

# TWELFTH NIGHT *or,* WHAT YOU WILL

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

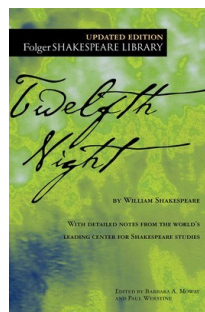
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# Contents

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| Front Matter | From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library<br>Textual Introduction<br>Synopsis<br>Characters in the Play |
| ACT 1        | Scene 1<br>Scene 2<br>Scene 3<br>Scene 4<br>Scene 5   |
| ACT 2        | Scene 1<br>Scene 2<br>Scene 3<br>Scene 4<br>Scene 5   |
| ACT 3        | Scene 1<br>Scene 2<br>Scene 3<br>Scene 4  |
| ACT 4        | Scene 1<br>Scene 2<br>Scene 3   |
| ACT 5        | Scene 1   |

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

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The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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## Textual Introduction

### By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from

*Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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## Synopsis

*Twelfth Night*—an allusion to the night of festivity preceding the Christian celebration of the Epiphany—combines love, confusion, mistaken identities, and joyful discovery.

After the twins Sebastian and Viola survive a shipwreck, neither knows that the other is alive. Viola goes into service with Count Orsino of Illyria, disguised as a young man, “Cesario.” Orsino sends Cesario to woo the Lady Olivia on his behalf, but Olivia falls in love with Cesario. Viola, in the meantime, has fallen in love with Orsino.

At the estate of Lady Olivia, Sir Toby Belch, Olivia’s kinsman, has brought in Sir Andrew Aguecheek to be her suitor. A confrontation between Olivia’s steward, Malvolio, and the partying Toby and his cohort leads to a revenge plot against Malvolio. Malvolio is tricked into making a fool of himself, and he is locked in a dungeon as a lunatic.

In the meantime, Sebastian has been rescued by a sea captain, Antonio. When Viola, as Cesario, is challenged to a duel, Antonio mistakes her for Sebastian, comes to her aid, and is arrested. Olivia, meanwhile, mistakes Sebastian for Cesario and declares her love. When, finally, Sebastian and Viola appear together, the puzzles around the mistaken identities are solved: Cesario is revealed as Viola, Orsino asks for Viola’s hand, Sebastian will wed Olivia, and Viola will marry Count Orsino. Malvolio, blaming Olivia and others for his humiliation, vows revenge.

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## Characters in the Play

VIOLA, a lady of Messaline shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria  
(later disguised as CESARIO)

OLIVIA, an Illyrian countess

MARIA, her waiting-gentlewoman

SIR TOBY BELCH, Olivia's kinsman

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, Sir Toby's companion

MALVOLIO, steward in Olivia's household

FOOL, Olivia's jester, named Feste

FABIAN, a gentleman in Olivia's household

ORSINO, duke (or count) of Illyria

VALENTINE } *gentlemen serving Orsino*  
CURIO }

SEBASTIAN, Viola's brother

ANTONIO, friend to Sebastian

CAPTAIN

PRIEST

TWO OFFICERS

Lords, Sailors, Musicians, and other Attendants

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

*Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords,  
[with Musicians playing.]*

ORSINO

FTLN 0001 If music be the food of love, play on.  
FTLN 0002 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
FTLN 0003 The appetite may sicken and so die.  
FTLN 0004 That strain again! It had a dying fall.  
FTLN 0005 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound 5  
FTLN 0006 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
FTLN 0007 Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more.  
FTLN 0008 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
FTLN 0009 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
FTLN 0010 That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10  
FTLN 0011 Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,  
FTLN 0012 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
FTLN 0013 But falls into abatement and low price  
FTLN 0014 Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy  
FTLN 0015 That it alone is high fantastical. 15

CURIO

FTLN 0016 Will you go hunt, my lord?

FTLN 0017 ORSINO What, Curio?

FTLN 0018 CURIO The hart.

ORSINO

FTLN 0019 Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.  
FTLN 0020 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, 20



FTLN 0021 Methought she purged the air of pestilence.  
 FTLN 0022 That instant was I turned into a hart,  
 FTLN 0023 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 FTLN 0024 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter Valentine.*

FTLN 0025 How now, what news from her? 25

VALENTINE

FTLN 0026 So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
 FTLN 0027 But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
 FTLN 0028 The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 FTLN 0029 Shall not behold her face at ample view,  
 FTLN 0030 But like a cloistress she will veiled walk, 30  
 FTLN 0031 And water once a day her chamber round  
 FTLN 0032 With eye-offending brine—all this to season  
 FTLN 0033 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 FTLN 0034 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

FTLN 0035 O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame 35  
 FTLN 0036 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 FTLN 0037 How will she love when the rich golden shaft  
 FTLN 0038 Hath killed the flock of all affections else  
 FTLN 0039 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,  
 FTLN 0040 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled 40  
 FTLN 0041 Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
 FTLN 0042 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!  
 FTLN 0043 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.*

FTLN 0044 VIOLA What country, friends, is this?

FTLN 0045 CAPTAIN This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

FTLN 0046 And what should I do in Illyria?

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0047 | My brother he is in Elysium.                           |    |
| FTLN 0048 | Perchance he is not drowned.—What think you,           | 5  |
| FTLN 0049 | sailors?   |    |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0050 | It is perchance that you yourself were saved.          |    |
|           | VIOLA  |    |
| FTLN 0051 | O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.        |    |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0052 | True, madam. And to comfort you with chance,           |    |
| FTLN 0053 | Assure yourself, after our ship did split,             | 10 |
| FTLN 0054 | When you and those poor number saved with you          |    |
| FTLN 0055 | Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,          |    |
| FTLN 0056 | Most provident in peril, bind himself                  |    |
| FTLN 0057 | (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)      |    |
| FTLN 0058 | To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,              | 15 |
| FTLN 0059 | Where, like «Arion» on the dolphin's back,             |    |
| FTLN 0060 | I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves             |    |
| FTLN 0061 | So long as I could see.                                |    |
| FTLN 0062 | VIOLA, «giving him money» For saying so, there's gold. |    |
| FTLN 0063 | Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,                  | 20 |
| FTLN 0064 | Whereto thy speech serves for authority,               |    |
| FTLN 0065 | The like of him. Know'st thou this country?            |    |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0066 | Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born               |    |
| FTLN 0067 | Not three hours' travel from this very place.          |    |
| FTLN 0068 | VIOLA Who governs here?                                | 25 |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0069 | A noble duke, in nature as in name.                    |    |
| FTLN 0070 | VIOLA What is his name?                                |    |
| FTLN 0071 | CAPTAIN Orsino.  |    |
|           | VIOLA  |    |
| FTLN 0072 | Orsino. I have heard my father name him.               |    |
| FTLN 0073 | He was a bachelor then.                                | 30 |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0074 | And so is now, or was so very late;                    |    |
| FTLN 0075 | For but a month ago I went from hence,                 |    |

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0076 | And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,      |    |
| FTLN 0077 | What great ones do the less will prattle of)       |    |
| FTLN 0078 | That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.          | 35 |
| FTLN 0079 | VIOLA What's she?                                  |    |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0080 | A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count           |    |
| FTLN 0081 | That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her |    |
| FTLN 0082 | In the protection of his son, her brother,         |    |
| FTLN 0083 | Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,        | 40 |
| FTLN 0084 | They say, she hath abjured the sight               |    |
| FTLN 0085 | And company of men.                                |    |
| FTLN 0086 | VIOLA O, that I served that lady,                  |    |
| FTLN 0087 | And might not be delivered to the world            |    |
| FTLN 0088 | Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,          | 45 |
| FTLN 0089 | What my estate is.                                 |    |
| FTLN 0090 | CAPTAIN That were hard to compass                  |    |
| FTLN 0091 | Because she will admit no kind of suit,            |    |
| FTLN 0092 | No, not the Duke's.                                |    |
|           | VIOLA  |    |
| FTLN 0093 | There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,         | 50 |
| FTLN 0094 | And though that nature with a beauteous wall       |    |
| FTLN 0095 | Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee           |    |
| FTLN 0096 | I will believe thou hast a mind that suits         |    |
| FTLN 0097 | With this thy fair and outward character.          |    |
| FTLN 0098 | I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—           | 55 |
| FTLN 0099 | Conceal me what I am, and be my aid                |    |
| FTLN 0100 | For such disguise as haply shall become            |    |
| FTLN 0101 | The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.       |    |
| FTLN 0102 | Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.         |    |
| FTLN 0103 | It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing          | 60 |
| FTLN 0104 | And speak to him in many sorts of music            |    |
| FTLN 0105 | That will allow me very worth his service.         |    |
| FTLN 0106 | What else may hap, to time I will commit.          |    |
| FTLN 0107 | Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.             |    |
|           | CAPTAIN  |    |
| FTLN 0108 | Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.          | 65 |

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

FTLN 0109  
FTLN 0110

VIOLA I thank thee. Lead me on.

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Sir Toby and Maria.*

FTLN 0111  
FTLN 0112  
FTLN 0113  
FTLN 0114  
FTLN 0115  
FTLN 0116  
FTLN 0117  
FTLN 0118  
FTLN 0119  
FTLN 0120  
FTLN 0121  
FTLN 0122  
FTLN 0123  
FTLN 0124  
FTLN 0125  
FTLN 0126  
FTLN 0127  
FTLN 0128  
FTLN 0129  
FTLN 0130  
FTLN 0131  
FTLN 0132  
FTLN 0133  
FTLN 0134  
FTLN 0135  
FTLN 0136  
FTLN 0137  
FTLN 0138

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 By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier  
o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions  
to your ill hours.

5

TOBY Why, let her except before excepted!

MARIA Ay, but you must confine yourself within the  
modest limits of order.

TOBY Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am.

10

These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so  
be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang  
themselves in their own straps!

MARIA 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.

15

TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA Ay, he.

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

20

MARIA What's that to th' purpose?

TOBY Why, he has three thousand ducats a year!

MARIA Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats.

He's a very fool and a prodigal.

TOBY Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys  
and speaks three or four languages word  
for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of  
nature.

25

FTLN 0139 MARIA He hath indeed, almost natural, for, besides  
 FTLN 0140 that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler, and, but that 30  
 FTLN 0141 he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath  
 FTLN 0142 in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he  
 FTLN 0143 would quickly have the gift of a grave.  
 FTLN 0144 TOBY By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors  
 FTLN 0145 that say so of him. Who are they? 35  
 FTLN 0146 MARIA They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in  
 FTLN 0147 your company.  
 FTLN 0148 TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to  
 FTLN 0149 her as long as there is a passage in my throat and  
 FTLN 0150 drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel that 40  
 FTLN 0151 will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th'  
 FTLN 0152 toe like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*,  
 FTLN 0153 for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

FTLN 0154 ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?  
 FTLN 0155 TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew! 45  
 FTLN 0156 ANDREW, *['to Maria']* Bless you, fair shrew.  
 FTLN 0157 MARIA And you too, sir.  
 FTLN 0158 TOBY Accost, Sir Andrew, accost!  
 FTLN 0159 ANDREW What's that?  
 FTLN 0160 TOBY My niece's chambermaid. 50  
 FTLN 0161 *['ANDREW']* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better  
 FTLN 0162 acquaintance.  
 FTLN 0163 MARIA My name is Mary, sir.  
 FTLN 0164 ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost—  
 FTLN 0165 TOBY You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board 55  
 FTLN 0166 her, woo her, assail her.  
 FTLN 0167 ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake her in  
 FTLN 0168 this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?  
 FTLN 0169 MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen. *['She begins to exit.']*  
 FTLN 0170 TOBY An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou 60  
 FTLN 0171 mightst never draw sword again.  
 FTLN 0172 ANDREW An you part so, mistress, I would I might

FTLN 0173 never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you  
 FTLN 0174 have fools in hand?

FTLN 0175 MARIA Sir, I have not you by th' hand. 65

FTLN 0176 ANDREW Marry, but you shall have, and here's my  
 FTLN 0177 hand. *〔He offers his hand.〕*

FTLN 0178 MARIA, *〔taking his hand〕* Now sir, thought is free. I  
 FTLN 0179 pray you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry bar and let  
 FTLN 0180 it drink. 70

FTLN 0181 ANDREW Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your  
 FTLN 0182 metaphor?

FTLN 0183 MARIA It's dry, sir.

FTLN 0184 ANDREW Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I  
 FTLN 0185 can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 75

FTLN 0186 MARIA A dry jest, sir.

FTLN 0187 ANDREW Are you full of them?

FTLN 0188 MARIA Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry,  
 FTLN 0189 now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Maria exits.*

FTLN 0190 TOBY O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did 80  
 FTLN 0191 I see thee so put down?

FTLN 0192 ANDREW Never in your life, I think, unless you see  
 FTLN 0193 canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have  
 FTLN 0194 no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man  
 FTLN 0195 has. But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that 85  
 FTLN 0196 does harm to my wit.

FTLN 0197 TOBY No question.

FTLN 0198 ANDREW An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride  
 FTLN 0199 home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

FTLN 0200 TOBY *Pourquoi*, my dear knight? 90

FTLN 0201 ANDREW What is "*pourquoi*"? Do, or not do? I would I  
 FTLN 0202 had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in  
 FTLN 0203 fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but  
 FTLN 0204 followed the arts!

FTLN 0205 TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 95

FTLN 0206 ANDREW Why, would that have mended my hair?

FTLN 0207 TOBY Past question, for thou seest it will not *〔curl by〕*  
 FTLN 0208 nature.

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FTLN 0209 ANDREW But it becomes <sup>me</sup> well enough, does 't not?

FTLN 0210 TOBY Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff, and I 100

FTLN 0211 hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs

FTLN 0212 and spin it off.

FTLN 0213 ANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your

FTLN 0214 niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one

FTLN 0215 she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by 105

FTLN 0216 woos her.

FTLN 0217 TOBY She'll none o' th' Count. She'll not match above

FTLN 0218 her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have

FTLN 0219 heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

FTLN 0220 ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' 110

FTLN 0221 strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques

FTLN 0222 and revels sometimes altogether.

FTLN 0223 TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

FTLN 0224 ANDREW As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,

FTLN 0225 under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not 115

FTLN 0226 compare with an old man.

FTLN 0227 TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

FTLN 0228 ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.

FTLN 0229 TOBY And I can cut the mutton to 't.

FTLN 0230 ANDREW And I think I have the back-trick simply as 120

FTLN 0231 strong as any man in Illyria.

FTLN 0232 TOBY Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have

FTLN 0233 these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to

FTLN 0234 take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost

FTLN 0235 thou not go to church in a galliard and come home 125

FTLN 0236 in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would

FTLN 0237 not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.

FTLN 0238 What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues

FTLN 0239 in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy

FTLN 0240 leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 130

FTLN 0241 ANDREW Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a

FTLN 0242 <sup>dun-colored</sup> stock. Shall we <sup>set</sup> about some

FTLN 0243 revels?

FTLN 0244 TOBY What shall we do else? Were we not born under  
 FTLN 0245 Taurus? 135  
 FTLN 0246 ANDREW Taurus? 「That's」 sides and heart.  
 FTLN 0247 TOBY No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee  
 FTLN 0248 caper. 「*Sir Andrew dances.*」 Ha, higher! Ha, ha,  
 FTLN 0249 excellent!

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire 「as Cesario.」*

FTLN 0250 VALENTINE If the Duke continue these favors towards  
 FTLN 0251 you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He  
 FTLN 0252 hath known you but three days, and already you  
 FTLN 0253 are no stranger.  
 FTLN 0254 VIOLA You either fear his humor or my negligence, that 5  
 FTLN 0255 you call in question the continuance of his love. Is  
 FTLN 0256 he inconstant, sir, in his favors?  
 FTLN 0257 VALENTINE No, believe me.  
 FTLN 0258 VIOLA I thank you.

*Enter 「Orsino,」 Curio, and Attendants.*

FTLN 0259 Here comes the Count. 10  
 FTLN 0260 ORSINO Who saw Cesario, ho?  
 FTLN 0261 VIOLA On your attendance, my lord, here.  
 ORSINO, 「*to Curio and Attendants*」  
 FTLN 0262 Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,  
 FTLN 0263 Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped  
 FTLN 0264 To thee the book even of my secret soul. 15  
 FTLN 0265 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.  
 FTLN 0266 Be not denied access. Stand at her doors  
 FTLN 0267 And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow  
 FTLN 0268 Till thou have audience.  
 FTLN 0269 VIOLA Sure, my noble lord, 20  
 FTLN 0270 If she be so abandoned to her sorrow  
 FTLN 0271 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.



ORSINO

FTLN 0272 Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds  
FTLN 0273 Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

FTLN 0274 Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? 25

ORSINO

FTLN 0275 O, then unfold the passion of my love.  
FTLN 0276 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.  
FTLN 0277 It shall become thee well to act my woes.  
FTLN 0278 She will attend it better in thy youth  
FTLN 0279 Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. 30

VIOLA

FTLN 0280 I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it;  
FTLN 0282 For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
FTLN 0283 That say thou art a man. Diana's lip  
FTLN 0284 Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe 35  
FTLN 0285 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
FTLN 0286 And all is semblative a womans part.  
FTLN 0287 I know thy constellation is right apt  
FTLN 0288 For this affair.—Some four or five attend him,  
FTLN 0289 All, if you will, for I myself am best 40  
FTLN 0290 When least in company.—Prosper well in this  
FTLN 0291 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
FTLN 0292 To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best  
FTLN 0294 To woo your lady. *Aside.* Yet a barful strife! 45  
FTLN 0295 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*They exit.*

Scene 5

*Enter Maria and Feste, the Fool.*

FTLN 0296 MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I  
FTLN 0297 will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter

FTLN 0298           in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy  
 FTLN 0299           absence.

FTLN 0300   FOOL   Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this           5  
 FTLN 0301           world needs to fear no colors.

FTLN 0302   MARIA   Make that good.

FTLN 0303   FOOL   He shall see none to fear.

FTLN 0304   MARIA   A good Lenten answer. I can tell thee where  
 FTLN 0305           that saying was born, of “I fear no colors.”           10  
 FTLN 0306   FOOL   Where, good Mistress Mary?

FTLN 0307   MARIA   In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in  
 FTLN 0308           your foolery.

FTLN 0309   FOOL   Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and  
 FTLN 0310           those that are Fools, let them use their talents.           15  
 FTLN 0311   MARIA   Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent.  
 FTLN 0312           Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a  
 FTLN 0313           hanging to you?

FTLN 0314   FOOL   Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage,  
 FTLN 0315           and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.           20  
 FTLN 0316   MARIA   You are resolute, then?

FTLN 0317   FOOL   Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

FTLN 0318   MARIA   That if one break, the other will hold, or if both  
 FTLN 0319           break, your gaskins fall.

FTLN 0320   FOOL   Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir           25  
 FTLN 0321           Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a  
 FTLN 0322           piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.

FTLN 0323   MARIA   Peace, you rogue. No more o’ that. Here comes  
 FTLN 0324           my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*She exits.*]

*Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio [and Attendants.]*

FTLN 0325   FOOL, [*aside*]   Wit, an ’t be thy will, put me into good           30  
 FTLN 0326           fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very  
 FTLN 0327           oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may  
 FTLN 0328           pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?  
 FTLN 0329           “Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit.”—God bless  
 FTLN 0330           thee, lady!           35

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|           |        |  |    |
|-----------|--------|--|----|
| FTLN 0331 | OLIVIA | Take the Fool away.                                      |    |
| FTLN 0332 | FOOL   | Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.            |    |
| FTLN 0333 | OLIVIA | Go to, you're a dry Fool. I'll no more of you.           |    |
| FTLN 0334 |        | Besides, you grow dishonest.                             |    |
| FTLN 0335 | FOOL   | Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel         | 40 |
| FTLN 0336 |        | will amend. For give the dry Fool drink, then is         |    |
| FTLN 0337 |        | the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend             |    |
| FTLN 0338 |        | himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he    |    |
| FTLN 0339 |        | cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's        |    |
| FTLN 0340 |        | mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is       | 45 |
| FTLN 0341 |        | but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but         |    |
| FTLN 0342 |        | patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism       |    |
| FTLN 0343 |        | will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is |    |
| FTLN 0344 |        | no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.      |    |
| FTLN 0345 |        | The Lady bade take away the Fool. Therefore, I say       | 50 |
| FTLN 0346 |        | again, take her away.                                    |    |
| FTLN 0347 | OLIVIA | Sir, I bade them take away you.                          |    |
| FTLN 0348 | FOOL   | Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, <i>cucullus</i>  |    |
| FTLN 0349 |        | <i>non facit monachum</i> . That's as much to say as, I  |    |
| FTLN 0350 |        | wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give          | 55 |
| FTLN 0351 |        | me leave to prove you a fool.                            |    |
| FTLN 0352 | OLIVIA | Can you do it?   |    |
| FTLN 0353 | FOOL   | Dexteriously, good madonna.                              |    |
| FTLN 0354 | OLIVIA | Make your proof.   |    |
| FTLN 0355 | FOOL   | I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my            | 60 |
| FTLN 0356 |        | mouse of virtue, answer me.                              |    |
| FTLN 0357 | OLIVIA | Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide         |    |
| FTLN 0358 |        | your proof.  |    |
| FTLN 0359 | FOOL   | Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?                         |    |
| FTLN 0360 | OLIVIA | Good Fool, for my brother's death.                       | 65 |
| FTLN 0361 | FOOL   | I think his soul is in hell, madonna.                    |    |
| FTLN 0362 | OLIVIA | I know his soul is in heaven, Fool.                      |    |
| FTLN 0363 | FOOL   | The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your                |    |
| FTLN 0364 |        | brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool,     |    |
| FTLN 0365 |        | gentlemen.   | 70 |
| FTLN 0366 | OLIVIA | What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? Doth he           |    |
| FTLN 0367 |        | not mend?  |    |

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FTLN 0368 MALVOLIO Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death  
 FTLN 0369 shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth  
 FTLN 0370 ever make the better Fool. 75

FTLN 0371 FOOL God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the  
 FTLN 0372 better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn  
 FTLN 0373 that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for  
 FTLN 0374 twopence that you are no fool.

FTLN 0375 OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio? 80

FTLN 0376 MALVOLIO I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in  
 FTLN 0377 such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other  
 FTLN 0378 day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain  
 FTLN 0379 than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard  
 FTLN 0380 already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to 85  
 FTLN 0381 him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men  
 FTLN 0382 that crow so at these set kind of Fools no better than  
 FTLN 0383 the Fools' zanies.

FTLN 0384 OLIVIA O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste  
 FTLN 0385 with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, 90  
 FTLN 0386 and of free disposition is to take those things  
 FTLN 0387 for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There  
 FTLN 0388 is no slander in an allowed Fool, though he do  
 FTLN 0389 nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet  
 FTLN 0390 man, though he do nothing but reprove. 95

FTLN 0391 FOOL Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou  
 FTLN 0392 speak'st well of Fools!

*Enter Maria.*

FTLN 0393 MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman  
 FTLN 0394 much desires to speak with you.

FTLN 0395 OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it? 100

FTLN 0396 MARIA I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and  
 FTLN 0397 well attended.

FTLN 0398 OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?

FTLN 0399 MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

FTLN 0400 OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing 105  
 FTLN 0401 but madman. Fie on him! [*Maria exits.*] Go you,  
 FTLN 0402 Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick,

FTLN 0403 or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. (*Malvolio*  
 FTLN 0404 *exits.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling  
 FTLN 0405 grows old, and people dislike it. 110  
 FTLN 0406 FOOL Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest  
 FTLN 0407 son should be a Fool, whose skull Jove cram with  
 FTLN 0408 brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a  
 FTLN 0409 most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

FTLN 0410 OLIVIA By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the 115  
 FTLN 0411 gate, cousin?  
 FTLN 0412 TOBY A gentleman.  
 FTLN 0413 OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?  
 FTLN 0414 TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle  
 FTLN 0415 herring!—How now, sot? 120  
 FTLN 0416 FOOL Good Sir Toby.  
 FTLN 0417 OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by  
 FTLN 0418 this lethargy?  
 FTLN 0419 TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.  
 FTLN 0420 OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he? 125  
 FTLN 0421 TOBY Let him be the devil an he will, I care not. Give  
 FTLN 0422 me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *He exits.*  
 FTLN 0423 OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, Fool?  
 FTLN 0424 FOOL Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. One  
 FTLN 0425 draught above heat makes him a fool, the second 130  
 FTLN 0426 mads him, and a third drowns him.  
 FTLN 0427 OLIVIA Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o'  
 FTLN 0428 my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's  
 FTLN 0429 drowned. Go look after him.  
 FTLN 0430 FOOL He is but mad yet, madonna, and the Fool shall 135  
 FTLN 0431 look to the madman. *He exits.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

FTLN 0432 MALVOLIO Madam, yond young fellow swears he will  
 FTLN 0433 speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0434 | on him to understand so much, and therefore             |     |
| FTLN 0435 | comes to speak with you. I told him you were            | 140 |
| FTLN 0436 | asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that        |     |
| FTLN 0437 | too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is     |     |
| FTLN 0438 | to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any     |     |
| FTLN 0439 | denial.   |     |
| FTLN 0440 | OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.             | 145 |
| FTLN 0441 | MALVOLIO Has been told so, and he says he'll stand at   |     |
| FTLN 0442 | your door like a sheriff's post and be the supporter    |     |
| FTLN 0443 | to a bench, but he'll speak with you.                   |     |
| FTLN 0444 | OLIVIA What kind o' man is he?                          |     |
| FTLN 0445 | MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.                               | 150 |
| FTLN 0446 | OLIVIA What manner of man?                              |     |
| FTLN 0447 | MALVOLIO Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you,      |     |
| FTLN 0448 | will you or no.   |     |
| FTLN 0449 | OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he?               |     |
| FTLN 0450 | MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young        | 155 |
| FTLN 0451 | enough for a boy—as a squash is before 'tis a           |     |
| FTLN 0452 | peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis   |     |
| FTLN 0453 | with him in standing water, between boy and man.        |     |
| FTLN 0454 | He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly. |     |
| FTLN 0455 | One would think his mother's milk were                  | 160 |
| FTLN 0456 | scarce out of him.                                      |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 0457 | Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.               |     |
| FTLN 0458 | MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls. <i>He exits.</i>   |     |
|           | <i>Enter Maria.</i>                                     |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 0459 | Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.           |     |
|           | <i>Olivia veils.</i>                                    |     |
| FTLN 0460 | We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.                  | 165 |
|           | <i>Enter Viola.</i>                                     |     |
| FTLN 0461 | VIOLA The honorable lady of the house, which is she?    |     |

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|           |        |  |     |
|-----------|--------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0462 | OLIVIA | Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?        |     |
| FTLN 0463 | VIOLA  | Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable               |     |
| FTLN 0464 |        | beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the  |     |
| FTLN 0465 |        | house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast   | 170 |
| FTLN 0466 |        | away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently    |     |
| FTLN 0467 |        | well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good  |     |
| FTLN 0468 |        | beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible |     |
| FTLN 0469 |        | even to the least sinister usage.                      |     |
| FTLN 0470 | OLIVIA | Whence came you, sir?                                  | 175 |
| FTLN 0471 | VIOLA  | I can say little more than I have studied, and         |     |
| FTLN 0472 |        | that question's out of my part. Good gentle one,       |     |
| FTLN 0473 |        | give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the     |     |
| FTLN 0474 |        | house, that I may proceed in my speech.                |     |
| FTLN 0475 | OLIVIA | Are you a comedian?                                    | 180 |
| FTLN 0476 | VIOLA  | No, my profound heart. And yet by the very             |     |
| FTLN 0477 |        | fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are      |     |
| FTLN 0478 |        | you the lady of the house?                             |     |
| FTLN 0479 | OLIVIA | If I do not usurp myself, I am.                        |     |
| FTLN 0480 | VIOLA  | Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp             | 185 |
| FTLN 0481 |        | yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to  |     |
| FTLN 0482 |        | reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on     |     |
| FTLN 0483 |        | with my speech in your praise and then show you        |     |
| FTLN 0484 |        | the heart of my message.                               |     |
| FTLN 0485 | OLIVIA | Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you         | 190 |
| FTLN 0486 |        | the praise.  |     |
| FTLN 0487 | VIOLA  | Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis         |     |
| FTLN 0488 |        | poetical.  |     |
| FTLN 0489 | OLIVIA | It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you,         |     |
| FTLN 0490 |        | keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and    | 195 |
| FTLN 0491 |        | allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than     |     |
| FTLN 0492 |        | to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have    |     |
| FTLN 0493 |        | reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me   |     |
| FTLN 0494 |        | to make one in so skipping a dialogue.                 |     |
| FTLN 0495 | MARIA  | Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.          | 200 |
| FTLN 0496 | VIOLA  | No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little           |     |

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0497 | longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet                |     |
| FTLN 0498 | lady.   |     |
| FTLN 0499 | 「OLIVIA」 Tell me your mind.                                     |     |
| FTLN 0500 | 「VIOLA」 I am a messenger.                                       | 205 |
| FTLN 0501 | OLIVIA Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver             |     |
| FTLN 0502 | when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your               |     |
| FTLN 0503 | office.   |     |
| FTLN 0504 | VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture           |     |
| FTLN 0505 | of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in              | 210 |
| FTLN 0506 | my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.               |     |
| FTLN 0507 | OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What                 |     |
| FTLN 0508 | would you?  |     |
| FTLN 0509 | VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I              |     |
| FTLN 0510 | learned from my entertainment. What I am and                    | 215 |
| FTLN 0511 | what I would are as secret as maidenhead: to your               |     |
| FTLN 0512 | ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.                    |     |
| FTLN 0513 | OLIVIA Give us the place alone. We will hear this               |     |
| FTLN 0514 | divinity. 「 <i>Maria and Attendants exit.</i> 」 Now, sir, what  |     |
| FTLN 0515 | is your text?   | 220 |
| FTLN 0516 | VIOLA Most sweet lady—  |     |
| FTLN 0517 | OLIVIA A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said             |     |
| FTLN 0518 | of it. Where lies your text?                                    |     |
| FTLN 0519 | VIOLA In Orsino's bosom.  |     |
| FTLN 0520 | OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?              | 225 |
| FTLN 0521 | VIOLA To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.       |     |
| FTLN 0522 | OLIVIA O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more        |     |
| FTLN 0523 | to say?   |     |
| FTLN 0524 | VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.                         |     |
| FTLN 0525 | OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to                | 230 |
| FTLN 0526 | negotiate with my face? You are now out of your                 |     |
| FTLN 0527 | text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the             |     |
| FTLN 0528 | picture. 「 <i>She removes her veil.</i> 」 Look you, sir, such a |     |
| FTLN 0529 | one I was this present. Is 't not well done?                    |     |
| FTLN 0530 | VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.                         | 235 |
| FTLN 0531 | OLIVIA 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and               |     |
| FTLN 0532 | weather.  |     |



VIOLA

FTLN 0533 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 FTLN 0534 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
 FTLN 0535 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive 240  
 FTLN 0536 If you will lead these graces to the grave  
 FTLN 0537 And leave the world no copy.

FTLN 0538 OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted! I will give  
 FTLN 0539 out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be  
 FTLN 0540 inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled 245  
 FTLN 0541 to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*,  
 FTLN 0542 two gray eyes with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one  
 FTLN 0543 chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise  
 FTLN 0544 me?

VIOLA

FTLN 0545 I see you what you are. You are too proud. 250  
 FTLN 0546 But if you were the devil you are fair.  
 FTLN 0547 My lord and master loves you. O, such love  
 FTLN 0548 Could be but recompensed though you were  
 FTLN 0549 crowned  
 FTLN 0550 The nonpareil of beauty. 255

OLIVIA How does he love me?

FTLN 0551 VIOLA With adorations, fertile tears,  
 FTLN 0552 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

FTLN 0554 Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.  
 FTLN 0555 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, 260  
 FTLN 0556 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
 FTLN 0557 In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,  
 FTLN 0558 And in dimension and the shape of nature  
 FTLN 0559 A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.  
 FTLN 0560 He might have took his answer long ago. 265

VIOLA

FTLN 0561 If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 FTLN 0562 With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,  
 FTLN 0563 In your denial I would find no sense.  
 FTLN 0564 I would not understand it.

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|           |        |  |                   |
|-----------|--------|--|-------------------|
| FTLN 0565 | OLIVIA | Why, what would you?                                 | 270               |
|           | VIOLA  |  |                   |
| FTLN 0566 |        | Make me a willow cabin at your gate                  |                   |
| FTLN 0567 |        | And call upon my soul within the house,              |                   |
| FTLN 0568 |        | Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love                |                   |
| FTLN 0569 |        | And sing them loud even in the dead of night,        |                   |
| FTLN 0570 |        | Hallow your name to the reverberate hills            | 275               |
| FTLN 0571 |        | And make the babbling gossip of the air              |                   |
| FTLN 0572 |        | Cry out “Olivia!” O, you should not rest             |                   |
| FTLN 0573 |        | Between the elements of air and earth                |                   |
| FTLN 0574 |        | But you should pity me.                              |                   |
| FTLN 0575 | OLIVIA | You might do much.                                   | 280               |
| FTLN 0576 |        | What is your parentage?                              |                   |
|           | VIOLA  |  |                   |
| FTLN 0577 |        | Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.             |                   |
| FTLN 0578 |        | I am a gentleman.                                    |                   |
| FTLN 0579 | OLIVIA | Get you to your lord.                                |                   |
| FTLN 0580 |        | I cannot love him. Let him send no more—             | 285               |
| FTLN 0581 |        | Unless perchance you come to me again                |                   |
| FTLN 0582 |        | To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.           |                   |
| FTLN 0583 |        | I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.       |                   |
|           |        | <i>She offers money.</i>                             |                   |
|           | VIOLA  |  |                   |
| FTLN 0584 |        | I am no fee’d post, lady. Keep your purse.           |                   |
| FTLN 0585 |        | My master, not myself, lacks recompense.             | 290               |
| FTLN 0586 |        | Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,    |                   |
| FTLN 0587 |        | And let your fervor, like my master’s, be            |                   |
| FTLN 0588 |        | Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.          | <i>She exits.</i> |
| FTLN 0589 | OLIVIA | “What is your parentage?”                            |                   |
| FTLN 0590 |        | “Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.            | 295               |
| FTLN 0591 |        | I am a gentleman.” I’ll be sworn thou art.           |                   |
| FTLN 0592 |        | Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit |                   |
| FTLN 0593 |        | Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft,    |                   |
| FTLN 0594 |        | soft!  |                   |
| FTLN 0595 |        | Unless the master were the man. How now?             | 300               |
| FTLN 0596 |        | Even so quickly may one catch the plague?            |                   |

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FTLN 0597 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
 FTLN 0598 With an invisible and subtle stealth  
 FTLN 0599 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
 FTLN 0600 What ho, Malvolio! 305

*Enter Malvolio.*

FTLN 0601 MALVOLIO Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

FTLN 0602 Run after that same peevish messenger,  
 FTLN 0603 The County's man. He left this ring behind him,  
 FTLN 0604 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.

*〔She hands him a ring.〕*

FTLN 0605 Desire him not to flatter with his lord, 310  
 FTLN 0606 Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.  
 FTLN 0607 If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,  
 FTLN 0608 I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

FTLN 0609 MALVOLIO Madam, I will. *He exits.*

OLIVIA

FTLN 0610 I do I know not what, and fear to find 315  
 FTLN 0611 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
 FTLN 0612 Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.  
 FTLN 0613 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

*〔She exits.〕*

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## ACT 2

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### Scene 1

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

|           |           |   |    |
|-----------|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0614 | ANTONIO   | Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that        |    |
| FTLN 0615 |           | I go with you?  |    |
| FTLN 0616 | SEBASTIAN | By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly           |    |
| FTLN 0617 |           | over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps      |    |
| FTLN 0618 |           | distemper yours. Therefore I shall crave of you your  | 5  |
| FTLN 0619 |           | leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad   |    |
| FTLN 0620 |           | recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.   |    |
| FTLN 0621 | ANTONIO   | Let me yet know of you whither you are                |    |
| FTLN 0622 |           | bound.  |    |
| FTLN 0623 | SEBASTIAN | No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is              | 10 |
| FTLN 0624 |           | mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent |    |
| FTLN 0625 |           | a touch of modesty that you will not extort           |    |
| FTLN 0626 |           | from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it    |    |
| FTLN 0627 |           | charges me in manners the rather to express myself.   |    |
| FTLN 0628 |           | You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name           | 15 |
| FTLN 0629 |           | is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was  |    |
| FTLN 0630 |           | that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have      |    |
| FTLN 0631 |           | heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister,     |    |
| FTLN 0632 |           | both born in an hour. If the heavens had been         |    |
| FTLN 0633 |           | pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir,         | 20 |
| FTLN 0634 |           | altered that, for some hour before you took me        |    |
| FTLN 0635 |           | from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.     |    |
| FTLN 0636 | ANTONIO   | Alas the day!   |    |

|           |           |  |    |
|-----------|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0637 | SEBASTIAN | A lady, sir, though it was said she much                 |    |
| FTLN 0638 |           | resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful.       | 25 |
| FTLN 0639 |           | But though I could not with such estimable               |    |
| FTLN 0640 |           | wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly  |    |
| FTLN 0641 |           | publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but     |    |
| FTLN 0642 |           | call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, |    |
| FTLN 0643 |           | though I seem to drown her remembrance again             | 30 |
| FTLN 0644 |           | with more.   |    |
| FTLN 0645 | ANTONIO   | Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.                  |    |
| FTLN 0646 | SEBASTIAN | O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.                 |    |
| FTLN 0647 | ANTONIO   | If you will not murder me for my love, let me            |    |
| FTLN 0648 |           | be your servant.   | 35 |
| FTLN 0649 | SEBASTIAN | If you will not undo what you have done—                 |    |
| FTLN 0650 |           | that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire         |    |
| FTLN 0651 |           | it not. Fare you well at once. My bosom is full of       |    |
| FTLN 0652 |           | kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my         |    |
| FTLN 0653 |           | mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine          | 40 |
| FTLN 0654 |           | eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count      |    |
| FTLN 0655 |           | Orsino's court. Farewell. <i>He exits.</i>               |    |
|           | ANTONIO   |  |    |
| FTLN 0656 |           | The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!             |    |
| FTLN 0657 |           | I have many enemies in Orsino's court,                   |    |
| FTLN 0658 |           | Else would I very shortly see thee there.                | 45 |
| FTLN 0659 |           | But come what may, I do adore thee so                    |    |
| FTLN 0660 |           | That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.             |    |
|           |           | <i>He exits.</i>   |    |

## Scene 2

*Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.*

|           |          |  |   |
|-----------|----------|--|---|
| FTLN 0661 | MALVOLIO | Were not you even now with the Countess        |   |
| FTLN 0662 |          | Olivia?  |   |
| FTLN 0663 | VIOLA    | Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since |   |
| FTLN 0664 |          | arrived but hither.                            |   |
| FTLN 0665 | MALVOLIO | She returns this ring to you, sir. You might   | 5 |

FTLN 0666 have saved me my pains to have taken it away  
 FTLN 0667 yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put  
 FTLN 0668 your lord into a desperate assurance she will none  
 FTLN 0669 of him. And one thing more, that you be never so  
 FTLN 0670 hardy to come again in his affairs unless it be to 10  
 FTLN 0671 report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.  
 FTLN 0672 VIOLA She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.  
 FTLN 0673 MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and  
 FTLN 0674 her will is it should be so returned. *['He throws*  
 FTLN 0675 *down the ring.']* If it be worth stooping for, there it 15  
 FTLN 0676 lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.  
*He exits.*

VIOLA  
 FTLN 0677 I left no ring with her. What means this lady?  
*['She picks up the ring.']*

FTLN 0678 Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!  
 FTLN 0679 She made good view of me, indeed so much  
 FTLN 0680 That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, 20  
 FTLN 0681 For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
 FTLN 0682 She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion  
 FTLN 0683 Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
 FTLN 0684 None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none!  
 FTLN 0685 I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis, 25  
 FTLN 0686 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
 FTLN 0687 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness  
 FTLN 0688 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
 FTLN 0689 How easy is it for the proper false  
 FTLN 0690 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! 30  
 FTLN 0691 Alas, *['our']* frailty is the cause, not we,  
 FTLN 0692 For such as we are made *['of,']* such we be.  
 FTLN 0693 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
 FTLN 0694 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,  
 FTLN 0695 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. 35  
 FTLN 0696 What will become of this? As I am man,  
 FTLN 0697 My state is desperate for my master's love.  
 FTLN 0698 As I am woman (now, alas the day!),

FTLN 0699 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
 FTLN 0700 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I. 40  
 FTLN 0701 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

「*She exits.*」

Scene 3

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

FTLN 0702 TOBY Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after  
 FTLN 0703 midnight is to be up betimes, and “*diluculo surgere,*”  
 FTLN 0704 thou know'st—  
 FTLN 0705 ANDREW Nay, by my troth, I know not. But I know to  
 FTLN 0706 be up late is to be up late. 5  
 FTLN 0707 TOBY A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To  
 FTLN 0708 be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early,  
 FTLN 0709 so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed  
 FTLN 0710 betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four  
 FTLN 0711 elements? 10  
 FTLN 0712 ANDREW Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists  
 FTLN 0713 of eating and drinking.  
 FTLN 0714 TOBY Thou 'rt a scholar. Let us therefore eat and  
 FTLN 0715 drink. Marian, I say, a stoup of wine!

*Enter 「Feste, the Fool.»*

FTLN 0716 ANDREW Here comes the Fool, i' faith. 15  
 FTLN 0717 FOOL How now, my hearts? Did you never see the  
 FTLN 0718 picture of “We Three”?  
 FTLN 0719 TOBY Welcome, ass! Now let's have a catch.  
 FTLN 0720 ANDREW By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast.  
 FTLN 0721 I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, 20  
 FTLN 0722 and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has.—In  
 FTLN 0723 sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night  
 FTLN 0724 when thou spok'st of Picrogromitus of the Vapians  
 FTLN 0725 passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very  
 FTLN 0726 good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. 25  
 FTLN 0727 Hadst it?

---

|           |   |  |    |
|-----------|---|--|----|
| FTLN 0728 | FOOL  | I did impetico thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose |    |
| FTLN 0729 |   | is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the |    |
| FTLN 0730 |   | Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.                |    |
| FTLN 0731 | ANDREW                                      | Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when      | 30 |
| FTLN 0732 |   | all is done. Now, a song!                          |    |
| FTLN 0733 | TOBY, <i>['giving money to the Fool']</i>   | Come on, there is                                  |    |
| FTLN 0734 |   | sixpence for you. Let's have a song.               |    |
| FTLN 0735 | ANDREW, <i>['giving money to the Fool']</i> | There's a testril of                               |    |
| FTLN 0736 |   | me, too. If one knight give a—                     | 35 |
| FTLN 0737 | FOOL  | Would you have a love song or a song of good       |    |
| FTLN 0738 |   | life?  |    |
| FTLN 0739 | TOBY  | A love song, a love song.                          |    |
| FTLN 0740 | ANDREW                                      | Ay, ay, I care not for good life.                  |    |
|           | FOOL  | <i>sings</i>                                       |    |
| FTLN 0741 |   | <i>O mistress mine, where are you roaming?</i>     | 40 |
| FTLN 0742 |   | <i>O, stay and hear! Your truelove's coming,</i>   |    |
| FTLN 0743 |   | <i>That can sing both high and low.</i>            |    |
| FTLN 0744 |   | <i>Trip no further, pretty sweeting.</i>           |    |
| FTLN 0745 |   | <i>Journeys end in lovers meeting,</i>             |    |
| FTLN 0746 |   | <i>Every wise man's son doth know.</i>             | 45 |
| FTLN 0747 | ANDREW                                      | Excellent good, i' faith!                          |    |
| FTLN 0748 | TOBY  | Good, good.  |    |
|           | FOOL  | <i>['sings']</i>                                   |    |
| FTLN 0749 |   | <i>What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.</i>           |    |
| FTLN 0750 |   | <i>Present mirth hath present laughter.</i>        |    |
| FTLN 0751 |   | <i>What's to come is still unsure.</i>             | 50 |
| FTLN 0752 |   | <i>In delay there lies no plenty,</i>              |    |
| FTLN 0753 |   | <i>Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.</i>        |    |
| FTLN 0754 |   | <i>Youth's a stuff will not endure.</i>            |    |
| FTLN 0755 | ANDREW                                      | A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.          |    |
| FTLN 0756 | TOBY  | A contagious breath.                               | 55 |
| FTLN 0757 | ANDREW                                      | Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.               |    |
| FTLN 0758 | TOBY  | To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.    |    |
| FTLN 0759 |   | But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall   |    |
| FTLN 0760 |   | we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw   |    |
| FTLN 0761 |   | three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?   | 60 |



FTLN 0762 ANDREW An you love me, let's do 't. I am dog at a  
 FTLN 0763 catch.  
 FTLN 0764 FOOL By 'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.  
 FTLN 0765 ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou  
 FTLN 0766 Knave." 65  
 FTLN 0767 FOOL "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be  
 FTLN 0768 constrained in 't to call thee "knave," knight.  
 FTLN 0769 ANDREW 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one  
 FTLN 0770 to call me "knave." Begin, Fool. It begins "Hold  
 FTLN 0771 thy peace." 70  
 FTLN 0772 FOOL I shall never begin if I hold my peace.  
 FTLN 0773 ANDREW Good, i' faith. Come, begin. *Catch sung.*

*Enter Maria.*

FTLN 0774 MARIA What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my  
 FTLN 0775 lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and  
 FTLN 0776 bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 75  
 FTLN 0777 TOBY My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's  
 FTLN 0778 a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 「Sings.」 *Three merry men be*  
 FTLN 0779 *we. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her*  
 FTLN 0780 *blood? Tillyvally! "Lady"! 「Sings.」 There dwelt a man*  
 FTLN 0781 *in Babylon, lady, lady.* 80  
 FTLN 0782 FOOL Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.  
 FTLN 0783 ANDREW Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,  
 FTLN 0784 and so do I, too. He does it with a better grace, but  
 FTLN 0785 I do it more natural.  
 FTLN 0786 TOBY 「sings」 *O' the twelfth day of December—* 85  
 FTLN 0787 MARIA For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter Malvolio.*

FTLN 0788 MALVOLIO My masters, are you mad? Or what are you?  
 FTLN 0789 Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to  
 FTLN 0790 gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you  
 FTLN 0791 make an ale-house of my lady's house, that you 90  
 FTLN 0792 squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation  
 FTLN 0793 or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of  
 FTLN 0794 place, persons, nor time in you?

|           |          |  |     |
|-----------|----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0795 | TOBY     | We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!         |     |
| FTLN 0796 | MALVOLIO | Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady              | 95  |
| FTLN 0797 |          | bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her     |     |
| FTLN 0798 |          | kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If      |     |
| FTLN 0799 |          | you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors,         |     |
| FTLN 0800 |          | you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would        |     |
| FTLN 0801 |          | please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to  | 100 |
| FTLN 0802 |          | bid you farewell.  |     |
|           | TOBY     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0803 |          | <i>Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.</i> |     |
| FTLN 0804 | MARIA    | Nay, good Sir Toby.                                      |     |
|           | FOOL     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0805 |          | <i>His eyes do show his days are almost done.</i>        |     |
| FTLN 0806 | MALVOLIO | Is 't even so?   | 105 |
|           | TOBY     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0807 |          | <i>But I will never die.</i>                             |     |
|           | FOOL     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0808 |          | <i>Sir Toby, there you lie.</i>                          |     |
| FTLN 0809 | MALVOLIO | This is much credit to you.                              |     |
|           | TOBY     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0810 |          | <i>Shall I bid him go?</i>                               |     |
|           | FOOL     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0811 |          | <i>What an if you do?</i>                                | 110 |
|           | TOBY     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0812 |          | <i>Shall I bid him go, and spare not?</i>                |     |
|           | FOOL     | <i>「sings」</i>   |     |
| FTLN 0813 |          | <i>O no, no, no, no, you dare not.</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 0814 | TOBY     | Out o' tune, sir? You lie. Art any more than a           |     |
| FTLN 0815 |          | steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,     |     |
| FTLN 0816 |          | there shall be no more cakes and ale?                    | 115 |
| FTLN 0817 | FOOL     | Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th'       |     |
| FTLN 0818 |          | mouth, too.  |     |
| FTLN 0819 | TOBY     | Thou 'rt i' th' right.—Go, sir, rub your chain           |     |
| FTLN 0820 |          | with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Maria!                     |     |
| FTLN 0821 | MALVOLIO | Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor             | 120 |
| FTLN 0822 |          | at anything more than contempt, you would not give       |     |

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|           |  |                  |
|-----------|--|------------------|
| FTLN 0823 | means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by    |                  |
| FTLN 0824 | this hand.   | <i>He exits.</i> |
| FTLN 0825 | MARIA Go shake your ears!                                |                  |
| FTLN 0826 | ANDREW 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a          | 125              |
| FTLN 0827 | man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field and           |                  |
| FTLN 0828 | then to break promise with him and make a fool of        |                  |
| FTLN 0829 | him.   |                  |
| FTLN 0830 | TOBY Do 't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge. Or I'll |                  |
| FTLN 0831 | deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.         | 130              |
| FTLN 0832 | MARIA Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the  |                  |
| FTLN 0833 | youth of the Count's was today with my lady, she is      |                  |
| FTLN 0834 | much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me         |                  |
| FTLN 0835 | alone with him. If I do not gull him into 'a nayword'    |                  |
| FTLN 0836 | and make him a common recreation, do not think I         | 135              |
| FTLN 0837 | have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I      |                  |
| FTLN 0838 | can do it.   |                  |
| FTLN 0839 | TOBY Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.   |                  |
| FTLN 0840 | MARIA Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.     |                  |
| FTLN 0841 | ANDREW O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!    | 140              |
| FTLN 0842 | TOBY What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason,    |                  |
| FTLN 0843 | dear knight?   |                  |
| FTLN 0844 | ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have     |                  |
| FTLN 0845 | reason good enough.                                      |                  |
| FTLN 0846 | MARIA The devil a puritan that he is, or anything        | 145              |
| FTLN 0847 | constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass        |                  |
| FTLN 0848 | that cons state without book and utters it by great      |                  |
| FTLN 0849 | swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed,       |                  |
| FTLN 0850 | as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds  |                  |
| FTLN 0851 | of faith that all that look on him love him. And on      | 150              |
| FTLN 0852 | that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause      |                  |
| FTLN 0853 | to work.   |                  |
| FTLN 0854 | TOBY What wilt thou do?                                  |                  |
| FTLN 0855 | MARIA I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of    |                  |
| FTLN 0856 | love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of    | 155              |
| FTLN 0857 | his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his   |                  |
| FTLN 0858 | eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself     |                  |



## Scene 4

*Enter* 「Orsino,」 Viola, Curio, and others.

ORSINO

FTLN 0891 Give me some music. 「*Music plays.*」 Now, good  
FTLN 0892 morrow, friends.—

FTLN 0893 Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
FTLN 0894 That old and antique song we heard last night.

FTLN 0895 Methought it did relieve my passion much, 5

FTLN 0896 More than light airs and recollected terms  
FTLN 0897 Of these most brisk and giddy-pacèd times.

FTLN 0898 Come, but one verse.

FTLN 0899 CURIO He is not here, so please your Lordship, that  
FTLN 0900 should sing it. 10

FTLN 0901 ORSINO Who was it?

FTLN 0902 CURIO Feste the jester, my lord, a Fool that the Lady  
FTLN 0903 Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about  
FTLN 0904 the house.

ORSINO

FTLN 0905 Seek him out 「*Curio exits,*」 and play the tune the 15  
FTLN 0906 while. *Music plays.*

FTLN 0907 「*To Viola.*」 Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

FTLN 0908 In the sweet pangs of it remember me,

FTLN 0909 For such as I am, all true lovers are,

FTLN 0910 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else 20

FTLN 0911 Save in the constant image of the creature

FTLN 0912 That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

FTLN 0913 It gives a very echo to the seat

FTLN 0914 Where love is throned.

FTLN 0915 ORSINO Thou dost speak masterly. 25

FTLN 0916 My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

FTLN 0917 Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.

FTLN 0918 Hath it not, boy?

FTLN 0919 VIOLA A little, by your favor.

---

|           |  |                            |               |
|-----------|--|----------------------------|---------------|
|           | ORSINO   |                            |               |
| FTLN 0920 | What kind of woman is 't?                          |                            | 30            |
| FTLN 0921 | VIOLA  | Of your complexion.        |               |
|           | ORSINO   |                            |               |
| FTLN 0922 | She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith? |                            |               |
| FTLN 0923 | VIOLA  | About your years, my lord. |               |
|           | ORSINO   |                            |               |
| FTLN 0924 | Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take       |                            |               |
| FTLN 0925 | An elder than herself. So wears she to him;        |                            | 35            |
| FTLN 0926 | So sways she level in her husband's heart.         |                            |               |
| FTLN 0927 | For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,          |                            |               |
| FTLN 0928 | Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,             |                            |               |
| FTLN 0929 | More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,      |                            |               |
| FTLN 0930 | Than women's are.                                  |                            | 40            |
| FTLN 0931 | VIOLA  | I think it well, my lord.  |               |
|           | ORSINO   |                            |               |
| FTLN 0932 | Then let thy love be younger than thyself,         |                            |               |
| FTLN 0933 | Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.             |                            |               |
| FTLN 0934 | For women are as roses, whose fair flower,         |                            |               |
| FTLN 0935 | Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.    |                            | 45            |
|           | VIOLA  |                            |               |
| FTLN 0936 | And so they are. Alas, that they are so,           |                            |               |
| FTLN 0937 | To die even when they to perfection grow!          |                            |               |
|           | <i>Enter Curio and [Feste, the Fool.]</i>          |                            |               |
|           | ORSINO   |                            |               |
| FTLN 0938 | O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—      |                            |               |
| FTLN 0939 | Mark it, Cesario. It is old and plain;             |                            |               |
| FTLN 0940 | The spinsters and the knitters in the sun          |                            | 50            |
| FTLN 0941 | And the free maids that weave their thread with    |                            |               |
| FTLN 0942 | bones  |                            |               |
| FTLN 0943 | Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,             |                            |               |
| FTLN 0944 | And dallies with the innocence of love             |                            |               |
| FTLN 0945 | Like the old age.                                  |                            | 55            |
| FTLN 0946 | FOOL   | Are you ready, sir?        |               |
| FTLN 0947 | ORSINO   | Ay, prithee, sing.         | <i>Music.</i> |

*The Song.*

「FOOL」

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0948 | <i>Come away, come away, death,</i>                     |    |
| FTLN 0949 | <i>And in sad cypress let me be laid.</i>               |    |
| FTLN 0950 | 「Fly」 away, 「fly」 away, breath,                         | 60 |
| FTLN 0951 | <i>I am slain by a fair cruel maid.</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0952 | <i>My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,</i>          |    |
| FTLN 0953 | <i>O, prepare it!</i>                                   |    |
| FTLN 0954 | <i>My part of death, no one so true</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0955 | <i>Did share it.</i>                                    | 65 |
| FTLN 0956 | <i>Not a flower, not a flower sweet</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0957 | <i>On my black coffin let there be strown;</i>          |    |
| FTLN 0958 | <i>Not a friend, not a friend greet</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0959 | <i>My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.</i>   |    |
| FTLN 0960 | <i>A thousand thousand sighs to save,</i>               | 70 |
| FTLN 0961 | <i>Lay me, O, where</i>                                 |    |
| FTLN 0962 | <i>Sad true lover never find my grave</i>               |    |
| FTLN 0963 | <i>To weep there.</i>                                   |    |
| FTLN 0964 | ORSINO, 「giving money」 There's for thy pains.           |    |
| FTLN 0965 | FOOL No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.    | 75 |
| FTLN 0966 | ORSINO I'll pay thy pleasure, then.                     |    |
| FTLN 0967 | FOOL Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or  |    |
| FTLN 0968 | another.  |    |
| FTLN 0969 | ORSINO Give me now leave to leave thee.                 |    |
| FTLN 0970 | FOOL Now the melancholy god protect thee and the        | 80 |
| FTLN 0971 | tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy  |    |
| FTLN 0972 | mind is a very opal. I would have men of such           |    |
| FTLN 0973 | constancy put to sea, that their business might be      |    |
| FTLN 0974 | everything and their intent everywhere, for that's it   |    |
| FTLN 0975 | that always makes a good voyage of nothing.             | 85 |
| FTLN 0976 | Farewell. <i>He exits.</i>                              |    |
| ORSINO    |   |    |
| FTLN 0977 | Let all the rest give place.                            |    |
| FTLN 0978 | 「All but Orsino and Viola exit.」<br>Once more, Cesario, |    |

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0979 | Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.        |     |
| FTLN 0980 | Tell her my love, more noble than the world,    | 90  |
| FTLN 0981 | Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.             |     |
| FTLN 0982 | The parts that Fortune hath bestowed upon her,  |     |
| FTLN 0983 | Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune.         |     |
| FTLN 0984 | But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems         |     |
| FTLN 0985 | That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.     | 95  |
| FTLN 0986 | VIOLA But if she cannot love you, sir—          |     |
|           | ORSINO  |     |
| FTLN 0987 | 「I」 cannot be so answered.                      |     |
| FTLN 0988 | VIOLA Sooth, but you must.                      |     |
| FTLN 0989 | Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,        |     |
| FTLN 0990 | Hath for your love as great a pang of heart     | 100 |
| FTLN 0991 | As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;    |     |
| FTLN 0992 | You tell her so. Must she not then be answered? |     |
| FTLN 0993 | ORSINO There is no woman's sides                |     |
| FTLN 0994 | Can bide the beating of so strong a passion     |     |
| FTLN 0995 | As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart    | 105 |
| FTLN 0996 | So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.   |     |
| FTLN 0997 | Alas, their love may be called appetite,        |     |
| FTLN 0998 | No motion of the liver but the palate,          |     |
| FTLN 0999 | That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;      |     |
| FTLN 1000 | But mine is all as hungry as the sea,           | 110 |
| FTLN 1001 | And can digest as much. Make no compare         |     |
| FTLN 1002 | Between that love a woman can bear me           |     |
| FTLN 1003 | And that I owe Olivia.                          |     |
| FTLN 1004 | VIOLA Ay, but I know—                           |     |
| FTLN 1005 | ORSINO What dost thou know?                     | 115 |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 1006 | Too well what love women to men may owe.        |     |
| FTLN 1007 | In faith, they are as true of heart as we.      |     |
| FTLN 1008 | My father had a daughter loved a man            |     |
| FTLN 1009 | As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,        |     |
| FTLN 1010 | I should your Lordship.                         | 120 |
| FTLN 1011 | ORSINO And what's her history?                  |     |



VIOLA

FTLN 1012 A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
 FTLN 1013 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
 FTLN 1014 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,  
 FTLN 1015 And with a green and yellow melancholy 125  
 FTLN 1016 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 FTLN 1017 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
 FTLN 1018 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed  
 FTLN 1019 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
 FTLN 1020 Much in our vows but little in our love. 130

ORSINO

FTLN 1021 But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

FTLN 1022 I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 FTLN 1023 And all the brothers, too—and yet I know not.  
 FTLN 1024 Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme. 135

FTLN 1026 To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say  
 FTLN 1027 My love can give no place, bide no deny.

*〔He hands her a jewel and<sup>1</sup> they exit.*

## Scene 5

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

FTLN 1028 TOBY Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FTLN 1029 FABIAN Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport,  
 FTLN 1030 let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

FTLN 1031 TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly  
 FTLN 1032 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame? 5

FTLN 1033 FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought me  
 FTLN 1034 out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.

FTLN 1035 TOBY To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we  
 FTLN 1036 will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir  
 FTLN 1037 Andrew? 10

FTLN 1038 ANDREW An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter Maria.*

FTLN 1039 TOBY Here comes the little villain.—How now, my  
FTLN 1040 metal of India?  
FTLN 1041 MARIA Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio's  
FTLN 1042 coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the 15  
FTLN 1043 sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half  
FTLN 1044 hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I  
FTLN 1045 know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of  
FTLN 1046 him. Close, in the name of jesting! *「They hide.」* Lie  
FTLN 1047 thou there *「putting down the letter,」* for here comes 20  
FTLN 1048 the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*She exits.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

FTLN 1049 MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once  
FTLN 1050 told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself  
FTLN 1051 come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be  
FTLN 1052 one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a 25  
FTLN 1053 more exalted respect than anyone else that follows  
FTLN 1054 her. What should I think on 't?  
FTLN 1055 TOBY, *「aside」* Here's an overweening rogue.  
FTLN 1056 FABIAN, *「aside」* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare  
FTLN 1057 turkeycock of him. How he jets under his advanced 30  
FTLN 1058 plumes!  
FTLN 1059 ANDREW, *「aside」* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!  
FTLN 1060 TOBY, *「aside」* Peace, I say.  
FTLN 1061 MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio.  
FTLN 1062 TOBY, *「aside」* Ah, rogue! 35  
FTLN 1063 ANDREW, *「aside」* Pistol him, pistol him!  
FTLN 1064 TOBY, *「aside」* Peace, peace!  
FTLN 1065 MALVOLIO There is example for 't. The lady of the  
FTLN 1066 Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.  
FTLN 1067 ANDREW, *「aside」* Fie on him, Jezebel! 40  
FTLN 1068 FABIAN, *「aside」* O, peace, now he's deeply in. Look how  
FTLN 1069 imagination blows him.

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|           |                          |   |    |
|-----------|--------------------------|---|----|
| FTLN 1070 | MALVOLIO                 | Having been three months married to her,            |    |
| FTLN 1071 |                          | sitting in my state—                                |    |
| FTLN 1072 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!          | 45 |
| FTLN 1073 | MALVOLIO                 | Calling my officers about me, in my                 |    |
| FTLN 1074 |                          | branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed     |    |
| FTLN 1075 |                          | where I have left Olivia sleeping—                  |    |
| FTLN 1076 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Fire and brimstone!                                 |    |
| FTLN 1077 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | O, peace, peace!                                    | 50 |
| FTLN 1078 | MALVOLIO                 | And then to have the humor of state; and            |    |
| FTLN 1079 |                          | after a demure travel of regard, telling them I     |    |
| FTLN 1080 |                          | know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to |    |
| FTLN 1081 |                          | ask for my kinsman Toby—                            |    |
| FTLN 1082 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Bolts and shackles!                                 | 55 |
| FTLN 1083 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.                   |    |
| FTLN 1084 | MALVOLIO                 | Seven of my people, with an obedient start,         |    |
| FTLN 1085 |                          | make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance  |    |
| FTLN 1086 |                          | wind up my watch, or play with my—some              |    |
| FTLN 1087 |                          | rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—  | 60 |
| FTLN 1088 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Shall this fellow live?                             |    |
| FTLN 1089 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Though our silence be drawn from us                 |    |
| FTLN 1090 |                          | with cars, yet peace!                               |    |
| FTLN 1091 | MALVOLIO                 | I extend my hand to him thus, quenching             |    |
| FTLN 1092 |                          | my familiar smile with an austere regard of         | 65 |
| FTLN 1093 |                          | control—  |    |
| FTLN 1094 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | And does not Toby take you a blow o' the            |    |
| FTLN 1095 |                          | lips then?  |    |
| FTLN 1096 | MALVOLIO                 | Saying, “Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having           |    |
| FTLN 1097 |                          | cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of  | 70 |
| FTLN 1098 |                          | speech—”  |    |
| FTLN 1099 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | What, what?   |    |
| FTLN 1100 | MALVOLIO                 | “You must amend your drunkenness.”                  |    |
| FTLN 1101 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Out, scab!  |    |
| FTLN 1102 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Nay, patience, or we break the sinews               | 75 |
| FTLN 1103 |                          | of our plot!  |    |
| FTLN 1104 | MALVOLIO                 | “Besides, you waste the treasure of your            |    |
| FTLN 1105 |                          | time with a foolish knight—”                        |    |

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1106 | ANDREW, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 That's me, I warrant you.  |     |
| FTLN 1107 | MALVOLIO "One Sir Andrew."  | 80  |
| FTLN 1108 | ANDREW, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 I knew 'twas I, for many do call me                              |     |
| FTLN 1109 | fool.   |     |
| FTLN 1110 | MALVOLIO, 「 <i>seeing the letter</i> 」 What employment have                               |     |
| FTLN 1111 | we here?  |     |
| FTLN 1112 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 Now is the woodcock near the gin.                                | 85  |
| FTLN 1113 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 O, peace, and the spirit of humors intimate                        |     |
| FTLN 1114 | reading aloud to him.   |     |
| FTLN 1115 | MALVOLIO, 「 <i>taking up the letter</i> 」 By my life, this is my                          |     |
| FTLN 1116 | lady's hand! These be her very <i>c</i> 's, her <i>u</i> 's, and her                      |     |
| FTLN 1117 | <i>t</i> 's, and thus she makes her great <i>P</i> 's. It is in                           | 90  |
| FTLN 1118 | contempt of question her hand.  |     |
| FTLN 1119 | ANDREW, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 Her <i>c</i> 's, her <i>u</i> 's, and her <i>t</i> 's. Why that? |     |
| FTLN 1120 | MALVOLIO 「 <i>reads</i> 」 <i>To the unknown beloved, this, and my</i>                     |     |
| FTLN 1121 | <i>good wishes</i> —Her very phrases! By your leave, wax.                                 |     |
| FTLN 1122 | Soft. And the impresseure her Lucrece, with which   | 95  |
| FTLN 1123 | she uses to seal—'tis my lady! 「 <i>He opens the letter.</i> 」                            |     |
| FTLN 1124 | To whom should this be?   |     |
| FTLN 1125 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 This wins him, liver and all.                                    |     |
|           | MALVOLIO 「 <i>reads</i> 」   |     |
| FTLN 1126 | <i>Jove knows I love,</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1127 | <i>But who?</i>   | 100 |
| FTLN 1128 | <i>Lips, do not move;</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1129 | <i>No man must know.</i>  |     |
| FTLN 1130 | "No man must know." What follows? The numbers   |     |
| FTLN 1131 | altered. "No man must know." If this should be  |     |
| FTLN 1132 | thee, Malvolio!   | 105 |
| FTLN 1133 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 Marry, hang thee, brock!   |     |
|           | MALVOLIO 「 <i>reads</i> 」   |     |
| FTLN 1134 | <i>I may command where I adore,</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1135 | <i>But silence, like a Lucrece knife,</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1136 | <i>With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;</i>  |     |
| FTLN 1137 | <i>M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.</i>  | 110 |
| FTLN 1138 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 A fustian riddle!  |     |
| FTLN 1139 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 Excellent wench, say I.  |     |

|           |                          |  |     |
|-----------|--------------------------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1140 | MALVOLIO                 | “M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.” Nay, but first                           |     |
| FTLN 1141 |                          | let me see, let me see, let me see.                                    |     |
| FTLN 1142 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | What dish o’ poison has she dressed                                    | 115 |
| FTLN 1143 |                          | him!   |     |
| FTLN 1144 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | And with what wing the 「staniel」 checks                                |     |
| FTLN 1145 |                          | at it!   |     |
| FTLN 1146 | MALVOLIO                 | “I may command where I adore.” Why, she                                |     |
| FTLN 1147 |                          | may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why,                      | 120 |
| FTLN 1148 |                          | this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no                    |     |
| FTLN 1149 |                          | obstruction in this. And the end—what should that                      |     |
| FTLN 1150 |                          | alphabetical position portend? If I could make that                    |     |
| FTLN 1151 |                          | resemble something in me! Softly! “M.O.A.I.”—                          |     |
| FTLN 1152 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold                               | 125 |
| FTLN 1153 |                          | scent.   |     |
| FTLN 1154 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Sowter will cry upon ’t for all this,                                  |     |
| FTLN 1155 |                          | though it be as rank as a fox.   |     |
| FTLN 1156 | MALVOLIO                 | “M”—Malvolio. “M”—why, that begins                                     |     |
| FTLN 1157 |                          | my name!   | 130 |
| FTLN 1158 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Did not I say he would work it out? The                                |     |
| FTLN 1159 |                          | cur is excellent at faults.  |     |
| FTLN 1160 | MALVOLIO                 | “M.” But then there is no consonancy in                                |     |
| FTLN 1161 |                          | the sequel that suffers under probation. “A” should                    |     |
| FTLN 1162 |                          | follow, but “O” does.  | 135 |
| FTLN 1163 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | And “O” shall end, I hope.   |     |
| FTLN 1164 | TOBY, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Ay, or I’ll cudgel him and make him cry                                |     |
| FTLN 1165 |                          | “O.”   |     |
| FTLN 1166 | MALVOLIO                 | And then “I” comes behind.   |     |
| FTLN 1167 | FABIAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you                                 | 140 |
| FTLN 1168 |                          | might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes                  |     |
| FTLN 1169 |                          | before you.  |     |
| FTLN 1170 | MALVOLIO                 | “M.O.A.I.” This simulation is not as the                               |     |
| FTLN 1171 |                          | former, and yet to crush this a little, it would bow                   |     |
| FTLN 1172 |                          | to me, for every one of these letters are in my name.                  | 145 |
| FTLN 1173 |                          | Soft, here follows prose.  |     |
| FTLN 1174 |                          | 「 <i>He reads.</i> 」 <i>If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my</i> |     |
| FTLN 1175 |                          | <i>stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.</i>          |     |

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1176 | <i>Some are</i> 「born」 <i>great, some</i> 「achieve」 <i>greatness, and</i> |     |
| FTLN 1177 | <i>some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open</i>                | 150 |
| FTLN 1178 | <i>their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them.</i>                |     |
| FTLN 1179 | <i>And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast</i>            |     |
| FTLN 1180 | <i>thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with</i>               |     |
| FTLN 1181 | <i>a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang</i>                |     |
| FTLN 1182 | <i>arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity.</i>     | 155 |
| FTLN 1183 | <i>She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.</i>                         |     |
| FTLN 1184 | <i>Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and</i>                    |     |
| FTLN 1185 | <i>wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember.</i>           |     |
| FTLN 1186 | <i>Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so. If</i>                |     |
| FTLN 1187 | <i>not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of</i>                | 160 |
| FTLN 1188 | <i>servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.</i>               |     |
| FTLN 1189 | <i>Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,</i>                 |     |
| FTLN 1190 | <i>The Fortunate-Unhappy.</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1191 | <i>Daylight and champion discovers not more! This is</i>                  |     |
| FTLN 1192 | <i>open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I</i>              | 165 |
| FTLN 1193 | <i>will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance,</i>          |     |
| FTLN 1194 | <i>I will be point-devise the very man. I do not</i>                      |     |
| FTLN 1195 | <i>now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 1196 | <i>every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.</i>               |     |
| FTLN 1197 | <i>She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she</i>                   | 170 |
| FTLN 1198 | <i>did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this</i>                |     |
| FTLN 1199 | <i>she manifests herself to my love and, with a kind of</i>               |     |
| FTLN 1200 | <i>injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I</i>             |     |
| FTLN 1201 | <i>thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,</i>              |     |
| FTLN 1202 | <i>in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with</i>                 | 175 |
| FTLN 1203 | <i>the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be</i>                  |     |
| FTLN 1204 | <i>praised! Here is yet a postscript.</i>                                 |     |
| FTLN 1205 | <i>「He reads.」 Thou canst not choose but know who I</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 1206 | <i>am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy</i>             |     |
| FTLN 1207 | <i>smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my</i>              | 180 |
| FTLN 1208 | <i>presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.</i>                    |     |
| FTLN 1209 | <i>Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything</i>             |     |
| FTLN 1210 | <i>that thou wilt have me. He exits.</i>                                  |     |

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FTLN 1211 FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a  
 FTLN 1212 pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 185  
 FTLN 1213 TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.  
 FTLN 1214 ANDREW So could I too.  
 FTLN 1215 TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such  
 FTLN 1216 another jest.  
 FTLN 1217 ANDREW Nor I neither. 190

*Enter Maria.*

FTLN 1218 FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.  
 FTLN 1219 TOBY Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?  
 FTLN 1220 ANDREW Or o' mine either?  
 FTLN 1221 TOBY Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip and become  
 FTLN 1222 thy bondslave? 195  
 FTLN 1223 ANDREW I' faith, or I either?  
 FTLN 1224 TOBY Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that  
 FTLN 1225 when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.  
 FTLN 1226 MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?  
 FTLN 1227 TOBY Like aqua vitae with a midwife. 200  
 FTLN 1228 MARIA If you will then see the fruits of the sport,  
 FTLN 1229 mark his first approach before my lady. He will  
 FTLN 1230 come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color  
 FTLN 1231 she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests;  
 FTLN 1232 and he will smile upon her, which will now 205  
 FTLN 1233 be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted  
 FTLN 1234 to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot  
 FTLN 1235 but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will  
 FTLN 1236 see it, follow me.  
 FTLN 1237 TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil 210  
 FTLN 1238 of wit!  
 FTLN 1239 ANDREW I'll make one, too.

*They exit.*

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## ACT 3

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### Scene 1

*Enter Viola and [Feste, the Fool, playing a tabor.]*

FTLN 1240 VIOLA Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live  
FTLN 1241 by thy tabor?  
FTLN 1242 FOOL No, sir, I live by the church.  
FTLN 1243 VIOLA Art thou a churchman?  
FTLN 1244 FOOL No such matter, sir. I do live by the church, for I 5  
FTLN 1245 do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the  
FTLN 1246 church.  
FTLN 1247 VIOLA So thou mayst say the [king] lies by a beggar if a  
FTLN 1248 beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy  
FTLN 1249 tabor if thy tabor stand by the church. 10  
FTLN 1250 FOOL You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is  
FTLN 1251 but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the  
FTLN 1252 wrong side may be turned outward!  
FTLN 1253 VIOLA Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with  
FTLN 1254 words may quickly make them wanton. 15  
FTLN 1255 FOOL I would therefore my sister had had no name,  
FTLN 1256 sir.  
FTLN 1257 VIOLA Why, man?  
FTLN 1258 FOOL Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with  
FTLN 1259 that word might make my sister wanton. But, 20  
FTLN 1260 indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced  
FTLN 1261 them.  
FTLN 1262 VIOLA Thy reason, man?



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|           |       |   |    |
|-----------|-------|---|----|
| FTLN 1263 | FOOL  | Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words,           |    |
| FTLN 1264 |       | and words are grown so false I am loath to prove          | 25 |
| FTLN 1265 |       | reason with them.   |    |
| FTLN 1266 | VIOLA | I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for          |    |
| FTLN 1267 |       | nothing.  |    |
| FTLN 1268 | FOOL  | Not so, sir. I do care for something. But in my           |    |
| FTLN 1269 |       | conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to     | 30 |
| FTLN 1270 |       | care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you          |    |
| FTLN 1271 |       | invisible.  |    |
| FTLN 1272 | VIOLA | Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?                      |    |
| FTLN 1273 | FOOL  | No, indeed, sir. The Lady Olivia has no folly. She        |    |
| FTLN 1274 |       | will keep no Fool, sir, till she be married, and Fools    | 35 |
| FTLN 1275 |       | are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings: the     |    |
| FTLN 1276 |       | husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her Fool but        |    |
| FTLN 1277 |       | her corrupter of words.                                   |    |
| FTLN 1278 | VIOLA | I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.                    |    |
| FTLN 1279 | FOOL  | Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the            | 40 |
| FTLN 1280 |       | sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but     |    |
| FTLN 1281 |       | the Fool should be as oft with your master as with        |    |
| FTLN 1282 |       | my mistress. I think I saw your Wisdom there.             |    |
| FTLN 1283 | VIOLA | Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with              |    |
| FTLN 1284 |       | thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. <i>〔Giving a</i>   | 45 |
|           |       | <i>coin.〕</i>   |    |
| FTLN 1285 | FOOL  | Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send             |    |
| FTLN 1286 |       | thee a beard!   |    |
| FTLN 1287 | VIOLA | By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for          |    |
| FTLN 1288 |       | one, <i>〔aside〕</i> though I would not have it grow on my |    |
| FTLN 1289 |       | chin.—Is thy lady within?                                 | 50 |
| FTLN 1290 | FOOL  | Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?                 |    |
| FTLN 1291 | VIOLA | Yes, being kept together and put to use.                  |    |
| FTLN 1292 | FOOL  | I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to            |    |
| FTLN 1293 |       | bring a Cressida to this Troilus.                         |    |
| FTLN 1294 | VIOLA | I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged. <i>〔Giving</i>   | 55 |
|           |       | <i>another coin.〕</i>                                     |    |
| FTLN 1295 | FOOL  | The matter I hope is not great, sir, begging but a        |    |
| FTLN 1296 |       | beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir.    |    |

FTLN 1297 I will conster to them whence you come. Who you  
 FTLN 1298 are and what you would are out of my welkin—I  
 FTLN 1299 might say “element,” but the word is overworn. 60

*He exits.*

VIOLA

FTLN 1300 This fellow is wise enough to play the Fool,  
 FTLN 1301 And to do that well craves a kind of wit.  
 FTLN 1302 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 FTLN 1303 The quality of persons, and the time,  
 FTLN 1304 And, like the haggard, check at every feather 65  
 FTLN 1305 That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
 FTLN 1306 As full of labor as a wise man’s art:  
 FTLN 1307 For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
 FTLN 1308 But ‘wise men,’ folly-fall’n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.*

FTLN 1309 TOBY Save you, gentleman. 70

FTLN 1310 VIOLA And you, sir.

FTLN 1311 ANDREW *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

FTLN 1312 VIOLA *Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!*

FTLN 1313 ANDREW I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

FTLN 1314 TOBY Will you encounter the house? My niece is 75

FTLN 1315 desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

FTLN 1316 VIOLA I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the  
 FTLN 1317 list of my voyage.

FTLN 1318 TOBY Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

FTLN 1319 VIOLA My legs do better understand me, sir, than I 80

FTLN 1320 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my  
 FTLN 1321 legs.

FTLN 1322 TOBY I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

FTLN 1323 VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance—but 85  
 FTLN 1324 we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia, and ‘Maria, her’ Gentlewoman.*

FTLN 1325 Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain  
 FTLN 1326 odors on you!

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1327 | ANDREW, <i>aside</i> That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain    |     |
| FTLN 1328 | odors," well.   |     |
| FTLN 1329 | VIOLA My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own        | 90  |
| FTLN 1330 | most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.                           |     |
| FTLN 1331 | ANDREW, <i>aside</i> "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed." |     |
| FTLN 1332 | I'll get 'em all three all ready.                           |     |
| FTLN 1333 | OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to         |     |
| FTLN 1334 | my hearing. <i>Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.</i>   | 95  |
| FTLN 1335 | Give me your hand, sir.                                     |     |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 1336 | My duty, madam, and most humble service.                    |     |
| FTLN 1337 | OLIVIA What is your name?                                   |     |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 1338 | Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.              |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 1339 | My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world                    | 100 |
| FTLN 1340 | Since lowly feigning was called compliment.                 |     |
| FTLN 1341 | You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.                  |     |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 1342 | And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.               |     |
| FTLN 1343 | Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.              |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 1344 | For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,              | 105 |
| FTLN 1345 | Would they were blanks rather than filled with me.          |     |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 1346 | Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts                  |     |
| FTLN 1347 | On his behalf.  |     |
| FTLN 1348 | OLIVIA O, by your leave, I pray you.                        |     |
| FTLN 1349 | I bade you never speak again of him.                        | 110 |
| FTLN 1350 | But would you undertake another suit,                       |     |
| FTLN 1351 | I had rather hear you to solicit that                       |     |
| FTLN 1352 | Than music from the spheres.                                |     |
| FTLN 1353 | VIOLA Dear lady—  |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 1354 | Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,                     | 115 |
| FTLN 1355 | After the last enchantment you did here,                    |     |

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1356 | A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse                       |     |
| FTLN 1357 | Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.                     |     |
| FTLN 1358 | Under your hard construction must I sit,                     |     |
| FTLN 1359 | To force that on you in a shameful cunning                   | 120 |
| FTLN 1360 | Which you knew none of yours. What might you                 |     |
| FTLN 1361 | think?   |     |
| FTLN 1362 | Have you not set mine honor at the stake                     |     |
| FTLN 1363 | And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts                |     |
| FTLN 1364 | That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your               | 125 |
| FTLN 1365 | receiving  |     |
| FTLN 1366 | Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,                     |     |
| FTLN 1367 | Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.                   |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1368 | I pity you.  |     |
| FTLN 1369 | OLIVIA           That's a degree to love.                    | 130 |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1370 | No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof                     |     |
| FTLN 1371 | That very oft we pity enemies.                               |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 1372 | Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again.                  |     |
| FTLN 1373 | O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!                   |     |
| FTLN 1374 | If one should be a prey, how much the better                 | 135 |
| FTLN 1375 | To fall before the lion than the wolf. <i>Clock strikes.</i> |     |
| FTLN 1376 | The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.                |     |
| FTLN 1377 | Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.              |     |
| FTLN 1378 | And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,               |     |
| FTLN 1379 | Your wife is like to reap a proper man.                      | 140 |
| FTLN 1380 | There lies your way, due west.                               |     |
| FTLN 1381 | VIOLA                                   Then westward ho!    |     |
| FTLN 1382 | Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship.             |     |
| FTLN 1383 | You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?                     |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 1384 | Stay. I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.           | 145 |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1385 | That you do think you are not what you are.                  |     |

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 1386 | If I think so, I think the same of you.            |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1387 | Then think you right. I am not what I am.          |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 1388 | I would you were as I would have you be.           |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1389 | Would it be better, madam, than I am?              | 150 |
| FTLN 1390 | I wish it might, for now I am your fool.           |     |
|           | OLIVIA, <i>「aside」</i>                             |     |
| FTLN 1391 | O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful            |     |
| FTLN 1392 | In the contempt and anger of his lip!              |     |
| FTLN 1393 | A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon       |     |
| FTLN 1394 | Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is     | 155 |
| FTLN 1395 | noon.—   |     |
| FTLN 1396 | Cesario, by the roses of the spring,               |     |
| FTLN 1397 | By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,         |     |
| FTLN 1398 | I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,        |     |
| FTLN 1399 | Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.            | 160 |
| FTLN 1400 | Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,        |     |
| FTLN 1401 | For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;      |     |
| FTLN 1402 | But rather reason thus with reason fetter:         |     |
| FTLN 1403 | Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 1404 | By innocence I swear, and by my youth,             | 165 |
| FTLN 1405 | I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,        |     |
| FTLN 1406 | And that no woman has, nor never none              |     |
| FTLN 1407 | Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.             |     |
| FTLN 1408 | And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore                |     |
| FTLN 1409 | Will I my master's tears to you deplore.           | 170 |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 1410 | Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move        |     |
| FTLN 1411 | That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.    |     |
|           | <i>They exit 「in different directions.」</i>        |     |

## Scene 2

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

FTLN 1412 ANDREW No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

FTLN 1413 TOBY Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FTLN 1414 FABIAN You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

FTLN 1415 ANDREW Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the  
 FTLN 1416 Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon 5  
 FTLN 1417 me. I saw 't i' th' orchard.

FTLN 1418 TOBY Did she see [thee] the while, old boy? Tell me  
 FTLN 1419 that.

FTLN 1420 ANDREW As plain as I see you now.

FTLN 1421 FABIAN This was a great argument of love in her toward 10  
 FTLN 1422 you.

FTLN 1423 ANDREW 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FTLN 1424 FABIAN I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of  
 FTLN 1425 judgment and reason.

FTLN 1426 TOBY And they have been grand-jurymen since before 15  
 FTLN 1427 Noah was a sailor.

FTLN 1428 FABIAN She did show favor to the youth in your sight  
 FTLN 1429 only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse  
 FTLN 1430 valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in  
 FTLN 1431 your liver. You should then have accosted her, and 20  
 FTLN 1432 with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint,  
 FTLN 1433 you should have banged the youth into dumbness.  
 FTLN 1434 This was looked for at your hand, and this was  
 FTLN 1435 balked. The double guilt of this opportunity you let  
 FTLN 1436 time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north 25  
 FTLN 1437 of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an  
 FTLN 1438 icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem  
 FTLN 1439 it by some laudable attempt either of valor or  
 FTLN 1440 policy.

FTLN 1441 ANDREW An 't be any way, it must be with valor, for 30  
 FTLN 1442 policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a  
 FTLN 1443 politician.

FTLN 1444 TOBY Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis

FTLN 1445 of valor. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight  
 FTLN 1446 with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall 35  
 FTLN 1447 take note of it, and assure thyself there is no  
 FTLN 1448 love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's  
 FTLN 1449 commendation with woman than report of valor.  
 FTLN 1450 FABIAN There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.  
 FTLN 1451 ANDREW Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 40  
 FTLN 1452 TOBY Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and  
 FTLN 1453 brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent  
 FTLN 1454 and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of  
 FTLN 1455 ink. If thou "thou"-est him some thrice, it shall not  
 FTLN 1456 be amiss, and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of 45  
 FTLN 1457 paper, although the sheet were big enough for the  
 FTLN 1458 bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it.  
 FTLN 1459 Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou  
 FTLN 1460 write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.  
 FTLN 1461 ANDREW Where shall I find you? 50  
 FTLN 1462 TOBY We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

*Sir Andrew exits.*

FTLN 1463 FABIAN This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.  
 FTLN 1464 TOBY I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand  
 FTLN 1465 strong or so.  
 FTLN 1466 FABIAN We shall have a rare letter from him. But you'll 55  
 FTLN 1467 not deliver 't?  
 FTLN 1468 TOBY Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on  
 FTLN 1469 the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes  
 FTLN 1470 cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were  
 FTLN 1471 opened and you find so much blood in his liver as 60  
 FTLN 1472 will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'  
 FTLN 1473 anatomy.  
 FTLN 1474 FABIAN And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage  
 FTLN 1475 no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

FTLN 1476 TOBY Look where the youngest wren of mine comes. 65  
 FTLN 1477 MARIA If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves

FTLN 1478 into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is  
 FTLN 1479 turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no  
 FTLN 1480 Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly  
 FTLN 1481 can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. 70  
 FTLN 1482 He's in yellow stockings.  
 FTLN 1483 TOBY And cross-gartered?  
 FTLN 1484 MARIA Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a  
 FTLN 1485 school i' th' church. I have dogged him like his  
 FTLN 1486 murderer. He does obey every point of the letter 75  
 FTLN 1487 that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face  
 FTLN 1488 into more lines than is in the new map with the  
 FTLN 1489 augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such  
 FTLN 1490 a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at  
 FTLN 1491 him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll 80  
 FTLN 1492 smile and take 't for a great favor.  
 FTLN 1493 TOBY Come, bring us, bring us where he is.  

*They all exit.*

## Scene 3

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 1494 I would not by my will have troubled you,  
 FTLN 1495 But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
 FTLN 1496 I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

FTLN 1497 I could not stay behind you. My desire,  
 FTLN 1498 More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth; 5  
 FTLN 1499 And not all love to see you, though so much  
 FTLN 1500 As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
 FTLN 1501 But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
 FTLN 1502 Being skill-less in these parts, which to a stranger,  
 FTLN 1503 Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10  
 FTLN 1504 Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
 FTLN 1505 The rather by these arguments of fear,  
 FTLN 1506 Set forth in your pursuit.



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|           |           |   |    |
|-----------|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1507 | SEBASTIAN | My kind Antonio,  |    |
| FTLN 1508 |           | I can no other answer make but thanks,                                    | 15 |
| FTLN 1509 |           | And thanks, and ever <sup>1</sup> thanks; and <sup>1</sup> oft good turns |    |
| FTLN 1510 |           | Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.                                 |    |
| FTLN 1511 |           | But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,                             |    |
| FTLN 1512 |           | You should find better dealing. What's to do?                             |    |
| FTLN 1513 |           | Shall we go see the relics of this town?                                  | 20 |
|           | ANTONIO   |   |    |
| FTLN 1514 |           | Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.                            |    |
|           | SEBASTIAN |   |    |
| FTLN 1515 |           | I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.                                   |    |
| FTLN 1516 |           | I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes                                       |    |
| FTLN 1517 |           | With the memorials and the things of fame                                 |    |
| FTLN 1518 |           | That do renown this city.   | 25 |
| FTLN 1519 | ANTONIO   | Would you'd pardon me.  |    |
| FTLN 1520 |           | I do not without danger walk these streets.                               |    |
| FTLN 1521 |           | Once in a sea fight 'gainst the Count his galleys                         |    |
| FTLN 1522 |           | I did some service, of such note indeed                                   |    |
| FTLN 1523 |           | That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.                       | 30 |
|           | SEBASTIAN |   |    |
| FTLN 1524 |           | Belike you slew great number of his people?                               |    |
|           | ANTONIO   |   |    |
| FTLN 1525 |           | Th' offense is not of such a bloody nature,                               |    |
| FTLN 1526 |           | Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel                                |    |
| FTLN 1527 |           | Might well have given us bloody argument.                                 |    |
| FTLN 1528 |           | It might have since been answered in repaying                             | 35 |
| FTLN 1529 |           | What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,                        |    |
| FTLN 1530 |           | Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,                              |    |
| FTLN 1531 |           | For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,                                  |    |
| FTLN 1532 |           | I shall pay dear.   |    |
| FTLN 1533 | SEBASTIAN | Do not then walk too open.  | 40 |
|           | ANTONIO   |   |    |
| FTLN 1534 |           | It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.                           |    |
|           |           | <sup>1</sup> Giving him money. <sup>1</sup>                               |    |
| FTLN 1535 |           | In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,                                    |    |
| FTLN 1536 |           | Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet                                 |    |

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1537 | Whiles you beguile the time and feed your            |    |
| FTLN 1538 | knowledge  | 45 |
| FTLN 1539 | With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.   |    |
| FTLN 1540 | SEBASTIAN Why I your purse?                          |    |
|           | ANTONIO  |    |
| FTLN 1541 | Haply your eye shall light upon some toy             |    |
| FTLN 1542 | You have desire to purchase, and your store,         |    |
| FTLN 1543 | I think, is not for idle markets, sir.               | 50 |
|           | SEBASTIAN  |    |
| FTLN 1544 | I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you              |    |
| FTLN 1545 | For an hour.   |    |
| FTLN 1546 | ANTONIO To th' Elephant.                             |    |
| FTLN 1547 | SEBASTIAN I do remember.                             |    |
|           | <i>They exit</i> 「 <i>in different directions.</i> 」 |    |

## Scene 4

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*OLIVIA, 「*aside*」

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1548 | I have sent after him. He says he'll come.                     |    |
| FTLN 1549 | How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?                     |    |
| FTLN 1550 | For youth is bought more oft than begged or                    |    |
| FTLN 1551 | borrowed.  |    |
| FTLN 1552 | I speak too loud.—   | 5  |
| FTLN 1553 | Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil                          |    |
| FTLN 1554 | And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.                 |    |
| FTLN 1555 | Where is Malvolio?   |    |
| FTLN 1556 | MARIA He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner.          |    |
| FTLN 1557 | He is sure possessed, madam.                                   | 10 |
| FTLN 1558 | OLIVIA Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?                   |    |
| FTLN 1559 | MARIA No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your               |    |
| FTLN 1560 | Ladyship were best to have some guard about you if             |    |
| FTLN 1561 | he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.               |    |
|           | OLIVIA   |    |
| FTLN 1562 | Go call him hither. 「 <i>Maria exits.</i> 」 I am as mad as he, | 15 |
| FTLN 1563 | If sad and merry madness equal be.                             |    |

*Enter* <sup>1</sup> *Maria with* <sup>1</sup> *Malvolio.*

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1564 | How now, Malvolio?  |    |
| FTLN 1565 | MALVOLIO Sweet lady, ho, ho!                                    |    |
| FTLN 1566 | OLIVIA Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad                 |    |
| FTLN 1567 | occasion.   | 20 |
| FTLN 1568 | MALVOLIO Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make              |    |
| FTLN 1569 | some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering,            |    |
| FTLN 1570 | but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is            |    |
| FTLN 1571 | with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and            |    |
| FTLN 1572 | please all."  | 25 |
| FTLN 1573 | <sup>1</sup> OLIVIA Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter |    |
| FTLN 1574 | with thee?  |    |
| FTLN 1575 | MALVOLIO Not black in my mind, though yellow in my              |    |
| FTLN 1576 | legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall              |    |
| FTLN 1577 | be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman                 | 30 |
| FTLN 1578 | hand.   |    |
| FTLN 1579 | OLIVIA Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?                           |    |
| FTLN 1580 | MALVOLIO To bed? "Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to              |    |
| FTLN 1581 | thee."  |    |
| FTLN 1582 | OLIVIA God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and            | 35 |
| FTLN 1583 | kiss thy hand so oft?   |    |
| FTLN 1584 | MARIA How do you, Malvolio?                                     |    |
| FTLN 1585 | MALVOLIO At your request? Yes, nightingales answer              |    |
| FTLN 1586 | daws!   |    |
| FTLN 1587 | MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness              | 40 |
| FTLN 1588 | before my lady?   |    |
| FTLN 1589 | MALVOLIO "Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well               |    |
| FTLN 1590 | writ.   |    |
| FTLN 1591 | OLIVIA What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?                     |    |
| FTLN 1592 | MALVOLIO "Some are born great—"                                 | 45 |
| FTLN 1593 | OLIVIA Ha?  |    |
| FTLN 1594 | MALVOLIO "Some achieve greatness—"                              |    |
| FTLN 1595 | OLIVIA What sayst thou?   |    |
| FTLN 1596 | MALVOLIO "And some have greatness thrust upon                   |    |
| FTLN 1597 | them."  | 50 |

FTLN 1598 OLIVIA Heaven restore thee!  
 FTLN 1599 MALVOLIO “Remember who commended thy yellow  
 FTLN 1600 stockings—”  
 FTLN 1601 OLIVIA Thy yellow stockings?  
 FTLN 1602 MALVOLIO “And wished to see thee cross-gartered.” 55  
 FTLN 1603 OLIVIA Cross-gartered?  
 FTLN 1604 MALVOLIO “Go to, thou art made, if thou desir’st to be  
 FTLN 1605 so—”  
 FTLN 1606 OLIVIA Am I made?  
 FTLN 1607 MALVOLIO “If not, let me see thee a servant still.” 60  
 FTLN 1608 OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer madness!

*Enter Servant.*

FTLN 1609 SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the Count  
 FTLN 1610 Orsino’s is returned. I could hardly entreat him  
 FTLN 1611 back. He attends your Ladyship’s pleasure.  
 FTLN 1612 OLIVIA I’ll come to him. *〔Servant exits.〕* Good Maria, let 65  
 FTLN 1613 this fellow be looked to. Where’s my Cousin Toby?  
 FTLN 1614 Let some of my people have a special care of him. I  
 FTLN 1615 would not have him miscarry for the half of my  
 FTLN 1616 dowry.  
*〔Olivia and Maria〕 exit 〔in different directions.〕*  
 FTLN 1617 MALVOLIO O ho, do you come near me now? No worse 70  
 FTLN 1618 man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs  
 FTLN 1619 directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose  
 FTLN 1620 that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites  
 FTLN 1621 me to that in the letter: “Cast thy humble slough,”  
 FTLN 1622 says she. “Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with 75  
 FTLN 1623 servants; let thy tongue *〔tang〕* with arguments of  
 FTLN 1624 state; put thyself into the trick of singularity,” and  
 FTLN 1625 consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad  
 FTLN 1626 face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit  
 FTLN 1627 of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, 80  
 FTLN 1628 but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful!  
 FTLN 1629 And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be  
 FTLN 1630 looked to.” “Fellow!” Not “Malvolio,” nor after my

FTLN 1631 degree, but “fellow.” Why, everything adheres together,  
 FTLN 1632 that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a 85  
 FTLN 1633 scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe  
 FTLN 1634 circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can  
 FTLN 1635 be can come between me and the full prospect of  
 FTLN 1636 my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and  
 FTLN 1637 he is to be thanked. 90

*Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

FTLN 1638 TOBY Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all  
 FTLN 1639 the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion  
 FTLN 1640 himself possessed him, yet I’ll speak to him.  
 FTLN 1641 FABIAN Here he is, here he is.—How is ’t with you, sir?  
 FTLN 1642 How is ’t with you, man? 95  
 FTLN 1643 MALVOLIO Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my  
 FTLN 1644 private. Go off.  
 FTLN 1645 MARIA, *['to Toby]* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks  
 FTLN 1646 within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady  
 FTLN 1647 prays you to have a care of him. 100  
 FTLN 1648 MALVOLIO Aha, does she so?  
 FTLN 1649 TOBY, *['to Fabian and Maria]* Go to, go to! Peace, peace.  
 FTLN 1650 We must deal gently with him. Let me alone.—How  
 FTLN 1651 do you, Malvolio? How is ’t with you? What, man,  
 FTLN 1652 defy the devil! Consider, he’s an enemy to mankind. 105  
 FTLN 1653 MALVOLIO Do you know what you say?  
 FTLN 1654 MARIA, *['to Toby]* La you, an you speak ill of the devil,  
 FTLN 1655 how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not  
 FTLN 1656 bewitched!  
 FTLN 1657 FABIAN Carry his water to th’ wisewoman. 110  
 FTLN 1658 MARIA Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning  
 FTLN 1659 if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than  
 FTLN 1660 I’ll say.  
 FTLN 1661 MALVOLIO How now, mistress?  
 FTLN 1662 MARIA O Lord! 115  
 FTLN 1663 TOBY Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do  
 FTLN 1664 you not see you move him? Let me alone with  
 FTLN 1665 him.

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|           |                              |   |                  |
|-----------|------------------------------|---|------------------|
| FTLN 1666 | FABIAN                       | No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The            |                  |
| FTLN 1667 |                              | fiend is rough and will not be roughly used.          | 120              |
| FTLN 1668 | TOBY, 「 <i>to Malvolio</i> 」 | Why, how now, my bawcock? How                         |                  |
| FTLN 1669 |                              | dost thou, chuck?                                     |                  |
| FTLN 1670 | MALVOLIO                     | Sir!  |                  |
| FTLN 1671 | TOBY                         | Ay, biddy, come with me.—What, man, 'tis not          |                  |
| FTLN 1672 |                              | for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang    | 125              |
| FTLN 1673 |                              | him, foul collier!                                    |                  |
| FTLN 1674 | MARIA                        | Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get        |                  |
| FTLN 1675 |                              | him to pray.  |                  |
| FTLN 1676 | MALVOLIO                     | My prayers, minx?                                     |                  |
| FTLN 1677 | MARIA, 「 <i>to Toby</i> 」    | No, I warrant you, he will not hear of                | 130              |
| FTLN 1678 |                              | godliness.  |                  |
| FTLN 1679 | MALVOLIO                     | Go hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow         |                  |
| FTLN 1680 |                              | things. I am not of your element. You shall           |                  |
| FTLN 1681 |                              | know more hereafter.                                  | <i>He exits.</i> |
| FTLN 1682 | TOBY                         | Is 't possible?                                       | 135              |
| FTLN 1683 | FABIAN                       | If this were played upon a stage now, I could         |                  |
| FTLN 1684 |                              | condemn it as an improbable fiction.                  |                  |
| FTLN 1685 | TOBY                         | His very genius hath taken the infection of the       |                  |
| FTLN 1686 |                              | device, man.  |                  |
| FTLN 1687 | MARIA                        | Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air         | 140              |
| FTLN 1688 |                              | and taint.  |                  |
| FTLN 1689 | FABIAN                       | Why, we shall make him mad indeed.                    |                  |
| FTLN 1690 | MARIA                        | The house will be the quieter.                        |                  |
| FTLN 1691 | TOBY                         | Come, we'll have him in a dark room and               |                  |
| FTLN 1692 |                              | bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's    | 145              |
| FTLN 1693 |                              | mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his   |                  |
| FTLN 1694 |                              | penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath,  |                  |
| FTLN 1695 |                              | prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we      |                  |
| FTLN 1696 |                              | will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a |                  |
| FTLN 1697 |                              | finder of madmen. But see, but see!                   | 150              |

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

|           |                                       |  |  |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|--|--|
| FTLN 1698 | FABIAN                                | More matter for a May morning.                       |  |
| FTLN 1699 | ANDREW, 「 <i>presenting a paper</i> 」 | Here's the challenge.                                |  |
| FTLN 1700 |                                       | Read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't. |  |

|           |        |  |     |
|-----------|--------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1701 | FABIAN | Is 't so saucy?  |     |
| FTLN 1702 | ANDREW | Ay, is 't. I warrant him. Do but read.                           | 155 |
| FTLN 1703 | TOBY   | Give me. <i>「He reads.」 Youth, whatsoever thou art,</i>          |     |
| FTLN 1704 |        | <i>thou art but a scurvy fellow.</i>                             |     |
| FTLN 1705 | FABIAN | Good, and valiant.   |     |
| FTLN 1706 | TOBY   | <i>「reads」 Wonder not nor admire not in thy mind</i>             |     |
| FTLN 1707 |        | <i>why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason</i>     | 160 |
| FTLN 1708 |        | <i>for 't.</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1709 | FABIAN | A good note, that keeps you from the blow of                     |     |
| FTLN 1710 |        | the law.   |     |
| FTLN 1711 | TOBY   | <i>「reads」 Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my</i>         |     |
| FTLN 1712 |        | <i>sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat;</i> | 165 |
| FTLN 1713 |        | <i>that is not the matter I challenge thee for.</i>              |     |
| FTLN 1714 | FABIAN | Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.                    |     |
| FTLN 1715 | TOBY   | <i>「reads」 I will waylay thee going home, where if it be</i>     |     |
| FTLN 1716 |        | <i>thy chance to kill me—</i>                                    |     |
| FTLN 1717 | FABIAN | Good.  | 170 |
| FTLN 1718 | TOBY   | <i>「reads」 Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.</i>       |     |
| FTLN 1719 | FABIAN | Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law.                     |     |
| FTLN 1720 |        | Good.  |     |
| FTLN 1721 | TOBY   | <i>「reads」 Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon</i>           |     |
| FTLN 1722 |        | <i>one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but</i>        | 175 |
| FTLN 1723 |        | <i>my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as</i> |     |
| FTLN 1724 |        | <i>thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,</i>                      |     |
| FTLN 1725 |        | <i>Andrew Aguecheek.</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1726 |        | If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll               |     |
| FTLN 1727 |        | give 't him.   | 180 |
| FTLN 1728 | MARIA  | You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now                 |     |
| FTLN 1729 |        | in some commerce with my lady and will by and                    |     |
| FTLN 1730 |        | by depart.   |     |
| FTLN 1731 | TOBY   | Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner                   |     |
| FTLN 1732 |        | of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever                 | 185 |
| FTLN 1733 |        | thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, swear                 |     |
| FTLN 1734 |        | horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath,         |     |
| FTLN 1735 |        | with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives              |     |
| FTLN 1736 |        | manhood more approbation than ever proof itself                  |     |
| FTLN 1737 |        | would have earned him. Away!                                     | 190 |

|  |        |   |                  |     |
|--|--------|---|------------------|-----|
| FTLN 1738                              | ANDREW | Nay, let me alone for swearing.                         | <i>He exits.</i> |     |
| FTLN 1739                              | TOBY   | Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior     |                  |     |
| FTLN 1740                              |        | of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good      |                  |     |
| FTLN 1741                              |        | capacity and breeding; his employment between           |                  |     |
| FTLN 1742                              |        | his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore,      |                  | 195 |
| FTLN 1743                              |        | this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed  |                  |     |
| FTLN 1744                              |        | no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a    |                  |     |
| FTLN 1745                              |        | clodpoll. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by     |                  |     |
| FTLN 1746                              |        | word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable             |                  |     |
| FTLN 1747                              |        | report of valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know     |                  | 200 |
| FTLN 1748                              |        | his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous    |                  |     |
| FTLN 1749                              |        | opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This |                  |     |
| FTLN 1750                              |        | will so fright them both that they will kill one        |                  |     |
| FTLN 1751                              |        | another by the look, like cockatrices.                  |                  |     |
| <br><i>Enter Olivia and Viola.</i><br> |        |   |                  |     |
| FTLN 1752                              | FABIAN | Here he comes with your niece. Give them                |                  | 205 |
| FTLN 1753                              |        | way till he take leave, and presently after him.        |                  |     |
| FTLN 1754                              | TOBY   | I will meditate the while upon some horrid              |                  |     |
| FTLN 1755                              |        | message for a challenge.                                |                  |     |
| <i>〔Toby, Fabian, and Maria exit.〕</i> |        |   |                  |     |
| OLIVIA                                 |        |   |                  |     |
| FTLN 1756                              |        | I have said too much unto a heart of stone              |                  |     |
| FTLN 1757                              |        | And laid mine honor too uncharly on 't.                 |                  | 210 |
| FTLN 1758                              |        | There's something in me that reproves my fault,         |                  |     |
| FTLN 1759                              |        | But such a headstrong potent fault it is                |                  |     |
| FTLN 1760                              |        | That it but mocks reproof.                              |                  |     |
| VIOLA                                  |        |   |                  |     |
| FTLN 1761                              |        | With the same 'havior that your passion bears           |                  |     |
| FTLN 1762                              |        | Goes on my master's griefs.                             |                  | 215 |
| OLIVIA                                 |        |   |                  |     |
| FTLN 1763                              |        | Here, wear this jewel for me. 'Tis my picture.          |                  |     |
| FTLN 1764                              |        | Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.            |                  |     |
| FTLN 1765                              |        | And I beseech you come again tomorrow.                  |                  |     |
| FTLN 1766                              |        | What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,                |                  |     |
| FTLN 1767                              |        | That honor, saved, may upon asking give?                |                  | 220 |



VIOLA

FTLN 1768     Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

FTLN 1769     How with mine honor may I give him that  
FTLN 1770     Which I have given to you?

FTLN 1771     VIOLA                             I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

FTLN 1772     Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.                     225  
FTLN 1773     A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

〔*She exits.*〕

*Enter Toby and Fabian.*

FTLN 1774     TOBY   Gentleman, God save thee.

FTLN 1775     VIOLA   And you, sir.

FTLN 1776     TOBY   That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what  
FTLN 1777           nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know             230  
FTLN 1778           not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as  
FTLN 1779           the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount  
FTLN 1780           thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy  
FTLN 1781           assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

FTLN 1782     VIOLA   You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any             235  
FTLN 1783           quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and  
FTLN 1784           clear from any image of offense done to any man.

FTLN 1785     TOBY   You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore,  
FTLN 1786           if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your  
FTLN 1787           guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth,             240  
FTLN 1788           strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

FTLN 1789     VIOLA   I pray you, sir, what is he?

FTLN 1790     TOBY   He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and  
FTLN 1791           on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private  
FTLN 1792           brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and             245  
FTLN 1793           his incensement at this moment is so implacable  
FTLN 1794           that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death  
FTLN 1795           and sepulcher. "Hob, nob" is his word; "give 't or  
FTLN 1796           take 't."

FTLN 1797     VIOLA   I will return again into the house and desire             250

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1798 | some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have          |     |
| FTLN 1799 | heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely      |     |
| FTLN 1800 | on others to taste their valor. Belike this is a           |     |
| FTLN 1801 | man of that quirk.   |     |
| FTLN 1802 | TOBY Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very | 255 |
| FTLN 1803 | competent injury. Therefore get you on and give            |     |
| FTLN 1804 | him his desire. Back you shall not to the house,           |     |
| FTLN 1805 | unless you undertake that with me which with as            |     |
| FTLN 1806 | much safety you might answer him. Therefore on,            |     |
| FTLN 1807 | or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you            | 260 |
| FTLN 1808 | must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about       |     |
| FTLN 1809 | you.   |     |
| FTLN 1810 | VIOLA This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do     |     |
| FTLN 1811 | me this courteous office, as to know of the knight         |     |
| FTLN 1812 | what my offense to him is. It is something of my           | 265 |
| FTLN 1813 | negligence, nothing of my purpose.                         |     |
| FTLN 1814 | TOBY I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this        |     |
| FTLN 1815 | gentleman till my return. <i>Toby exits.</i>               |     |
| FTLN 1816 | VIOLA Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?           |     |
| FTLN 1817 | FABIAN I know the knight is incensed against you even      | 270 |
| FTLN 1818 | to a mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance   |     |
| FTLN 1819 | more.  |     |
| FTLN 1820 | VIOLA I beseech you, what manner of man is he?             |     |
| FTLN 1821 | FABIAN Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read          |     |
| FTLN 1822 | him by his form, as you are like to find him in the        | 275 |
| FTLN 1823 | proof of his valor. He is indeed, sir, the most skillful,  |     |
| FTLN 1824 | bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly         |     |
| FTLN 1825 | have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk           |     |
| FTLN 1826 | towards him? I will make your peace with him if I          |     |
| FTLN 1827 | can.   | 280 |
| FTLN 1828 | VIOLA I shall be much bound to you for 't. I am one        |     |
| FTLN 1829 | that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight, I      |     |
| FTLN 1830 | care not who knows so much of my mettle.                   |     |

*They exit.*

*Enter Toby and Andrew.*

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|           |        |   |     |
|-----------|--------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1831 | TOBY   | Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such             |     |
| FTLN 1832 |        | a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard,            | 285 |
| FTLN 1833 |        | and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such               |     |
| FTLN 1834 |        | a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the             |     |
| FTLN 1835 |        | answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the           |     |
| FTLN 1836 |        | ground they step on. They say he has been fencer              |     |
| FTLN 1837 |        | to the Sophy.   | 290 |
| FTLN 1838 | ANDREW | Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him.                          |     |
| FTLN 1839 | TOBY   | Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can               |     |
| FTLN 1840 |        | scarce hold him yonder.                                       |     |
| FTLN 1841 | ANDREW | Plague on 't! An I thought he had been                        |     |
| FTLN 1842 |        | valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him           | 295 |
| FTLN 1843 |        | damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let               |     |
| FTLN 1844 |        | the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray             |     |
| FTLN 1845 |        | Capilet.  |     |
| FTLN 1846 | TOBY   | I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good                 |     |
| FTLN 1847 |        | show on 't. This shall end without the perdition of           | 300 |
| FTLN 1848 |        | souls. <i>Aside.</i> Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I |     |
| FTLN 1849 |        | ride you.   |     |

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

*Toby crosses to meet them.*

|           |         |   |     |
|-----------|---------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1850 |         | <i>Aside to Fabian.</i> I have his horse to take up the |     |
| FTLN 1851 |         | quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.      |     |
| FTLN 1852 | FABIAN, | <i>aside to Toby</i> He is as horribly conceited of     | 305 |
| FTLN 1853 |         | him, and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his  |     |
| FTLN 1854 |         | heels.  |     |
| FTLN 1855 | TOBY,   | <i>to Viola</i> There's no remedy, sir; he will fight   |     |
| FTLN 1856 |         | with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better        |     |
| FTLN 1857 |         | bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now     | 310 |
| FTLN 1858 |         | scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore, draw for      |     |
| FTLN 1859 |         | the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not     |     |
| FTLN 1860 |         | hurt you.   |     |
| FTLN 1861 | VIOLA   | Pray God defend me! <i>Aside.</i> A little thing        |     |
| FTLN 1862 |         | would make me tell them how much I lack of a            | 315 |
| FTLN 1863 |         | man.  |     |

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|           |                                     |   |     |
|-----------|-------------------------------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1864 | FABIAN                              | Give ground if you see him furious.                       |     |
|           |                                     | <i>〔Toby crosses to Andrew.〕</i>                          |     |
| FTLN 1865 | TOBY                                | Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The                  |     |
| FTLN 1866 |                                     | gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout       |     |
| FTLN 1867 |                                     | with you. He cannot by the <i>duello</i> avoid it. But he | 320 |
| FTLN 1868 |                                     | has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,      |     |
| FTLN 1869 |                                     | he will not hurt you. Come on, to 't.                     |     |
| FTLN 1870 | ANDREW, <i>〔drawing his sword〕</i>  | Pray God he keep his                                      |     |
| FTLN 1871 |                                     | oath!   |     |
|           | VIOLA, <i>〔drawing her sword〕</i>   |   |     |
| FTLN 1872 |                                     | I do assure you 'tis against my will.                     | 325 |
|           |                                     | <i>Enter Antonio.</i>                                     |     |
|           | ANTONIO, <i>〔to Andrew〕</i>         |   |     |
| FTLN 1873 |                                     | Put up your sword. If this young gentleman                |     |
| FTLN 1874 |                                     | Have done offense, I take the fault on me.                |     |
| FTLN 1875 |                                     | If you offend him, I for him defy you.                    |     |
| FTLN 1876 | TOBY                                | You, sir? Why, what are you?                              |     |
|           | ANTONIO, <i>〔drawing his sword〕</i> |   |     |
| FTLN 1877 |                                     | One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more             | 330 |
| FTLN 1878 |                                     | Than you have heard him brag to you he will.              |     |
|           | TOBY, <i>〔drawing his sword〕</i>    |   |     |
| FTLN 1879 |                                     | Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.               |     |
|           |                                     | <i>Enter Officers.</i>                                    |     |
| FTLN 1880 | FABIAN                              | O, good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.           |     |
| FTLN 1881 | TOBY, <i>〔to Antonio〕</i>           | I'll be with you anon.                                    |     |
| FTLN 1882 | VIOLA, <i>〔to Andrew〕</i>           | Pray, sir, put your sword up, if                          | 335 |
| FTLN 1883 |                                     | you please.   |     |
| FTLN 1884 | ANDREW                              | Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised               |     |
| FTLN 1885 |                                     | you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you         |     |
| FTLN 1886 |                                     | easily, and reins well.                                   |     |
| FTLN 1887 | FIRST OFFICER                       | This is the man. Do thy office.                           | 340 |
| FTLN 1888 | SECOND OFFICER                      | Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of                     |     |
| FTLN 1889 |                                     | Count Orsino.   |     |
| FTLN 1890 | ANTONIO                             | You do mistake me, sir.                                   |     |

FIRST OFFICER

FTLN 1891 No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well,  
 FTLN 1892 Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— 345  
 FTLN 1893 Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

FTLN 1894 I must obey. *['To Viola.']* This comes with seeking  
 FTLN 1895 you.  
 FTLN 1896 But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.  
 FTLN 1897 What will you do, now my necessity 350  
 FTLN 1898 Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
 FTLN 1899 Much more for what I cannot do for you  
 FTLN 1900 Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,  
 FTLN 1901 But be of comfort.

FTLN 1902 SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, away. 355

ANTONIO, *['to Viola']*

FTLN 1903 I must entreat of you some of that money.  
 FTLN 1904 VIOLA What money, sir?  
 FTLN 1905 For the fair kindness you have showed me here,  
 FTLN 1906 And part being prompted by your present trouble,  
 FTLN 1907 Out of my lean and low ability 360  
 FTLN 1908 I'll lend you something. My having is not much.  
 FTLN 1909 I'll make division of my present with you.  
 FTLN 1910 Hold, there's half my coffer. *['Offering him money.']*

ANTONIO Will you deny me now?

FTLN 1912 Is 't possible that my deserts to you 365  
 FTLN 1913 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
 FTLN 1914 Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
 FTLN 1915 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
 FTLN 1916 That I have done for you.

FTLN 1917 VIOLA I know of none, 370

FTLN 1918 Nor know I you by voice or any feature.  
 FTLN 1919 I hate ingratitude more in a man  
 FTLN 1920 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,  
 FTLN 1921 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
 FTLN 1922 Inhabits our frail blood— 375

FTLN 1923 ANTONIO O heavens themselves!

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|           |                       |   |     |
|-----------|-----------------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1924 | SECOND OFFICER        | Come, sir, I pray you go.                           |     |
|           | ANTONIO               |   |     |
| FTLN 1925 |                       | Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here |     |
| FTLN 1926 |                       | I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,       |     |
| FTLN 1927 |                       | Relieved him with such sanctity of love,            | 380 |
| FTLN 1928 |                       | And to his image, which methought did promise       |     |
| FTLN 1929 |                       | Most venerable worth, did I devotion.               |     |
|           | FIRST OFFICER         |   |     |
| FTLN 1930 |                       | What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!          |     |
|           | ANTONIO               |   |     |
| FTLN 1931 |                       | But O, how vile an idol proves this god!            |     |
| FTLN 1932 |                       | Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.      | 385 |
| FTLN 1933 |                       | In nature there's no blemish but the mind;          |     |
| FTLN 1934 |                       | None can be called deformed but the unkind.         |     |
| FTLN 1935 |                       | Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil            |     |
| FTLN 1936 |                       | Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.       |     |
|           | FIRST OFFICER         |   |     |
| FTLN 1937 |                       | The man grows mad. Away with him.—Come,             | 390 |
| FTLN 1938 |                       | come, sir.  |     |
| FTLN 1939 | ANTONIO               | Lead me on.   |     |
|           |                       | <i>〔Antonio and Officers〕 exit.</i>                 |     |
|           | VIOLA, <i>〔aside〕</i> |   |     |
| FTLN 1940 |                       | Methinks his words do from such passion fly         |     |
| FTLN 1941 |                       | That he believes himself; so do not I.              |     |
| FTLN 1942 |                       | Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,             | 395 |
| FTLN 1943 |                       | That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!         |     |
| FTLN 1944 | TOBY                  | Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian. We'll     |     |
| FTLN 1945 |                       | whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.    |     |
|           |                       | <i>〔Toby, Fabian, and Andrew move aside.〕</i>       |     |
|           | VIOLA, <i>〔aside〕</i> |   |     |
| FTLN 1946 |                       | He named Sebastian. I my brother know               |     |
| FTLN 1947 |                       | Yet living in my glass. Even such and so            | 400 |
| FTLN 1948 |                       | In favor was my brother, and he went                |     |
| FTLN 1949 |                       | Still in this fashion, color, ornament,             |     |
| FTLN 1950 |                       | For him I imitate. O, if it prove,                  |     |
| FTLN 1951 |                       | Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!    |     |
|           |                       | <i>〔She exits.〕</i>                                 |     |

FTLN 1952 TOBY A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward 405  
FTLN 1953 than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his  
FTLN 1954 friend here in necessity and denying him; and for  
FTLN 1955 his cowardship, ask Fabian.  
FTLN 1956 FABIAN A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
FTLN 1957 in it. 410  
FTLN 1958 ANDREW 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.  
FTLN 1959 TOBY Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy  
FTLN 1960 sword.  
FTLN 1961 ANDREW An I do not—  
FTLN 1962 FABIAN Come, let's see the event. 415  
FTLN 1963 TOBY I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.  
*They exit.*

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## ACT 4

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### Scene 1

*Enter Sebastian and [Feste, the Fool.]*

FTLN 1964 FOOL Will you make me believe that I am not sent for  
FTLN 1965 you?  
FTLN 1966 SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let  
FTLN 1967 me be clear of thee.  
FTLN 1968 FOOL Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor 5  
FTLN 1969 I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come  
FTLN 1970 speak with her, nor your name is not Master  
FTLN 1971 Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing  
FTLN 1972 that is so is so.  
FTLN 1973 SEBASTIAN I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. 10  
FTLN 1974 Thou know'st not me.  
FTLN 1975 FOOL Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some  
FTLN 1976 great man and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my  
FTLN 1977 folly? I am afraid this great lubber the world will  
FTLN 1978 prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness 15  
FTLN 1979 and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I  
FTLN 1980 vent to her that thou art coming?  
FTLN 1981 SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.  
FTLN 1982 There's money for thee. *[Giving money.]* If you  
FTLN 1983 tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 20  
FTLN 1984 FOOL By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise  
FTLN 1985 men that give Fools money get themselves a good  
FTLN 1986 report—after fourteen years' purchase.



*Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

- FTLN 1987 ANDREW, *「to Sebastian」* Now, sir, have I met you again?  
 FTLN 1988 There's for you. *「He strikes Sebastian.」* 25  
 FTLN 1989 SEBASTIAN, *「returning the blow」* Why, there's for thee,  
 FTLN 1990 and there, and there.—Are all the people mad?  
 FTLN 1991 TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the  
 FTLN 1992 house.  
 FTLN 1993 FOOL, *「aside」* This will I tell my lady straight. I would 30  
 FTLN 1994 not be in some of your coats for twopence.  
*「He exits.」*  
 FTLN 1995 TOBY, *「seizing Sebastian」* Come on, sir, hold!  
 FTLN 1996 ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to  
 FTLN 1997 work with him. I'll have an action of battery against  
 FTLN 1998 him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck 35  
 FTLN 1999 him first, yet it's no matter for that.  
 FTLN 2000 SEBASTIAN, *「to Toby」* Let go thy hand!  
 FTLN 2001 TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young  
 FTLN 2002 soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed.  
 FTLN 2003 Come on. 40  
 SEBASTIAN  
 FTLN 2004 I will be free from thee.  
*「He pulls free and draws his sword.」*  
 FTLN 2005 What wouldst thou now?  
 FTLN 2006 If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.  
 FTLN 2007 TOBY What, what? Nay, then, I must have an ounce or  
 FTLN 2008 two of this malapert blood from you. 45  
*「He draws his sword.」*

*Enter Olivia.*

- OLIVIA  
 FTLN 2009 Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!  
 FTLN 2010 TOBY Madam.  
 OLIVIA  
 FTLN 2011 Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
 FTLN 2012 Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2013 | Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my             | 50 |
| FTLN 2014 | sight!—  |    |
| FTLN 2015 | Be not offended, dear Cesario.—                          |    |
| FTLN 2016 | Rudesby, begone! <i>「Toby, Andrew, and Fabian exit.」</i> |    |
| FTLN 2017 | I prithee, gentle friend,                                |    |
| FTLN 2018 | Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway               | 55 |
| FTLN 2019 | In this uncivil and unjust extent                        |    |
| FTLN 2020 | Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,               |    |
| FTLN 2021 | And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks            |    |
| FTLN 2022 | This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby          |    |
| FTLN 2023 | Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.       | 60 |
| FTLN 2024 | Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!                    |    |
| FTLN 2025 | He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.              |    |
|           | SEBASTIAN, <i>「aside」</i>                                |    |
| FTLN 2026 | What relish is in this? How runs the stream?             |    |
| FTLN 2027 | Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.                    |    |
| FTLN 2028 | Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;                 | 65 |
| FTLN 2029 | If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!              |    |
|           | OLIVIA   |    |
| FTLN 2030 | Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou 'dst be ruled by        |    |
| FTLN 2031 | me!  |    |
|           | SEBASTIAN  |    |
| FTLN 2032 | Madam, I will.   |    |
| FTLN 2033 | OLIVIA                    O, say so, and so be!          | 70 |
|           | <i>They exit.</i>  |    |

## Scene 2

*Enter Maria and 「Feste, the Fool.」*

|           |  |   |
|-----------|--|---|
| FTLN 2034 | MARIA   Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;       |   |
| FTLN 2035 | make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do             |   |
| FTLN 2036 | it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. <i>「She exits.」</i> |   |
| FTLN 2037 | FOOL    Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in    |   |
| FTLN 2038 | 't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled          | 5 |
| FTLN 2039 | in such a gown. <i>「He puts on gown and beard.」</i> I am       |   |

FTLN 2040 not tall enough to become the function well, nor  
 FTLN 2041 lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be  
 FTLN 2042 said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as  
 FTLN 2043 fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. 10  
 FTLN 2044 The competitors enter.

*Enter Toby [and Maria.]*

FTLN 2045 TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.  
 FTLN 2046 FOOL *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of  
 FTLN 2047 Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said  
 FTLN 2048 to a niece of King Gorboduc “That that is, is,” so I, 15  
 FTLN 2049 being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is  
 FTLN 2050 “that” but “that” and “is” but “is”?  
 FTLN 2051 TOBY To him, Sir Topas.  
 FTLN 2052 FOOL, [*disguising his voice*] What ho, I say! Peace in this  
 FTLN 2053 prison! 20  
 FTLN 2054 TOBY The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

*Malvolio within.*

FTLN 2055 MALVOLIO Who calls there?  
 FTLN 2056 FOOL Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio  
 FTLN 2057 the lunatic.  
 FTLN 2058 MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to 25  
 FTLN 2059 my lady—  
 FTLN 2060 FOOL Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this  
 FTLN 2061 man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?  
 FTLN 2062 TOBY, [*aside*] Well said, Master Parson.  
 FTLN 2063 MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. 30  
 FTLN 2064 Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have  
 FTLN 2065 laid me here in hideous darkness—  
 FTLN 2066 FOOL Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most  
 FTLN 2067 modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones  
 FTLN 2068 that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst 35  
 FTLN 2069 thou that house is dark?  
 FTLN 2070 MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

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|           |          |   |    |
|-----------|----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2071 | FOOL     | Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes,  |    |
| FTLN 2072 |          | and the 'clerestories' toward the south-north         |    |
| FTLN 2073 |          | are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest         | 40 |
| FTLN 2074 |          | thou of obstruction?                                  |    |
| FTLN 2075 | MALVOLIO | I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this            |    |
| FTLN 2076 |          | house is dark.  |    |
| FTLN 2077 | FOOL     | Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness       |    |
| FTLN 2078 |          | but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than    | 45 |
| FTLN 2079 |          | the Egyptians in their fog.                           |    |
| FTLN 2080 | MALVOLIO | I say this house is as dark as ignorance,             |    |
| FTLN 2081 |          | though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say      |    |
| FTLN 2082 |          | there was never man thus abused. I am no more         |    |
| FTLN 2083 |          | mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any         | 50 |
| FTLN 2084 |          | constant question.                                    |    |
| FTLN 2085 | FOOL     | What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning          |    |
| FTLN 2086 |          | wildfowl?   |    |
| FTLN 2087 | MALVOLIO | That the soul of our grandam might haply              |    |
| FTLN 2088 |          | inhabit a bird.                                       | 55 |
| FTLN 2089 | FOOL     | What thinkst thou of his opinion?                     |    |
| FTLN 2090 | MALVOLIO | I think nobly of the soul, and no way                 |    |
| FTLN 2091 |          | approve his opinion.                                  |    |
| FTLN 2092 | FOOL     | Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.        |    |
| FTLN 2093 |          | Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will  | 60 |
| FTLN 2094 |          | allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest   |    |
| FTLN 2095 |          | thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee    |    |
| FTLN 2096 |          | well.   |    |
| FTLN 2097 | MALVOLIO | Sir Topas, Sir Topas!                                 |    |
| FTLN 2098 | TOBY     | My most exquisite Sir Topas!                          | 65 |
| FTLN 2099 | FOOL     | Nay, I am for all waters.                             |    |
| FTLN 2100 | MARIA    | Thou mightst have done this without thy beard         |    |
| FTLN 2101 |          | and gown. He sees thee not.                           |    |
| FTLN 2102 | TOBY     | To him in thine own voice, and bring me word          |    |
| FTLN 2103 |          | how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid        | 70 |
| FTLN 2104 |          | of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, |    |
| FTLN 2105 |          | I would he were, for I am now so far in               |    |
| FTLN 2106 |          | offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with       |    |

|           |   |                               |
|-----------|---|-------------------------------|
| FTLN 2107 | any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by            |                               |
| FTLN 2108 | to my chamber.  | 75                            |
|           |   | <i>「Toby and Maria」 exit.</i> |
|           | FOOL <i>「sings, in his own voice」</i>                       |                               |
| FTLN 2109 | <i>Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,</i>                             |                               |
| FTLN 2110 | <i>Tell me how thy lady does.</i>                           |                               |
| FTLN 2111 | MALVOLIO Fool!  |                               |
|           | FOOL <i>「sings」</i>   |                               |
| FTLN 2112 | <i>My lady is unkind, perdy.</i>                            |                               |
| FTLN 2113 | MALVOLIO Fool!  | 80                            |
|           | FOOL <i>「sings」</i>   |                               |
| FTLN 2114 | <i>Alas, why is she so?</i>                                 |                               |
| FTLN 2115 | MALVOLIO Fool, I say!                                       |                               |
|           | FOOL <i>「sings」</i>   |                               |
| FTLN 2116 | <i>She loves another—</i>                                   |                               |
| FTLN 2117 | Who calls, ha?  |                               |
| FTLN 2118 | MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at       | 85                            |
| FTLN 2119 | my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and             |                               |
| FTLN 2120 | paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful      |                               |
| FTLN 2121 | to thee for 't.   |                               |
| FTLN 2122 | FOOL Master Malvolio?                                       |                               |
| FTLN 2123 | MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool.                                     | 90                            |
| FTLN 2124 | FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?        |                               |
| FTLN 2125 | MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously           |                               |
| FTLN 2126 | abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.         |                               |
| FTLN 2127 | FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be        |                               |
| FTLN 2128 | no better in your wits than a Fool.                         | 95                            |
| FTLN 2129 | MALVOLIO They have here propertied me, keep me in           |                               |
| FTLN 2130 | darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do                |                               |
| FTLN 2131 | all they can to face me out of my wits.                     |                               |
| FTLN 2132 | FOOL Advise you what you say. The minister is here.         |                               |
| FTLN 2133 | <i>「In the voice of Sir Topas.」</i> Malvolio, Malvolio, thy | 100                           |
| FTLN 2134 | wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep         |                               |
| FTLN 2135 | and leave thy vain bibble-babble.                           |                               |
| FTLN 2136 | MALVOLIO Sir Topas!   |                               |

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2137 | FOOL, 「 <i>as Sir Topas</i> 」 Maintain no words with him, good |     |
| FTLN 2138 | fellow. 「 <i>As Fool.</i> 」 Who, I, sir? Not I, sir! God buy   | 105 |
| FTLN 2139 | you, good Sir Topas. 「 <i>As Sir Topas.</i> 」 Marry, amen.     |     |
| FTLN 2140 | 「 <i>As Fool.</i> 」 I will, sir, I will.                       |     |
| FTLN 2141 | MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!                              |     |
| FTLN 2142 | FOOL Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am            |     |
| FTLN 2143 | shent for speaking to you.                                     | 110 |
| FTLN 2144 | MALVOLIO Good Fool, help me to some light and some             |     |
| FTLN 2145 | paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any             |     |
| FTLN 2146 | man in Illyria.  |     |
| FTLN 2147 | FOOL Welladay that you were, sir!                              |     |
| FTLN 2148 | MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink,              | 115 |
| FTLN 2149 | paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to           |     |
| FTLN 2150 | my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the            |     |
| FTLN 2151 | bearing of letter did.   |     |
| FTLN 2152 | FOOL I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not      |     |
| FTLN 2153 | mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?                         | 120 |
| FTLN 2154 | MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.               |     |
| FTLN 2155 | FOOL Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his           |     |
| FTLN 2156 | brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.              |     |
| FTLN 2157 | MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I        |     |
| FTLN 2158 | prithee, begone.   | 125 |
|           | FOOL 「 <i>sings</i> 」  |     |
| FTLN 2159 | <i>I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,</i>                          |     |
| FTLN 2160 | <i>I'll be with you again,</i>                                 |     |
| FTLN 2161 | <i>In a trice, like to the old Vice,</i>                       |     |
| FTLN 2162 | <i>Your need to sustain.</i>                                   |     |
| FTLN 2163 | <i>Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,</i>     | 130 |
| FTLN 2164 | <i>Cries "aha!" to the devil;</i>                              |     |
| FTLN 2165 | <i>Like a mad lad, "Pare thy nails, dad!</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 2166 | <i>Adieu, goodman devil."</i>                                  |     |

*He exits.*

Scene 3  
*Enter Sebastian.*

〔SEBASTIAN〕

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2167 | This is the air; that is the glorious sun.       |    |
| FTLN 2168 | This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't. |    |
| FTLN 2169 | And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,     |    |
| FTLN 2170 | Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?     |    |
| FTLN 2171 | I could not find him at the Elephant.            | 5  |
| FTLN 2172 | Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, |    |
| FTLN 2173 | That he did range the town to seek me out.       |    |
| FTLN 2174 | His counsel now might do me golden service.      |    |
| FTLN 2175 | For though my soul disputes well with my sense   |    |
| FTLN 2176 | That this may be some error, but no madness,     | 10 |
| FTLN 2177 | Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune      |    |
| FTLN 2178 | So far exceed all instance, all discourse,       |    |
| FTLN 2179 | That I am ready to distrust mine eyes            |    |
| FTLN 2180 | And wrangle with my reason that persuades me     |    |
| FTLN 2181 | To any other trust but that I am mad—            | 15 |
| FTLN 2182 | Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,        |    |
| FTLN 2183 | She could not sway her house, command her        |    |
| FTLN 2184 | followers,                                       |    |
| FTLN 2185 | Take and give back affairs and their dispatch    |    |
| FTLN 2186 | With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing | 20 |
| FTLN 2187 | As I perceive she does. There's something in 't  |    |
| FTLN 2188 | That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.     |    |

*Enter Olivia, and 〔a〕 Priest.*

OLIVIA, 〔to Sebastian〕

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2189 | Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, |    |
| FTLN 2190 | Now go with me and with this holy man           |    |
| FTLN 2191 | Into the chantry by. There, before him          | 25 |
| FTLN 2192 | And underneath that consecrated roof,           |    |
| FTLN 2193 | Plight me the full assurance of your faith,     |    |
| FTLN 2194 | That my most jealous and too doubtful soul      |    |
| FTLN 2195 | May live at peace. He shall conceal it          |    |

FTLN 2196      Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,      30  
FTLN 2197      What time we will our celebration keep  
FTLN 2198      According to my birth. What do you say?  
SEBASTIAN  
FTLN 2199      I'll follow this good man and go with you,  
FTLN 2200      And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.  
OLIVIA  
FTLN 2201      Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so      35  
FTLN 2202      shine  
FTLN 2203      That they may fairly note this act of mine.

*They exit.*

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## ACT 5

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### Scene 1

*Enter [Feste, the Fool] and Fabian.*

FTLN 2204 FABIAN Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.  
FTLN 2205 FOOL Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.  
FTLN 2206 FABIAN Anything.  
FTLN 2207 FOOL Do not desire to see this letter.  
FTLN 2208 FABIAN This is to give a dog and in recompense desire 5  
FTLN 2209 my dog again.

*Enter [Orsino,] Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

ORSINO  
FTLN 2210 Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?  
FTLN 2211 FOOL Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.  
ORSINO  
FTLN 2212 I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?  
FTLN 2213 FOOL Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse 10  
FTLN 2214 for my friends.  
ORSINO  
FTLN 2215 Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.  
FTLN 2216 FOOL No, sir, the worse.  
FTLN 2217 ORSINO How can that be?  
FTLN 2218 FOOL Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. 15  
FTLN 2219 Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by  
FTLN 2220 my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and  
FTLN 2221 by my friends I am abused. So that, conclusions to  
FTLN 2222 be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2223 | affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and            | 20 |
| FTLN 2224 | the better for my foes.  |    |
| FTLN 2225 | ORSINO Why, this is excellent.                                 |    |
| FTLN 2226 | FOOL By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be           |    |
| FTLN 2227 | one of my friends.   |    |
|           | ORSINO, <i>['giving a coin']</i>                               |    |
| FTLN 2228 | Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.              | 25 |
| FTLN 2229 | FOOL But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would         |    |
| FTLN 2230 | you could make it another.                                     |    |
| FTLN 2231 | ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.                             |    |
| FTLN 2232 | FOOL Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once,        |    |
| FTLN 2233 | and let your flesh and blood obey it.                          | 30 |
| FTLN 2234 | ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a                |    |
| FTLN 2235 | double-dealer: there's another. <i>['He gives a coin.']</i>    |    |
| FTLN 2236 | FOOL <i>Primo, secundo, tertio</i> is a good play, and the old |    |
| FTLN 2237 | saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a      |    |
| FTLN 2238 | good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet,           | 35 |
| FTLN 2239 | sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.                      |    |
| FTLN 2240 | ORSINO You can fool no more money out of me at this            |    |
| FTLN 2241 | throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to             |    |
| FTLN 2242 | speak with her, and bring her along with you, it               |    |
| FTLN 2243 | may awake my bounty further.                                   | 40 |
| FTLN 2244 | FOOL Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come            |    |
| FTLN 2245 | again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think            |    |
| FTLN 2246 | that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness.           |    |
| FTLN 2247 | But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap. I            |    |
| FTLN 2248 | will awake it anon. <i>He exits.</i>                           | 45 |

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

VIOLA

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2249 | Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me. |    |
|           | ORSINO                                       |    |
| FTLN 2250 | That face of his I do remember well.         |    |
| FTLN 2251 | Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared     |    |
| FTLN 2252 | As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.      |    |
| FTLN 2253 | A baubling vessel was he captain of,         | 50 |

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2254 | For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,                 |    |
| FTLN 2255 | With which such scatheful grapple did he make            |    |
| FTLN 2256 | With the most noble bottom of our fleet                  |    |
| FTLN 2257 | That very envy and the tongue of loss                    |    |
| FTLN 2258 | Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?          | 55 |
|           | FIRST OFFICER  |    |
| FTLN 2259 | Orsino, this is that Antonio                             |    |
| FTLN 2260 | That took the <i>Phoenix</i> and her fraught from Candy, |    |
| FTLN 2261 | And this is he that did the <i>Tiger</i> board           |    |
| FTLN 2262 | When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.               |    |
| FTLN 2263 | Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,       | 60 |
| FTLN 2264 | In private brabble did we apprehend him.                 |    |
|           | VIOLA  |    |
| FTLN 2265 | He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,                |    |
| FTLN 2266 | But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.            |    |
| FTLN 2267 | I know not what 'twas but distraction.                   |    |
|           | ORSINO   |    |
| FTLN 2268 | Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,                    | 65 |
| FTLN 2269 | What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies      |    |
| FTLN 2270 | Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,               |    |
| FTLN 2271 | Hast made thine enemies?                                 |    |
| FTLN 2272 | ANTONIO Orsino, noble sir,                               |    |
| FTLN 2273 | Be pleased that I shake off these names you give         | 70 |
| FTLN 2274 | me.  |    |
| FTLN 2275 | Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,                   |    |
| FTLN 2276 | Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,            |    |
| FTLN 2277 | Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.             |    |
| FTLN 2278 | That most ingrateful boy there by your side              | 75 |
| FTLN 2279 | From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth              |    |
| FTLN 2280 | Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was.                  |    |
| FTLN 2281 | His life I gave him and did thereto add                  |    |
| FTLN 2282 | My love, without retention or restraint,                 |    |
| FTLN 2283 | All his in dedication. For his sake                      | 80 |
| FTLN 2284 | Did I expose myself, pure for his love,                  |    |
| FTLN 2285 | Into the danger of this adverse town;                    |    |
| FTLN 2286 | Drew to defend him when he was beset;                    |    |

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2287 | Where, being apprehended, his false cunning               |     |
| FTLN 2288 | (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)                | 85  |
| FTLN 2289 | Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance             |     |
| FTLN 2290 | And grew a twenty years' removed thing                    |     |
| FTLN 2291 | While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,           |     |
| FTLN 2292 | Which I had recommended to his use                        |     |
| FTLN 2293 | Not half an hour before.                                  | 90  |
| FTLN 2294 | VIOLA How can this be?                                    |     |
| FTLN 2295 | ORSINO, <i>['to Antonio']</i> When came he to this town?  |     |
|           | ANTONIO   |     |
| FTLN 2296 | Today, my lord; and for three months before,              |     |
| FTLN 2297 | No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,                       |     |
| FTLN 2298 | Both day and night did we keep company.                   | 95  |
|           | <i>Enter Olivia and Attendants.</i>                       |     |
|           | ORSINO  |     |
| FTLN 2299 | Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on              |     |
| FTLN 2300 | Earth!—   |     |
| FTLN 2301 | But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are madness.      |     |
| FTLN 2302 | Three months this youth hath tended upon me—              |     |
| FTLN 2303 | But more of that anon. <i>['To an Officer.']</i> Take him | 100 |
| FTLN 2304 | aside.  |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 2305 | What would my lord, but that he may not have,             |     |
| FTLN 2306 | Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—                     |     |
| FTLN 2307 | Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.                 |     |
| FTLN 2308 | VIOLA Madam?  | 105 |
| FTLN 2309 | ORSINO Gracious Olivia—                                   |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 2310 | What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—                   |     |
|           | VIOLA   |     |
| FTLN 2311 | My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.                   |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 2312 | If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,                  |     |
| FTLN 2313 | It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear                      | 110 |
| FTLN 2314 | As howling after music.                                   |     |

ORSINO

FTLN 2315 Still so cruel?

FTLN 2316 OLIVIA Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

FTLN 2317 What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,  
 FTLN 2318 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars 115  
 FTLN 2319 My soul the faithful'st off'rings have breathed out  
 FTLN 2320 That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

OLIVIA

FTLN 2321 Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

FTLN 2322 Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
 FTLN 2323 Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death, 120  
 FTLN 2324 Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy  
 FTLN 2325 That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:  
 FTLN 2326 Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,  
 FTLN 2327 And that I partly know the instrument  
 FTLN 2328 That screws me from my true place in your favor, 125  
 FTLN 2329 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.  
 FTLN 2330 But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
 FTLN 2331 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
 FTLN 2332 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye  
 FTLN 2333 Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.— 130  
 FTLN 2334 Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in  
 FTLN 2335 mischief.  
 FTLN 2336 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love  
 FTLN 2337 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

FTLN 2338 And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, 135  
 FTLN 2339 To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

FTLN 2340 Where goes Cesario?

FTLN 2341 VIOLA After him I love

FTLN 2342 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
 FTLN 2343 More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife. 140  
 FTLN 2344 If I do feign, you witnesses above,  
 FTLN 2345 Punish my life for tainting of my love.

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2346 | Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!                        |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 2347 | Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?               |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2348 | Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—                  | 145 |
| FTLN 2349 | Call forth the holy father. <i>['An Attendant exits.']</i> |     |
| FTLN 2350 | ORSINO, <i>['to Viola']</i> Come, away!                    |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2351 | Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.                  |     |
|           | ORSINO   |     |
| FTLN 2352 | Husband?   |     |
| FTLN 2353 | OLIVIA            Ay, husband. Can he that deny?           | 150 |
|           | ORSINO   |     |
| FTLN 2354 | Her husband, sirrah?                                       |     |
| FTLN 2355 | VIOLA                                No, my lord, not I.   |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2356 | Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear                       |     |
| FTLN 2357 | That makes thee strangle thy propriety.                    |     |
| FTLN 2358 | Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up.                   | 155 |
| FTLN 2359 | Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art           |     |
| FTLN 2360 | As great as that thou fear'st.                             |     |
|           | <i>Enter Priest.</i>                                       |     |
|           |  |     |
| FTLN 2361 | O, welcome, father.  |     |
| FTLN 2362 | Father, I charge thee by thy reverence                     |     |
| FTLN 2363 | Here to unfold (though lately we intended                  | 160 |
| FTLN 2364 | To keep in darkness what occasion now                      |     |
| FTLN 2365 | Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know              |     |
| FTLN 2366 | Hath newly passed between this youth and me.               |     |
|           | PRIEST   |     |
| FTLN 2367 | A contract of eternal bond of love,                        |     |
| FTLN 2368 | Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,                 | 165 |
| FTLN 2369 | Attested by the holy close of lips,                        |     |
| FTLN 2370 | Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,             |     |
| FTLN 2371 | And all the ceremony of this compact                       |     |

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2372 | Sealed in my function, by my testimony;                |     |
| FTLN 2373 | Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my           | 170 |
| FTLN 2374 | grave  |     |
| FTLN 2375 | I have traveled but two hours.                         |     |
|           | ORSINO, <i>['to Viola']</i>                            |     |
| FTLN 2376 | O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be              |     |
| FTLN 2377 | When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?            |     |
| FTLN 2378 | Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow             | 175 |
| FTLN 2379 | That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?          |     |
| FTLN 2380 | Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet            |     |
| FTLN 2381 | Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.            |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 2382 | My lord, I do protest—                                 |     |
| FTLN 2383 | OLIVIA O, do not swear.                                | 180 |
| FTLN 2384 | Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.     |     |
|           | <i>Enter Sir Andrew.</i>                               |     |
| FTLN 2385 | ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one        |     |
| FTLN 2386 | presently to Sir Toby.                                 |     |
| FTLN 2387 | OLIVIA What's the matter?                              |     |
| FTLN 2388 | ANDREW Has broke my head across, and has given Sir     | 185 |
| FTLN 2389 | Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,        |     |
| FTLN 2390 | your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at     |     |
| FTLN 2391 | home.  |     |
| FTLN 2392 | OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?                  |     |
| FTLN 2393 | ANDREW The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took     | 190 |
| FTLN 2394 | him for a coward, but he's the very devil              |     |
| FTLN 2395 | incardinate.   |     |
| FTLN 2396 | ORSINO My gentleman Cesario?                           |     |
| FTLN 2397 | ANDREW 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my       |     |
| FTLN 2398 | head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to | 195 |
| FTLN 2399 | do 't by Sir Toby.                                     |     |
|           | VIOLA  |     |
| FTLN 2400 | Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.              |     |
| FTLN 2401 | You drew your sword upon me without cause,             |     |
| FTLN 2402 | But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.               |     |

FTLN 2403 ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt 200  
FTLN 2404 me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Toby and [Feste, the Fool.]*

FTLN 2405 Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear  
FTLN 2406 more. But if he had not been in drink, he would  
FTLN 2407 have tickled you othergates than he did.  
FTLN 2408 ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is 't with you? 205

FTLN 2409 TOBY That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end  
FTLN 2410 on 't. *[To Fool.]* Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?  
FTLN 2411 FOOL O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes  
FTLN 2412 were set at eight i' th' morning.

FTLN 2413 TOBY Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin. I 210  
FTLN 2414 hate a drunken rogue.

FTLN 2415 OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc  
FTLN 2416 with them?

FTLN 2417 ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be  
FTLN 2418 dressed together. 215

FTLN 2419 TOBY Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb,  
FTLN 2420 and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

FTLN 2421 OLIVIA  
Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

*[Toby, Andrew, Fool, and Fabian exit.]*

*Enter Sebastian.*

SEBASTIAN  
FTLN 2422 I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,  
FTLN 2423 But, had it been the brother of my blood, 220

FTLN 2424 I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
FTLN 2425 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
FTLN 2426 I do perceive it hath offended you.

FTLN 2427 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
FTLN 2428 We made each other but so late ago. 225

ORSINO  
FTLN 2429 One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!  
FTLN 2430 A natural perspective, that is and is not!



SEBASTIAN

FTLN 2431 Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!  
 FTLN 2432 How have the hours racked and tortured me  
 FTLN 2433 Since I have lost thee! 230

ANTONIO

FTLN 2434 Sebastian are you?

FTLN 2435 SEBASTIAN Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

FTLN 2436 How have you made division of yourself?  
 FTLN 2437 An apple cleft in two is not more twin  
 FTLN 2438 Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? 235  
 FTLN 2439

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN, *['looking at Viola']*

FTLN 2440 Do I stand there? I never had a brother,  
 FTLN 2441 Nor can there be that deity in my nature  
 FTLN 2442 Of here and everywhere. I had a sister  
 FTLN 2443 Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured. 240  
 FTLN 2444 Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
 FTLN 2445 What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA

FTLN 2446 Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.  
 FTLN 2447 Such a Sebastian was my brother too.  
 FTLN 2448 So went he suited to his watery tomb. 245  
 FTLN 2449 If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
 FTLN 2450 You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN A spirit I am indeed,

FTLN 2452 But am in that dimension grossly clad  
 FTLN 2453 Which from the womb I did participate. 250  
 FTLN 2454 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
 FTLN 2455 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek  
 FTLN 2456 And say "Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola."

VIOLA

FTLN 2457 My father had a mole upon his brow.

FTLN 2458 SEBASTIAN And so had mine. 255

VIOLA

FTLN 2459 And died that day when Viola from her birth  
 FTLN 2460 Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 2461 O, that record is lively in my soul!  
 FTLN 2462 He finishèd indeed his mortal act  
 FTLN 2463 That day that made my sister thirteen years. 260

VIOLA

FTLN 2464 If nothing lets to make us happy both  
 FTLN 2465 But this my masculine usurped attire,  
 FTLN 2466 Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
 FTLN 2467 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
 FTLN 2468 That I am Viola; which to confirm, 265  
 FTLN 2469 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
 FTLN 2470 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
 FTLN 2471 I was preserved to serve this noble count.  
 FTLN 2472 All the occurrence of my fortune since  
 FTLN 2473 Hath been between this lady and this lord. 270

SEBASTIAN, *['to Olivia']*

FTLN 2474 So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.  
 FTLN 2475 But nature to her bias drew in that.  
 FTLN 2476 You would have been contracted to a maid.  
 FTLN 2477 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:  
 FTLN 2478 You are betrothed both to a maid and man. 275

ORSINO, *['to Olivia']*

FTLN 2479 Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.  
 FTLN 2480 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
 FTLN 2481 I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—  
 FTLN 2482 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
 FTLN 2483 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 280

VIOLA

FTLN 2484 And all those sayings will I over swear,  
 FTLN 2485 And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
 FTLN 2486 As doth that orbèd continent the fire  
 FTLN 2487 That severs day from night.  
 FTLN 2488 ORSINO Give me thy hand, 285  
 FTLN 2489 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

FTLN 2490 The Captain that did bring me first on shore

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2491 | Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,                       |     |
| FTLN 2492 | Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,                                |     |
| FTLN 2493 | A gentleman and follower of my lady's.                               | 290 |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2494 | He shall enlarge him.  |     |
|           | <i>Enter</i> <i>['Feste, the Fool'] with a letter, and Fabian.</i>   |     |
|           | Fetch Malvolio hither.   |     |
| FTLN 2495 | And yet, alas, now I remember me,                                    |     |
| FTLN 2496 | They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.                        |     |
| FTLN 2497 | A most extracting frenzy of mine own                                 | 295 |
| FTLN 2498 | From my remembrance clearly banished his.                            |     |
| FTLN 2499 | <i>['To the Fool.']</i> How does he, sirrah?                         |     |
| FTLN 2500 | FOOL Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's                 |     |
| FTLN 2501 | end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here                    |     |
| FTLN 2502 | writ a letter to you. I should have given 't you today               | 300 |
| FTLN 2503 | morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gospels,                  |     |
| FTLN 2504 | so it skills not much when they are delivered.                       |     |
| FTLN 2505 | OLIVIA Open 't and read it.  |     |
| FTLN 2506 | FOOL Look then to be well edified, when the Fool                     |     |
| FTLN 2507 | delivers the madman. <i>['He reads.']</i> <i>By the Lord,</i>        | 305 |
| FTLN 2508 | <i>madam—</i>  |     |
| FTLN 2509 | OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?  |     |
| FTLN 2510 | FOOL No, madam, I do but read madness. An your                       |     |
| FTLN 2511 | Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must                    |     |
| FTLN 2512 | allow <i>vox</i> .   | 310 |
| FTLN 2513 | OLIVIA Prithee, read i' thy right wits.                              |     |
| FTLN 2514 | FOOL So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to              |     |
| FTLN 2515 | read thus. Therefore, perpend, my princess, and                      |     |
| FTLN 2516 | give ear.  |     |
| FTLN 2517 | OLIVIA, <i>['giving letter to Fabian']</i> Read it you, sirrah.      | 315 |
| FTLN 2518 | FABIAN ( <i>reads</i> ) <i>By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and</i> |     |
| FTLN 2519 | <i>the world shall know it. Though you have put me into</i>          |     |
| FTLN 2520 | <i>darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over</i>              |     |
| FTLN 2521 | <i>me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your</i>       |     |
| FTLN 2522 | <i>Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to</i>           | 320 |
| FTLN 2523 |  |     |

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2524 | <i>the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but</i>  |     |
| FTLN 2525 | <i>to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of</i>     |     |
| FTLN 2526 | <i>me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of</i> |     |
| FTLN 2527 | <i>and speak out of my injury.</i>                             |     |
| FTLN 2528 | <i>The madly used Malvolio.</i>                                | 325 |
| FTLN 2529 | OLIVIA Did he write this?                                      |     |
| FTLN 2530 | FOOL Ay, madam.  |     |
|           | ORSINO   |     |
| FTLN 2531 | This savors not much of distraction.                           |     |
|           | OLIVIA   |     |
| FTLN 2532 | See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.                   |     |
|           | <i>〔Fabian exits.〕</i>   |     |
| FTLN 2533 | <i>〔To Orsino.〕</i> My lord, so please you, these things       | 330 |
| FTLN 2534 | further thought on,  |     |
| FTLN 2535 | To think me as well a sister as a wife,                        |     |
| FTLN 2536 | One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please              |     |
| FTLN 2537 | you,   |     |
| FTLN 2538 | Here at my house, and at my proper cost.                       | 335 |
|           | ORSINO   |     |
| FTLN 2539 | Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.                    |     |
| FTLN 2540 | <i>〔To Viola.〕</i> Your master quits you; and for your         |     |
| FTLN 2541 | service done him,  |     |
| FTLN 2542 | So much against the mettle of your sex,                        |     |
| FTLN 2543 | So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,                  | 340 |
| FTLN 2544 | And since you called me "master" for so long,                  |     |
| FTLN 2545 | Here is my hand. You shall from this time be                   |     |
| FTLN 2546 | Your master's mistress.  |     |
| FTLN 2547 | OLIVIA, <i>〔to Viola〕</i> A sister! You are she.               |     |
|           | <i>Enter Malvolio 〔and Fabian.〕</i>                            |     |
|           | ORSINO   |     |
| FTLN 2548 | Is this the madman?  | 345 |
| FTLN 2549 | OLIVIA Ay, my lord, this same.—                                |     |
| FTLN 2550 | How now, Malvolio?   |     |
| FTLN 2551 | MALVOLIO Madam, you have done me                               |     |
| FTLN 2552 | wrong,   |     |
| FTLN 2553 | Notorious wrong.   | 350 |

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| FTLN 2554 | OLIVIA    | Have I, Malvolio? No.                                |     |
|           | MALVOLIO, | <i>handing her a paper</i>                           |     |
| FTLN 2555 |           | Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.         |     |
| FTLN 2556 |           | You must not now deny it is your hand.               |     |
| FTLN 2557 |           | Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,         |     |
| FTLN 2558 |           | Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.       | 355 |
| FTLN 2559 |           | You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,       |     |
| FTLN 2560 |           | And tell me, in the modesty of honor,                |     |
| FTLN 2561 |           | Why you have given me such clear lights of favor?    |     |
| FTLN 2562 |           | Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,      |     |
| FTLN 2563 |           | To put on yellow stockings, and to frown             | 360 |
| FTLN 2564 |           | Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?                |     |
| FTLN 2565 |           | And, acting this in an obedient hope,                |     |
| FTLN 2566 |           | Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,           |     |
| FTLN 2567 |           | Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,         |     |
| FTLN 2568 |           | And made the most notorious geck and gull            | 365 |
| FTLN 2569 |           | That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.          |     |
|           | OLIVIA    |  |     |
| FTLN 2570 |           | Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,              |     |
| FTLN 2571 |           | Though I confess much like the character.            |     |
| FTLN 2572 |           | But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.              |     |
| FTLN 2573 |           | And now I do bethink me, it was she                  | 370 |
| FTLN 2574 |           | First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling, |     |
| FTLN 2575 |           | And in such forms which here were presupposed        |     |
| FTLN 2576 |           | Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.        |     |
| FTLN 2577 |           | This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee.   |     |
| FTLN 2578 |           | But when we know the grounds and authors of it,      | 375 |
| FTLN 2579 |           | Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge       |     |
| FTLN 2580 |           | Of thine own cause.                                  |     |
| FTLN 2581 | FABIAN    | Good madam, hear me speak,                           |     |
| FTLN 2582 |           | And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come              |     |
| FTLN 2583 |           | Taint the condition of this present hour,            | 380 |
| FTLN 2584 |           | Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,      |     |
| FTLN 2585 |           | Most freely I confess, myself and Toby               |     |
| FTLN 2586 |           | Set this device against Malvolio here,               |     |
| FTLN 2587 |           | Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts             |     |
| FTLN 2588 |           | We had conceived against him. Maria writ             | 385 |

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| FTLN 2589 | The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,                    |     |
| FTLN 2590 | In recompense whereof he hath married her.                    |     |
| FTLN 2591 | How with a sportful malice it was followed                    |     |
| FTLN 2592 | May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,                    |     |
| FTLN 2593 | If that the injuries be justly weighed                        | 390 |
| FTLN 2594 | That have on both sides passed.                               |     |
|           | OLIVIA, <i>「to Malvolio」</i>                                  |     |
| FTLN 2595 | Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!                  |     |
| FTLN 2596 | FOOL Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness,       |     |
| FTLN 2597 | and some have greatness thrown upon them."                    |     |
| FTLN 2598 | I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir,        | 395 |
| FTLN 2599 | but that's all one. "By the Lord, Fool, I am not              |     |
| FTLN 2600 | mad"—but, do you remember "Madam, why laugh                   |     |
| FTLN 2601 | you at such a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's           |     |
| FTLN 2602 | gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in             |     |
| FTLN 2603 | his revenges.   | 400 |
|           | MALVOLIO  |     |
| FTLN 2604 | I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you! <i>「He exits.」</i> |     |
|           | OLIVIA  |     |
| FTLN 2605 | He hath been most notoriously abused.                         |     |
|           | ORSINO  |     |
| FTLN 2606 | Pursue him and entreat him to a peace. <i>「Some exit.」</i>    |     |
| FTLN 2607 | He hath not told us of the Captain yet.                       |     |
| FTLN 2608 | When that is known, and golden time convents,                 | 405 |
| FTLN 2609 | A solemn combination shall be made                            |     |
| FTLN 2610 | Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,                    |     |
| FTLN 2611 | We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come,                   |     |
| FTLN 2612 | For so you shall be while you are a man.                      |     |
| FTLN 2613 | But when in other habits you are seen,                        | 410 |
| FTLN 2614 | Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.                     |     |
|           | <i>「All but the Fool」 exit.</i>                               |     |
|           | FOOL <i>sings</i>   |     |
| FTLN 2615 | <i>When that I was and a little tiny boy,</i>                 |     |
| FTLN 2616 | <i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 2617 | <i>A foolish thing was but a toy,</i>                         |     |
| FTLN 2618 | <i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>                     | 415 |

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| FTLN 2619 | <i>But when I came to man's estate,</i>                |     |
| FTLN 2620 | <i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>            |     |
| FTLN 2621 | <i>'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,</i> |     |
| FTLN 2622 | <i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>              |     |
| FTLN 2623 | <i>But when I came, alas, to wive,</i>                 | 420 |
| FTLN 2624 | <i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>            |     |
| FTLN 2625 | <i>By swaggering could I never thrive,</i>             |     |
| FTLN 2626 | <i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>              |     |
| FTLN 2627 | <i>But when I came unto my beds,</i>                   |     |
| FTLN 2628 | <i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>            | 425 |
| FTLN 2629 | <i>With tosspots still had drunken heads,</i>          |     |
| FTLN 2630 | <i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>              |     |
| FTLN 2631 | <i>A great while ago the world begun,</i>              |     |
| FTLN 2632 | <i>「With」 hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>          |     |
| FTLN 2633 | <i>But that's all one, our play is done,</i>           | 430 |
| FTLN 2634 | <i>And we'll strive to please you every day.</i>       |     |
|           | <i>「He exits.」</i>                                     |     |

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