

SHAKESPEARE FREE LIBRARY SCRIPTS

**TWELFTH NIGHT
OR, WHAT YOU WILL**

by William Shakespeare

Abridged by Jonny Flood

for

“GET THEE TO THE FUNNERY”

at the

New England Youth Theatre

Brattleboro, VT

2012

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL
by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria
 SEBASTIAN, brother of Viola
 ANTONIO, able seaman, friend of Sebastian
 A SEA CAPTAIN, friend of Viola
 VALENTINE, gentleman attending on Duke Orsino
 CURIO, gentleman attending on Duke Orsino
 SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, friend to Sir Toby
 MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia
 FABIANO, assistant steward to Olivia
 FESTY & JESTY, 2 clowns, in Olivia's house
 OLIVIA, a rich countess
 VIOLA, sister of Sebastian
 MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman
 SALLY, scullery girl, assistant to Maria
 Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE 1

A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it. The DUKE'S palace.
Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, other LORDS; MUSICIANS attending.

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken and so die.

CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!

That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flow'rs:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs.

Exeunt

SCENE 2

A ship at sea, a wreck, a coast.

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria? My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd- what think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN. True, madam, and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself-

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIOLA. For saying so, there's gold.

Who is't governs here?

CAPTAIN. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA. What is his name?

CAPTAIN. Orsino.

VIOLA. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago 'twas fresh in murmur
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA. What's she?

CAPTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

VIOLA. O that I serv'd that lady,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

CAPTAIN. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit-
No, not the Duke's.

VIOLA. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as a youth to him;
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
I thank thee. Lead me on. *Exeunt*

SCENE 3 OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA, and SALLY her assistant

SIR TOBY. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her
brother thus? Such care's an enemy to life.

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights;
your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

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

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady
talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in
one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Her wooer?

MARIA. Yes her wooer. One who woos.

SIR TOBY. Oh, wooer. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

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

MARIA. What's that to th' purpose?

SIR TOBY. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fie that you'll say so! He plays the viola da gamba, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay his gust for quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

What, wench! here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

AGUECHEEK. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY. Sweet Sir Andrew!

AGUECHEEK. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

AGUECHEEK. And you too.

SALLY. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

AGUECHEEK. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chambermaid's assistant.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

SALLY. My name is Sally, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Sally Accost-

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

AGUECHEEK. Woo her? Woo who? By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen. *Exeunt MARIA and SALLY.*

SIR TOBY. O knight--When did I see thee so put down?

AGUECHEEK. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has. I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

AGUECHEEK. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

AGUECHEEK. What is 'pourquoi'- do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the Count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She'll none o' the Count; Tut, there's life in't, man.

AGUECHEEK. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

AGUECHEEK. As any man in Illyria!

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

AGUECHEEK. Faith, I can cut a caper. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid?

Is this a world to hide thy virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

AGUECHEEK. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? Let me see the caper.

Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent! *Exeunt*

SCENE 4 *The DUKE'S palace*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

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

VIOLA. Valentine, you either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love.

Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE

VIOLA. Here comes the Count.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord, here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,

And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,
 If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
 DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds,
 Rather than make unprofited return.
 VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
 DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
 It shall become thee well to act my woes:
 She will attend it better in thy youth
 Than in a messenger of more grave aspect.
 VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.
 DUKE. Dear lad, believe it,
 For they shall yet belie thy happy years
 That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair.
 VIOLA. I'll do my best, my lord,
 To woo your lady. *[Aside]* Yet, what strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE 5

OLIVIA'S house . Enter MARIA and CLOWNS

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open
 my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse;
 my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
 FESTY. Let her hang me. He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.
 MARIA. Make that good.
 FESTY. He shall see none to fear.
 MARIA. A good lenten answer. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent;
 or to be turn'd out- is not that as good as a hanging to you?
 JESTY. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
 and for turning out, let it be in the summer.
 MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make
 your excuse wisely, you were best. *Exit*
Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO
 BOTH. God bless thee, lady!
 OLIVIA. Take the fools away.
 FESTY. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTY. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend;
for give the dry fool drink;

JESTY. Then is the fool not dry. The lady bade take away the fool;

FESTY. Therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTY. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, I wear not motley in my
brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA. Can you do it?

FESTY. Dexteriously, good madonna.

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

FESTY. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTY. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

MALVOLIO. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him.

Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

FESTY. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly!

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such barren rascals;

I saw them put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain
than a stone. Look you now, they're out of their guard already;
unless you laugh and minister occasion to them, they are gagg'd.

OLIVIA. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a
distemper'd appetite. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he
do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though
he do nothing but reprove.

FESTY. Now Mercury endow thee with good luck, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter SALLY

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

OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it?

SALLY. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?

SALLY. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman.

Fie on him! *[Exit SALLY]* Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count,

I am sick, or not at home- what you will to dismiss it. *[Exit MALVOLIO]*

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

FESTY. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna-- .

JESTY. For this, much thanks.

Enter SIR TOBY

OLIVIA. By mine honour, half drunk! What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY. A gentleman.

OLIVIA. A gentleman! What gentleman?

SIR TOBY. 'Tis a gentleman here. [*Hiccups*] A plague o' these pickle-herring!
How now, sots!

CLOWNS. Good Sir Toby!

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

SIR TOBY. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TOBY. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not.

Exit

OLIVIA. What's a drunken man like, fool?

JESTY. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above
heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit on my coz;
for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go look after him.

JESTY. He is but mad yet, madonna--

FESTY. --And the fools shall look to the madman.

Exeunt Re-enter MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO. Has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door
like a post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA. What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO. Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

MALVOLIO. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy;
He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think
his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewomen.

MALVOLIO. Gentlewomen, my lady calls. *Exit*

SCENE 6

Olivia present. Re-enter MARIA and SALLY

OLIVIA. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. *Enter VIOLA*

VIOLA. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

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

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty- I pray you
tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her.
I would be loath to cast away my speech; I have taken great pains to con it.

OLIVIA. Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's
out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be
the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA. Are you a comedian?

VIOLA. No, my profound heart; and yet, I am not what I play. Are
you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

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

OLIVIA. Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

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

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were
saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you.
If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief.

MARIA. Will you hoist sail, sir?

SALLY. Here lies your way.

VIOLA. No, good swabbers, I am to hull here a little longer.

OLIVIA. Tell me your mind.

VIOLA. I am a messenger.

OLIVIA. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the
courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war.
I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my
entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as
maidenhead- to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.
[Exeunt MARIA and SALLY] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady-

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

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA. To answer by the method: in the first of his heart.

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

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveiling*] Look you, sir. Is't not well done?

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every
particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as- item, two grey eyes with lids to them;
item, two lips indifferent red; item, one chin, one
neck, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA. How does he love me?

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

OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

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

OLIVIA. Why, what would you?

VIOLA. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
I'd make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA. You might do much. What is your parentage?

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

OLIVIA. Get you to your lord.
 I cannot love him; let him send no more-
 Unless perchance you come to me again
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
 I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.
 VIOLA. I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse;
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense. *Exit*
 OLIVIA. 'What is your parentage?'
 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
 I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs-
 Soft, soft! How now!
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio. *Re-enter MALVOLIO*
 MALVOLIO. Here, madam, at your service.
 OLIVIA. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The County's man. He left this ring behind him,
 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes; Hie thee, Malvolio.
 MALVOLIO. Madam, I will. *Exit*
 OLIVIA. I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed must be; and be this so! *Exit*

SCENE 7

The sea-coast. Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO. Will you stay no longer? Will you not that I go with you?
 SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me;
 the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore
 I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone.
 ANTONIO. Let me know of you whither you are bound.
 SEBASTIAN. I perceive in you so excellent a touch of
 modesty that you will not extort from me what I would keep in;
 You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian;
 my father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know

you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

ANTONIO. Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN. Fare ye well at once; I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. *Exit*

ANTONIO. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But come what may, I do adore thee so

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit*

SCENE 8

A street. Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him.

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

VIOLA. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

VIOLA. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

I am the man. If it be so- as 'tis-

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness;

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman- now alas the day!-
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! *Exit*

SCENE 9 *OLIVIA'S house*
Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes.

AGUECHEEK. I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion! I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

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

SIR TOBY. Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

Maria, I say! a stoup of wine.

Enter FESTY & JESTY

AGUECHEEK. Here come the fools, i' faith.

FESTY. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we five'?

AGUECHEEK. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling.

SIR TOBY. Welcome, asses. There is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

AGUECHEEK. There's a testril of me too; Now, a song.

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

SIR TOBY. A love-song, a love-song.

AGUECHEEK. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

CLOWNS sing

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

AGUECHEEK. Excellent good, i' faith!

SIR TOBY. Good, good!

CLOWNS sing

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

AGUECHEEK. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY. A contagious breath.

AGUECHEEK. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith. *Enter MARIA and SALLY*

MARIA. If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio,
 and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY. Malvolio! Why, he's a Peg-a-Ramsey!

[Sings]

Three merry men be we.

SALLY. My Lord, what would Olivia say?

SIR TOBY. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood?

Tilly-vally, lady.

[Sings]

O' the twelfth day of Christmas

My mistress gave to me, Maria o-on my knee!

MARIA. *[laughing]* For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad?

Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house?

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TOBY. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY. Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward?

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Go, sir, rub your chin with crumbs.

Some food, And a stoup of wine, Maria! *(they are fetched.)*

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit

MARIA. Go shake your ears.

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night;

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MARIA. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

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

SIR TOBY. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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

MARIA. The devil of a Puritan, that he is! A time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths.

SALLY: He is the best persuaded of himself.

MARIA. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY. What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece.

SALLY. Excellent!

SIR TOBY. I smell a device.

AGUECHEEK. I have't in my nose too.

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

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

AGUECHEEK. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

FABIANO. O, 'twill be admirable!

SALLY. Sport royal, I warrant you.

MARIA. I know my physic will work with him.

For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exeunt maids & clowns.*

AGUECHEEK. Before me, Maria's a good wench.

SIR TOBY. She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

AGUECHEEK. I was ador'd once too.

SIR TOBY. Come, come, Let's have some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt*

Scene 10 *The DUKE'S palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and OTHERS

DUKE. Good Cesario, give me that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night;

Methought it did relieve my passion much.

CURIO. By your leave, Master. *[plays the melody]*

DUKE. Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me.
How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

VIOLA. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flow'r
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA. And so they are; alas, that they are so!
To die, even when they to perfection grow! *Enter VALENTINE and CURIO*

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

VALENTINE. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing. *[Music]*

SONG

Come away, come away, death;
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown;
 A thousand thousand to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

VALENTINE. No pains, sir;

We take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

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

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Exeunt CURIO and VALENTINE

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. Tell her my love.

VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;

You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big to hold so much; they lack retention.

VIOLA. Ay, but I know-

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may owe.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too- and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say
 My love can give no place, bide no denay. *Exeunt*

SCENE 11 *OLIVIA'S garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FABIANO, SALLY, FESTY and JESTY.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signiores e signiorinas.

FABIANO. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport let me be
 boil'd to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally
 sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIANO. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out o' favour
 with my lady about a bear-baiting here. *Enter MARIA*

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

MARIA. Get ye all into the trees. Malvolio's coming down this walk.
 He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow
 this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this
 letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.

Enter MALVOLIO

AGUECHEEK. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue-

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

AGUECHEEK. Pistol him, pistol him.

MALVOLIO. Ay, then to have the humour of state; and after a demure
 travel of regard, to ask for the drunkard Toby-

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

SALLY. O, peace, peace, peace! Shhhhh.

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

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FABIANO. Though our silence be drawn from us with horses, yet peace.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my
 familiar smile with an austere regard of control-

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby give you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece
 give me this prerogative of speech; you must amend your drunkenness'-

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

FABIANO. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight'-

AGUECHEEK. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew.'

AGUECHEEK. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. What employment have we here? *[Taking up the letter]*

FESTY Now is the woodcock--

JESTY. --near the trap!

MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and T's; and thus makes she her great P's.

It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

AGUECHEEK. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

MALVOLIO. *[Reads]* 'To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes.' Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! 'tis my lady.

To whom should this be?

FABIANO. This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO. *[Reads]*

Jove knows I love,

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.'

'No man must know.'

'No man must know.'

If this should be thee, Malvolio? Soft: what follows?

SIR TOBY. Marry, to hang thee, rascal!

MALVOLIO. *[Reads]*

'I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

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

SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.

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

FABIANO. What a dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

MALVOLIO. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this.

And the end- what should that alphabetical position portend?

If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly! M. O. A. I.-

SIR TOBY. O, ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.

FABIANO. Shhh; he'll pick it up again, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO. M- Malvolio; M- why, that begins my name.

FABIANO. Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO. M- But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

FABIANO. And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

MALVOLIO. And then "I" comes behind.

JESTY. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[Reads]

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.

Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember, Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants. Farewell.

She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads]

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *Exit*

FABIANO. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of a thousand ducats!

SALLY. Nor I!

FESTY. (*imitating Malvolio*) I will smile!

JESTY. I will do everything that thou wilt!

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device.

AGUECHEEK. So could I too.

Enter MARIA

FABIANO. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

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

MARIA. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SALLY. Like aqua-vita with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

AGUECHEEK. Wait for me. *Exeunt*

SCENE 12 OLIVIA'S garden

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWNS with a tabor

VIOLA. Save thee, friends, and thy music! Do you live by thy tabor?

FESTY. No, sir, we live by the church.

VIOLA. Art thou a churchman?

JESTY. No such matter, sir: he doth live by the church; for he doth live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA. So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Art not you the Lady Olivia's fools?

FESTY. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no fool.

JESTY. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married!

VIOLA. I think I have seen thee late at the Count Orsino's.

JESTY. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun- it shines everywhere. Indeed, I think we saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.

Hold, there's expenses for thee. *[Giving a coin]*

Is thy lady within?

JESTY. Thank you, sir.

FESTY. For your bounty, sir.

JESTY. My lady is within, sir. *Exit CLOWNS*

VIOLA. These fellows are wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY. Save you, gentleman!

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous
you should enter, if your trade be to her.

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

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

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

SIR TOBY. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, MARIA, & SALLY

OLIVIA. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt all
but OLIVIA and VIOLA*] Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA. What is your name?

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

OLIVIA. My servant, sir! By no means!

Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

I bade you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit!

VIOLA. Dear lady-

OLIVIA. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Please, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA. I pity you.

OLIVIA. That's a degree to love.

VIOLA. No, not a bit; for 'tis a vulgar proof

That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA. Then westward-ho!
 Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
 OLIVIA. Stay.
 I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.
 VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you are.
 OLIVIA. If I think so, I think the same of you.
 VIOLA. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
 OLIVIA. I would you were as I would have you be!
 VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
 OLIVIA. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip!
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
 VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
 OLIVIA. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart which now abhors to like his love. *Exeunt*

SCENE 13

OLIVIA'S house

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FABIANO

AGUECHEEK. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
 SIR TOBY. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
 FABIANO. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
 AGUECHEEK. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
 Count's servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw it in th' orchard.
 SIR TOBY. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.
 AGUECHEEK. As plain as I see you now.

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

AGUECHEEK. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

FABIANO. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness.

This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd.

SIR TOBY. Aye, you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

AGUECHEEK. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate; I had sooner be a Puritan than a politician.

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FABIANO. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

AGUECHEEK. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention.

Taunt him with the license of ink! About it! Go! *Exit SIR ANDREW*

I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

FABIANO. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. *Enter MARIA*

MARIA. If you would laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me.

Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; He's in yellow stockings!

SIR TOBY. And cross-garter'd?

MARIA. Most villainously! He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map of the Indies.

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

SIR TOBY. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *Exeunt*

SCENE 14 *A street. Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*

SEBASTIAN. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And worry of what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable.

SEBASTIAN. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANTONIO. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANTONIO. Would you pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

SEBASTIAN. Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO. Th'offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument. But I stood out;
For which, if I be noticed in this place, I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN. Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

SEBASTIAN. Why I your purse?

ANTONIO. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEBASTIAN. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

ANTONIO. To th' Elephant.

SEBASTIAN. I do remember. *Exeunt*

SCENE 15 *OLIVIA'S garden*
Enter OLIVIA , MARIA, & SALLY

OLIVIA. I have sent after him; he says he'll come.
 How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
 For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
 I speak too loud. Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil,
 And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
 Where is Malvolio?

MARIA. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.

SALLY. He is sure possess'd, madam.

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

SALLY. No, madam, he does nothing but smile.

MARIA. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about
 you if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

OLIVIA. Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA and SALLY

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

Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some
 obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that?

OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.

It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I
 think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!

MARIA. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

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

OLIVIA. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'-

OLIVIA. Ha?

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'-

OLIVIA. What say'st thou?

MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'-

OLIVIA. 'Thy yellow stockings?'

MALVOLIO. 'And wish'd to see thee cross-garterd.'

OLIVIA. Why, this is very midsummer madness. *Enter SALLY*

SALLY. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's
is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends
your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA. I'll come to him. *[Exit SALLY]*

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

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir
Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him
on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that
in the letter. 'Be opposite with kinsman,' says she, "surly with servants;
I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful!

And when she went away now- 'Let this fellow be look'd to.'

'Fellow,' not 'Malvolio' nor after my degree, but 'fellow.' Why, everything
adheres together, Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE 16 *Olivia's garden, Malvolio present.*

Re-enter MARIA, SALLY, with SIR TOBY and FABIANO and FESTY and JESTY

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of
hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

FESTY. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir?

JESTY. How is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my privacy; go off.

SIR TOBY. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you?

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

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. Look you, when you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart!

Pray God he be not bewitched.

FABIANO. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

MARIA. Marry, it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live.

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things;
I am not of your element.

Exit

SIR TOBY. Is't possible?

FESTY. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

FABIANO. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.

My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance.

Enter SIR ANDREW

AGUECHEEK. Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIANO. Is't so saucy?

AGUECHEEK. Ay, is't, I warrant him; do but read.

SIR TOBY. Give me. *[Reads]* 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIANO. Good and valiant.

SIR TOBY. *[Reads]* 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me'-

FABIANO. Good.

SIR TOBY. 'Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIANO. Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law. Good!

SIR TOBY. *[Reads]* 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls!

He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better,

and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard.

So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou

draw'st, swear horrible; Away.

AGUECHEEK. Ay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Now will I not deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding.

Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in

the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. No, I will deliver his

challenge by word of mouth, and drive the gentleman into a most

hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright

them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA with VIOLA

FABIANO. Here he comes with your niece. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 17

Olivia's garden, Olivia and Viola having entered

OLIVIA. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour much too boldly out--

VIOLA. With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture.

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you.

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this- your true love for my master.

OLIVIA. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

VIOLA. I will acquit you.

OLIVIA. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well.

Exit

Re-enter SIR TOBY, FABIANO

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake thee to it. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy

interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIOLA. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre.

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; Back you shall not to the house! Strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Exit SIR TOBY

VIOLA. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

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

FABIANO & VIOLA stand off to the side, re-enter SIR TOBY & SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY. Why, man, he's a very devil; I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; They say he has been fencer to the Archduke.

AGUECHEEK. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY. Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

AGUECHEEK. Plague on't; Let him let the matter slip, and I will give him my horse.

SIR TOBY. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; mayhap this shall end without the perdition of souls.

SIR TOBY. *[To VIOLA]* There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath sake. Therefore draw!

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

SIR TOBY. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

AGUECHEEK. Pray God he keep his oath! *[They draw]* *Enter ANTONIO*

ANTONIO. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY. You, sir! Why, what are you?

ANTONIO. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. *[They draw]*

Enter OFFICERS

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

SIR TOBY. *[To ANTONIO]* I'll be with you anon.

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

AGUECHEEK. Marry, that I will, sir.

FIRST OFFICER. This is the man; do thy office.

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

ANTONIO. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO. I must obey. *[To VIOLA]* This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse?

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not much.

ANTONIO. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIOLA. I know of none,
 Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
 ANTONIO. O heavens themselves!
 SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, I pray you go.
 ANTONIO. Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
 FIRST OFFICER. Come, come, sir.
 ANTONIO. Lead me on. *Exit with OFFICERS*
 VIOLA. Methinks his words do from such passion fly
 That he believes himself; so do not I.
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
 He nam'd Sebastian. O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! *Exit*
 SIR TOBY. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare.
 His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him.
 FABIANO. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
 AGUECHEEK. 'Sbones, I'll after him again and beat him.
 SIR TOBY. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. *Exeunt*

SCENE 18 *Before OLIVIA'S house*
Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTY & JESTY

FESTY. Will you make us believe that we are not sent for you?
 SEBASTIAN. Go to, go to, you are foolish fellows; let me be clear of thee.
 JESTY. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you!
 FESTY. Nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her.
 JESTY. Nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.
 FESTY. Nothing that is so is so.
 SEBASTIAN. I prithee, fools, depart from me; There's money for thee.
Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIANO
 AGUECHEEK. Now, sir, have I met you again?
 [Striking SEBASTIAN] There's for you.
 SEBASTIAN. [striking back] Why, there's for thee, and there,
 and there. Are all the people mad?
 SIR TOBY. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
 JESTY. This will we tell our lady straight. *Exeunt Clowns.*
 SIR TOBY. Come on, sir; hold.
 AGUECHEEK. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him;
 I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any
 law in Illyria; though I struck him first. Yet it's no matter for that.
 SEBASTIAN. Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

SEBASTIAN. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. *[Draws]*

SIR TOBY. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. *[Draws]*

Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

SIR TOBY. Madam!

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario- Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FABIANO

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house.

SEBASTIAN. What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

OLIVIA. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. O, say so, and so be! *Exeunt*

SCENE 19 OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA, FESTY & JESTY

MARIA. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topaz the curate; do it quickly.

Enter SIR TOBY

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

MALVOLIO. *[Within]* Who calls there?

FESTY. Sir Topaz the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topaz, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topaz, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

JESTY. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! Say'st thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO. As hell, Sir Topaz.

JESTY. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

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

FESTY. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO. I say there was never man thus abus'd.

I am no more mad than you are, Sir Topaz.

JESTY. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness!

FESTY. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topaz, Sir Topaz!

SIR TOBY. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exit with MARIA

FESTY. Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topaz! I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

JESTY. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO. By this hand, I am not mad. Help me to some light and ink and paper, and convey what I will set down to my lady.

JESTY. We will help you to't.

FESTY. *(to audience)* I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.

JESTY. We will fetch you light and paper and ink. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 20

OLIVIA'S garden. Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
 Then 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant.
 His counsel now might do me golden service;
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by; there, before him

And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
 SEBASTIAN. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
 OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! *Exeunt*

SCENE 21

*Before OLIVIA's house. Present are FESTY, JESTY, FABIANO
 Enter DUKE & VIOLA.*

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
 FESTY. Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.
 DUKE. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?
 FESTY. Truly, sir, I dust thus. Thus I dust. (*dusts the Duke with a duster*)
 DUKE. Why, this is excellent. [*gives money*] If you will let your lady know I am
 here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
 JESTY. Marry, sir.
 FESTY. We go, sir.
 JESTY. Lullaby to your bounty till we return.
Exeunt. Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.
 VIOLA. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
 DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
 Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
 What makes he here?
 FIRST OFFICER. Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the Phoenix and her freight from Candy;
 And this is he that did the Tiger board
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
 VIOLA. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side.
 DUKE. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to thine enemies?
 ANTONIO. Orsino, noble sir,
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; and did thereto then add
 My love without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication; for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset;
 Where being beset, denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

VIOLA. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANTONIO. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA

DUKE. Here comes the Countess; now heaven walks on earth.
 But for thee, fellow- fellow, thy words are madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me-
 But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA. What would my lord, but that he may not have?
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA. Madam?

DUKE. Gracious Olivia-

OLIVIA. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord-

VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
 Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
 Kill what I love? But hear me this:

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.

VIOLA. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA. Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA. After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

OLIVIA. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

VIOLA. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

DUKE. Come, away!

OLIVIA. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE. Husband?

OLIVIA. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA. No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;

Be what thou know'st thou art.

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold what thou alone dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA. My lord, I do protest-

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

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

OLIVIA. What's the matter?

AGUECHEEK. Has broke my head across, and has given Sir

Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

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

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

AGUECHEEK. Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; what I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby!

VIOLA. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespake you fair and hurt you not. *Enter SIR TOBY.*

AGUECHEEK. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more.

DUKE. How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

SIR TOBY. That's all one; has hurt me, and there's th' end on't.

Sot, couldst find Dick Surgeon, sot?

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

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

OLIVIA. Enough of him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

AGUECHEEK. I'll help you, Sir Toby. We'll be dress'd together.

SIR TOBY. Will you help- an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

OLIVIA. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Exeunt FABIANO, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW. Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

A natural perspective, that is and is not.

SEBASTIAN. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me

Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO. Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO. How have you made division of yourself?

OLIVIA. Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN. Do I stand there?

I never had a brother; I had a sister

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman, what name, what parentage?

VIOLA. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father.

Such a Sebastian was my brother too;

So went he suited to his watery tomb.

SEBASTIAN. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN. And so had mine.

VIOLA. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had numb'ed thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN. O, that record is lively in my soul!

VIOLA. Do not embrace me yet. But see: I am Viola!

SEBASTIAN. *[To OLIVIA]* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. *[To VIOLA]* Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA. And all those sayings will I overswear.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;

I joy to see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Re-enter FESTY, JESTY, with a letter, and FABIANO

FESTY. Madam, excuse, a letter for you. 'Tis from poor Malvolio.

OLIVIA. Malvolio?

JESTY. Has here writ a letter to you; we should have given't you
this morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it matters not much when they are deliver'd.

OLIVIA. Open't, and read it.

FABIANO. *[Reads]* 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world
shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given
your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses
as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right
or you much shame.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO'

OLIVIA. Did he write this?

FESTY. Ay, Madam.

DUKE. This letter favours not much of madness.

OLIVIA. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. *Exit FABIANO*

DUKE. Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress. *Re-enter FABIANO, with MALVOLIO*
Is this the madman?

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

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

OLIVIA. Have I, Malvolio? No.

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

You must not now deny it is your hand;

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and so forth?

And why have you suffer'd me be imprison'd,

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character;

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

FABIANO. Most freely I confess: ourselves and Toby
 Set this device up here; Maria writ
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.

FESTY. Why, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
 and some have greatness thrown upon them.'

JESTY. And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

Exit MALVOLIO.

OLIVIA. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

Exit FABIANO.

When that is done, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Viola, come,
 And when in bridal habits you are seen,
 Be Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Song]

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

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

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

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