

Twelve Night, Or what you will.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



DjVu Editions E-books



© 2001, Global Language Resources, Inc.

Shakespeare: First Folio

Table of Contents

Twelfth Night, Or what you will	1
<i>Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.</i>	1
<i>Scena Secunda.</i>	2
<i>Scaena Tertia.</i>	3
<i>Scena Quarta.</i>	6
<i>Scena Quinta.</i>	7
<i>Finis, Actus primus.</i>	14
<i>Actus Secundus, Scaena prima.</i>	14
<i>Scaena Secunda.</i>	16
<i>Scoena Tertia.</i>	17
<i>Scena Quarta.</i>	21
<i>Scena Quinta.</i>	24
<i>Finis Actus secundus</i>	28
<i>Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.</i>	28
<i>Scoena Secunda.</i>	32
<i>Scaena Tertia.</i>	34
<i>Scoena Quarta.</i>	35
<i>Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.</i>	44
<i>Scoena Secunda.</i>	45
<i>Scaena Tertia.</i>	48
<i>Finis Actus Quartus.</i>	49
<i>Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</i>	49

Twelve Night, Or what you will

Y2

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

2 *Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other*
 3 *Lords.*
 4 *Duke.*
 5 If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
 6 Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
 7 The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
 8 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
 9 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
 10 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
 11 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
 12 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 13 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
 14 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
 15 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
 16 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
 17 But falles into abatement, and low price
 18 Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
 19 That it alone, is high fantastickall.
 20 *Cu.* Will you go hunt my Lord?
 21 *Du.* What *Curio*?
 22 *Cu.* The Hart.
 23 *Du.* Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
 24 O when mine eyes did see *Oliuia* first,
 25 Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
 26 That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
 27 And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
 28 Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?
 29 *Enter Valentine.*
 30 *Val.* So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
 31 But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
 32 The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
 33 Shall not behold her face at ample view:
 34 But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
 35 And water once a day her Chamber round
 36 With eye- offending brine: all this to season
 37 A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
 38 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
 39 *Du.* O she that hath a heart of that fine frame

40 To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
 41 How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
 42 Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
 43 That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
 44 These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
 45 Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
 46 Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
 47 Loue- thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
 48 *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

50 *Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.*
 51 *Vio.* What Country (Friends) is this?
 52 *Cap.* This is Illyria Ladie.
 53 *Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?
 54 My brother he is in Elizium,
 55 Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?
 56 *Cap.* It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.
 57 *Vio.* O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.
 58 *Cap.* True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
 59 Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
 60 When you, and those poore number saued with you,
 61 Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
 62 Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
 63 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
 64 To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:
 65 Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
 66 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
 67 So long as I could see.
 68 *Vio.* For saying so, there's Gold:
 69 Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
 70 Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
 71 The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?
 72 *Cap.* I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
 73 Not three houres trauaile from this very place.
 74 *Vio.* Who gouernes heere?
 75 *Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
 76 *Vio.* What is his name?
 77 *Cap.* *Orsino*.
 78 *Vio.* *Orsino*: I haue heard my father name him.
 79 He was a Batchellor then.
 80 *Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late:
 81 For but a month ago I went from hence,

82 And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
 83 What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of.)
 84 That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.
 85 *Vio*. What's shee?
 86 *Cap*. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
 87 That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
 88 In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
 89 Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
 90 (They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
 91 And company of men.
 92 *Vio*. O that I seru'd that Lady,
 93 And might not be deliuered to the world [Y2v
 94 Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
 95 What my estate is.
 96 *Cap*. That were hard to compasse,
 97 Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
 98 No, not the Dukes.
 99 *Vio*. There is a faire behaiour in thee Captaine,
 100 And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
 101 Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
 102 I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites
 103 With this thy faire and outward charracter.
 104 I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
 105 Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
 106 For such disguise as haply shall become
 107 The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,
 108 Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
 109 It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
 110 And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
 111 That will allow me very worth his seruice.
 112 What else may hap, to time I will commit,
 113 Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.
 114 *Cap*. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
 115 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
 116 *Vio*. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scaena Tertia.

118 *Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*
 119 *Sir To*. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
 120 death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemie to
 121 life.
 122 *Mar*. By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlyer
 123 a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions

124 to your ill houres.
 125 *To.* Why let her except, before excepted.
 126 *Ma.* I, but you must confine your selfe within the
 127 modest limits of order.
 128 *To.* Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
 129 these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
 130 these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-selues
 131 in their owne straps.
 132 *Ma.* That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I
 133 heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
 134 knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer
 135 *To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?
 136 *Ma.* I he.
 137 *To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
 138 *Ma.* What's that to th' purpose?
 139 *To.* Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.
 140 *Ma.* I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:
 141 He's a very foole, and a prodigall.
 142 *To.* Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol- de- gam-boys,
 143 and speaks three or four languages word for word
 144 without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.
 145 *Ma.* He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that
 146 he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath
 147 the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-ling,
 148 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
 149 haue the gift of a graue.
 150 *Tob.* By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-ctors
 151 that say so of him. Who are they?
 152 *Ma.* They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly
 153 in your company.
 154 *To.* With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke
 155 to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke
 156 in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
 157 drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a
 158 parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here coms
 159 *Sir Andrew Agueface*.
 160 *Enter Sir Andrew*.
 161 *And.* Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch*?
 162 *To.* Sweet sir *Andrew*.
 163 *And.* Blesse you faire Shrew.
 164 *Mar.* And you too sir.
 165 *Tob.* Accost *Sir Andrew*, accost.
 166 *And.* What's that?
 167 *To.* My Neeces Chamber- maid.
 168 *Ma.* Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance
 169 *Ma.* My name is *Mary* sir.

170 *And.* Good mistress *Mary*, accost.
 171 *To.* You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
 172 her, woe her, assaile her.
 173 *And.* By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
 174 company. Is that the meaning of Accost?
 175 *Ma.* Far you well Gentlemen.
 176 *To.* And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou
 177 mightst neuer draw sword agen.
 178 *And.* And you part so mistress, I would I might neuer
 179 draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
 180 fooles in hand?
 181 *Ma.* Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.
 182 *An.* Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.
 183 *Ma.* Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
 184 hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.
 185 *An.* Wherefore (sweet- heart?) What's your Meta-phor?
 187 *Ma.* It's dry sir.
 188 *And.* Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
 189 can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?
 190 *Ma.* A dry iest Sir.
 191 *And.* Are you full of them?
 192 *Ma.* I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
 193 I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*
 194 *To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did
 195 I see thee so put downe?
 196 *An.* Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Ca-narie
 197 put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
 198 more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
 199 am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme
 200 to my wit.
 201 *To.* No question.
 202 *An.* And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride
 203 home to morrow sir *Toby*.
 204 *To.* *Pur- quoy* my deere knight?
 205 *An.* What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had
 206 bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing
 207 dancing, and beare- bayting: O had I but followed the
 208 Arts.
 209 *To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.
 210 *An.* Why, would that haue mended my haire?
 211 *To.* Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my |(nature
 212 *An.* But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?
 213 *To.* Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope
 214 to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.
 215 *An.* Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your niece wil
 216 not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me:

217 the Count himselfe here hard by, wooes her.
 218 *To.* Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match about hir
 219 degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her
 220 swear't. Tut there's life in't man. [Y3
 221 *And.* Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th
 222 strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Re-uels
 223 sometimes altogether.
 224 *To.* Art thou good at these kicke- chawses Knight?
 225 *And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder
 226 the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with
 227 an old man.
 228 *To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
 229 *And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.
 230 *To.* And I can cut the Mutton too't.
 231 *And.* And I thinke I haue the backe- tricke, simply as
 232 strong as any man in Illyria.
 233 *To.* Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue
 234 these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
 235 dust, like mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe
 236 to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?
 237 My verie walke should be a Iigge: I would not so much
 238 as make water but in a Sinke- a- pace: What dooest thou
 239 meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by
 240 the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vn-der
 241 the starre of a Galliard.
 242 *And.* I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
 243 dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?
 244 *To.* What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder
 245 Taurus?
 246 *And.* Taurus? That sides and heart.
 247 *To.* No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee ca-per.
 248 Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

250 *Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.*
 251 *Val.* If the Duke continue these fauours towards you
 252 *Cesario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known
 253 you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.
 254 *Vio.* You either feare his humour, or my negligence,
 255 that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is
 256 he inconstant sir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeeue me.
 257 *Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*
 258 *Vio.* I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

259 *Duke.* Who saw *Cesario* here?
 260 *Vio.* On your attendance my Lord here.
 261 *Du.* Stand you a- while aloofe. *Cesario*,
 262 Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd
 263 To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.
 264 Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,
 265 Be not deny'de accesse, stand at her doores,
 266 And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
 267 Till thou haue audience.
 268 *Vio.* Sure my Noble Lord,
 269 If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
 270 As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.
 271 *Du.* Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
 272 Rather then make vnprofitable returne,
 273 *Vio.* Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?
 274 *Du.* O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,
 275 Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;
 276 It shall become thee well to act my woes:
 277 She will attend it better in thy youth,
 278 Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.
 279 *Vio.* I thinke not so, my Lord.
 280 *Du.* Deere Lad, beleuee it;
 281 For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
 282 That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
 283 Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
 284 Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
 285 And all is semblatiue a womans part.
 286 I know thy constellation is right apt
 287 For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
 288 All if you will: for I my selfe am best
 289 When least in companie: prosper well in this,
 290 And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
 291 To call his fortunes thine.
 292 *Vio.* Ile do my best
 293 To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,
 294 Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

296 *Enter Maria, and Clowne.*
 297 *Ma.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
 298 not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in way
 299 of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.
 300 *Clo.* Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this

301 world, needs to feare no colours.
 302 *Ma.* Make that good.
 303 *Clo.* He shall see none to feare.
 304 *Ma.* A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y
 305 saying was borne, of I feare no colours.
 306 *Clo.* Where good mistris *Mary*?
 307 *Ma.* In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in
 308 your foolerie.
 309 *Clo.* Well, God giue them wisdome that haue it: &
 310 those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.
 311 *Ma.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
 312 or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to
 313 you?
 314 *Clo.* Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage:
 315 and for turning away, let summer beare it out.
 316 *Ma.* You are resolute then?
 317 *Clo.* Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points
 318 *Ma.* That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both
 319 breake, your gaskins fall.
 320 *Clo.* Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if
 321 sir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
 322 of *Eues* flesh, as any in Illyria.
 323 *Ma.* Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my
 324 Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.
 325 *Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.*
 326 *Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:
 327 those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue
 328 fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a
 329 wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole,
 330 then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.
 331 *Ol.* Take the foole away.
 332 *Clo.* Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.
 333 *Ol.* Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be-sides
 334 you grow dis- honest.
 335 *Clo.* Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
 336 wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole
 337 not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
 338 he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher
 339 mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu
 340 that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a-mends,
 341 is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple
 342 Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, what remedy? [Y3v
 343 As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
 344 flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I
 345 say againe, take her away.
 346 *Ol.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

347 *Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus*
 348 *non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not
 349 motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to
 350 proue you a foole.
 351 *Ol.* Can you do it?
 352 *Clo.* Dexteriously, good *Madona*.
 353 *Ol.* Make your prooffe.
 354 *Clo.* I must catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my
 355 Mouse of vertue answer mee.
 356 *Ol.* Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
 357 prooffe.
 358 *Clo.* Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?
 359 *Ol.* Good foole, for my brothers death.
 360 *Clo.* I thinke his soule is in hell, *Madona*.
 361 *Ol.* I know his soule is in heauen, foole.
 362 *Clo.* The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your
 363 Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,
 364 Gentlemen.
 365 *Ol.* What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he
 366 not mend?
 367 *Mal.* Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
 368 him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the
 369 better foole.
 370 *Clow.* God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the
 371 better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that
 372 I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence
 373 that you are no Foole.
 374 *Ol.* How say you to that *Maluolio*?
 375 *Mal.* I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such
 376 a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with
 377 an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone.
 378 Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you
 379 laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest
 380 I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of
 381 fooles, no better then the fooles *Zanies*.
 382 *Ol.* O you are sicke of selfe- loue *Maluolio*, and taste
 383 with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse,
 384 and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird- bolts,
 385 that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slan-der
 386 in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle;
 387 nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do
 388 nothing but reprove.
 389 *Clo.* Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou
 390 speak'st well of fooles.
 391 *Enter Maria.*
 392 *Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentle-man,

393 much desires to speake with you.
 394 *Ol.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?
 395 *Ma* I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and
 396 well attended.
 397 *Ol.* Who of my people hold him in delay?
 398 *Ma.* Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.
 399 *Ol.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but
 400 madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suit
 401 from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you
 402 will, to dismisse it. *Exit Maluo.*
 403 Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & peo-ple
 404 dislike it.
 405 *Clo.* Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest
 406 sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with
 407 braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*
 408 One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia- mater.*
 409 *Ol.* By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the
 410 gate Cosin?
 411 *To.* A Gentleman.
 412 *Ol.* A Gentleman? What Gentleman?
 413 *To.* 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle
 414 herring: How now Sot.
 415 *Clo.* Good Sir *Toby.*
 416 *Ol.* Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by
 417 this Lethargie?
 418 *To.* Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the
 419 gate.
 420 *Ol.* I marry, what is he?
 421 *To.* Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue
 422 me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*
 423 *Ol.* What's a drunken man like, foole?
 424 *Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man:
 425 One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second
 426 maddes him, and a third drownes him.
 427 *Ol.* Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte
 428 o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's
 429 drown'd: go looke after him.
 430 *Clo.* He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall
 431 looke to the madman.
 432 *Enter Maluolio.*
 433 *Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears hee will
 434 speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on
 435 him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak
 436 with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue
 437 a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
 438 speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's

439 fortified against any deniall.
 440 *Ol.* Tell him, he shall not speake with me.
 441 *Mal.* Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at
 442 your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to
 443 a bench, but hee'l speake with you.
 444 *Ol.* What kinde o'man is he?
 445 *Mal.* Why of mankinde.
 446 *Ol.* What manner of man?
 447 *Mal.* Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will
 448 you, or no.
 449 *Ol.* Of what personage, and yeeres is he?
 450 *Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough
 451 for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling
 452 when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa-ter,
 453 betweene boy and man. He is verie well- fauour'd,
 454 and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his
 455 mothers milke were scarce out of him.
 456 *Ol.* Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.
 457 *Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*
 458 *Enter Maria.*
 459 *Ol.* Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
 460 Wee'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.
 461 *Enter Violenta.*
 462 *Vio.* The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?
 463 *Ol.* Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.
 464 *Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beau-tie.
 465 I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
 466 for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my
 467 speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue
 468 taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee su-staine
 469 no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least
 470 sinister vsage.
 471 *Ol.* Whence came you sir?
 472 *Vio.* I can say little more then I haue studied, & that
 473 question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee
 474 modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that | I [Y4
 475 may proceede in my speech.
 476 *Ol.* Are you a Comedian?
 477 *Vio.* No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie
 478 phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you
 479 the Ladie of the house?
 480 *Ol.* If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.
 481 *Vio.* Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your
 482 selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to re-serue.
 483 But this is from my Commission: I will on with
 484 my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of

485 my message.

486 *Ol.* Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you

487 the praise.

488 *Vio.* Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis

489 Poeticall.

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

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

497 *Vio.* No good swabber, I am to hull here a little lon-ger.

498 Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie;

499 tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

500 *Ol.* Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer,
501 when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

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

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

506 What would you?

507 *Vio.* The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I
508 learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I
509 would, are as secret as maiden- head: to your eares, Di-uinity;
510 to any others, prophanation.

511 *Ol.* Giue vs the place alone,

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

513 *Vio.* Most sweet Ladie.

514 *Ol.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide
515 of it. Where lies your Text?

516 *Vio.* In *Orsinoes* bosome.

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

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

519 *Ol.* O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more
520 to say?

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

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

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

528 *Ol.* 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and wea-ther.

530 *Vio.* Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,

531 Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:

532 Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,
 533 If you will leade these graces to the graue,
 534 And leaue the world no copie.
 535 *Ol.* O sir, I will not be so hard- hearted: I will giue
 536 out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried
 537 and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As,
 538 Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
 539 with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth.
 540 Were you sent hither to praise me?
 541 *Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud:
 542 But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
 543 My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue
 544 Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
 545 The non- pareil of beautie.
 546 *Ol.* How does he loue me?
 547 *Vio.* With adorations, fertill teares,
 548 With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.
 549 *Ol.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
 550 Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
 551 Of great estate, of fresh and stainesse youth;
 552 In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
 553 And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
 554 A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:
 555 He might haue tooke his answer long ago.
 556 *Vio.* If I did loue you in my masters flame,
 557 With such a suffring, such a deadly life:
 558 In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
 559 I would not vnderstand it.
 560 *Ol.* Why, what would you?
 561 *Vio.* Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
 562 And call vpon my soule within the house,
 563 Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
 564 And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
 565 Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
 566 And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
 567 Cry out *Oliuia*: O you should not rest
 568 Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
 569 But you should pittie me.
 570 *Ol.* You might do much:
 571 What is your Parentage?
 572 *Vio.* Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
 573 I am a Gentleman.
 574 *Ol.* Get you to your Lord:
 575 I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
 576 Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
 577 To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:

578 I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.
 579 *Vio.* I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
 580 My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
 581 Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,
 582 And let your feruour like my masters be,
 583 Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit*
 584 *Ol.* What is your Parentage?
 585 About my fortunes, yet my state is well;
 586 I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
 587 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
 588 Do giue thee fiue- fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
 589 Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?
 590 Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?
 591 Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
 592 With an inuisible, and subtle stealth
 593 To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 594 What hoa, *Maluolio*.
 595 *Enter Maluolio*.
 596 *Mal.* Heere Madam, at your seruice.
 597 *Ol.* Run after that same peeuish Messenger
 598 The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
 599 Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
 600 Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
 601 Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
 602 If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
 603 Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.
 604 *Mal.* Madam, I will. *Exit*.
 605 *Ol.* I do I know not what, and feare to finde
 606 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde: [Y4v
 607 Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
 608 What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scaena prima.

611 *Enter Antonio & Sebastian.*
 612 *Ant.* Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
 613 I go with you.
 614 *Seb.* By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely
 615 ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps di-stemper

616 yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
617 that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recom-pence
618 for your loue, to lay any of them on you.
619 *Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.
620 *Seb.* No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere
621 extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch
622 of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am
623 willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners,
624 the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee
625 then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodo-rigo*)
626 my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I
627 know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,
628 and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had
629 beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, al-ter'd
630 that, for some houre before you tooke me from the
631 breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.
632 *Ant.* Alas the day.
633 *Seb.* A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resem-bled
634 me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh
635 I could not with such estimable wonder ouer- farre be-leue
636 that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee
637 bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is
638 drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to
639 drowne her remembrance againe with more.
640 *Ant.* Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.
641 *Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.
642 *Ant.* If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee
643 be your seruant.
644 *Seb.* If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is
645 kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare
646 ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I
647 am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the
648 least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am
649 bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*
650 *Ant.* The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
651 I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
652 Else would I very shortly see thee there:
653 But come what may, I do adore thee so,
654 That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scaena Secunda.

656 *Enter Viola and Maluolio, at severall doores.*

657 *Mal.* Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *O-liuia*?

659 *Vio.* Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since a-riu'd
660 but hither.

661 *Mal.* She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might
662 haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your
663 selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord
664 into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one
665 thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe
666 in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking
667 of this: receiue it so.

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

669 *Mal.* Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and
670 her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stoo-ping
671 for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that
672 findes it. *Exit.*

673 *Vio.* I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?

674 Fortune forbid my out- side haue not charm'd her:

675 She made good view of me, indeed so much,

676 That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

677 For she did speake in starts distractedly.

678 She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

679 Inuites me in this churlish messenger:

680 None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;

681 I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

682 Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:

683 Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

684 Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.

685 How easie is it, for the proper false

686 In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:

687 Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

688 For such as we are made, if such we bee:

689 How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,

690 And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:

691 And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:

692 What will become of this? As I am man,

693 My state is desperate for my maisters loue:

694 As I am woman (now alas the day)

695 What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Oliuia* breath?

696 O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,

697 It is too hard a knot for me t' vnty.

Scoena Tertia.

699 *Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

700 *To.* Approach *Sir Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after
701 midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou
702 know'st.

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

705 *To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne.
706 To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early:
707 so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed be-times.
708 Does not our liues consist of the foure Ele-ments?

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

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

714 *Enter Clowne.*

715 *And.* Heere comes the foole yfaith.

716 *Clo.* How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Pic-ture
717 of we three?

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

719 *And.* By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I
720 had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so
721 sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast
722 in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of
723 *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of
724 *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence [Y5
725 for thy Lemon, hadst it?

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

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

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

733 *An.* There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

734 *Clo.* Would you haue a loue- song, or a song of good
735 life?

736 *To.* A loue song, a loue song.

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

738 *Clowne sings.*

739 *O Mistris mine where are you roming?*

740 *O stay and heare, your true loues coming,*

741 *That can sing both high and low.*

742 *Trip no further prettie sweeting.*

743 *Journeys end in louers meeting,*

744 *Euery wise mans sonne doth know.*
 745 *An.* Excellent good, ifaith.
 746 *To.* Good, good.
 747 *Clo.* *What is loue, tis not heereafter,*
 748 *Present mirth, hath present laughter:*
 749 *What's to come, is still vnsecure.*
 750 *In delay there lies no plentie,*
 751 *Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:*
 752 *Youths a stufte will not endure.*
 753 *An.* A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.
 754 *To.* A contagious breath.
 755 *An.* Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.
 756 *To.* To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 757 But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee
 758 rowze the night- Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three
 759 soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?
 760 *And.* And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a
 761 Catch.
 762 *Clo.* Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.
 763 *An.* Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*
 764 *Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue* knight. I shall be con-strain'd
 765 in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.
 766 *An.* 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to
 767 call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
 768 *Clo.* I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.
 769 *An.* Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*
 770 *Enter Maria.*
 771 *Mar.* What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If
 772 my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and
 773 bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.
 774 *To.* My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios*
 775 a Peg- a- ramsie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I
 776 consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La-die,
 777 *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*
 778 *Clo.* Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.
 779 *An.* I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so
 780 do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more
 781 naturall.
 782 *To.* *O the twelfe day of December.*
 783 *Mar.* For the loue o' God peace.
 784 *Enter Maluolio.*
 785 *Mal.* My masters are you mad? Or what are you?
 786 Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble
 787 like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-house
 788 of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-ers
 789 Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?

790 Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
 791 *To.* We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp.
 792 *Mal.* *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady
 793 bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kins-man,
 794 she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can
 795 separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are wel-come
 796 to the house: if not, and it would please you to take
 797 leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
 798 *To.* Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.
 799 *Mar.* Nay good *Sir Toby*.
 800 *Clo.* His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.
 801 *Mal.* Is't euen so?
 802 *To.* But I will neuer dye.
 803 *Clo.* *Sir Toby* there you lye.
 804 *Mal.* This is much credit to you.
 805 *To.* Shall I bid him go.
 806 *Clo.* What and if you do?
 807 *To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
 808 *Clo.* O no, no, no, no, you dare not.
 809 *To.* Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew-ard?
 810 Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there
 811 shall be no more Cakes and Ale?
 812 *Clo.* Yes by *S[aint]*. Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th
 813 mouth too.
 814 *To.* Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with
 815 crums. A stope of Wine *Maria*.
 816 *Mal.* Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour
 817 at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue
 818 meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this
 819 hand. *Exit*
 820 *Mar.* Go shake your eares.
 821 *An.* 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans
 822 a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake
 823 promise with him, and make a foole of him.
 824 *To.* Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile
 825 deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
 826 *Mar.* Sweet *Sir Toby* be patient for to night: Since
 827 the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is
 828 much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone
 829 with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make
 830 him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte e-nough
 831 to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
 832 *To.* Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.
 833 *Mar.* Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.
 834 *An.* O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.
 835 *To.* What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,

836 deere knight.
 837 *An.* I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason
 838 good enough.
 839 *Mar.* The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
 840 constantly but a time- pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that
 841 cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.
 842 The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)
 843 with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all
 844 that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will
 845 my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.
 846 *To.* What wilt thou do?
 847 *Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of
 848 loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his
 849 legge, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye,
 850 forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most
 851 feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie
 852 your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
 853 distinction of our hands.
 854 *To.* Excellent, I smell a deuce.
 855 *An.* I hau't in my nose too.
 856 *To.* He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop [Y5v
 857 that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue
 858 with him.
 859 *Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.
 860 *An.* And your horse now would make him an Asse.
 861 *Mar.* Asse, I doubt not.
 862 *An.* O twill be admirable.
 863 *Mar.* Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phy-sicke
 864 will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let
 865 the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter:
 866 obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and
 867 dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*
 868 *To.* Good night *Penthsilea.*
 869 *An.* Before me she's a good wench.
 870 *To.* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me:
 871 what o'that?
 872 *An.* I was ador'd once too.
 873 *To.* Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for
 874 more money.
 875 *An.* If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way
 876 out.
 877 *To.* Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th
 878 end, call me Cut.
 879 *An.* If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.
 880 *To.* Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late
 881 to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

883 *Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*
 884 *Du.* Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.
 885 Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song,
 886 That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
 887 Me thought it did releuee my passion much,
 888 More then light ayres, and recollected termes
 889 Of these most briske and giddy- paced times.
 890 Come, but one verse.
 891 *Cur.* He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that
 892 should sing it?
 893 *Du.* Who was it?
 894 *Cur.* *Feste* the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie
 895 *Oliuiaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the
 896 house.
 897 *Du.* Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.
 898 *Musicke playes.*
 899 Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
 900 In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
 901 For such as I am, all true Louers are,
 902 Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else,
 903 Saue in the constant image of the creature
 904 That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?
 905 *Vio.* It giues a verie eccho to the seate
 906 Where loue is thron'd.
 907 *Du.* Thou dost speake masterly,
 908 My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
 909 Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues:
 910 Hath it not boy?
 911 *Vio.* A little, by your fauour.
 912 *Du.* What kinde of woman ist?
 913 *Vio.* Of your complection.
 914 *Du.* She is not worth thee then. What yeeres ifaith?
 915 *Vio.* About your yeeres my Lord.
 916 *Du.* Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
 917 An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
 918 So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
 919 For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
 920 Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm, e,
 921 More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
 922 Then womens are.
 923 *Vio.* I thinke it well my Lord.

924 *Du.* Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
 925 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
 926 For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
 927 Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.
 928 *Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so:
 929 To die, euen when they to perfection grow.
 930 *Enter Curio & Clowne.*
 931 *Du.* O fellow come, the song we had last night:
 932 Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
 933 The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
 934 And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
 935 Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
 936 And dallies with the innocence of loue,
 937 Like the old age.
 938 *Clo.* Are you ready Sir?
 939 *Duke.* I prethee sing. *Musicke.*
 940 *The Song.*
 941 *Come away, come away death,*
 942 *And in sad cypresse let me be laide.*
 943 *Fye away, fie away breath,*
 944 *I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:*
 945 *My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.*
 946 *My part of death no one so true did share it.*
 947 *Not a flower, not a flower sweete*
 948 *On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:*
 949 *Not a friend, not a friend greet*
 950 *My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:*
 951 *A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where*
 952 *Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.*
 953 *Du.* There's for thy paines.
 954 *Clo.* No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.
 955 *Du.* Ile pay thy pleasure then.
 956 *Clo.* Truly sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or
 957 another.
 958 *Du.* Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.
 959 *Clo.* Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
 960 Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
 961 minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constan-cie
 962 put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing,
 963 and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes
 964 makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*
 965 *Du.* Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,
 966 Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
 967 Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
 968 Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
 969 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:

970 Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
 971 But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
 972 That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.
 973 *Vio.* But if she cannot loue you sir.
 974 *Du.* It cannot be so answer'd.
 975 *Vio.* Sooth but you must.
 976 Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
 977 Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
 978 As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:
 979 You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?
 980 *Du.* There is no womans sides [Y6
 981 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
 982 As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
 983 So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
 984 Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
 985 No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
 986 That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
 987 But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
 988 And can digest as much, make no compare
 989 Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
 990 And that I owe *Oliuia*.
 991 *Vio.* I but I know.
 992 *Du.* What dost thou knowe?
 993 *Vio.* Too well what loue women to men may owe:
 994 In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
 995 My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
 996 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
 997 I should your Lordship.
 998 *Du.* And what's her history?
 999 *Vio.* A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,
 1000 But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
 1001 Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
 1002 And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
 1003 She sate like Patience on a Monument,
 1004 Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
 1005 We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
 1006 Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
 1007 Much in our voves, but little in our loue.
 1008 *Du.* But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?
 1009 *Vio.* I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
 1010 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
 1011 Sir, shall I to this Lady?
 1012 *Du.* I that's the Theame,
 1013 To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,
 1014 My loue can giue no place, bide no deny. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

1016 *Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

1017 *To.* Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

1018 *Fab.* Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
1019 let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

1020 *To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard-ly
1021 Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

1022 *Fa.* I would exult man: you know he brought me out
1023 o' fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

1024 *To.* To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and
1025 we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *An-drew*?

1027 *An.* And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

1028 *Enter Maria.*

1029 *To.* Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
1030 Mettle of India?

1031 *Mar.* Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's*
1032 comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
1033 Sunne practising behaiour to his own shadow this halfe
1034 houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
1035 this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close
1036 in the name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes
1037 the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

1038 *Enter Maluolio.*

1039 *Mal.* 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once
1040 told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come
1041 thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of
1042 my complection. Besides she vses me with a more ex-alted
1043 respect, then any one else that followes her. What
1044 should I thinke on't?

1045 *To.* Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

1046 *Fa.* Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
1047 Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

1048 *And.* Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

1049 *To.* Peace I say.

1050 *Mal.* To be Count *Maluolio*.

1051 *To.* Ah Rogue.

1052 *An.* Pistoll him, pistoll him.

1053 *To.* Peace, peace.

1054 *Mal.* There is example for't: The Lady of the *Stra-chy*,
1055 married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

1056 *An.* Fie on him Iezabel.

1057 *Fa.* O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-nation
1058 blowes him.

1059 *Mal.* Hauing beene three moneths married to her,
1060 sitting in my state.

1061 *To.* O for a stone- bow to hit him in the eye.
 1062 *Mal.* Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
 1063 Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
 1064 haue left *Oliuia* sleeping.
 1065 *To.* Fire and Brimstone.
 1066 *Fa.* O peace, peace.
 1067 *Mal.* And then to haue the humor of state: and after
 1068 a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
 1069 place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
 1070 kinsman *Toby*.
 1071 *To.* Boltes and shackles.
 1072 *Fa.* Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.
 1073 *Mal.* Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
 1074 make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
 1075 winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell:
 1076 *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.
 1077 *To.* Shall this fellow liue?
 1078 *Fa.* Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
 1079 yet peace.
 1080 *Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
 1081 familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.
 1082 *To.* And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes,
 1083 then?
 1084 *Mal.* Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast
 1085 me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.
 1086 *To.* What, what?
 1087 *Mal.* You must amend your drunkennesse.
 1088 *To.* Out scab.
 1089 *Fab.* Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
 1090 plot?
 1091 *Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
 1092 with a foolish knight.
 1093 *And.* That's mee I warrant you.
 1094 *Mal.* One sir *Andrew*.
 1095 *And.* I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.
 1096 *Mal.* What employment haue we heere?
 1097 *Fa.* Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.
 1098 *To.* Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-ding
 1099 aloud to him.
 1100 *Mal.* By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her
 1101 very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes shee her
 1102 great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.
 1103 *An.* Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?
 1104 *Mal.* To the vnknowne below'd, this, and my good Wishes:
 1105 Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the im-pressure
 1106 her *Lucrece*, with which she vses to seale: tis my

1107 Lady: To whom should this be?
 1108 *Fab.* This winnes him, Liuer and all. [Y6v
 1109 *Mal.* *Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no*
 1110 *man must know.* No man must know. What followes?
 1111 The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
 1112 If this should be thee *Maluolio*?
 1113 *To.* Marrie hang thee brocke.
 1114 *Mal.* *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lu-cresse*
 1115 *knife:*
 1116 *With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth*
 1117 *sway my life.*
 1118 *Fa.* A fustian riddle.
 1119 *To.* Excellent Wench, say I.
 1120 *Mal.* *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first
 1121 let me see, let me see, let me see.
 1122 *Fab.* What dish a poyson has she drest him?
 1123 *To.* And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?
 1124 *Mal.* *I may command, where I adore:* Why shee may
 1125 command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is
 1126 euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction
 1127 in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall po-sition
 1128 portend, if I could make that resemble something
 1129 in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*
 1130 *To.* O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.
 1131 *Fab.* Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee
 1132 as ranke as a Fox.
 1133 *Mal.* *M. Maluolio, M.* why that begins my name.
 1134 *Fab.* Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre
 1135 is excellent at faults.
 1136 *Mal.* *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell
 1137 that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.*
 1138 does.
 1139 *Fa.* And *O* shall end, I hope.
 1140 *To.* I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*
 1141 *Mal.* And then *I.* comes behind.
 1142 *Fa.* I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might
 1143 see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before
 1144 you.
 1145 *Mal.* *M,O,A,I.* This simulation is not as the former:
 1146 and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for e-uery
 1147 one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol-lowes
 1148 prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars
 1149 I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some
 1150 are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some
 1151 haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr
 1152 hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-vre

1153 thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble
 1154 slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,
 1155 surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of
 1156 state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee
 1157 thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who
 1158 commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee
 1159 euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art
 1160 made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a ste-ward
 1161 still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to
 1162 touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter
 1163 seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and
 1164 champion discourers not more: This is open, I will bee
 1165 proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir
 1166 *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point
 1167 deuse, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let
 1168 imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this,
 1169 that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow
 1170 stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse- garter'd,
 1171 and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, &
 1172 with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of
 1173 her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee
 1174 strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,
 1175 euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my
 1176 starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst*
 1177 *not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let*
 1178 *it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. There-fore*
 1179 *in my presence still smile, deero my sweete, I prethee. Ioue*
 1180 I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou
 1181 wilt haue me. *Exit*
 1182 *Fab.* I will not giue my part of this sport for a pensi-on
 1183 of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.
 1184 *To.* I could marry this wench for this deuce.
 1185 *An.* So could I too.
 1186 *To.* And aske no other dowry with her, but such ano-ther
 1187 iest.
 1188 *Enter Maria.*
 1189 *An.* Nor I neither.
 1190 *Fab.* Heere comes my noble gull catcher.
 1191 *To.* Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.
 1192 *An.* Or o'mine either?
 1193 *To.* Shall I play my freedome at tray- trip, and becom
 1194 thy bondslaue?
 1195 *An.* Ifaith, or I either?
 1196 *Tob.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that
 1197 when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.
 1198 *Ma.* Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

1199 *To.* Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.
 1200 *Mar.* If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark
 1201 his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her
 1202 in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and
 1203 crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile
 1204 vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her dispo-sition,
 1205 being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it
 1206 cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil
 1207 see it follow me.
 1208 *To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell
 1209 of wit.
 1210 *And.* Ile make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

1213 *Enter Viola and Clowne.*
 1214 *Vio.* Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue
 1215 by thy Tabor?
 1216 *Clo.* No sir, I liue by the Church.
 1217 *Vio.* Art thou a Churchman?
 1218 *Clo.* No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For,
 1219 I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the
 1220 Church.
 1221 *Vio.* So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a
 1222 begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Ta-bor,
 1223 if thy Tabor stand by the Church.
 1224 *Clo.* You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is
 1225 but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the
 1226 wrong side may be turn'd outward.
 1227 *Vio.* Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with
 1228 words, may quickly make them wanton.
 1229 *Clo.* I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.
 1230 *Vio.* Why man?
 1231 *Clo.* Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with
 1232 that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede,
 1233 words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.
 1234 *Vio.* Thy reason man? [Z1
 1235 *Clo.* Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes,
 1236 and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue rea-son

1237 with them.

1238 *Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for
1239 nothing.

1240 *Clo.* Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my con-science
1241 sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for no-thing
1242 sir, I would it would make you inuisible.

1243 *Vio.* Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia's* foole?
1244 *Clo.* No indeed sir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, shee
1245 will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are
1246 as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Hus-bands
1247 the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir cor-rupter
1248 of words.

1249 *Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.
1250 *Clo.* Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the
1251 Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the
1252 Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mi-stris:
1253 I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

1254 *Vio.* Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with
1255 thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

1256 *Clo.* Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send
1257 thee a beard.

1258 *Vio.* By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for
1259 one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is
1260 thy Lady within?

1261 *Clo.* Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?
1262 *Vio.* Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

1263 *Clo.* I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring
1264 a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

1265 *Vio.* I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd.
1266 *Clo.* The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a
1267 begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I
1268 will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and
1269 what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Ele-ment,
1270 but the word is ouer- worne. *exit*

1271 *Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
1272 And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
1273 He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,
1274 The quality of persons, and the time:
1275 And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
1276 That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
1277 As full of labour as a Wise- mans Art:
1278 For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
1279 But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

1280 *Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.*

1281 *To.* Saue you Gentleman.
1282 *Vio.* And you sir.

1283 *And. Dieu vou guard Monsieur.*
 1284 *Vio. Et vous ousie vostre seruiture.*
 1285 *An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.*
 1286 *To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desi-rous*
 1287 *you should enter, if your trade be to her.*
 1288 *Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the*
 1289 *list of my voyage.*
 1290 *To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.*
 1291 *Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vn-derstand*
 1292 *what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.*
 1293 *To. I meane to go sir, to enter.*
 1294 *Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we*
 1295 *are preuented.*
 1296 *Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.*
 1297 *Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine O-dours*
 1298 *on you.*
 1299 *And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.*
 1300 *Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne*
 1301 *most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.*
 1302 *And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em*
 1303 *all three already.*
 1304 *Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to*
 1305 *my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.*
 1306 *Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice.*
 1307 *Ol. What is your name?*
 1308 *Vio. Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse.*
 1309 *Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,*
 1310 *Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:*
 1311 *Y'are seruant to the Count Orsino youth.*
 1312 *Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:*
 1313 *Your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.*
 1314 *Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,*
 1315 *Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.*
 1316 *Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts*
 1317 *On his behalfe.*
 1318 *Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.*
 1319 *I bad you neuer speake againe of him;*
 1320 *But would you vndertake another suite*
 1321 *I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,*
 1322 *Then Musicke from the spheares.*
 1323 *Vio. Deere Lady.*
 1324 *Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,*
 1325 *After the last enchantment you did heare,*
 1326 *A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse*
 1327 *My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:*
 1328 *Vnder your hard construction must I sit,*

1329 To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
 1330 Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
 1331 Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
 1332 And baited it with all th' vnmuzled thoughts
 1333 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
 1334 Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
 1335 Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.
 1336 *Vio.* I pittie you.
 1337 *Ol.* That's a degree to loue.
 1338 *Vio.* No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe
 1339 That verie oft we pittie enemies.
 1340 *Ol.* Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
 1341 O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
 1342 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 1343 To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?
 1344 *Clocke strikes.*
 1345 The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:
 1346 Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
 1347 And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
 1348 Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
 1349 There lies your way, due West.
 1350 *Vio.* Then Westward hoe:
 1351 Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
 1352 You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:
 1353 *Ol.* Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?
 1354 *Vio.* That you do thinke you are not what you are.
 1355 *Ol.* If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.
 1356 *Vio.* Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.
 1357 *Ol.* I would you were, as I would haue you be.
 1358 *Vio.* Would it be better Madam, then I am?
 1359 I wish it might, for now I am your foole.
 1360 *Ol.* O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?
 1361 In the contempt and anger of his lip,
 1362 A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
 1363 Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
 1364 *Cesario*, by the Roses of the Spring,
 1365 By maid- hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
 1366 I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride, [Z1v
 1367 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
 1368 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 1369 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
 1370 But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
 1371 Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.
 1372 *Vio.* By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
 1373 I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
 1374 And that no woman has, nor neuer none

1375 Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.
 1376 And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
 1377 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.
 1378 *Ol.* Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
 1379 That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

1381 *Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
 1382 *And.* No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:
 1383 *To.* Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.
 1384 *Fab.* You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *An-drew*?
 1386 *And.* Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
 1387 Counts Seruing- man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
 1388 I saw't i'th Orchard.
 1389 *To.* Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.
 1390 *And.* As plaine as I see you now.
 1391 *Fab.* This was a great argument of loue in her toward
 1392 you.
 1393 *And.* S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.
 1394 *Fab.* I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
 1395 iudgement, and reason.
 1396 *To.* And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
 1397 *Noah* was a Saylor.
 1398 *Fab.* Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
 1399 onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
 1400 to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
 1401 you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-lent
 1402 iests, fire- new from the mint, you should haue bangd
 1403 the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your
 1404 hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this oppor-tunitie
 1405 you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into
 1406 the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
 1407 like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-deeme
 1408 it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
 1409 policie.
 1410 *And.* And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
 1411 policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politi-cian.
 1413 *To.* Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
 1414 valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
 1415 hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,
 1416 and assure thy selfe, there is no loue- Broker in the world,
 1417 can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
 1418 then report of valour.

1419 *Fab.* There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.
 1420 *An.* Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
 1421 *To.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe:
 1422 it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
 1423 inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
 1424 thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-ny
 1425 Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
 1426 sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-land,
 1427 set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e-nough
 1428 in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose- pen,
 1429 no matter: about it.
 1430 *And.* Where shall I finde you?
 1431 *To.* Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.
 1432 *Exit Sir Andrew.*
 1433 *Fa.* This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.
 1434 *To.* I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
 1435 strong, or so.
 1436 *Fa.* We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le
 1437 not deliuer't.
 1438 *To.* Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
 1439 the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine- ropes
 1440 cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
 1441 and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
 1442 foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy.
 1443 *Fab.* And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
 1444 great presage of cruelty.
 1445 *Enter Maria.*
 1446 *To.* Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.
 1447 *Mar.* If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
 1448 selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is tur- ned
 1449 Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
 1450 that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
 1451 beleeeue such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in
 1452 yellow stockings.
 1453 *To.* And crosse garter'd?
 1454 *Mar.* Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a
 1455 Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murthe-rer.
 1456 He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt,
 1457 to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
 1458 then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
 1459 Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hard-ly
 1460 forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
 1461 strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great
 1462 fauour.
 1463 *To.* Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.
 1464 *Exeunt Omnes.*

Scaena Tertia.

1466 *Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.*

1467 *Seb.* I would not by my will haue troubled you,
 1468 But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
 1469 I will no further chide you.

1470 *Ant.* I could not stay behinde you: my desire
 1471 (More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
 1472 And not all loue to see you (though so much
 1473 As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
 1474 But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
 1475 Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
 1476 Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
 1477 Rough, and vnospitable. My willing loue,
 1478 The rather by these arguments of feare
 1479 Set forth in your pursuite.

1480 *Seb.* My kinde *Anthonio*,
 1481 I can no other answer make, but thankes,
 1482 And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
 1483 Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
 1484 But were my worth, as is my conscience firme, [Z2
 1485 You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
 1486 Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

1487 *Ant.* To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

1488 *Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
 1489 I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
 1490 With the memorials, and the things of fame
 1491 That do renowne this City.

1492 *Ant.* Would youl'd pardon me:
 1493 I do not without danger walke these streetes.
 1494 Once in a sea- fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
 1495 I did some seruice, of such note indeede,
 1496 That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

1497 *Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

1498 *Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
 1499 Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
 1500 Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
 1501 It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
 1502 What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
 1503 Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
 1504 For which if I be lapsed in this place
 1505 I shall pay deere.

1506 *Seb.* Do not then walke too open.

1507 *Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
 1508 In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
 1509 Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
 1510 Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
 1511 With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.
 1512 *Seb.* Why I your purse?
 1513 *Ant.* Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
 1514 You haue desire to purchase: and your store
 1515 I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.
 1516 *Seb.* Ile be your purse- bearer, and leaue you
 1517 For an houre.
 1518 *Ant.* To th' Elephant.
 1519 *Seb.* I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

1521 *Enter Oliuia and Maria.*
 1522 *Ol.* I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
 1523 How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
 1524 For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
 1525 I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,
 1526 And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
 1527 Where is *Maluolio*?
 1528 *Mar.* He's comming Madame:
 1529 But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.
 1530 *Ol.* Why what's the matter, does he raue?
 1531 *Mar.* No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La-dyship
 1532 were best to haue some guard about you, if hee
 1533 come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
 1534 *Ol.* Go call him hither.
 1535 *Enter Maluolio.*
 1536 I am as madde as hee,
 1537 If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
 1538 How now *Maluolio*?
 1539 *Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
 1540 *Ol.* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.
 1541 *Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad:
 1542 This does make some obstruction in the blood:
 1543 This crosse- gartering, but what of that?
 1544 If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
 1545 Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
 1546 *Mal.* Why how doest thou man?
 1547 What is the matter with thee?
 1548 *Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my

1549 legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall
 1550 be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane
 1551 hand.
 1552 *Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?
 1553 *Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
 1554 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
 1555 kisse thy hand so oft?
 1556 *Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?
 1557 *Maluo.* At your request:
 1558 Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.
 1559 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-nesse
 1560 before my Lady.
 1561 *Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.
 1562 *Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?
 1563 *Mal.* Some are borne great.
 1564 *Ol.* Ha?
 1565 *Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnesse.
 1566 *Ol.* What sayst thou?
 1567 *Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.
 1568 *Ol.* Heauen restore thee.
 1569 *Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stock-ings.
 1571 *Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?
 1572 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.
 1573 *Ol.* Crosse garter'd?
 1574 *Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.
 1575 *Ol.* Am I made?
 1576 *Mal.* If not, let me see thee a seruant still.
 1577 *Ol.* Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.
 1578 *Enter Seruant.*
 1579 *Ser.* Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
 1580 *Orsino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he
 1581 attends your Ladyships pleasure.
 1582 *Ol.* Ile come to him.
 1583 Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
 1584 Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care
 1585 of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of
 1586 my Dowry. *exit*
 1587 *Mal.* Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse
 1588 man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concures direct-ly
 1589 with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
 1590 appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in
 1591 the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be oppo-site
 1592 with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue
 1593 langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the
 1594 tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the
 1595 manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow

1596 tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth.
 1597 I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me
 1598 thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-low
 1599 be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my
 1600 degree, but Fellow. Why euey thing adheres together,
 1601 that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
 1602 obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What
 1603 can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
 1604 me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I,
 1605 is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.
 1606 *Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.* [Z2v
 1607 *To.* Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all
 1608 the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselve
 1609 possesst him, yet Ile speake to him.
 1610 *Fab.* Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?
 1611 How ist with you man?
 1612 *Mal.* Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate:
 1613 go off.
 1614 *Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him;
 1615 did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue
 1616 a care of him.
 1617 *Mal.* Ah ha, does she so?
 1618 *To.* Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
 1619 gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*?
 1620 How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider,
 1621 he's an enemy to mankinde.
 1622 *Mal.* Do you know what you say?
 1623 *Mar.* La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how
 1624 he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.
 1625 *Fab.* Carry his water to th' wise woman.
 1626 *Mar.* Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning
 1627 if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile
 1628 say.
 1629 *Mal.* How now mistris?
 1630 *Mar.* Oh Lord.
 1631 *To.* Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe
 1632 you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him.
 1633 *Fa.* No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend
 1634 is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.
 1635 *To.* Why how now my bawcock? how dost y chuck?
 1636 *Mal.* Sir.
 1637 *To.* I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for
 1638 grauity to play at cherrie- pit with sathan Hang him foul
 1639 Colliar.
 1640 *Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette
 1641 him to pray.

1642 *Mal.* My prayers Minx.
 1643 *Mar.* No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-nesse.
 1645 *Mal.* Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe
 1646 things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more
 1647 heereafter. *Exit*
 1648 *To.* Ist possible?
 1649 *Fa.* If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could con-demne
 1650 it as an improbable fiction.
 1651 *To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the
 1652 deuce man.
 1653 *Mar.* Nay pursue him now, least the deuce take ayre,
 1654 and taint.
 1655 *Fa.* Why we shall make him mad indeede.
 1656 *Mar.* The house will be the quieter.
 1657 *To.* Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound.
 1658 My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may
 1659 carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our ve-ry
 1660 pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy
 1661 on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuce to the bar
 1662 and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.
 1663 *Enter Sir Andrew.*
 1664 *Fa.* More matter for a May morning.
 1665 *An.* Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's
 1666 vinegar and pepper in't.
 1667 *Fab.* Ist so sawcy?
 1668 *And.* I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.
 1669 *To.* Giue me.
 1670 *Youth,* whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow.
 1671 *Fa.* Good, and valiant.
 1672 *To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call
 1673 thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.
 1674 *Fa.* A good note, that keepes you from the blow of y |(Law
 1675 *To.* Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses
 1676 thee kindly: but thou lvest in thy throat, that is not the matter
 1677 I challenge thee for.
 1678 *Fa.* Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence- lesse.
 1679 *To.* I will way- lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance
 1680 to kill me.
 1681 *Fa.* Good.
 1682 *To.* Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.
 1683 *Fa.* Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.
 1684 *Tob.* Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our
 1685 soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better,
 1686 and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vvest him, & thy
 1687 sworne enemie, Andrew Ague- cheeke.
 1688 *To.* If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot:

1689 Ile giu't him.

1690 *Mar.* You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now
1691 in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
1692 depart.

1693 *To.* Go sir *Andrew:* scout mee for him at the corner
1694 of the Orchard like a bum- Baylie: so soone as euer thou
1695 seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for
1696 it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagge-ring
1697 accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more
1698 approbation, then euer profe it selfe would haue earn'd
1699 him. Away.

1700 *And.* Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

1701 *To.* Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behai-our
1702 of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good
1703 capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his
1704 Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this
1705 Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror
1706 in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde- pole.
1707 But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth;
1708 set vpon *Ague- cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue
1709 the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it)
1710 into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and
1711 impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil
1712 kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

1713 *Enter Oliuia and Viola.*

1714 *Fab.* Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
1715 till he take leaue, and presently after him.

1716 *To.* I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message
1717 for a Challenge.

1718 *Ol.* I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
1719 And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
1720 There's something in me that reproues my fault:
1721 But such a head- strong potent fault it is,
1722 That it but mockes reproofe.

1723 *Vio.* With the same hauiour that your passion beares,
1724 Goes on my Masters greefes.

1725 *Ol.* Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
1726 Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
1727 And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
1728 What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
1729 That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.

1730 *Vio.* Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

1731 *Ol.* How with mine honor may I giue him that,
1732 Which I haue giuen to you.

1733 *Vio.* I will acquit you.

1734 *Ol.* Well, come againe to morrow: far- thee- well,

1735 A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.
 1736 *Enter Toby and Fabian.*
 1737 *To.* Gentleman, God saue thee. [Z3
 1738 *Vio.* And you sir.
 1739 *To.* That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
 1740 nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not:
 1741 but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hun-ter,
 1742 attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke,
 1743 be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skil-full,
 1744 and deadly.
 1745 *Vio.* You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell
 1746 to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from
 1747 any image of offence done to any man.
 1748 *To.* You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if
 1749 you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard:
 1750 for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
 1751 and wrath, can furnish man withall.
 1752 *Vio.* I pray you sir what is he?
 1753 *To.* He is knight dubb'd with vnhatc'd Rapier, and
 1754 on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall,
 1755 soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incense-ment
 1756 at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction
 1757 can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob,
 1758 nob, is his word: giu't or take't.
 1759 *Vio.* I will returne againe into the house, and desire
 1760 some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard
 1761 of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on o-thers,
 1762 to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that
 1763 quirke.
 1764 *To.* Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a ve-ry
 1765 computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him
 1766 his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you
 1767 vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you
 1768 might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword
 1769 starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or for-sweare
 1770 to weare iron about you.
 1771 *Vio.* This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe
 1772 me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what
 1773 my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence,
 1774 nothing of my purpose.
 1775 *To.* I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this
 1776 Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*
 1777 *Vio.* Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?
 1778 *Fab.* I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to
 1779 a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance
 1780 more.

1781 *Vio.* I beseech you what manner of man is he?
 1782 *Fab.* Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him
 1783 by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of
 1784 his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, &
 1785 fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in anie
 1786 part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make
 1787 your peace with him, if I can.

1788 *Vio.* I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one,
 1789 that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care
 1790 not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

1791 *Enter Toby and Andrew.*

1792 *To.* Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such
 1793 a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all:
 1794 and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion
 1795 that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as
 1796 surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They
 1797 say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

1798 *And.* Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

1799 *To.* I but he will not now be pacified,
 1800 *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

1801 *An.* Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant,
 1802 and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere
 1803 I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and
 1804 Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

1805 *To.* Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good
 1806 shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules,
 1807 marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

1808 *Enter Fabian and Viola.*

1809 I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded
 1810 him the youths a diuell.

1811 *Fa.* He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, &
 1812 lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

1813 *To.* There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's
 1814 oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his
 1815 quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth tal-king
 1816 of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe,
 1817 he protests he will not hurt you.

1818 *Vio.* Pray God defend me: a little thing would make
 1819 me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

1820 *Fab.* Giue ground if you see him furious.

1821 *To.* Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman
 1822 will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you:
 1823 he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised
 1824 me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt
 1825 you. Come on, too't.

1826 *And.* Pray God he keepe his oath.

1827 *Enter Antonio.*
 1828 *Vio.* I do assure you tis against my will.
 1829 *Ant.* Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman
 1830 Hauē done offence, I take the fault on me:
 1831 If you offend him, I for him defie you.
 1832 *To.* You sir? Why, what are you?
 1833 *Ant.* One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more
 1834 Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.
 1835 *To.* Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.
 1836 *Enter Officers.*
 1837 *Fab.* O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.
 1838 *To.* Ile be with you anon.
 1839 *Vio.* Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.
 1840 *And.* Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile
 1841 be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and
 1842 raines well.
 1843 *1.Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.
 1844 *2.Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*
 1845 *An.* You do mistake me sir.
 1846 *1.Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
 1847 Though now you haue no sea- cap on your head:
 1848 Take him away, he knowes I know him well.
 1849 *Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
 1850 But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
 1851 What will you do: now my necessitie
 1852 Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
 1853 Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
 1854 Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
 1855 But be of comfort.
 1856 *2.Off.* Come sir away.
 1857 *Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.
 1858 *Vio.* What money sir?
 1859 For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
 1860 And part being prompted by your present trouble,
 1861 Out of my leane and low ability
 1862 Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
 1863 Ile make diuision of my present with you:
 1864 Hold, there's halfe my Coffe.
 1865 *Ant.* Will you deny me now,
 1866 Ist possible that my deserts to you
 1867 Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
 1868 Least that it make me so vnsound a man
 1869 As to vpbraide you with those kindnesse [Z3v
 1870 That I haue done for you.
 1871 *Vio.* I know of none,
 1872 Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:

1873 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 1874 Then lying, vainesse, babling drunkennesse,
 1875 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 1876 Inhabites our fraile blood.
 1877 *Ant.* Oh heuens themselues.
 1878 *2.Off.* Come sir, I pray you go.
 1879 *Ant.* Let me speake a little. This youth that you see |(heere,
 1880 I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
 1881 Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;
 1882 And to his image, which me thought did promise
 1883 Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.
 1884 *1.Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.
 1885 *Ant.* But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
 1886 Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.
 1887 In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
 1888 None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
 1889 Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
 1890 Are empty trunkes, ore- flourish'd by the deuill.
 1891 *1.Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:
 1892 Come, come sir.
 1893 *Ant.* Leade me on. *Exit*
 1894 *Vio.* Me thinks his words do from such passion flye
 1895 That he beleeuues himselfe, so do not I:
 1896 Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
 1897 That I deere brother, be now tane for you.
 1898 *To.* Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel
 1899 whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes.
 1900 *Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian*: I my brother know
 1901 Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so
 1902 In fauour was my Brother, and he went
 1903 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
 1904 For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
 1905 Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.
 1906 *To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
 1907 then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend
 1908 heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward-ship
 1909 aske *Fabian*.
 1910 *Fab.* A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
 1911 it.
 1912 *And.* Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.
 1913 *To.* Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword
 1914 *And.* And I do not.
 1915 *Fab.* Come, let's see the euent.
 1916 *To.* I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

1918 *Enter Sebastian and Clowne.*

1919 *Clo.* Will you make me beleeeue, that I am not sent for
1920 you?

1921 *Seb.* Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
1922 Let me be cleere of thee.

1923 *Clo.* Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,
1924 nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
1925 speake with her: nor your name is not Master *Cesario*,
1926 nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.

1927 *Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly some- where else, thou
1928 know'st not me.

1929 *Clo.* Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
1930 great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-ly:
1931 I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
1932 Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell
1933 me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that
1934 thou art comming?

1935 *Seb.* I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
1936 money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse
1937 paiment.

1938 *Clo.* By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise-men
1939 that giue fooles money, get themselues a good re-port,
1940 after foureteene yeares purchase.

1941 *Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

1942 *And.* Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

1943 *Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
1944 Are all the people mad?

1945 *To.* Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house

1946 *Clo.* This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
1947 in some of your coats for two pence.

1948 *To.* Come on sir, hold.

1949 *An.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
1950 with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
1951 there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet
1952 it's no matter for that.

1953 *Seb.* Let go thy hand.

1954 *To.* Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
1955 souldier put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come
1956 on.

1957 *Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst y now?
1958 If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

1959 *To.* What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
1960 two of this malapert blood from you.

1961 *Enter Oliuia.*

1962 *Ol.* Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.
 1963 *To.* Madam.
 1964 *Ol.* Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
 1965 Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
 1966 Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.
 1967 Be not offended, deere *Cesario*:
 1968 Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
 1969 Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
 1970 In this vnciuill, and vniust extent
 1971 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
 1972 And heare thou there how many fruitlesse prankes
 1973 This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
 1974 Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
 1975 Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
 1976 He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.
 1977 *Seb.* What relish is in this? How runs the streame?
 1978 Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:
 1979 Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
 1980 If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.
 1981 *Ol.* Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me
 1982 *Seb.* Madam, I will.
 1983 *Ol.* O say so, and so be. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

1985 *Enter Maria and Clowne.*
 1986 *Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
 1987 make him beleue thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it
 1988 quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.
 1989 *Clo.* Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe
 1990 in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in [Z4
 1991 in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the
 1992 function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
 1993 Student: but to be said an honest man and a good hous-keeper
 1994 goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great
 1995 scholler. The Competitors enter.
 1996 *Enter Toby.*
 1997 *To.* Ioue blesse thee M[aster]. Parson.
 1998 *Clo.* *Bonos dies* sir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage*
 1999 that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece
 2000 of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: so I being M[aster]. Parson,
 2001 am M[aster]. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?
 2002 *To.* To him sir *Topas*.
 2003 *Clo.* What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

2004 *To.* The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.
 2005 *Maluolio within.*
 2006 *Mal.* Who cals there?
 2007 *Clo.* Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Maluo-lio*
 2008 the Lunaticke.
 2009 *Mal.* Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my
 2010 Ladie.
 2011 *Clo.* Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this
 2012 man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?
 2013 *Tob.* Well said M[aster]. Parson.
 2014 *Mal.* Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good
 2015 sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee
 2016 heere in hideous darknesse.
 2017 *Clo.* Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the
 2018 most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones,
 2019 that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou
 2020 that house is darke?
 2021 *Mal.* As hell sir *Topas*.
 2022 *Clo.* Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-cadoes,
 2023 and the cleere stores toward the South north, are
 2024 as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of ob-struction?
 2026 *Mal.* I am not mad sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is
 2027 darke.
 2028 *Clo.* Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse
 2029 but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the
 2030 Aegyptians in their fogge.
 2031 *Mal.* I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh
 2032 Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was ne-uer
 2033 man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,
 2034 make the triall of it in any constant question.
 2035 *Clo.* What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning
 2036 Wilde- fowle?
 2037 *Mal.* That the soule of our grandam, might happily
 2038 inhabite a bird.
 2039 *Clo.* What thinkst thou of his opinion?
 2040 *Mal.* I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue
 2041 his opinion.
 2042 *Clo.* Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse,
 2043 thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow
 2044 of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dis-possesse
 2045 the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
 2046 *Mal.* Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.
 2047 *Tob.* My most exquisite sir *Topas*.
 2048 *Clo.* Nay I am for all waters.
 2049 *Mar.* Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd
 2050 and gowne, he sees thee not.

2051 *To.* To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word
 2052 how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this
 2053 knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would
 2054 he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece,
 2055 that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppe-shot.
 2056 Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*
 2057 *Clo.* Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
 2058 does.
 2059 *Mal.* Foole.
 2060 *Clo.* My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.
 2061 *Mal.* Foole.
 2062 *Clo.* Alas why is she so?
 2063 *Mal.* Foole, I say.
 2064 *Clo.* She loues another. Who calles, ha?
 2065 *Mal.* Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at
 2066 my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:
 2067 as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee
 2068 for't.
 2069 *Clo.* M[aster]. *Maluolio*?
 2070 *Mal.* I good Foole.
 2071 *Clo.* Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?
 2072 *Mall.* Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie a-bus'd:
 2073 I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.
 2074 *Clo.* But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be
 2075 no better in your wits then a foole.
 2076 *Mal.* They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in
 2077 darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they
 2078 can to face me out of my wits.
 2079 *Clo.* Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.
 2080 *Maluolio, Maluolio,* thy wittes the heauens restore: en-deauour
 2081 thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble
 2082 babble.
 2083 *Mal.* Sir *Topas*.
 2084 *Clo.* Maintaine no words with him good fellow.
 2085 Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir *Topas*: Mar-ry
 2086 Amen. I will sir, I will.
 2087 *Mal.* Foole, foole, foole I say.
 2088 *Clo.* Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent
 2089 for speaking to you.
 2090 *Mal.* Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some
 2091 paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in
 2092 Illyria.
 2093 *Clo.* Well- a- day, that you were sir.
 2094 *Mal.* By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa-per,
 2095 and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my
 2096 Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the bea-ring

2097 of Letter did.
 2098 *Clo.* I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not
 2099 mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.
 2100 *Mal.* Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.
 2101 *Clo.* Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains
 2102 I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.
 2103 *Mal.* Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
 2104 I prethee be gone.
 2105 *Clo.* I am gone sir, and anon sir,
 2106 Ile be with you againe:
 2107 In a trice, like to the old vice,
 2108 your neede to sustaine.
 2109 Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
 2110 cries ah ha, to the diuell:
 2111 Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
 2112 Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scaena Tertia.

2114 *Enter Sebastian.*
 2115 This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
 2116 This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
 2117 And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus, [Z4v
 2118 Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthonio* then,
 2119 I could not finde him at the Elephant,
 2120 Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
 2121 That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
 2122 His councell now might do me golden seruice,
 2123 For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
 2124 That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
 2125 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
 2126 So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
 2127 That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
 2128 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
 2129 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 2130 Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
 2131 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 2132 Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
 2133 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 2134 As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
 2135 That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.
 2136 *Enter Oliuia, and Priest.*
 2137 *Ol.* Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
 2138 Now go with me, and with this holy man

2139 Into the Chantry by: there before him,
 2140 And vnderneath that consecrated roofoe,
 2141 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 2142 That my most ieaious, and too doubtfull soule
 2143 May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
 2144 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 2145 What time we will our celebration keepe
 2146 According to my birth, what do you say?
 2147 *Seb.* Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
 2148 And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.
 2149 *Ol.* Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
 2150 That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

2153 *Enter Clowne and Fabian.*
 2154 *Fab.* Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.
 2155 *Clo.* Good M[aster]. *Fabian*, grant me another request.
 2156 *Fab.* Any thing.
 2157 *Clo.* Do not desire to see this Letter.
 2158 *Fab.* This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
 2159 my dogge againe.
 2160 *Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.*
 2161 *Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?
 2162 *Clo.* I sir, we are some of her trappings.
 2163 *Duke.* I know thee well: how doest thou my good
 2164 Fellow?
 2165 *Clo.* Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
 2166 for my friends.
 2167 *Du.* Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.
 2168 *Clo.* No sir, the worse.
 2169 *Du.* How can that be?
 2170 *Clo.* Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,
 2171 now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
 2172 foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
 2173 friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
 2174 your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why
 2175 then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
 2176 *Du.* Why this is excellent.

2177 *Clo.* By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
 2178 one of my friends.
 2179 *Du.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.
 2180 *Clo.* But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
 2181 you could make it another.
 2182 *Du.* O you giue me ill counsell.
 2183 *Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
 2184 and let your flesh and blood obey it.
 2185 *Du.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
 2186 dealer: there's another.
 2187 *Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde
 2188 saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
 2189 tripping measure, or the belles of S[aint]. *Bennet* sir, may put
 2190 you in minde, one, two, three.
 2191 *Du.* You can foole no more money out of mee at this
 2192 throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak
 2193 with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
 2194 bounty further.
 2195 *Clo.* Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-gen.
 2196 I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that
 2197 my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as
 2198 you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it
 2199 anon. *Exit*
 2200 *Enter Anthonio and Officers.*
 2201 *Vio.* Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.
 2202 *Du.* That face of his I do remember well,
 2203 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 2204 As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
 2205 A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
 2206 For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
 2207 With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
 2208 With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
 2209 That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
 2210 Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?
 2211 *1. Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio*
 2212 That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
 2213 And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
 2214 When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
 2215 Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 2216 In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.
 2217 *Vio.* He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
 2218 But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
 2219 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.
 2220 *Du.* Notable Pyrate, thou salt- water Theefe,
 2221 What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
 2222 Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere

2223 Hast made thine enemies?
 2224 *Ant. Orsino*: Noble sir,
 2225 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
 2226 *Anthonio* neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
 2227 Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
 2228 *Orsino's* enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 2229 That most ingrategull boy there by your side,
 2230 From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
 2231 Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
 2232 His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
 2233 My loue without retention, or restraint,
 2234 All his in dedication. For his sake,
 2235 Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
 2236 Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
 2237 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 2238 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 2239 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 2240 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, [Z5
 2241 And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
 2242 While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
 2243 Which I had recommended to his vse,
 2244 Not halfe an houre before.
 2245 *Vio*. How can this be?
 2246 *Du*. When came he to this Towne?
 2247 *Ant*. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
 2248 No *intrin*, not a minutes vacancie,
 2249 Both day and night did we keepe companie.
 2250 *Enter Oliuia and attendants*.
 2251 *Du*. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
 2252 on earth:
 2253 But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
 2254 Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
 2255 But more of that anon. Take him aside.
 2256 *Ol*. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
 2257 Wherein *Oliuia* may seeme seruiceable?
 2258 *Cesario*, you do not keepe promise with me.
 2259 *Vio*. Madam:
 2260 *Du*. Gracious *Oliuia*.
 2261 *Ol*. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.
 2262 *Vio*. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.
 2263 *Ol*. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
 2264 It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
 2265 As howling after Musicke.
 2266 *Du*. Still so cruell?
 2267 *Ol*. Still so constant Lord.
 2268 *Du*. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie

2269 To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
 2270 My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
 2271 That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?
 2272 *Ol.* Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him
 2273 *Du.* Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
 2274 Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death
 2275 Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
 2276 That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
 2277 Since you to non- regardance cast my faith,
 2278 And that I partly know the instrument
 2279 That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
 2280 Liue you the Marble- brested Tirant still.
 2281 But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
 2282 And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deereley,
 2283 Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
 2284 Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
 2285 Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
 2286 Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
 2287 To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.
 2288 *Vio.* And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
 2289 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.
 2290 *Ol.* Where goes *Cesario*?
 2291 *Vio.* After him I loue,
 2292 More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
 2293 More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
 2294 If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
 2295 Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.
 2296 *Ol.* Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
 2297 *Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
 2298 *Ol.* Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
 2299 Call forth the holy Father.
 2300 *Du.* Come, away.
 2301 *Ol.* Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.
 2302 *Du.* Husband?
 2303 *Ol.* I Husband. Can he that deny?
 2304 *Du.* Her husband, sirrah?
 2305 *Vio.* No my Lord, not I.
 2306 *Ol.* Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
 2307 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 2308 Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
 2309 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 2310 As great as that thou fear'st.
 2311 *Enter Priest.*
 2312 O welcome Father:
 2313 Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
 2314 Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended

2315 To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
 2316 Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
 2317 Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.
 2318 *Priest.* A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
 2319 Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
 2320 Attested by the holy close of lippes,
 2321 Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
 2322 And all the Ceremonie of this compact
 2323 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 2324 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
 2325 I haue trauail'd but two houres.
 2326 *Du.* O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
 2327 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 2328 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 2329 That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
 2330 Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
 2331 Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.
 2332 *Vio.* My Lord, I do protest.
 2333 *Ol.* O do not swear,
 2334 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.
 2335 *Enter Sir Andrew.*
 2336 *And.* For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one pre-sently
 2337 to sir *Toby*.
 2338 *Ol.* What's the matter?
 2339 *And.* H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir
 2340 *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
 2341 helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.
 2342 *Ol.* Who has done this sir *Andrew*?
 2343 *And.* The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke
 2344 him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell, incardinate.
 2345 *Du.* My Gentleman *Cesario*?
 2346 *And.* Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head
 2347 for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir
 2348 *Toby*.
 2349 *Vio.* Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
 2350 You drew your sword vpon me without cause,
 2351 But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.
 2352 *Enter Toby and Clowne.*
 2353 *And.* If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
 2354 me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe.
 2355 Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if
 2356 he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
 2357 other gates then he did.
 2358 *Du.* How now Gentleman? how ist with you?
 2359 *To.* That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't:
 2360 Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

2361 *Clo.* O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes
 2362 were set at eight i'th morning.
 2363 *To.* Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pauyn: I
 2364 hate a drunken rogue.
 2365 *Ol.* Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke
 2366 with them?
 2367 *And.* Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-gether.
 2369 *To.* Will you helpe an Asse- head, and a coxcombe, &
 2370 a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull? [Z5v
 2371 *Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.
 2372 *Enter Sebastian.*
 2373 *Seb.* I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:
 2374 But had it beene the brother of my blood,
 2375 I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
 2376 You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
 2377 I do perceiue it hath offended you:
 2378 Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
 2379 We made each other, but so late ago.
 2380 *Du.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
 2381 A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.
 2382 *Seb. Anthonio:* O my deere *Anthonio*,
 2383 How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
 2384 Since I haue lost thee?
 2385 *Ant. Sebastian* are you?
 2386 *Seb.* Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?
 2387 *Ant.* How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
 2388 An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
 2389 Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?
 2390 *Ol.* Most wonderfull.
 2391 *Seb.* Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
 2392 Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
 2393 Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
 2394 Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
 2395 Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
 2396 What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?
 2397 *Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian* was my Father,
 2398 Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
 2399 So went he suited to his watery tombe:
 2400 If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
 2401 You come to fright vs.
 2402 *Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,
 2403 But am in that dimension grossely clad,
 2404 Which from the wombe I did participate.
 2405 Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
 2406 I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
 2407 And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

2408 *Vio.* My father had a moale vpon his brow.
 2409 *Seb.* And so had mine.
 2410 *Vio.* And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
 2411 Had numbred thirteene yeares.
 2412 *Seb.* O that record is liuely in my soule,
 2413 He finished indeed his mortall acte
 2414 That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.
 2415 *Vio.* If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
 2416 But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
 2417 Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
 2418 Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
 2419 That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
 2420 Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
 2421 Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
 2422 I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:
 2423 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 2424 Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.
 2425 *Seb.* So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
 2426 But Nature to her bias drew in that.
 2427 You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
 2428 Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
 2429 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
 2430 *Du.* Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
 2431 If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
 2432 I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
 2433 Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
 2434 Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.
 2435 *Vio.* And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
 2436 And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
 2437 As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
 2438 That seuers day from night.
 2439 *Du.* Giue me thy hand,
 2440 And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.
 2441 *Vio.* The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
 2442 Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
 2443 Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
 2444 a Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.
 2445 *Ol.* He shall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
 2446 And yet alas, now I remember me,
 2447 They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.
 2448 *Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*
 2449 A most extracting frensie of mine owne
 2450 From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
 2451 How does he sirrah?
 2452 *Cl.* Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staues end as
 2453 well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to

2454 you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
 2455 madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skillles not much
 2456 when they are deliuer'd.
 2457 *Ol.* Open't, and read it.
 2458 *Clo.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
 2459 deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*
 2460 *Ol.* How now, art thou mad?
 2461 *Clo.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
 2462 Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
 2463 *Vox.*
 2464 *Ol.* Prethee reade i'thy right wits.
 2465 *Clo.* So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
 2466 reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue
 2467 eare.
 2468 *Ol.* Read it you, sirrah.
 2469 *Fab. Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
 2470 the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
 2471 darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me,
 2472 yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-ship.
 2473 I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
 2474 semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
 2475 do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
 2476 me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
 2477 and speake out of my iniury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*
 2478 *Ol.* Did he write this?
 2479 *Clo.* I Madame.
 2480 *Du.* This sauours not much of distraction.
 2481 *Ol.* See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
 2482 My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
 2483 To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
 2484 One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,
 2485 Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.
 2486 *Du.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:
 2487 Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
 2488 So much against the mettle of your sex,
 2489 So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 2490 And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
 2491 Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
 2492 Your Masters Mistris.
 2493 *Ol.* A sister, you are she.
 2494 *Enter Maluolio.*
 2495 *Du.* Is this the Madman?
 2496 *Ol.* I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?
 2497 *Mal.* Madam, you haue done me wrong,
 2498 Notorious wrong.
 2499 *Ol.* Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

2500 *Mal.* Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
 2501 You must not now denie it is your hand,
 2502 Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase, [Z6
 2503 Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
 2504 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 2505 And tell me in the modestie of honor,
 2506 Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
 2507 Bad me come smiling, and crosse- garter'd to you,
 2508 To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
 2509 Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
 2510 And acting this in an obedient hope,
 2511 Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 2512 Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
 2513 And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
 2514 That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?
 2515 *Ol.* Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
 2516 Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
 2517 But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.
 2518 And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
 2519 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
 2520 And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
 2521 Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
 2522 This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
 2523 But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
 2524 Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
 2525 Of thine owne cause.
 2526 *Fab.* Good Madam heare me speake,
 2527 And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
 2528 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 2529 Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 2530 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
 2531 Set this deuce against *Maluolio* heere,
 2532 Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
 2533 We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ
 2534 The Letter, at sir *Tobyes* great importance,
 2535 In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
 2536 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 2537 May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
 2538 If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
 2539 That haue on both sides past.
 2540 *Ol.* Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?
 2541 *Clo.* Why some are borne great, some atchieue great-nesse,
 2542 and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
 2543 was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's
 2544 all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-member,
 2545 Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal,

2546 and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
 2547 of time, brings in his reuenges.
 2548 *Mal.* Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
 2549 *Ol.* He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.
 2550 *Du.* Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
 2551 He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
 2552 When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
 2553 A solemne Combination shall be made
 2554 Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
 2555 We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
 2556 (For so you shall be while you are a man:)
 2557 But when in other habites you are seene,
 2558 *Orsino's* Mistris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*
 2559 *Clowne sings.*
 2560 *When that I was and a little tine boy,*
 2561 *with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:*
 2562 *A foolish thing was but a toy,*
 2563 *for the raine it raineth euery day.*
 2564 *But when I came to mans estate,*
 2565 *with hey ho, &c.*
 2566 *Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,*
 2567 *for the raine, &c.*
 2568 *But when I came alas to wiue,*
 2569 *with hey ho, &c.*
 2570 *By swaggering could I neuer thriue,*
 2571 *for the raine, &c.*
 2572 *But when I came vnto my beds,*
 2573 *with hey ho, &c.*
 2574 *With tospottes still had drunken heades,*
 2575 *for the raine, &c.*
 2576 *A great while ago the world begon,*
 2577 *hey ho, &c.*
 2578 *But that's all one, our Play is done,*
 2579 *and wee'l striue to please you euery day.*

FINIS.

Twelfth Night, Or what you will.
