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

FESTE

Out, hyperbolic fiend!\* How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged.  
Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad.  
They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*dissemble* - disguise, *fiend* - devil

FESTE

Fie, thou dishonest Satan. Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FESTE

Why it hath transparent bay windows.

MALVOLIO

I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

FESTE

Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.\*

MALVOLIO

I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused.

I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

FESTE

What is the opinion of Pythagoras\* concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

FESTE

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

I think nobly of the soul and no way approve his opinion.

FESTE

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.

Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY

My most exquisite Sir Topas.

FESTE

Nay, I am for all waters.

*Egyptians in their fog* - Moses brought a three day fog on the Egyptians,  
*Pythagorus* - originated the doctrine of the transmigration of souls



MARIA

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

SIR TOBY

Now to him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him.

*(To MARIA.)* I would we were well rid of this knavery.

If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were;

for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport.

Come by and by to my chamber.

*(Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.)*

FESTE

*(Singing.)* 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

Who calls?

MALVOLIO

Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper.

As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for it.

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FESTE

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

FESTE

But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Good fool, help me to some light and some paper.

I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FESTE

Well a day that you were, sir.

I will help you to it.

But tell me true, are you not mad indeed?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FESTE

Nay, I'll never believe a madman till I see his brains.

I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

FESTE

*(Sings.)* I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again.

*(Exit FESTE.)*

**Act 4, Scene 3      Olivia's garden**

*(Enter SEBASTIAN.)*

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun; this pearl she gave me, I do feel it and see it;  
and though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, yet 'tis not madness.  
Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant;  
yet there he was, and there I found this credit, that he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service.  
Here the lady comes.

*(Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST.)*

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine.  
If you mean well, now go with me and with this holy man into the chantry\* by.  
There, before him, and underneath that consecrated roof, plight me the full assurance of your faith.  
What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you and having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so shine that they may fairly note this act of mine.

*(Exeunt.)*

*chantry* - chapel

## Act 5, Scene 1 Before Olivia's house

*(Enter FESTE and FABIAN.)*

FABIAN

Now as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FESTE

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Anything.

FESTE

Do not desire to see this letter.

*(Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO and attendants.)*

DUKE ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FESTE

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE

Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

DUKE ORSINO

Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

FESTE

No, sir, the worse.

DUKE ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me.

Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass:

so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused.

DUKE ORSINO

This is excellent.

FESTE

By my troth, sir, no, though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE ORSINO

Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

O, you give me ill counsel.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer. There's another.

FESTE

Primo, secundo, tertio,\* is a good play.

DUKE ORSINO

You can fool no more money out of me.

If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty\* further.

FESTE

Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again.

*(Exit FESTE.)*

VIOLA

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

*(Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.)*

DUKE ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well;  
yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared as black as Vulcan\* in the smoke of war.

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio that took the Phoenix and did the Tiger\* board  
when your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
Here in the streets in private brawl did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

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

*Primo, secundo, tertio* - probably a child's game, *bounty* - generosity,  
*Vulcan* - Roman god of fire, *Phoenix and Tiger* - two of Orsino's ships

DUKE ORSINO

Notable pirate. Thou salt water thief.  
What foolish boldness brought thee so near thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir, Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, though I confess, Orsino's enemy.  
A witchcraft drew me hither.  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side, from the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth did I redeem;  
exposed myself, pure for his love, into the danger of this adverse town;  
drew to defend him when he was beset;  
where being apprehended, denied me mine own purse,  
which I had recommended to his use not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before, both day and night did we keep company.

*(Enter OLIVIA and attendants.)*

DUKE ORSINO

Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.  
But for thee fellow, thy words are madness. Three months this youth hath tended upon me.  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord?  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam?

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, it is as fat and fulsome to mine ear as howling after music.

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

What, to perverseness?

You uncivil lady, what shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Hear me this.

Since you to non regardance cast my faith,  
and that I partly know the instrument that screws me from my true place in your favor,  
live you the marble breasted tyrant still.

But this your minion,\* whom I know you love, and whom, by heaven I swear, I tender\* dearly,  
him will I tear out of that cruel eye where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, to spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

And I, most willingly, to do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love more than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
more, by all mores, than ever I shall love wife.

OLIVIA

Ay me, how am I beguiled!\*

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

*(Exit an attendant.)*

DUKE ORSINO *(To VIOLA.)*

Come, away!

*minion* - favorite, *tender* - value, *beguiled* - deceived

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
be that thou knowest thou art, and then thou art as great as that thou fearest.

*(Enter PRIEST.)*

O, welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence here to unfold, though lately we intended to keep it in darkness, what thou dost know hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love, confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
attested by the holy close of lips, and strengthened by interchangement of your rings.

DUKE ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be when time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?\*

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA

O, do not swear. Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

*grizzle on thy case* - beard on thy face



SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb\* too.  
For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The count's gentleman, one Cesario.  
We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.\*

DUKE ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Od's lifelings,\* here he is! You broke my head for nothing;  
and that that I did, I was set on to do it by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.  
You drew your sword upon me without cause, but I bespoken you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.  
I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*(Enter SIR TOBY and FESTE.)*

Here comes Sir Toby halting.  
If he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other than he did.

DUKE ORSINO

How now, gentleman? How is it with you?

SIR TOBY

That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's the end on it.  
Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

FESTE

O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.

SIR TOBY

Then he's a rogue. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*coxcomb* - fool's hat, *incardinate* - Andrew means incarnate, *'Od's lifelings* - by God's little life

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY

Will you help? An ass head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin faced knave, a gull?

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

*(Exeunt FESTE, FABIAN, SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.)*

*(Enter SEBASTIAN.)*

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;  
but had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you.

DUKE ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit,\* and two persons. A natural perspective that is and is not.

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours racked and tortured me since I have lost thee.

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fearest thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

How have you made division of yourself?  
An apple cleft in two is not more twin than these two creatures.  
Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful.

VIOLA

My father, Sebastian of Messaline, had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth had numbered thirteen years.

*habit* - set of clothing

SEBASTIAN

O, that record is lively in my soul.

VIOLA

I am Viola. (*SEBASTIAN and VIOLA embrace.*)

SEBASTIAN

(*To OLIVIA.*) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.  
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

DUKE ORSINO

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wrack.\*  
(*To VIOLA.*) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I over swear, and those swearings keep as true in my soul.

DUKE ORSINO

Give me thy hand and let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore hath my maid's garments.

OLIVIA

Fetch Malvolio\* hither.  
And yet alas, now I remember me, they say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

(*Re enter FESTE with a letter, and FABIAN.*)

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

FESTE

Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the staves's end\* as well as a man in his case may do.  
Has writ a letter to you.

OLIVIA

Open it and read it.

FESTE

(*Reads.*) 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it.  
Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me,  
yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship.  
I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on.  
Think of me as you please.

*wrack* - ruin; what is cast up on shore,

*Malvolio* - as steward of the house, he would fetch Viola's clothes,

*Beelzebub at the staves's end* - holds the devil off

I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.  
The madly used Malvolio.'

OLIVIA  
Did he write this?

FESTE  
Ay, madam.

DUKE ORSINO  
This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA  
See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

*(Exit FABIAN.)*

ORSINO  
*(To VIOLA.)* Your master quits you.  
And for your service done him, so far beneath your soft and tender breeding, here is my hand.  
You shall from this time be your master's mistress.

OLIVIA  
My lord so please you, these things further thought on, to think me as well a sister as a wife,  
one day shall crown the alliance on it, so please you, here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE ORSINO  
Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

OLIVIA *(To VIOLA.)*  
A sister! You are she.

*(Re enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.)*

DUKE ORSINO  
Is this the madman?

OLIVIA  
Ay, my lord, this same.  
How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO  
Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

OLIVIA  
Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO  
Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand, or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention. You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, and tell me, in the modesty of honor, why you have given me such clear lights of favor, bade me come smiling and cross gartered to you, to put on yellow stockings and to frown upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; and, acting this in an obedient hope, why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, and made the most notorious geck and gull that ever invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, though I confess much like the character; but out of question 'tis Maria's hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she first told me thou wast mad. Prithee, be content. This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee. But when we know the grounds and authors of it, thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge of thine own cause.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak. Most freely I confess myself and Toby set this device against Malvolio here, upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts we had conceived against him. Maria writ the letter at Sir Toby's great importance, in recompense whereof he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was followed may rather pluck on laughter than revenge, if that the injuries be justly weighed that have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee.

FESTE

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember, 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? And you smile not, he's gagged.' And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

*(Exit MALVOLIO.)*

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.  
Meantime, sweet sister, we will not part from hence.

Cesario, come, for so you shall be, while you are a man,  
but when in other habits\*you are seen, Orsino's mistress and his fancy's\* queen.

*(Exeunt all except FESTE.)*

FESTE

*(Sings.)* When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain, it raineth every day

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain, it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain, it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*(The end.)*

*habits* - clothes, *fancy's* - love's