Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

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

Duke.

Maister, be the food of loue, play on,
Give me excelle of it: that furnishing,
The appertaine may hicken, and so dye.
That draiene again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came on my eare, like the sweete sound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets;
Stilling, and gusing Odours. Enough, no more,
Is not so sweete now, as it was before.
O spirit of loue, how quick and freth arthous,
That norwithstanding thy capaciteit,
Recieue the Sex. Nought enters there,
Of what validitie, and pitch so ere,
But falleth into abasement, and low price.
Euen in a minute: so full of shapes is fancie,
That it is alone, in high fantastical.

Cur. Will you goe hunt my Lord?

Duc. What Curio?

Cur. The Hart.

Duc. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have.

Cur. When mine eyes did see Olins first,
My thought the pung'd the ayre of pettiflon.
That infant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like felt and cruel hounds,
Eere since pursueth me. Now what 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 is felie, till seuen yares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Clay-tirefle she will vailed vales,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keep froth
And laffing, in her sad remembrance.

Duc. O that she had a heare of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loute but to a brother,
How silue the loute, when the rich golden iust
Hath kiill'd the flocke of all affections else
That live in her. When Luer, Braine, and Heart,
Those souerain-eights, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfection with one felie king:
Away before me, to sweete beds of Flowers,
Louve-thoughts lyce rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Souldiers.

Viola. What Country (Friends) is this?

Capt. This is Illyria Lady.

Viola. And what should I do in illyria?

Capt. My brother lie in Elizium.

Viola. Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinkes you saylers?

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

Viola. My poor brothsr, and so perchance may he be.

Capt. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Afflue your felie, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saued with you,
Hung on our dringing boate: I faw your brother
Most prouident in peril, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong Maste, that luff'd at the sea:
Where like Oroon the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Viola. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape visfoldeth to my hope,
Whereas they speech lesures for authorise
The like of him. Know it thou this Countrie?

Capt. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three hours traveale from this very place.

Viola. Who governes here?

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

Viola. What is his name?

Capt. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchelors son.

Capt. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence.
And then twas fresh in murrum (as you know)
What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of;
That he did seke the loue of faire Olima.

Viola. What's his face?

Capt. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Counte
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his losse, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose dearer loue
(They say) she hath abur'd the sight
And company of men.

Viola. O that I were'that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

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

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier a nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

To. Confine! Ile confine my fettle no finer then I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them selves in their own straup.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talk of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be his what

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-clocks?

Mar. 1st.

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

Mar. What's that to th purpose?

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

Mar. 1st, but he's have but 2 a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Peace, that you say so: he plays oth Viol-de-ga-boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gult he hath in quarrellings, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quckly have the gift of a grace.

To. By this hand they are foundrel and substanti-oats that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add morcours, he's drunken nightly in your company.

To. With drinking heals to my Nece: He drinke
to her as long as there is a passage in my threat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward & a Cowfryll that will not drink to my Nece: till his brains turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? Caflfrano vulgar, for here com's Sir Andrew Aquaface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

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

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Bette you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

To. Accoff Sir Andrew, accoff.

And. What's that?

To. My Necees Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Miftris accoff, I defire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistress Mary, accoff.

To. You mistake knight: Accoff, is front her, bound her, woe her, &assy her.

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

Mar. Far well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw i sword again.

And. And you part to miftris, I would I might never draw i sword again: I Pray Lady, do you think you have fooles in hand?

Mar. Sir, I hate not you by'hand.

An. Marry but you harl have, and heres my hand.

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

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart) What's your Mappor?

Mar. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinkke to: I am not such an aife, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your left?

Mar. A dry left Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Sir, I have 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 Castrie:when did thee so put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinkke, vnlesse you see Canzice put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no more wit then a Chiffian, or an ordinary man's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and beleete that does haime to my wit.

To. No question.

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

To. Puff-gary my deere knight?

An. What is puff-gary? Do, or not do? I would I had beftowe that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing dancing, and bearayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

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

An. Why, would that haue mended my bair?

To. Puff question, for thou feelst it will not coole my

An. But it becomes we well enough, dont not? nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like fax on a dishstaff: & I hope to see a huwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

To. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece wil nor be fene,or if the be it's four to one, she knows of me: the Comt hematelle here hard by, wooses her.

To. She'll none o'th Comt, she'll not match about her degree, neither in effaire, years, nor wit: I haue heard her swer t: Tut there's life in't man.

And
Twelve Night, or What you will.

For they shall find yet better thy happy yeeres, That sayest thou art a man: Diomede Is not more smooth, and robust: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, thrall, and found, And all is tambourine a woman's part. I know thy constellations is right apt For this affaire: some foule or phleg attend him, All if you will: for I my selfe am bell. When leaff in company: proper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes fine. Thee. Ile do my bell. To vowe your Lady: yet a barefull stiffe, Who ere I vowe, my selfe would be his wife. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria and Claudio.

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

Cla. Let her hang me: she that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mai. Make that good.

Cla. She shall see none to fear.

Mai. A good lesson answer: I can tell thee where I sayeing was gone, off I sayeing no colours.

Cla. Where good mistress Mary?

Mai. In the wars, & that may you be bold to say in your foulerie.

Cla. Well, God grace them Wife done that have it: & those that are foole, let them vife their talents.

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

Cla. Many a good hanging, presents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mai. You are reluest then?

Cla. Not so neyther, but I am resolved to make two points in. That if one brake, the other will hold it: if both brake, your gaskins is fall.

Cla. In good faith, very apt: we go this way, if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou went as witty a piece of Enter Bell, as say in Illyria.

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

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Cla. Why, and he be thy will, put me into good footing: these wis that think: they have thee, dine very off proue foole: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wife man. For what saies Siquimadix, Better a witty foole, than a foolish wit: God bless thee Lady.

Cla. Take the foole away.

Cla. Do you not hear fellowes, take away the Ladic.

Cla. O! Go to, ye are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides you grow diff-hunted.

Cla. Two faults, Malvolio, that drinke & good counsell will amend: for glue the dry foole drink, then the foole not dry: but the dishonest man mend himselfe; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mend, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with fine, and fin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simplex Sillogisme will serve, fo: He will not, what remedy?

V 3
As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
flower; The Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I
fay again, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cuckold
now finds nowpatchon that was much to fay, as I ware not
mudle in my braine; good Madona, give mee leave to
prouce you a fool.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriorly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your prooe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
Mount of verue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idleness, I be ride your
prooe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I think his foole is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foole is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to moune for your
Brothers foole, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,
Gentleman.

Ol. What think you of this foole Malieso, doth he not
mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
him: Infamy that deteaces the wife, doth ennace the
better foole.

Clo. God fend you sir, a speckle Infamy, for the
increasing better of your folly: In 7 day will I beworn that
I am no Fox, but he will not pad his word for two pence
that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that Malieso?

Mal. I mean your Ladyship takes delight in such
barren rascals: 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 gards alreadye; Rules you
taught and mimmifer occasion to him, he is gaggen I protest,
it take these Wife men, that crow fast at these lech kindes
of foole, no better then the foole Zanes.

Ol. O you are fickle of like love Malieso, and taste
with a differem’d appetite. To be generous, guilliffes,
and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird
bolts, that you demean Cannon bulles; There is no flan
der in an allowd foole, though he do nothing but rye; but
not raying, in a knowne diffirent man, though hee do
nothing but proue.

Clo. Now Mercury induc thee with leaping, for thou
speakst well of foole.

Enter Maria.

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

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mal. I know not (Madam) tis a faire young man, and
welle attened.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. Sir Toby Madam, your kinman.

Ol. Ferrish him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but
madman; lie on him. Go you Madona; If it be suit
from the Count, I am fickle, or not at home. What you
will, to dimmune it. Exit Malieso.

Now you see sir, how your footing groves old, & peo
ple dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (Madona) as the eldest
sonne should he a foole whose call, I know common with
braine, for here he comes. Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weak Pen-maner.

Ol. By mine honor halfe dranke. What is he at the
gate Count?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. ‘Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague of these pickle
herring: How now Sir?

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how have you come so earely by
this Letherie?

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

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not; give
me faith lay I. Well, it’s all one.

Exit.

Ol. What’s a drunken man like, foole?

Mal. Like a drownd’d man, a foole, and a madde man:
One draught about heare, makes him a foole, the second
maddes him, and a third drownes him.

To. Go thou and fetch the Crowner, and let him fute
of my Cos: for he’s in the third degree of dranke; he’s
drownd’s: go looke after him.

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

Enter Malieso.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears hee will speak
with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on to
vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with
you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a
fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
speak with you. What is to be said to him Lady, he’s
fortified against any delli.

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

Mal. He’s been told so, and hee fayes hee stand at
your doore like a Stormes post, and be the supporter to
a bench, but hee speake with you.

Ol. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

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

Ol. Of what perionage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough
for a boy: as a squask is before tis a person, or a Colding
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa
ter, between boy and man. He is verie well-sauerd, and
he speake verie frethorthy: One would think his
mothers milk were farre out of him.

Ol. By him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.


Maria. Give me my vaile: come throw it ote my face,
Weel once more heare Ofungi Embalfie.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honorable Lady of the house, which is the?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: you will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquifite, and unmarable beautey.
I pray you tell mee if this be the Lady of the house,
for I never saw her. I would bee loath to cast away
speak: for besides that it is excelenly well pend, I have
taken great pains to conie. Good Beauties, let mee fau
flane no scorne; I am very compeble, even to the leaft
finifie vige.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have stude, & that
question’s out of my pars. Good gentle one, give mee
modet afurance, if you be thee Lady of the house, that
Twelwe Night, or, What you will.

may proceed in my specke.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vis. No my profounde heart: and yet (by the verie 

hangs of malice, I swears) I am not that I play. Are you 
The Lady of the house?

Ol. If I do not vnderse my seife, I am.

Vis. Most certaine, if you are fay, do vnderse your 

seife: for what is yours to behowe, is, not yours to re 

trose. But this is from my Commission: I will on with 

my specke in your pratie, and then shew you the heart of 
your mesage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you 

the pratie.

Vis. Alas, I looke great paines to finde it, and 'tis 

poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep 

in. I heard you were tawey at my gates, & allowed your 

approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If 

out on borow, be poe: if you haue reason, be poe tre: 

is not that time of Moone with me, to make one in fo 

doing a dialogue.

Vis. Will you bothe faire fire, here lyes your way.

Vis. No good swabber, I am to holl here a little lon 

ger. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Lady; 

tell me your name, I am a mennyger.

Vis. Sure you have some hiddenes necessarie to deliver, 

when the certifie of this abstracte. Speak your office, 

dye. I do not care concerning your care: I bring no over 

ge of ware, no taxation of hommage: I hold the Olygie 

my hand: your words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

Vis. What would you?

Vis. The radunelle that hath appear'd in me, haue I 

eard from my entertainment. What I am, and what I 

would, are as secret as mainden-head, to your care. 

Dinteny, to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give to the place alone, 

We will heare this clamosity. Now fir, what is your text?

Vis. Moll sweet I swieves.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee laide 

fyr. Where lies your Text?

Vis. In Orpheus lyctia.

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

To answer by the hand in the fift of his hart.

Vis. You have read it: it is herefie: Haue you no more 
of a way?

Vis. 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 fir, such a one I was this present: if not well 

done.

Vis. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and weath 

er.

Vis. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whole red and white, 

Natures owne sweet, and coming hand laid on haide.

Lady, you are the creel if thee alive, 

If you will leade these graces to the grave, 

And leave the world no cope.

Ol. 'Fir, I will not bee to hard-hearted: I will give 

our dances serieties of my beautee. It shall be intermixed 

diure particle and scientificall labell'd to me: At, 

item two lipses indifferent reddex, Item two grey eyes, 

with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, &c so forth. 

Were you fene hittier to praise me.

Vis. I see you what you are, you are too proud.

But if you were the dullest, you are faire.

My Lord, and matter loves you: Ouch love 

Could be but recompen'd, though you were crown'd 
The non-partel of beautie.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vis. With adorations, fervill tears.

With groanes that thunder loose, with fighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him 

Yet I suppose him veruous, know him noble.

Of great extent, of freend and amiable youth.

In voyces well divulg'd, free, learnd, and valiant,

And in dimension, and the shapre of nature,

A gracious perfon; But yet I cannot love him: 

He might have rooke his answer long ago.

Vis. If I did love you in my matters thome, 

With such a supping, such a deadly life:

In your daintie, I would finde no tence, 

I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vis. Make me a willow Cibome at your gate, 

And call upon my foule within the house, 

Write loyall Cantons of contemned love, 

And sing them loud even in the dead of night:

Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles, 

And make the babbling Gospip of the arie, 

Cutab Oliaus. O you should not reth. 

Betwene the elements of ayre, and earth,

But you should pitcie me.

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vis. Above my fortunes, yet my rate is well.

I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord?

I cannot love you, let him fend no more, 

Vulefie (perchance) you come to me againe, 

To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: 

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vis. I am no neede poesit, Lady; keep your purse, 

My Matter, not my fefe, lackes recompencc.

Love make his heart of thine, that thou eall love;

And let your favoour like my matters be,

Put this content: Farewell love croes.

Vis. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my rate is well.

I am a Gentleman. Ie be worne thou art, 

Thy tonge, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirt.

Do giue thee fue-fold blission: not too false, too fort, 

Vulefie the Matter were the man. How now?

Even to quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinkes I feel this yowhs perfecions 

With an immuble, and subtle health 

To crepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoo, Malusual.

Enter Malusual.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seance.

Ol. Run after that same peecul, Meffen ger, 

The Countes man he left this Ring behinde him 

Would he, or tell him the name of his 

Defire him not to flatter with his Lord, 

Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him: 

If that the youth will come this way to morrow, 

He giue him reasons for't: hee the Malusual.

Mal. Madams, I will.

Ol. I do know not what, and fear to finde 

MINE eyey too great a flatterer for my minds:

Fate
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

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

Seb. By your patience, no: my flares shine darkly over me; the malignity of my fate, might perhaps deter you; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my ills alone. It was a bad recompence for your lone, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whether you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagance. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modelility, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to express my felic: you must know of mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (whom I call Rodrigg) my father was the Schollars and Master, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my felic, and a sister, both borne in an hour: if the Hranens had beene pleas'd, we would have loded. But you sir, after'd that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A lady sir, though it was said fleer much resembl'd me, was yet of more accounted beautiley: but though I could not with such effable wonders out face beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, fleer bore a mindle that every could not but call faire: Since is drown'd alreadly with faire water: though I fene to drawne her remembrance agane with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainement.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your errant.

Seb. If you will not vnlo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desirit it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindvse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of mee: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Ant. The gentemelle of all the gods goe with thee: I have many enemies in Orisino's Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall terme sport, and I will go. Exit.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. We are not yet eu'n now, with the Countesse O- rinia?

Vi. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since seen'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (for) you might have failed mee my paines, to have taken it away your felic.She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardie so come againe in his affairs, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it so.

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

Mal. Come sir, you peecullily threw it to her: and her will, it should be to return'd: If you were worth foot- gling for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it her that finds it.

Vi. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side none have charmed her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had left her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly, She loues me true, the cunning of her paison Invites me in this churlish meffenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he fent her none; I am the man, it is be so, as it is.

Poor Lady, she were better lose a dreame: Disguis, I see thou art a wackenliffe, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much. How eafe it is, for the proper talie In womans womans hearts to feel their forms: Alas, O fankllie is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if fuch we bee:

How will this fadge? My mother loyts her dearly, And I (poore moniter) feld af much on him: And frie (misfaken) fenees to dot on me:

What will become of this? As I am man, My fates is desperate for my masters lout: As I am woman (now alas the day) What thiiesfle figures shall poore Olivia breath? Cume, thou must vartangle this, not i. It is too hard a knot for me'verry.

Scene Terza.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew; not to bea bedder after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Deliont forgere, 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 vnwill'd came. 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 betimes. Does not our lives confit of the twoe Elements? And. Faith fo they say, but I think he rather confit of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eat and drinke, Marian I say, a foopy of vine.

Enter clown.

And. Here comes the foole yfaith.

Cie. How now my hars: Did you never see the Pictur of we three?

To. Welcome affe, now let's hace a earch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent earch. I had rather then forre thiings I had tuch a legges, and to sweete a breath to ring, as the foole has. Inforflow their wail in very grasious folving last night, when thou lopp'd it of Pogromumus, of the Depiox pusling the Equinbshial of Queene: 'twas very good yfaith. I hate thee fire pense for

Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Te. We did keep time fit in our Catches, Sneccke vp.
Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you, My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kindman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selle and your midslemaners, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
To. Farewell, dere heart, since I must needs be gone.
Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.
Cla. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.
Mal. Is't even to?
To. But I will never dye.
Cla. Sir Toby there you lye.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
To. Shall I bid him go?
Cla. Wilt thou and she do?
To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Cla. No, no, no, you dare not.
To. Our o'tane sir, ye lye: Art any more then a steward? Doth thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?
Cla. Yes by S'Anne, and Ginge shall be hotte y' th moneth too.
Msd. Militis Mary, if you prid ye ladyes favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this victuall rule; the shall know of it by this hand.
Exe.
To. Go fliske your ears.
Th. There's as good a dece as to drink when a man is hungrey, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a looke of him.
To. Don't knigh, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliter thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Swear Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, the is much out of quiet. For Mengaur Malmonio, let me close with him: If I do not gill him into an word, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue write enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
To. Poffele vs, poffele vs, tell vs something of him.
Mar. Marie firs, sometimes he is a kinde of Puranite.
Th. O, I thinke that; I beate him like a dogge.
To. What for being a Puranite, thy exquitie reason, dere knight.
Th. I have no exquitie reason for't; but he reason good enough.
Mar. The dyll a Puranite that he's, or any thing constantely but a time-pleater, an afflication'd Asle, that cons State without bookes, and visses by great swards. The bell perfurred of himselfe so cram'd (as he thinke's) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, lose him: and on that vise in him, will my reuenge finde notable caute to work.
To. What wilt thou do?
Th. I will drop in his way some obscure Epiflotes of love, wherein by the colour of his hearde, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gape, the expressif of his eye, forehead, and completion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly perforated. I can write very like my Lady your Neese, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diffucution of our hands.
To. Excellent, I smel a deuite.
Th. I haun't in my note too.
To. He shall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop them.
Twelie Night, or, What you will.

An elder then her selue, so weares the to him,
So sways she letell in her husbunds heart:
For boy, however we do praisse our faythes,
Our fancies are more giddie and vsintame,
More longing, watering, sooner lost and worene,
Then womens are.

"Do, I thinke it well my Lord,
Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whole faire flower,
Being once displaid, doth fall that varie hower.
And so they are : alas, that they are so : To die, even when they to perfection grow.
"

Enter Celia & Clowca.

Do, A fellow come, the song we had last night:
Mark it Cefario, it is old and plaine:
The Spinners and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weave their thred with bone,
Do voe to chaste it : is fyllly sooth,
And dailly with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.
Clu. Are you ready Sir?

"Doke. I preache sing.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laid,
Eye away, eye away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruel masie:
My froward of white, suck all with Ev.O prepare it,
My part of death no one true done shal share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blase coffin, let those be sere:
Not a friend, not a friend great
My poor sores, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sightes to sawe, lay me where
Said true lover never find my grave, so wepe there.

Duo. There's for thy paines.

Clu. No pains for, I take pleasure in singing fit.

Duo. I pey thy pleasure then.

Clu. Truly fit, and pleasure will be paide one time or another.

Duo. Give me now leaue, to leave thee.

Clu. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taff four, for they mindes is a very Opall. I would have men of such constance put to Seas, that that busynesse might be everie thing, and their intent exercice where, for that is, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Duo. Let all the rest give place; Once more Cefario,

Get thee to yond fame fouersaigne crueltite,
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dittie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bellowd upon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But'tis that miracle, and Queen of Rens
That nature pranks her in, attractes my foule.

Vio. But if she cannot lose you fir.

Duo. It cannot be so anwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot lose her;
You tell her so? Muff she not then be anwer'd?

Duo. There is no womens side.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

263

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.
A loue doth give my heart: no women heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Ais, their loue may be call'd appetice,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallaces,
That suffer surfeit, eloyment, and reules,:
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I love Olivia.

Du. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
A fayth they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter loue'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
Shoul'd your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she never told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i' th' budde
Feast on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
The fayte like Patience on a Monument,
Hanging there. Was not this loue indecely?

We men may say more, with more ease,
But indeed our flowers are more then will:
For all we pease

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

Du. In that's the Thema,
To her in hauke: give her this Jewell; say,
My loue can give no place, bide no deny.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Cometh the wayes, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay hee come: if looke a speulrice of this sport,
let me be byd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard-
ly Rabble speech-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult: man: you know he brought me out
in favour with my Lady, about a Beasts-playing here.

To. To anger him weel haue the Bese againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir
Andrew?

An. And we do not, it is poiste of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here cometh the little villaine: How now my
Master of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
coming downe this walk, he has beene yonder: the
Some praching behaviour to his own shadow this halfe
hour: oblate him for the loue of Mockenize: for I know
this Letter will make a contemptable Idea of him.
Close in the name of feeding, eye thou therere: for here cometh
the Trott, that must be catcht with tickling.

Exeunt Malvolio.

Mal. Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did offe me, and I have heard her fell come
thus neere, that should free fancie, or should bee one of
my complection. Besides the vies me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that follows her. What
should I think of it?

To. Here's an oner-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he jets under his aduance'd plumes.

And. Slight I could to beate the Rogue,

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,

To. Ah Rogue.


To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Strat-
bury, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Tie on him Isabela.

Fa. Oh peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blows him.

Mal. Having bene three months married to her,

To. Sitting in my state.

Fa. 0 for a lone bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Veler gowne: having come from a day bedde, where I
have left Olivia sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. Oh peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of flute: and after
a demure truile of regard: telling them I know my
place, as I would they doe theirs: to sake for my
kindman Toby.

Fa. Boltes and shackles.

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

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient flart,
mke out for him: I scrawne the white, and perchance
wunde my watch, or play with my sone rich Jewell:
Toby approaches; cursethere to me.

To. Shall this fellow die?

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

Mal. I extand my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar simile with an untir'd regard of controll.

To. Anddo's not Toby take you a blow of 'the lippes,
thou.

Mal. SAYING, Coine Toby, my Fortunes having call
me on you, Niece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenesse,

To. Our scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we brake the finewses of our
plot.

Mal. Refuse you waft the currecy of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's me I warrant you.

Mal. One for Andrew.

And. I knew twas I, for so many do call mee Soole.

Mal. What employment true we heere?

Fa. Now is the Wardrope meete the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirt of humors intimate read-
ing aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her
very C.'s her U.'s, and her T.'s, and thus makes flce her
great Pr.'t. It is in contempt of question her hand.

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

Mal. To the unknowne behind it, tois, and my good afflic:

Her very Pirates: By your leave wax, Soile, and the im-

preffure her Love, with which she vies to scale: is my
Lady? To whom shold this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Limer and all.

Mal.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Mal. I love knowes I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know. What follows?

The numbers alter: No man must know.

If this should be thee Malvino?

To. Marrie long thee brooke.

Mal. I may command, where Endore, but silence like a

crepe loss.

With bledstiffe friske my heart doth gone, M. O. M. A. I. doth thy life.

Fa. A Suffolk riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

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

Fa. What d_fh2 your possession she d_brighten him?

To. And with what wing the falkon checkes at it.

Mal. I may command, where I know: Why thee may command me: I fee thee, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position pordaend, if I could make that sensible something in me? Sopy, M. O. M. A. I. To. I make up that, he is now at cold fent.

Fab. Sworther will cry upon for all this, though it bee as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvino, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not say he would make it out, the Curte is excellent at faults.

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

Fa. And O. shall end, I hope.

To. I, on Ie cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more destracon at your heele, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. M. A. I. This simulation is not the former: and yet to cull this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of the 3 letters are in my name. Soft, here follows profe: if this fall into thy hand, readie. In my fars I am aboute thicke, but be not afraid of greeneffe: Some are become great, some steechesome greeneffe, and sorne haue greeneffe thrid vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and ispirit embrace them, and to devour thy felse to what thou art like to be: caft thy humble thought, and appear freth. Be opoosite with a kinman, furly with freudant: Let thy tongue make argument of flat: put thy felse into the tricke of singularitie, Shee thus aduises thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commanded thy yellow flockings, and wold thee fete crowe garder: I lay remember, goo too, thou art made if thou defirft to be so: If not, me lee thee a fleftward full, the fellow of freudants, and not worthie to touch Fortunes finges. Farewell. Shee that would alter freudants with thee, the pastime unshapply day light and champion discouers not more: This is open. I will bee proud, I will readie politicke Authors, I will baffe Sir Toby, I will walk off greffe acquaintance, I will the point denie, the very man. I do nowro loo my felse, to let imagination teade mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow flockings of fate, shee did prisse my legge being crowe- garder'd, and in this she manifestly her legge to my love, & with a kinde of inclination drives mee to these ladeies of her liking. I thanke my faires, I am happy: I will bee strange, flout, in yellow flockings, and crowe Garder'd,
Twelfth Night, or What you will.

O. Tooth sir, I can yeald you none withont words, and words are grown to falle, I am loath to prove, reason with them.

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

Rio. 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, I would it would make you insipid.

Vio. Are not thou the Lady Olima's fool?

Rio. No indeed, sir, the Lady Olima's fool has no folly, she will take no fool's part, till she be married, and fools are as good husbands, as Pilchers are to Herings, the Hut and the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but her skipper of words.

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

Rio. Foolish sir, does walk like the Orbe like the sun, it shineth everywhere. I would be foory, but the fool should be as soft with your Master, as with my Mistis: I think I saw your wife done there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paff on me, he no more with hear. Hold there's espernces for thee.

Rio. Now looke in his next commoditie of hayre, fend see a beard.

Vio. By this trew I tell thee, I am almoft sick for me, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is my Lady within?

Rio. Would not a pair of these have bred it?

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

Rio. I would play Lord Pandourus of Pheryng, to bring Cressida to this Troye.

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

Rio. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but getting, Cressida was a beggter, My Lady is within sir, I will comfort to them whene you come, who you are, and that you were out of my wellkin, I might say Ele,

Vio. This fellow is wife enough to play the fools, not to do well that, comes a kind of wit: he must observe their mood on whom he sells, the quality of persons, and the time; and like the Haggard, checkes at every Feather that comes before his eye. This is practice, a full of labour as a Wife-man Att, or folly that he weyly fleeing, is fit, at wilwmen folly fleeing, quince thei their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

Vio. Sue you Gentleman.

Sir. And you sir.

And. Dien you guard Masfioy?

Rio. Et sio cia, cia furnia, furniture.

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

Vio. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is defin, you shoulde enter, if your trade be ther.

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

Vio. Taffe your legges sir, put them to motion.

Rio. My legges do better undersand me sir, than I undersand what you meane by bidding me taffe my legges.

Vio. I meanent to goe sir, to enter.

Rio. I will answere you with gace and entrance, but we presented.

Enter Oliva, and Gentlewoman.

Oli. Excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine oours on you.

Rio. That youth's a rare Couerier, raine odours well.

Vio. My matter hath no voices Lady, but your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

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

O. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble service.

O. What is your name?

Vio. Cefario is your servants name, faire Princesse.

O. Your servants sir? I was never merry world, since lowly feigning was call'd complement.

Vio. Your are fennants to the Count Orsino youth.

O. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servants fennant is, is your servante Madam.

O. For him, I thikke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanke, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

O. On his behalfe.

O. By your leave I pray you.

Vio. He you not speake againe of him; But would you vendersake another suiter I had rather here, you to solicit that, Then Muscie from the spheris.

Vio. Deere Lady.

O. Gius me leave, befeech you I did fend, After the last enhchantment you did here, A Ring in chace of you. So did I shufl

Rio. My selfe, my servante, and I feare me you.

Vio. Under your hard constrution must I, to force that on you in a flamefull cunning Which you know none of yours. What might you think? Have you not yet mine Honor at the flake, And baire it with all th' unwizd thoughts That cyanorous heart can think? To one of your receivin Enough is heuen, a Cipreffe, not a borome, Hides my heart; to let me heart you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

O. That's a deeree to love.

Vio. No not a grize; for this vulgar provee That vertie off we pitty enemies.

O. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to simile agen:

O. O world, how at the poore are to be proud? If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Rio. Clocky stiker.

The clocke vpbrades me with the waffe of tim: Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you, And yet when wit and youdith is come to hurffet, your wife is like to rape a proper man: There lies your way, due Weft,

Rio. Then Wellward hau:

Grace and good dispassion attend your Ladyship you'll nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

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

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

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

O. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

O. I would you were, as I would haue you be, Would it be better Madam, then I am?

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

O. What a deale of forsee, lookee beautiful? In the contempt and anger of his lip, A murdorous guilt shews not it felle more foone, Then loue that would leemne hie: Loues night is noone.

Cefario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,

Thou thee fo, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor
Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabius.

Sir Toby. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer:
To thy reason decree venom, give thy reason.

Fabius. You must needs yield to your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Toby. Marry I saw your niece do more favours to the Count Serling-man, than enter the beest and won't upon me: I saw it at the Orchard.

Fabius. To do the while, old boy, tell me that.

Sir Toby. And as plainness I see you now.

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

Sir Toby. And slight, will you make an Affo come.

Fabius. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby. And they have been grand lurie men, face before.

Nobles was a Sailor.

Fabius. She did find favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her, and with some excellent affect, fire-new from the mint, you should have bunged the youth into damnable: such was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sty'd into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yaffle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir Toby. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

Fabius. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him: hurt him in dainty places, my Niece shall take note of it, and afor thy self, there is no loose Book in the world, can more profuse in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fabius. There is no way but this Sir Andrew.

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

Fabius. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and brief: it is no matter how wittie, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of Ink: if thou thou dost him some thire, it shall not be smile, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy flegte of paper, although the flegte were bigge enough for the bedde of Ware in Eng-

land, let'em downe, go about it. Let there bee galle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew. And where shall I finde you?

Fabius. We'll call thee at the Cubicle: Go.

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

Sir Toby. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or to.

Fabius. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you're not delivered.

Sir Toby. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes sitre on the youth to an answer: I thinke Oxen and wives-ropes cannot hate them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find to much blood in his Linter, as will clog the foote of a She, He ceste the rest of his anatomy.

Fabius. And his opposit the youth bears in his vijage no great presage of cruelty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

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

Antonio. I could not stay behind you: my deere (More harpe then fileel)e did spurre me forth, And not all love to see you (though to much As might have drawne one to a longer voyage) But I shallowe, what might befall your resuel, Being skillest in these parte: which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriend, often prove Rough, and unhostile. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of case Set forth in your purritte.

Sebastian. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanske, And thanske: and can't of good tunes, Are thansked o'f with such vncurrage pay: But were my worth, as is my conscience firm,
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

You should finde better dealing: what's to do? shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, beft frift go fee your Lodging?

Sib. I am not weafty, and 'tis long to night pray you let vs facile our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame that do renowne this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
do not without danger walke these frescre, once in a sea-fight gainst the Count his galleys, did some feruice, of fuch note indeede, hat were I take here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Sib. Belike you flew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of thofe a bloody nature, but the quality of the time, and quarril light well have giuen vs bloody argument:

might have fince bene answer'd in repaying

What we take from thence, which for Traffiques fake
toft of our City did. Onely my felfe stood out,
or which if I be lapp'd in this place shall pay deere.

Sib. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold fhir, here's my purfe,

The South Suburbs as the Elephant

is left to lodge. I will beforeake our dyes,

While you beguile the time, and tread your knowledge

With viewing of the Towne, there you haue me.

Sib. Why your purfe?

Ant. Haply your eye doth light upon fome toy

You have defire to purchase: and your faire

thinkes not for idle Markets, firs.

Sib. Ie be your purfe-bearer, and leave you

An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Sib. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Ottilia and Maria.

Ol. If the feaft after him, he fayes hee'le come:

How fhall I fatisfie him? What bellow of him?

Or youth is bought more ofle, then beeg'd, or borrow'd.

Speak too loud: Where's Malonio? he is fad, and ciuill,

And fitts well for a fervant with my fortunes,

Where is Malonio?

Mar. He's coming Malonio:

But in a verie manner, He is fueeofffelf Madam,

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

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but fmile your Ladyship are bene to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malonio.

am as madde as hee, and fad and merry no defee equall bee.

How now Malonio?

Sib. Sweet Lady, ho, ho,

Ol. Smifk thou? I fent for thee upon a fad occafion,

Sib. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:

This croule-gattering, but what of that?

The pleasie the eye of one, it is with me as the very true

Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why doth thou talk, my Lord?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellows in my

Legges: It did come to his hands, and Commandes shall

be executed, I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane

hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Malonio?

Mal. To bed? Iweet heart, and Ie come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doft thou thinke so, and

kifl thine hand to oft?

Mal. How do you Malonio?

Mar. At your request:

Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-

neffe before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe: I was well writ,

Ol. What mean'st thou by that Malonio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Hai?

Mal. Some archeue greatneffe.

Ol. What fayft thou?

Mal. And some have greatneffe thrust upon them.

Ol. Heauen reftore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow flock-

ings?

Ol. Thy yellow flockings?

Mal. And with'ld to fee thee croule-gar'd.

Ol. Croule gar'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defirft to be fo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me fee thee a ferman flll.

Ol. Why this is verie Midfomer madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count

Of fine is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he

attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

Ol. He come to him.

Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to, Where's my

Coffe Toby, let some of my people have a special care

of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of

my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worie

man then fit Toby to looke to me. This concurreth direc-

tly with the Letter, the fends him on purpose, that I may

appear riborne to him: for the incites me to that in the

Letter. Caff thy humble fough fayes the: be oppo-

fite with a Kniffman, farie with fervants, let thy tongue

langer with arguments of fute, put thy felfe into the

trick of singularity: and consequently fets downe the

manner howe: as a sad face, a referved carriage, a slow

tongue, in the habite of fame Sir of note, and fo foorth.

I have lynce her, but it is Loues doing, and none make me

thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-

low be look'd to: Fellowes not Malonio, nor after my

degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres togethe-

r that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no

obstacle, no incredulous or vnfaithfull circumftance: What

can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene

me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Weill loue, not I,

is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.
To. Which way is he in the name of sanctity. If all the diucts of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself posseit them, yet. He speaks to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how fit with you fit?

How fit with you man?

Mai. Go off, I dierce you I let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mai. How low the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mai. Ah his, does she go?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, woe must deal gently with him: Let me alone: How do you Malinton?

How fit with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mai. Do you know what you say?

Mai. I, you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he taketh at heart: Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to his wife woman.

Mai. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live, My lady would not looke for him more then he faie.

Mai. How now milfffal?

Mai. Oh Lord.

To. Preeh hold thy peace, this is not the way: Does you not see you mean him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentlelffe, gently, gently: the diuell is rough, and will not be roughly wld.

To. Why now my bowcock how don't chuck?

Mai. Sir.

To. I biddye, come with me: What man, tis not for gruinity to play at chess: pit with fathan Hang him low foul Cotill.

Mai. Get him to say his prayers, good fit Toby gette him to pray.

Mai. My prayers Mine.

Mai. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlylffe.

Mai. Go hang your felles slit: you are yde shallowe things, I am not of your elements, you shall know more hereafter.

Exit To. 11 possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genious hath taken the infection of the deceite man.

Mai. Nay purshe him now, feafe the deceite take ayre, and stant.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mai. The houre will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room & bound. My Nece is sliddy in the believe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very phantome eared out of breath: prompt vs to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deceite to the bar and crown thee for a funder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a may morning.

Mai. Here the Challenge, reside it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. If I do speake?

And, I lift I warrant him; do but read.

To. Give me.

Youngs whose father this art, thank him in every fellow.

Fab. Good, and salut.

To. Wonder not, nor alarm not in thy minde why I doe call these so, for I will shew thee no reason for it.

(Law)

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blowl of.

To. Thus comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight for yer the kindle, but thou leaff on my throat, that is not the mater I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brefly, and to exceeding good fence-leese.

To. I will way-fay thee going home, where if be thy choice to kill me,

Fab. Good.

To. Do I kill me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep the mad side of the Law: good.

To. Fairnesswell, and God have mercy upon one of our foules. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and to look to thy selfe. I by friend as thou seest, he, the sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-checke.

To. If this Letter move him nor, his legges cannot: he giut him.

Mai. You may have verie occasion factt: he is now in some commerice with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sit Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a hum-Baylie: so soone as ever thou seeft him, draw, and aske drawift, I lyeare horribl: for it cometh to passe off, that a terrible oath, with a fawgegeing accent sharply twang'd off, giveth muthmore approbation, then ever prooue it tell he would earett him, Away.

And. Nay let me alone for sweering.

Exit To. Now will not I delauer his Letter: for the behavious of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betwene his Lord and my Nece, conffres no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being to excellently ignorant, will breede no terrors in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But fit, I will delauer his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-checkes a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will speake receit) into a mott hideous opinion of his rage, skull, furie, and impetuositie. This will to fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Nece, give them way till he take ease, and presently after him.

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

Ol. I have too much onto a hart of stone.

And laid mine honour too vouchary on's:

There's something in me that reproys my fault:

But such a head-strong potent fault it is,

That but mockes reproys.

Vio. With the same hartiness that your passion beares,

Goes on my Matters greeves.

Ol. Here, wear this Jewell for me, tis my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vos you:

And I befeech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you ask of me that Ie deny,

That homour (fart) may upon asking gibe.

Ol. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine homour may I giue him his,

Which I have giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquie you.

Ol. We'll come againe to morrow: far-thee-well.

A Firend like thee might beare my foule to hell.

"Enter Toby and Fabian."

To. Gentleman, God save thee.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

To. That defence thou haft, betake the co"t; of what nature the wongs are thou haft done him, / knowe not: but thy intercepter ful full of delight, bloody at the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dittoe in thy tucke, to bee yare in thy preparation, for thy affaylant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

To. You must take it: I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and clearer from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You finde it otherwise, I affure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, beseech you to your gard: for your opposite hat in him what youth, listed, skill, and wrath, can furnish man with.

To. I pray you for what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with whatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a dwarf in private brawl, fouls and bodies hath he duos'd three, and his innefence at this moment is so impalice, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and superstition: Hob, hob, is his word: giu't or take'

To. I will return againe into the house, and defire some gentleman of the Lady. I am no figurer, I have heard of some gentle men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to raise their valour: beleeke this is a man of that quiet.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriveth it selfe out of a very competent inuiron, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, violett you understand that with which I make so frenci of you, you shall therefore on, or flippre your sword traske ask'd: for meddle you must that's cerne, or for fear we were iron about you.

To. This is as virtuall as strange: I beeleeue 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 do lo, Signour Fabian, play you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

To. Prithee, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is intent against you, even to a mortal arrantiment, but nothing of the circumstance more.

To. I beeleeve you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the poorest of his valour. He'sindeed fit, the most skillfull, bloudy, & fatal oppositor that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

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

Exit Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee is a very droll: I have not seen such a frame: I had a paffe with him, rapier, & all: and he gives me the buckle in such a morsell motion that it is incontinent: and on the answer, he pays me as surelly, as your fesse hits the ground they flap on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't! he nor meddle with him.

To. But he will not now be pacified.

Fabian can hardly hold him yonder.

To. Pray, sir, I thought he had beene valiant, and sociable in Fense, I deceive seen him damnd ere I had challenge d him. Let him see the matter, and I will give him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. He make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't, this shall end without the perfusion of foules, marry I lie your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Violante.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrell, I have perfus'd him the youths a dollars.

To. He is a very conceited man: and beets, & looks pale, if a Bfoe were at his heels.

To. There's no remedy for, he will fight with you for its oath: marry he hath better betheought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supplication of yours word, he presently he will not hurt you.

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

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bow: with you: he cannot by the Dulilo anioide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, tow.

And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonius.

To. I do assure you this against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this young Gentleman Have 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 love dares yet do more.

Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an under-taker, I am for you, Enter officers.

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

To. He be with you anon.

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

Ant. Marry will I tar and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word, Hee will beare you eaily, and raises well.

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

2 Off. Antonius, I arrieth thee at the suit of Count Orfini.

To. You do mifake me sir.

1 Off. No sir, no toot: I know your favour well: Though now you have no cap on your head: Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I could obey. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy, I shall answer it: What will you do: now my necessitie Makes me to ask you for my purfe, It greets mee Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Then what befalls my selfe: you find amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come for away.

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

Vio. What money first.

For the sake kindred you have shew'd me heere, And part being promis'd by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low ability, I lend you some thing: my having is not much, Be make division of my present with you: Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? I will posit that your defects to you Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my mirth, I call it that it makes so unbound a man As to vpbraid with those kindrelles

Z 4
That I have done for you.

Fl. I know of none.

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vain, enfe, babbling drunkenne.
Of any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themselves.


Ant. Let me speake a litlle. This youth that you see
I snatch'd one halfe out of the jaws of death; (here,)
Repe'ed him with such fanchantie of love;
And to his image, which I thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

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

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proues this God:
Thou null Sebastian done good feature, flame.
In nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deformd, but the vrikinde.
Verue is beauty, but the beauteous eau'l
Are empty trunkes, ore-flourisht by the deuill.

1. Off. The man grows mad, away with him.

Come, come sir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Fl. Me thinkes his wordes do from such passion flye
That he believes in thee, so do not I:
Procurous imagination, oh proue true;
That I decree brethren, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Weel
whisper ore a couple or two of moffe sage fawes.

Fl. He nam'd Sebastian: My brother now
Yer living in my glasse: even such, and to
In function was my Brether, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh sir proue true.
Tempels are kinde, and fait wau'es freth in love.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appears, in leasing his friend
here in necessity, and denying him: And for his cowards
shipk as Fabian.

Fab. A Coward, a moffe denoue Coward, religious in
it.

And. Silde he after him again, and bear him.

To. Do, extre him soundly, but never draw thy sword
And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

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

Enter Quartus, Scene prima.

Clus. Will you make me beleue, that I am not fent for you?

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

Clus. Well hold our fayths: No, I donot know you,
or I am not fent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speak with her: nor your name is not Master Cesar.
or this is not my nofe neyther: Nothing that is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where eile,
that know it not me.

Clus. Vented my folly: He had heard that word of some
great man, and now applies it to a foolie. Vented my fol-

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a
Cockey: I prethee now vngird thy fraughtes, and tell
me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hit that
thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeckes departe from me, there's
money for thee; if thou staye longer, I shall give worse
paiment.

Clu. By my tooth thou hast an open hand; these Wife-
men that giv foole money, get themselfs a good re-
port, after fourteen yeares purchase.

Enter Andews, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sit, haste I met you again: there's for you.

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

To. Hold fir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houfe.

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

To. Come on fir, hold.

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

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my young
foolidier put vp your yron: you are well shovel'd: Come
on fir.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darst rempe me further, draw thy sword.

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

Enter Olima.

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

To. Madam.

Oli. With it be ever thus: and Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners were prestige'd out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere Cesare:
Rudesey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy eyes yeare done, nor thy passion iway
In this vacuill, and vinit extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my houfe,
And there thou mayest all those many fruitele pranks
This Ruffian hath hatch'd vp, that thou thereby
May fit alone at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not deter, beware his foule for me,
He flattered one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the flames?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancie still my tenes in Londe stepe,
If it be thus to dream, still let me stepe.

Oli. Nay come I prethee, would thout it be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. Say so, and so be.

Exeunt

Scene Secunda.

Enter Maria and Cesare.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
make him beleue thou art Sir Topas the Cesaris, doe it
quickly, Ile call for Toby the whiff.

Clus. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diffemble my selfe
inh't, and I would I were the first that ever diffembled in
such
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

In such a gowne, I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor least enough to bee thought a good Student; but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, & a great schooler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ione blest thee M. Parson.

Clu. For certaine this Toby; for as the old hermit of Prage that never saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neice of King Gerhardke, that this is, to say, I being M.P. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him fit Topas.

Clu. What haue, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knave counterfeit well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clu. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio at the Luminarie.

Mal. Sir Topas; fit Topas, good Sir Topas: goe to my Lady.

Clu. Our hyperbolical fiane, how vexeth thou this man? Talkes he nothing but of Ladies?

To. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged, good paper doth not think I am mad! they have layde mee here in hideous darkness.

Clu. Lye, thou diffident Faison: I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vie the dullest himselfe with curtsey: faust thou that house is dark.

Mal. As hell fit Topas.

Clu. Why the hath this Windowes transparet as barriers, and the Electors flowers toward the South north, so lattish as Elysian: and yet complainta thou of obstruction?

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

Mal. Madam thou erect: I say there is no darknesse or ignorance, in which thou art more puzzeld than the Egyptians in their fogge.

Clu. Sir; this house is as darke as Ignorance, though ignorance was as darke as hell; and I say there was never man thus abuse, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clu. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wilde-Jowl?

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

Clu. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soule, and no waye spouse is opinion.

Clu. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darke, thou shall hold thine opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow fifty wits, and care to kill a Woodccke, left thou disstaf the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, fit Topas.

To. My most exquisite fit Topas.

Clu. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Then mightne have done this without thy bird and gowne, he fees 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 matter. If he may bee conveniently deliuered, I would were, for I am now to fare in offence with my Niece, and I cannot purifie with any safety this my vppen hat. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Cle. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Poole.

Cle. My Lady is unkink, perde.

Mal. Poole.

Cle. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Poole, I say.

Cle. She loves another. Who calleth, ha?

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

Clu. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Poole.

Clu. Alas sir, how tell thou besides your fuce witts?

Mal. Poole, there was never man to notoriosully aburd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Cle. But as well: then you are mad indeed: if you be no better in your wits then a fool.

Mal. They have here propricated me: keepe mee in darkness, fend Ministers to me, Ailes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clu. A dure you what you sate: the Minister is here.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wires the heavens reforre: en dearely thy tale to slepe, and leave thy vain bubble bubble.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Cle. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who is Sir, or not Sir, God buy you good fit Topas: Marty Amen, I will fit, I will.

Mal. Poole, foole, foole I say.

Clu. Alas fit be patient. What sayst thou fit, I am thent for speaking to you.

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

Cle. Well-a-day, that you were Sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some ink, paper, and light: and comest thou which I will set downe to my Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then ever the beaing of Letter do.

Clu. I will help you too. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

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

Clu. Nay, Heere beleeue a madman till I see his brains I will letch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ille requisite it in the hightest degree:

I preshee be gone.

Clu. I am gone fit, and ancin fit.

Ile be with you again.

In a trice, like to the old vice, your needd to suffaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, cries al ha, to the duseil.

Like a mad lad, pare thy nayles dad,

Adieu good man diewell.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that's the glorious Sunne.

This pearte flye your me, I do feel, and see.

And though tis wonder that envaees me thus,
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Yet't is not madness. Where's Antonio then, I could not finde him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the town to seeke me out, His counsell now might do me golden service. For though my foule disputes well with my lence, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortun, So faire exceed all inffance, all discouer, That I am ready to dritract mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that pervades me To any other truth, but that I am mad, Or els the Ladies mad; yet if twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take, and give backe alluyers, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, discret, and stable bearing As I perceive she do's; there's something in't That is deeceivable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest. Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well Now go with me, and with this holy man Into the Chantry: here were before him, And veneration that consecrated rooffe, Plight me the full sufficient of your faith, That my moist faculties and too doubfull foule May live at peace. He shall conceale it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to none, What time we will our celebration keep, According to my birth, what do you say? Seb. I feare this good man, and go with him, And haue your sworn truth, ever will be true. Ol. Then lead the way good father & heauen so finne, That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exeunt. Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowns and Fabian. Fab. Now as thou lou'lt me, let me see thy Letter. Clo. Good M.Fabian, grant me another request. Fab. Any thing. Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter. Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in compence defire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords. Duke. Befole you to the Lady Olivia's friends? Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings, Duke. I know thee well; how doe thou thy good Fellow? Clo. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worfe for my friends. Du. But the contrary: the better for thy friends. Clo. No sir, the worfe. Du. How can this be? Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an affe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Affe: for that by my face sir, I profit in the knowledge of my title, and by my friends I am shu'd so that conclusions to be as kifes, if your intre negautes make your two affirmations, why then the worfe 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. Or you give me all counsell, Clo. Put you grace in your pocket for this, for this one, and let your flesh and blood obey it. Du. Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the oldes saying is, the third pays for all: the triples sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Beunos sir, may put you in mide, one, two, three. Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this thaw: if you will leery your Lady know I am here to speke with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bountie further.

Clo. Marry sir, fullabay to your bountie till I come again. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my desire of bountie is the same of couettinffe. But as you say sir, let your bounty take a nipppe, I will awake it again.

Enter Antonio and Officers. Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did exee me. Du. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was beinnd A blocke as Vealen, in the imoakle of ware: A bawdling Vealife waske Captaine of, For shalow draught and bulke upintable, With which such a rainfull grapple did he make, With the most noble bottoms of our Fleece, That very enuy, and the tongue of lowe Crie fame and honor on him: What's the matter? Of. Of. Of this, this is that Antonio That tookke the Pleasure, and her fraught from Candi, And this is he that did the Tiger brooke, When your yong Neffher Titus left his legge: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and face, In private brabble did we apprehend him. Clo. He did me kindesse sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put frange speeche upon me, I know not what twas, but distraccon. Du. Notable Pryate, thou salt-water Thief, What foolsh besonne brough thee to their mercies, Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere Haft made thine enemies? Ant. Of. Of. Noble sir, Be please that I shak off these names you give mee: Antonio never yet was Thriece, or Pryate, Though I confesse, on base and ground enough Ofane's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither: That molt ingratefull boythere by your side, From the rude feas eng'd and foamy mouth Did I redeeme: a wracke pauff hope he was: His life I gae him, and did thereto adde My love without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake, Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love) Into the dangers of this aduerte: Towne: Drew to defend him, when he was beleau: Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to parke with men in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acuaintance.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

And grew a twentie yeares removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vfe.
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 intiem, not a minutes vocation,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Counsellor, now heauen walks
on earth;
But for three fellow, fellow thy words are madnisse,
Three months this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon, Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not hate,
Wherein Olivia may scene so fertile?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Gracius Olivia.

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

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

Ol. If he be ought to the old time my Lord,
Duties and trusse are mine ease
As howling after Musick,

Du. Still for cussell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to pertuenesse? you vacuall Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauomusive Atar
My loule the lastethrift it offings have bretheld out
That ere devotion tender'd: What shall I do?

Ol. Even what is please my Lord, that shall become him?

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian meehe, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a sangre is loule,
That sometime favours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That flewws me from my court place in your favour:
Lis you the Marble-brested Tariff hill,
But this your Micion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heauen I swear, I tender dearely,
Will I terme out of that cruel eye,
Who heere cometh in his masters sight.
Some boye with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
She facriice the Limbe that I doe love,
To pigh a Ruans heart, within a Dou.

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

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More then I love thee eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, when ere I shall love wife.
I do feigne, you witnesse about
With my life, for taming of my love.

Ol. Aye me detected, how am I beguil'd?

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

Ol. Haft thou forgot thy selfe? is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father,

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? Cesario, Husband, say,

Du. Husband?

Ol. Husband, Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, fairly.

Vio. No my Lord, not i.

Ol. Also, it is the balenne of thy fears,

That makes thee throngle thy propriety:

Fare not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know it thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou feast.

Enter Druff.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Heere to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darknisse, what occasion now
Reuelles before tis ripe: what then dost know
Hath newly paft, betweene this youth, and me,

Pruf. A Contract of eternal bond of love,

Confir'd by mutuall luydour of you hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthened by enterrangement of thine rings,

And all the Ceremonie of this compacts
Seald in my function, by my testimonie:

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

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy face?
Or will not elie thy craft to quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall beeine overthow:

Farewell, and take thee, but direct thy feetse,

Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.


Ol. O do not swear,

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, send one presently to Sir Toby.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. Has broke his head a-croffe, and has given Sir Toby a bloody Coxecombe too: for the love of God your help, I had rather then forty pound I was at home.

Ol. Who has done this to Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesario: we tooke him for a Coward, but he is the verie diswell intardant.

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

And. Odd's lisblings heere he is: you broke his head for nothing, and that I did, I was fet on to do it by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you: you drew you'r word upon me without cause,

But I besike you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Cleavens.

And. Its bloody coxecombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe, Heere comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not benne in drunke, hee would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman, how if with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's thendent on't:

Set, didn't see Dick Surgeon, for?

Cle. He's drunke for Toby an houre agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paffy measures panzy: I hate a drunk'en rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this huecock with them?

And. He helps you Sir Toby, because we'le be dret together.

To. Will you help an Affe-head, and a coxecombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull,

Ol.
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too. Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam, I have hurt your kinshan:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lewle with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Dn. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural Perpethue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere Antonio,
How have the hours tick'd, and torment'd one,
Since I have left thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. My brother full.

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of here, and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde wanes and surges haue deuours'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

Ant. What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Dn. Of Messalline: Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too.
So went he listed to his watery tombe:
If spirits can aume both forme and fuite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension groosely clad,
Which from the worlde I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reft goes eu'n,
I should my reares let fall upon your checkes,
And lay, thrice welcome drown'd Viola.

Vi. My father had a maule upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vi. And did that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen yeares,

Seb. O that record is fev'ly in my soule,
He must indeed be mortally aile
That day that made my fitter thirteen yeares.

Vi. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masuine vsurp'd attreye:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-heere and sunde
That I am Viola, which to conforme,
Ie bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where by my maiden weeds by whole gentil humane,
I was pretend'd to ferue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have beeene miftooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that,
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you threnin (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are bezon'd both to hand and man.

Dn. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou haist faide to me a thousand times,
Thou never shouldst have woman like to me.

Vi. And all those sayings, will I ever swear,
And all those swearengs keepe as true in foule,

As doth that Orb'd Continent, the fire,
That feuers day from night.

Dn. Give me thy hand,
And let me fee thee in thy woman weedes.

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

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

Enter Cleora with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracing frenzie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banish't his.
How does he fi' rai?

Cle. Truely Madam, he holds Belzard but at the flues end as well
As man in his cafe may do: has here a lette to you,
I should haue giuen you to day morning. But as a
Man's Epistles are no Gospel, so it skill'd not, much when
They are distemper'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cle. Looke then to be well edisfed, when the Foure
Delivers the Madam. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Cle. No Madam, I do but reade madness: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
It.

Ol. Prehete read'ry thy right wits. Cle.

So I do Madams: but to reade his right wits is to
Read thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and glue care.

Ol. Read it you, Fairal. Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me and the
World shall know it: though you have put me into
Darkenesse, and given your drunken Cofine rule over me,
Yet haue I the benefit of your forces as well as your Lady-
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
Submission I put on; with the which I doubt not, but
do my selfe much right, or you must shame: think of me
as you please. Haue my duty a little vntought of,
And speake out of my injury. The madly z'ed Malvolio.

Ol. Did he write this?

Cle. I Madam.

Dn. This favours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliever'd Fabian, bring him hither:
My Lord, I praye you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a fitter, as a wife,
One day shall crowne thalliance on't, so praye you,
Here at my houfe, and at my proper coff.

Dn. Madam, I am not apt to embrace your offer:
Your Minister quits you, and for your finne 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:
Here is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Master Militis.

Ol. A fitter, you are the

Dn. Is this the Madam?

Ol. I my Lord, this fame: How now Malvolio?

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

Ol. Have I Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Twelve Night, or What you will.

Or say, 'tis not your scale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeste of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of truver,
But me come smiling, and croffe-garter'd do you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Upon thine Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gexe and gull,
That ere invention plaide on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas Malmuth, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charactrer:
But out of question, tis Marian hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was theee
First told me thou woult mad; then canst't in smiling,
And in such forms, which here were prefigur'd
Upon thee in the Letter; prefigur'd be content,
This practice hath most fieryly pass'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authours of it,
Thou shal: be both the Plaintiff and the Judge.
Of shine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no bradle to come,
Taint the condition of this present house,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Moff freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this deuice against Malmuths heere,
Upon some flambeoue and vncourteous parts
We had concei'd against him. Maria's heere.

The Letter, at first Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath Maintain'd her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
That the injuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poor Toby, how haue they baffe'd thee?
Col. Why some are borne great, some achieue great-
thee, and some haue greatnee throwne upon them.
I was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Poole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren raillery,
and you finall not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirlegugge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packs of you?
Ol. He hath bene morit notably abus'd.

Dn. 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 solene Combination shall be made
Of our deere foules. Meane time sweet fitter,
We will not part from hence. Cesario come
(For to you shall be while you are a man)
But when in other habittes you are seeene,
Orfines Mithris, and his fauncies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne sings.
When that I was a litle vine boy,
With kee, kee, the winte and the raine:
A foole thing was but a toy,
For the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to meetsst estate,
With kee, kee, &c.
Gainsst Knanes and Theesmes men flint their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to vine,
With kee, kee, &c.
By sunging songe could I never thrive,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With kee, kee, &c.
With reuettre still had drunken heade,
For the raine, &c.

A great while agoe the world began,
Kee, kee, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And wert I thrive to please you every day.

FINIS.