

Twelve Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

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

Duke. If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on, An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
 Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
 But falles into abatement, and low price
 Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
 That it alone, is high fantasticall.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Curio?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:

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

Enter Valentine.

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

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
 How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
 That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
 These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
 Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
 Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
 Loue#thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

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

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.

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

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

Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poore number saued with you,

Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother

Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)

To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:

Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:

Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie

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

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

Not three houres trauaile from this very place.

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

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

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.

He was a Batchellor then.

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

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know

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

That he did seeke the loue of faire Oliuia.

Vio. What's shee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count

That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,

And might not be deliuered to the world

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

Cap. That were hard to compasse,

Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaiour in thee Captaine,

And though that nature, with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee

I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites

With this thy faire and outward charracter.

I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)

Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,

For such disguise as haply shall become

The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,

Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,

It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,

And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,

That will allow me very worth his seruice.

What else may hap, to time I will commit,

Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,

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

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

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

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

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

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

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

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague#cheeke?

Ma. I he.

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

Ma. What's that to th'purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:

He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol#de#gam boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke The corner of this page has been torn away, and the tears slightly obscure these last lines.

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

Enter Sir Andrew.

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

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber#maid.

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistress Mary, accost.

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

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

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistress, I would I might neuer draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

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

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

Ma. It's dry sir.

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

Ma. A dry iest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria

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

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No question

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

To. Pur#quoy my deere knight?

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

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

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

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

(nature

An. But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?

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

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

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

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

To. Art thou good at these kicke#chawses Knight?

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

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

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

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

And. And I thinke I haue the backe#tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistris Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke#a#pace: What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the starre of a Galliard.

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

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

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these faouours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known

you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence,
that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is
he inconstant sir, in his fauours.

Val. No beleeeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you awhile aloofe. Cesario,

Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd
To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou haue audience

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,

Rather then make vnprofited returne,

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

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,

Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeeue it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man: Dianas lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semlatiue a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my selfe am best
When least in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best

To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

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

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

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where yt saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: & those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

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

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

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

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

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

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

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

OI. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

OI. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be sides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher

mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, vvhatwhat remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

OI. Sir, I bad them take away you.

ClO. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good Madona, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

OI. Can you do it?

ClO. Dexteriously, good Madona.

OI. Make your prooffe.

ClO. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee.

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

ClO. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

OI. Good foole, for my brothers death.

ClO. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

OI. I know his soule is in heauen, foole.

ClO. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

OI. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

OI. How say you to that Maluolio?

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

OI. O you are sicke of selfe#loue Maluolio, and taste

with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird# bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

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

Enter Maria.

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

OI. From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

OI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir Toby Madam, your kinsman.

OI. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluolio; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Maluo.

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

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: who se scull, loue cramme with braines, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake Pia#mater.

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

To. A Gentleman.

OI. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

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

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

OI. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

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

OI. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

OI. What's a drunken man like, foole?

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

OI. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte
o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's
drown'd: go looke after him.

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

Enter Maluolio.

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

OI. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

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

OI. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

OI. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will
you, or no.

OI. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

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

OI. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Exit.

Enter Maria.

OI. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
Wee'l once more heare Orsinos Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

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

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

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmachable beau
tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my

speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee su staine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

OI. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that I may proceede in my speech.

OI. Are you a Comedian?

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

OI. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

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

OI. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praise.

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

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

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

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

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

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

OI. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

What would you

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden#head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone, We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie.

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

Vio. In Orsinoes bosome.

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

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

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

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Haue 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 shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

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

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

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard#hearted: I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:

But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non#pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

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

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

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

OI. Why, what would you?

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

OI. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman.

OI. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
 Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
 To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
 I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
 My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
 Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,
 And let your feruour like my masters be,
 Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie.

Exit

OI. What is your Parentage?

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;
 I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
 Do giue thee fiue#fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
 Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?
 Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
 With an inuisible, and subtle stealth
 To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What hoa, Maluolio.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice.

OI. Run after that same peeuish Messenger

The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him

Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
 Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
 If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
 Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee Maluolio.
Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
 Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
 What is decreed, must be: and be this so.
 Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
 I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely
 ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps di
 temper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
 that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recom
 pence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

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

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

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it¹was said shee much resem
 bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh
 I could not with such estimable wonder ouer#farre be
 leeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee
 bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is
 drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to
 drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let m1e
be your seruant.

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

Exit

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:

I haue 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 seeme sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

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

Fortune forbid my out#side haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
 Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
 How easie is it, for the proper false
 In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
 Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
 For such as we are made, if such we bee:
 How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
 And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:
 And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
 As I am woman (now alas the day)
 What thriftlesse sighes shall poore Oliuia breath?
 O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

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

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

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

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

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

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

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

Clo. Would you haue a loue#song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

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

Clowne

sings.

O Mistris mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting.

lourneys end in louers meeting,

Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vnsure.

In delay there lies no plentie,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Youths a stufte will not endure.

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

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

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

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

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

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

An. Most crtaine: Let our Catch be, Thou Knaue.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be con strained in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

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

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward Maluolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Maluolios a Peg#a#ramsie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La die, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

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

To. O the twelwe day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

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

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

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

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

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

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

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there

shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

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

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

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your eares.

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

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

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

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

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

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

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

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time#pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

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

To. Excellent, I smell a deuce.

An. I hau't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him.

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

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

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

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

Exit

To. Good night Penthisilea.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

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

An. I was ador'd once too.

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

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

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

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

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

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.

Now good Cesario, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did releue my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy#paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the lester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie

Oliuiaes Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

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

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else,
Sauer in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeeres ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

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

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

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

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
 And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
 Fye away, fie away breath,
 I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
 My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
 My part of death no one so true did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweete
 On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
 A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me ô where
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

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

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more Cesario,
 Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
 Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
 Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:
 Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
 But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
 That nature prances her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

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

Du. There is no womans sides

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

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
 My Father had a daughter lov'd a man
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
 I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her love,
 But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
 Feede on her damaske cheek: she pin'd in thought,
 And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
 She sate like Patience on a Monument,
 Smiling at griefe. Was not this love indeede?
 We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
 Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
 Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But did'st thy sister of her love my Boy?

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

Du. I that's the Theame,

To her in haste: give her this lewell: say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny.

exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

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

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

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out

o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare#baiting heere.

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

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

Enter Maria.

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

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

Exit

Enter Maluolio.

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

To. Heere's an ouer#weening rogue.

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

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Maluolio.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

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

An. Fie on him lezabel.

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

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

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

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left Oliuia sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after

a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my kinsman Toby.

To. Boltes and shackles.

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

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

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars, yet peace.

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

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

Mal. Saying, Cosine Toby, my Fortunes hauing cast me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

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

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

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

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

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

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

Mal. To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wishes: Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impression her Lucrece, with which she vses to seale: tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal. loue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes?

The numbers alter d: No man must know,

If this should be thee Maluolio?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lu cresse knife:

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

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

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

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

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

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may
command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is
euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction
in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall po
sition portend, if I could make that resemble something
in me? Softly, M.O.A.I.

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

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee
as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Maluolio, M: why that begins my name.

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

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell
that suffers vnder probation: A. should follow, but O.
does.

Fa. And O shall end, I hope.

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

Mal. And then I. comes behind.

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

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former:
and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for e
uery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol
lowes prose: If this fall into thy hand, reuolue. In my stars
I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some
are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and¹ some
haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open theyr
hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in
ure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble
slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,
surlly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of
state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee
thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who

commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discourers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuse, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues mè. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse# garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. loue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. loue I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Exit

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

To. I could marry this wench for this deuce.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray#trip, and become thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

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

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

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her

in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

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

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

Vio. Why man?

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

Vio. Thy reason man?

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

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

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

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Oliuia's foole?

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

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

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

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

Clo. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

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

Clo. Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia sir, to bring a Cresssida to this Troylus.

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd.

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

exit

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

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dieu vou guard Monsieur.

Vio. Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture.

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

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desi

rous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

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

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

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vn derstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine O dours on you.

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

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

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

OI. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruiceAn ink mark follows the end of this line.

OI. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

OI. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
y'are seruant to the Count Orsino youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

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

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

OI. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer speake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the speares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

OI. Giue me leaue, beseech you¹: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
 And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
 Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
 Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

OI. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe
 That verie oft we pittie enemies.

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

Clocke strikes.

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

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

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

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

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

OI. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

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

OI. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

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

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

OI. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,
 A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
 Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
 Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
 By maid#hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
 I loue 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;
 Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
 I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor neuer none

Shall mistress be of it, saue I alone.
 And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
 That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir An drew?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
 Counts Seruing#man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
 I saw't i'th Orchard.

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

And. As plaine as I see you now.

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

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

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
 iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
 Noah was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
 onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
 to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
 you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel
 lent iests, fire#new from the mint, you should haue bangd
 the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your
 hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this oppor
 tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into
 the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
 like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re
 deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
 policie.

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

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
 valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
 hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,
 and assure thy selfe, there is no loue#Broker in the world,
 can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,

then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir Andrew.

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

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of Ware in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose#pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

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

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine#ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy.

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

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull Maluolio is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue such imposssible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euey point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mapped, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great

fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

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

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But ieaousie, what might befall your rrauelltrauell,
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnospitable. My willing loue, An ink mark follows the end of this line.
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

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

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

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

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

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

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

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
 In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
 Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
 Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
 With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
 You haue desire to purchase: and your store
 I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse#bearer, and leaue you
 For an houre.

Ant. To th'Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Oi. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
 How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
 For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
 I speake too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and ciuill,
 And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
 Where is Maluolio?

Mar. He's comming Madame:

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

Oi. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La
 dyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee
 come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oi. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
 If sad and metrymerry madnesse equall bee.
 How now Maluolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Oi. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:
 This crosse#gartering, but what of that?
 If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
 Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. This speech is conventionally attributed to Olivia.

Why how doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde¹, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

OI. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?

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

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

Mar. How do you Maluolio?

Maluo. At your request:

Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

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

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

OI. What meanst thou by that Maluolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

OI. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.

OI. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

OI. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.

OI. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

OI. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made,¹if thou desir'st to be so.

OI. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant still.

OI. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

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

OI. Ile come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look d too. Where's my Cosine Toby, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.

exit

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concurre directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may

appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Maluolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well loue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possesst him, yet Ile speake to him.

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

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my priuate:
go off.

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

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Maluolio?
How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider,
he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

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

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

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

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

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

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend

is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost yu chuck?

Mal. Sir.

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

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

Mal. My prayers Minx.

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

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter.

Exit

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could con demne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuce man.

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

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound.

My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuce to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

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

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

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

To. Giue me. Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of y#
(Law

To. Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lyst in thy throat, that is not the matter

I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence#lesse.

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

Fa. Good.

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

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

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest him, & thy sworne enemie, Andrew Ague#cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot:

Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion fot'tfor't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum#Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for 1t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagge ring accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer prooffe it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

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

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

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

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

OI. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:

There's something in me that reprocues my fault:
 But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
 That it but mockes reproofe.

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

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

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

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

Vio. I will acquit you.

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

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.

Vio. And you sir.

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

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

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

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatc'd Rapier, and
 on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall,
 soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incense
 ment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction
 can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob,
 nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire
 some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard
 of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on o
 thers, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that
 quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or for sweare to weare iron about you.

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

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

Exit Toby.

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

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such This line has been underlined in pencil.

a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. This line has been underlined in pencil.

say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

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

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

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

Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

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

Enter Fabian and Viola.

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

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

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

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

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

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

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman

Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more

Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

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

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

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

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

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

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:

Though now you haue no sea#cap on your head:

Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie

Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieues mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come sir away.

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

Vio. What money sir?

For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my leane and low ability

Ile lend you some thing: my hauing is not much,

Ile make diuision of my present with you:

Hold, there's halfe my Coffe.

Ant. Will you deny me now,

Ist possible that my deserts to you

Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,

Least that it make me so vnsound a man

As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses

That I haue done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themselues.

2. Off. Come sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see (heere,

I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,

Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;

And to his image, which me thought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

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

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

Thou hast Sebastian done good feature, shame.

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

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

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill

Are empty trunkes, ore#flourish'd by the deuill.

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

Come, come sir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye

That he beleeeues himselfe, so do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

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

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

Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so

In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,

Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend
heere in necesssity, and denying him: and for his coward
ship aske Fabian.

Fab. A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
it.

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

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the euent.

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

Exit

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

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

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

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

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

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol
ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell

me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

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

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise# men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good report, after foureteene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

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

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

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

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

To. Come on sir, hold.

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

Seb. Let go thy hand.

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

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst yu now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

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

Enter Oliuia.

Oi. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Oi. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere Cesario:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passsion sway
In this vnciuill, and vniust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the streame?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:

Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,

If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

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

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

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

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good hous keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. loue blesse thee M. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King Gorbodacke, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir Topas.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Maluo lio the Lunaticke.

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

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

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good sir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou

that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari cadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

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

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

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was ne uer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wilde#fowle?

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

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

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

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

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas.

Tob. My most exquisite sir Topas.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he sees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppre shot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

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

Clo. M. Maluolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie a bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

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

Clo. Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere. Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: en deauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Mar ry Amen. I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

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

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

Clo. Well#a#day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa per, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

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

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

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

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,
 your neede to sustaine.
 Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
 cries ah ha, to the diuell:
 Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
 Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
 This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
 And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's Anthonio then,
 I could not finde him at the Elephant,
 Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
 That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
 His councill now might do me golden seruice,
 For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
 That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
 So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
 That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

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

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
 And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

O! Then lead the way good father, & heuens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

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

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

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Oliuia, friends?

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

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

Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Du. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

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

Du. Why this is excellent.

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

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

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

Du. O you giue me ill counsell.

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

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

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

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: 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.

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
 A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
 For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
 With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
 With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
 That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
 Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

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

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

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt#water Theefe,
 What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
 Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: Noble sir,
 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
 Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
 Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
 Orsino'semie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
 From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
 His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
 My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,
 Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
 Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
 While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
 Which I had recommended to his vse,
 Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

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

Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes on earth:

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

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
 Wherein Oliuia may seeme seruiceable?
 Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious Oliuia.

Oli. What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord.

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

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
 As howling after Musicke.

Du. Still so cruell?

Oli. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie

To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
 My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
 That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

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

Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
 Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
 That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
 Since you to non#regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your fauour:
 Liue you the Marble#brested Tirant still.
 But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
 And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
 Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
 Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
 Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
 To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

OI. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I loue,
 More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
 More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
 If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
 Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

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

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

OI. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

OI. Whether my Lord? Cesario, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

OI. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

OI. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 Feare not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
 Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
 To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
 Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
 Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
 Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lippes,
 Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
 And all the Ceremonie of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue traueil'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

OI. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir Toby.

OI. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a#crosse, and has giuen Sir Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

OI. Who has done this sir Andrew?

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

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

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

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:

You drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

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

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

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

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

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pany: I hate a drunken rogue.

OI. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

To. Will you helpe an Ass-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave: a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

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

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:

But had it beene the brother of my blood,

I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that

I do perceiue it hath offended you:

Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes

We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere Anthonio,

How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,

Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Anthonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,

An apple cleft in two, is not more twin

Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OI. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:

Nor can there be that Deity in my nature

Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,

Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:

Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my Father,

Such a Sebastian was my brother too:

So went he suited to his watery tombe:

If spirits can assume both forme and suite,

You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossely clad, An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Which from the wombe I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,

I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,

And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a mole vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth

Had numbred thirteene yeares.

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

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co#here and iumpe
That I am Viola, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

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

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

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

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at Maluolio's suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

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

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds Belzebub at the staues end as
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a

madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skillles not much
when they are deliuer'd.

OI. Open't, and read it.

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

OI. How now, art thou mad?

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

OI. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

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

OI. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab.

Reads.

By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me,
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my iniury. The madly vs'd Maluolio.

OI. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This sauours not much of distraction.

OI. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:

Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistris.

OI. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

OI. I my Lord, this same: How now Maluolio?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OI. Haue I Maluolio? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
Y>ou can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse#garter'd to you,
So put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

OI. Alas Maluolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
But out of question, tis Marias hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this deuce against Maluolio heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at sir Tobyes great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.

OI. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why some are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir Topas sir, but that's all one: By the LotdLord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal, and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

OI. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

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

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

Exeunt

Clowne sings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
 with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 for the raine it raineth euey day.
 But when I came to mans estate,
 with hey ho, &c.
 Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,
 for the raine, &c.
 But when I came alas to wiue,
 with hey ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I neuer thriue,
 for the raine, &c.
 But when I came vnto my beds,¹
 with hey ho, &c.
 With tospottes still had drunken heades,
 for the raine, &c.
 A great while ago the world begon,
 hey ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our Play is done,
 and wee'l striue to please you euey day.

FINIS.