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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB³], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁹ gg³ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ.1.2 [para.]-2[para.⁶] 3[para]¹ a-ff⁶ hh⁹ kk-bbb⁹; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g³ [±g³] [para.-2[para.⁶] 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶. Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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<persName type="form">An.</persName>
<persName type="form">And.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-tn-ant">Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastain</person>
<persName type="form">An.</persName>
<persName type="form">Ant.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-tn-cap">Captain, friend to Viola</person>
<persName type="form">Cap.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-tn-fes">Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia</person>
<persName type="form">Cl.</persName>
<persName type="form">Clo</persName>
<persName type="form">Clow</persName>
<persName type="form">Sir To.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-tn-cur">Curio, gentleman attending on the Duke</person>
<persName type="form">Cu.</persName>
<persName type="form">Cur.</persName>

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<persName type="form">Du.</persName>
<persName type="form">Duke.</persName>

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<persName type="form">Mar.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-tn-mal">Malvolio, steward to Olivia</person>
<persName type="form">Mal.</persName>
Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Valentine, gentleman attending on the Duke

Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia

Sebastian, brother to Viola

Servant

To, To, To,

Twelve Night, Or what you will.
Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

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

Giue me excess of it: that surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so dye. That straine agen, it had a dying fall:

O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,

Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou, That notwithstanding thy capacitie, Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,

But fallles into abatement, and low price Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,

That it alone, is high fantastical.

Will you go hunt my Lord?

The Hart.

Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue: O when mine eyes did see Oliuia first,

Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;

That instant was I turn'd into a Hart, And my desires like fell and cru

first,

Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;

That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,

And my desires like fell and cru

reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"／ll hounds,

Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

O she that hath a heart of that fine frame<nl>
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,<nl>
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft<nl>
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else<nl>
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,<nl>
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd<nl>
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:<nl>
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,<nl>
Loue&amp;#x2011;thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.<nl></div>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">

<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">

<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>

What Country (Friends) is this<nl></nl></sp>

</div>
O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,

Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poore number saued with you,

Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother

Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)

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

Where like Orion on the Dophines backe,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,

So long as I could see.

For saying so, there's Gold:

Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

I Madam well, for I was bred and borne

Not three houres trauaile from this very place.

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,

So long as I could see.

Who gouernes heere?

A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

What is his name?

A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

What is his name?

Orsino.

Orsino: I haue heard my father name
him.</p>

He was a Batchelor then.</p>

He was a Batchelor then.</p>

And so is now, or was so very late.</p>

For but a month ago I went from hence.</p>

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know).</p>

What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of.)</p>

That he did seeke the loue of faire</p>

And so is now, or was so very late.</p>

And so is now, or was so very late.</p>

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And so is now, or was so very late.</p>

For but a month ago I went from hence.</p>

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know).)</p>

What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)</p>

That he did seeke the loue of faire
I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charactor.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap.
Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

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

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

To.
Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma.
I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order.
Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang selues in their owne straps.

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

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

What's that to th'purpose?

Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

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

He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th' Viol, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, hath all the good gifts of nature.
Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel &

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

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

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

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

To. Sweet sir Andrew. How now sir Andrew?

Blesse you faire Shrew.

And. And you too sir.
Accost Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, accost.

What's that?

My Neeces Chamber‑maid.

Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

My name is <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi> sir.

Good mistris <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi>, accost.

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

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

Far you well Gentlemen.

And thou let part so Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your <lb/>hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Wherefore (sweet&amp;#x2011;heart<span rend="italic">?</span></p>
</sp>

What's your Meta&amp;#x00AD;
  <lb/>phor?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>It's dry sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
  <p>Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I <lb/>can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>A dry iest Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
  <p>Are you full of them?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now <lb/>I let go your hand, I am barren.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Maria</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did <lb/>I see thee so put downe?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
</sp>
Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Ca
marie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
am a great eater of beeffe, and I beleue that does harme
to my wit.</p>

To.
No question
And I thought that, I'de forsweare it. Ile ride
home to morrow sir Toby.
Purquoy my deere knight?
What is purquoy? Do, or not do? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing
dancing, and beare bayting: O had I but followed the
Arts.
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.
Why, would that haue mended my haire?
Past question, for thou seest it will not coole
my nature
But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?
Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope
to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby,

who = "#F-tn-and"

An.<speaker rend="italic">Toby</speaker>, your niece will not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me:

the Co<u rend="inverted">nt</u> himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

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

And</sp><fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</fw>

Art thou good at these kicke chawses Knight?<c rend="italic">?</c></p>

To.<sp rend="italic">And.</sp>

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

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Faith, I can cut a caper.
To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

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

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

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

What dooest thou vn AD:

der the starre of a Galliard.

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

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 4] Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and
Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Val. No beleue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

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

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

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

Be clamorous, and leape all cuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne.

Vio.

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

Du.

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

Vio.

I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du.

Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man:
Dianas

Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblatique a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
All if you wiill: for I my selfe am best
When least in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 1, Scene 5]
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
  <lb>not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way
  <lb>of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy
  absence.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this
  <lb>world, needs to feare no colours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Make that go</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>He shall see none to feare.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y<c rend="superscript">t</c>saying was borne, of I feare no colours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Where good mistris <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi>?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>In the warrs, &amp; that may you be bolde to say in
  <lb>your foolerie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Well, God giue them wisedome that haue it: &amp;
  <lb>those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
  <lb>or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a h<gap
  extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType"
  resp="#ES"/>nging to
  <lb>you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

You are resolute then?

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

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

Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if sir <hi rend="italic"><hi rend="italic">Toby</hi></hi> would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece <lb/>of <hi rend="italic">Eues</hi> flesh, as any in Illyria.

Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my <hi rend="italic">Lady</hi>: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.</stage>

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

Take the foole away.

Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.
Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beside you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke good counsell will amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patcht: vertu que transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a&

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

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

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona.
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker> Make your proofe.<p></p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker> I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker> Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your proofe.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker> Good Madona, why mournst thou?</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker> Good foole, for my brothers death.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker> I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker> I know his soule is in heauen, foole.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker> The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker> What thinke you of this foole Maluolio</hi>, doth he not mend?</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker> Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole.</p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker> God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the
better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

How say you to that Maluolio?

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

O you are sicke of selfe-loue, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird&x2011; bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slan&amp;#x00AD; der in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

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

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

From the Count Orsino, is it? I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and
well attended.

Who of my people hold him in delay?

Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> Madam, your kinsman.

Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you <hi><gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Maluo.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, 

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

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake <hi rend="italic">Pia</hi>&#x2011;mater.

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

A Gentleman.

A Gentleman? What Gentleman?
"Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Good Sir Toby.

Cosin, Cosin, how have you come so early by this Lethargie?

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

I marry, what is he?

Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad man: One draught above heat, makes him a fool, the second maddens him, and a third drowns him.

Go thou and seek the Crowner, and let him sit: for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drown'd: go looke after him.

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

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

Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

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

What kinde o'man is he?

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

What manner of man?

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

Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Exit. Enter Maria.

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

Enter Violenta.

Whence came you sir?

I can say little more then I haue studied, question's out of my part. Good Beauties, let mee suscitate no scorne; I am very comptible, euven to the least sinister vsage.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

I may proceede in my speech.

Ol.

Are you a Comedian?

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

If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

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

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

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

It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.
Ma.<br/>&lt;p&gt;Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.&lt;/p&gt;

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

Ol.&lt;p&gt;Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.&lt;/p&gt;

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

Ol.&lt;p&gt;Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you&lt;gap/&gt;&lt;/p&gt;

Vio.&lt;p&gt;The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your eares, Diunity; to any others, prophanation.&lt;/p&gt;

Ol.&lt;p&gt;Giue vs the place alone,&lt;/p&gt;

Ol.&lt;p&gt;Most sweet Ladie.&lt;/p&gt;

Ol.&lt;p&gt;A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?&lt;/p&gt;
Vio.

Orsinoes bosome.

Ol.

In what chapter of his bosome?

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

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

Good Madam, let me see your face.

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

Excellently done, if God did all.

'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weath.

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

O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue


<lb>out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried <lb>and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, <lb>Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, <lb>with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, &amp; so forth.<br />

</lb>Were you sent hither to praise me?</p>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>I see you what you are, you are too proud:</l>
   <l>But if you were the diuell, you are faire:</l>
   <l>My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue:</l>
   <l>Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd:</l>
   <l>The non pareil of beautie.</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>How does he loue me?</p>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>With adorations, fertill teares,</l>
   <l>With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him</l>
   <l>Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,</l>
   <l>Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth;</l>
   <l>In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,</l>
   <l>And in dimension, and the shape of nature,</l>
   <l>A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:</l>
   <l>He might haue tooke his answer long ago.</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>If I did loue you in my masters flame,</l>
   <l>With such a suffring, such a deadly life:</l>
   <l>In your deniall, I would finde no sence,</l>
   <l>I would not vnderstand it.</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>Why, what would you?</p>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,</l>
   <l>And call vpon my soule within the house,</l>
</sp>
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out Oliuia: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.
Oliviayou might do much:
What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.
Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

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

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

Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Run after that same pensive Messenger. The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee Maluolio.

Madam, I will.

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe, What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Fins, Actus primus.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.
By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps temper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad pence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

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

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

Alas the day.

A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh I could not with such estimable wonder ouer be and farre be I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.
Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble.

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

Exit.

Viola, Maluolio, at seuerall doores. Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse Oiuia? But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Exit.

[Act 2, Scene 2] Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores. Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores. Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores. Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.
riu'd but hither.

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

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

I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out side haue not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly. She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuites me in this churlish messenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, if it be so, as tis, Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame: Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their formes: Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee, For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely, And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him: And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore Oliuia breath?
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'venty.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Pic\&\#x00AD;ture of we three?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
  <p>By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians, of the Queubus: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I did impeticos thy gratillity: for Maluolios nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a</p>
</sp>
Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

A love song, a love song.

I, I, I care not for good life.

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

Excellent good, ifaith.
Good, good.

What is love, tis not heereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsafe.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twentieth:
Youths a stuff will not endure.

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
A contagious breath.

A love song, a love song.

An.

Excellent good, ifaith.

Good, good.

What is love, tis not heereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsafe.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twentieth:
Youths a stuff will not endure.

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

A contagious breath.

An.
Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

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

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

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

Most certaine: Let our Catch be, Thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Enter Maria.

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

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Maluolios, a Peg-&-ramsie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La&200AD;

die, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

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

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

Maluolio.

My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale&200AD; house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi&200AD; ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp.
My Lady

Sir Toby, I must be round with you.

My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are well come 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 deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.
To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

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

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

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

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

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

Exit

Mar. Go shake your eares.

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

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enoufh to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

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

Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

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

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

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

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

What wilt thou do?

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

To.

Excellent, I smell a deuice.

An.

I haunt in my nose too.

To.

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

Mar.

My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An.

And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar.

Asse, I doubt not.

An.

O twill be admirable.

Mar.

Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phy&
x00AD; sicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let
the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter:
obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and
dreame on the euent: Farewell.<p>
</p>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

To.</speaker>
<p>Good night <hi rend="italic">Penthisilea</hi>.</p>

To.</speaker>
<p>She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?</p>

To.</speaker>
<p>Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.</p>

To.</speaker>
<p>Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.</p>

To.</speaker>
<p>Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.</p>

Exeunt</stage>

Scena Quarta.

Duke. Give me some music; now good morn friends. Now good music, Cesario, but that piece of song.

That old and antique song we heard last night; I thought it did relieve my passion much; More then light ayres, and recollected terms; Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

He is not here (so please your Lordship) that should sing it? He is not here (so please your Lordship) that should sing it?

Who was it? Who was it? Feste, the jester my Lord, a fool that the Lady Oliuiaes Father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt love

It gives a very echo to the seat. Where love is throne.

It gives a very echo to the seat. Where love is throne.
Thou dost speake masterly,

My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye

Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:

Hath it not boy?

Vio.

A little, by your fauour.

Du.

What kinde of woman ist?

Of your complection.

She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

About your yeeres my Lord.

Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;

So swayes she leuel in her husbands heart:

For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,

Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,

More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worn,

Then womens are.

I thinke it well my Lord.

Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre

Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

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

Enter Curio & Clowne.

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

Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

The Song.

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

There's for thy paines.

No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.
Du. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

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

Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancy that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euery where, for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

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

But if she cannot loue you sir.

It cannot be so answer'd.

But that some Lady, as perhappes there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you haue for Oliuia: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

There is no womans sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,

As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart

So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.

Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,

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 owe

I but I know.

Too wel what loue women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.

My Father had a daughter lou'd a man

As it might be perhaps, w ere I a woman

And that I owe

I should your Lordship.

And what's her history?

A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,

Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,

And with a greene and yellow melancholly.
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?
I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?
I that's the Theame,
To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.
exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.
Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.
Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?
I would exult man: you know he brought me out of fauour with my Lady, about a Beare baiting heere.
To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir?

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

Get ye all three into the box tree: Maluolio's Maluolio.

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

Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India? this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.

Exit

Midsummer Night's Dream
Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

To. To be Count Maluolio.

Ah Rogue.


To. Peace, peace.

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

Fie on him Iezabel.

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

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

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

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

To.

Fire and Brimstone.

Fa.

O peace, peace.

Mal.

And then to haue the humor of state: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my kinsman Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

To.

Shall this fellow liue?

Fa.

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

Mal.

I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.<l/br>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>And do's not <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> take you a blow o'the lippes,<br/>
    <lb/>then?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>What, what?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Out scab.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-fab"
    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
    <p>Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>What, what?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
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<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
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</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
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<sp who="#F-fab"
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<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
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<sp who="#F-tob"
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<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Out scab.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tob"
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Out scab.</p>
Mal. What employment have we here?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke near the gin.

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

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

An. Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the pressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: tis my Lady: To whom should this be?
Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooe, no man must know. No man must know. What followes?

The numbers alter d: No man must know, If this should be thee Maluolio?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lu&x00AD; cresse knife: I may command where I adore, but silence like a bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

To. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

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

To.

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

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

Mal.

M. Maluolio, M.

But then there is no consonancy in
the sequell

that suffers vnder probation: A.

should follow, but

does.

Fa.

And O shall end, I hope.

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

1. comes behind.

I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might
see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before
you.
Mal. This simulation is not as the former:

and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here

lowes prose: If this fall into thy hand, in my stars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to

ure thy selfe to what thou art like to be:cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee.

commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a ward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loues m&\#x00E8;. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my
loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well.
There; fore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. loue
I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do every thing that thou wilt haue me.

Exit

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

I could marry this wench for this deuice.

So could I too.

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

Enter Maria.

Nor I neither.

Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

Or o'mine either?

Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondslaue?
<speaker rend="italic">An. </speaker>
<p>Ifaith, or I either? </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">Tob. </speaker>
<p>Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">Ma. </speaker>
<p>Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him? </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">To. </speaker>
<p>Like Aqua vite with a Midwife. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar. </speaker>
<p>If you will then see the fruities of the sport, mark: his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wilt see it follow me. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">To. </speaker>
<p>To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and" rend="italic">
<speaker rend="italic">And. </speaker>
<p>Ile make one too. </p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. </stage>
<trailer>Finis Actus secundus </trailer>
</div type="act" n="3">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius, Scæna prima. </head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1] </head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Viola and Clowne. </stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio" rend="italic">Vio. </sp>
</div>

Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor? <p><lb/></p>

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church. <p></p>

Vio. Art thou a Churchman? <p></p>

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

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Ta-<lb>bor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church. <p></p>

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

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton. <p></p>

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir. <p></p>

Vio. Why man? <p></p>

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them. <p></p>
Vio. Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?

Thy reason man?
Foolery sir, does walk about the Orbe like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry sir, but the fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mi-

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

By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is my Lady within?

Would not a pair of these have bred sir?

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

The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a beggar: a Cressida was a beggar.

My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Ele-
ment, but the word is ouer\textsuperscript{worne}.<p></p>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <p>This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,<p>
   <p>And to do that well, craues a kind of wit:<p>
   <p>He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,<p>
   <p>The quality of persons, and the time:<p>
   <p>And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather<p>
   <p>That comes before his eye. This is a practice,<p>
   <p>As full of labour as a Wise\textsuperscript{mans Art}:<p>
   <p>For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;<p>
   <p>But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.<p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">
Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.<p>
</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Saue you Gentleman.<p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <p>And you sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>Dieu vou guard Monsieur.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <p>Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <p>I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desi-\textsuperscript{rous you should enter, if your trade be to her}.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <p>I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.</p>
</sp>
My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vn
derstand what you meane by bidding me taste my
legs.

I meane to go sir, to enter.

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

Enter Oliuia, and

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine
O

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

What is your name?
Princesse.

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world, since lowly feigning was call'd complement: you're seruant to the Count Orsino.

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

Ol. O by your leave I pray you. I did send, after the last enchantment you did heare, a Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse myselfe, my seruant, and I feare me you: under your hard construction must I sit, to force that on you in a shamefull cunning.

Deere Lady. I did send, after the last enchantment you did heare, a Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse myselfe, my seruant, and I feare me you: under your hard construction must I sit, to force that on you in a shamefull cunning.
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake, And baited it with all th'vnmuizled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing

Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

That's a degree to loue.

No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe

That verie oft we pitty enemies.

Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:

Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,

your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due West.

Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

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

That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?
If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

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

Ol. Would it be better Madam, then I am not what I am?

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

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, looke beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth, and euery thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus, with reason fetter:

Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.

By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,

I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor neuer none

Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.

And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,

Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Nor</sp>
Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And.
No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:
To.
Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.
Fab.
You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir Andrew.
As plaine as I see you now.
Fab.
This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.
And.
S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.
Fab.
I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
To. And they haue bee grand Iurie men, since before Noah was a Saylor.

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

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a Politi.
Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To.

Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of
Ware in Eng&
land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle
Goose:
no matter: about it.
And.
Where shall I finde you?
Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.
Exit Sir Andrew.
This is a deere Manakin to you Sir <hi
rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p></sp>
I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.</p>
We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'l
deliuer't.</p>
Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and
rope
cannot hale them together. For <hi
Andrew, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy.

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

Enter Maria.

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

Fab. And crosse garter'd?

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

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

Exeunt

Omnès.
Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

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

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire (More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth, And not all loue to see you (though so much As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage) But jealousie, what might befall your trauell, Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger, Rough, and vn hospitable. My willing loue, The rather by these arguments of feare Set forth in your pursuite.

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

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

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

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

Would you slew great number of his people.
Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell,
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
or which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.

Do not then walke too open.
Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Mar
ks, sir.

Why I your purse?

Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.
I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant.

To th' Elephant.

Seb.

I do remember.

Exeunt.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol.

I have sent after him, he says he'll come: how shall I feast him? What bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd or borrow'd. I speake too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and civil, and suits well for a servuant with my fortunes, where is Maluolio? For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd. He is coming Madame: but in very strange manner. He is sure possést Madam.

Mar.

He's comming Madame: he's comming Madam: he is sure possést Madam.

Ol.

Why what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar.

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

Ol.

Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee.
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.

How now Maluolio?

Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

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

Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:

This crosse-gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Why doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

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

Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?

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

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

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

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

Ol. What meanst thou by that Maluolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock...
ings.

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Thy yellow stockings?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
<p>And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Crosse garter'd?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
<p>Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Am I made?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
<p>If not, let me see thee a seruant still.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-ser">
<p>Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreat him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Ile come to him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<p>Good Maria, let this fellow be look d too. Where's my Cosine, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.</p>
</sp>
Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concurses direct ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fel low be look'd too: Fellow? not Maluolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togethier, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe posset him, yet Ile speake to him.
<speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
<p>Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my priuate:
<lb>go off.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him:
  <lb>did not I tell you? Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, my Lady prays you to haue</lb>a care of him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
  <lb>gently with him: Let me alone. How do you <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</lb>
  <lb>How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider,
  <lb>he's an enemy to mankinde.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how
  <lb>he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>Carry his water to th'wise woman.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning
  <lb>if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile
  <lb>say.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>How now mistris?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Oh Lord.</p>
</sp>
To.

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

Fa.

No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To.

Why how now my bawcock? how dost y\textsuperscript{u}chuck?

Sir.

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

Colliar.

Sir.

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

My prayers Minx.

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

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

Exit

To.
<p>Ist possible? </p>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <p>If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemme it as an improbable fiction.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre, and taint.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <p>Why we shall make him mad indeede.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>The house will be the quieter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room &amp; bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our y pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Andrew.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <p>More matter for a May morning.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>Ist so sawcy?</p>
</sp>
And.

I, wilt? I warrant him: do but read.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow.

To.

Giue me.

Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow.

To.

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

I challenge thee for.

Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence lesse.

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

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


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

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

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

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit.
To.

Now will not I deliver his Letter: for the behavior of the young Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Niece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Cloddepole.

But sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

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

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

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

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

Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beseech you come againe to morrow. What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.
Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that, Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to morrow: A Fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too: of what nature the songs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hun; ter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skil full, and deadly.
You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

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

I pray you sir what is he?

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

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

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

Exit Toby.

Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

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

I beseech you what manner of man is he?

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as
surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They

This line has been underlined in pencil.

say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And.

Ile not meddle with him.

To.

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

Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

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

Enter Fabian and Viola.

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

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

There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talOutside:

king of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Pray God defend me: a little thing would make
<lb>me tell them how much I lacke of a man.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>Giue ground if you see him furious.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Come sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
  <p>Pray God he keepe his oath.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antonio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>I do assure you tis against my will.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman haue done offence, I take the fault on me;</l>
  <l>If you offend him, I for him defie you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>You sir? Why, what are you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more</l>
  <l>Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Officers.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>O good sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> hold: heere come the Officers.</p>
</sp>
To.

I'll be with you anon.

Vio.

Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

Marry will I sir: and for that I promise you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and raines well.

This is the man, do thy Office.

Anthonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count, An. You do mistake me sir.

No sir, no jot: I know your favour well: Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:

Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

I must obey. This comes with seeking you:

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

What will you do: now my necessitie:

Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee:

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

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

But be of comfort.

I must entreat of you some of that money.
What money sir?

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

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my leane and low ability

Ile lend you some

Ile make diuision of my present with you:

Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Will you deny me now,

Can l

A</c>cke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,

Least that it make me so vnsound a man

As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses

That

Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

That I haue done for you.

Oh heauens themselues.

Come sir, I pray you go.

Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

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

But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou hast Sebastian done good feature, shame.

In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore flourish'd by the deuill.

The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come sir.

Me thinkes his words do from such passsion flye
That he beleeues himselfe, so do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

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

He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.

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

ship aske Fabian</p>
</sp>

A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
it.
</p>
</sp>

Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.
</p>
</sp>

I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.
</p>
</sp>

Exit
</div>
</div>
<act n="4">
<scene n="1">
Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

[Act 4, Scene 1]Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Will you make me beleue, that I am not sent for
<lb>you?</lb></p>

<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
  <p>Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow;</p>
  <p>Let me be cleere of thee.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cesario;</p>
  <p>nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
  <p>I prethee vent thy folly some where else, thou know'st not me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
  <p>I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse paiment.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good port, after foureteene yeares purchase.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
  <p>Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.</p>
</sp>
Seb.

Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To.

Hold sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo.

This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be

in some of your coats for two pence.

To.

Come on sir, hold.

An.

Nay let him alone, I'll go another way to worke

with him: I'll haue an action of Battery against him, if

there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet

it's no matter for that.

Seb.

Let go thy hand.

To.

What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Ol.

I will be free from thee. What wouldst y<suprend="superscript">u</sup> now?/

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

To.

What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Oliuia.

Ol.
Hold <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, on thy life I charge thee hold.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Madam.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,</l>
  <l>Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,</l>
  <l>Be not offended, deere <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>:</l>
  <l>Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,</l>
  <l>Let thy fayre wisedome, not thy passion sway</l>
  <l>In this vnciuill, and vniust extent</l>
  <l>Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,</l>
  <l>Do not deny, beshrew his soule for mee,</l>
  <l>He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
  <l>What rellish is in this? How runs the streame?</l>
  <l>Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:</l>
  <l>Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,</l>
  <l>If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
  <l>Madam, I will.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>O say so, and so be.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<scene n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage type="entrance">Enter Maria and Clowne.</stage>
</scene>
Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleue thou art sir Topas the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir Tobys whilst.

Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good hous

keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

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

What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.
To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

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

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

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

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good they haue layde mee

heere in hideous darknesse.

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

Tob. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir Topas, goe to my Ladie.
Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as barier
cadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are
as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of
this house is
darke,

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

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

What is the opinion of
concerning
Wilde;

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

What thinkst thou of his opinion?
I think nobly of the soule, and no way aproue
his opinion.
Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou possesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Sir Topas, sir Topas.

My most exquisite sir Topas.

Nay I am for all waters.

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

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

Exit

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

Foole.

My Lady is vnkind, perdie.
Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

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

Clo. M. Maluolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

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

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.
Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Maluilio, Maluilio, thy wittes the heauens restore: en&\textcopyright00AD;

Mal. Sir Topas.

Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas:

Mar&\textcopyright00AD;

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

Well&\textcopyright2011;d, that you were sir.

By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa&\textcopyright00AD;

bea&\textcopyright00AD;

Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the ring of Letter did.

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

Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Nay, Ile nere beleeue a m

I prethee be gone.

I am gone sir, and anon sir,

Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to

your neede to sustaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries ah ha, to the diuell:

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,

Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Enter

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,

And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> then,

Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,

That he did range the towne to seeke me out.
His counsell now might do me golden service,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad: yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

Ol.

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

Seb.

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

Ol.

Then lead the way good father, heauens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Good M. <hi rend="italic">Fabian</hi>, grant me another request.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>Any thing.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Do not desire to see this Letter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
  <p>This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire </p>
  <lb/>
  <p>my dogge againe.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>Belong you to the Lady <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>, friends<ci rend="italic">?</ci></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, we are some of her trappings.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>I know thee well: how doest thou my good </p>
  <lb/>
  <p>Fellow?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse </p>
  <lb/>
  <p>for my friends.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <p>Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>No sir, the worse.</p>
</sp>
Du.

How can that be?

Clo.

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

Du.

Why this is excellent.

Clo.

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

Du.

O you giue me ill counsell.

Clo.

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

Du.

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

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

You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

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

Exit

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

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

1. Offi.

This is that Anthonio, who tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy, and her boord.
When your yong Nephew Titus lost his legge;

Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

who

He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,

But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

who

Notable Pyrate, thou salt water Theefe,

What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere

Hast made thine enemies?

who

Orsino: Noble sir, be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

Anthonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,

Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

Orsino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me this.

That most ingratefull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde

My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,

Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

Twelve Night, or, What you will.
Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before, not a minutes vacancie, Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

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

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,

Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Olivia. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue, wherein Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Madam:

Gracious Olivia.

What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord.

Madam:

Du. Gracious Olivia.

Olivia. What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord.
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>

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

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  Still so cruell?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  Still so constant Lord.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  What to peruersenesse? you vnciull Ladie
  To whose ingrane, and vnauspicious Altars
  My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
  That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
  Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
  Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
  That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
  Since you to non&lt;#x2011;regardance cast my faith,
  And that I partly know the instrument
  That screws me from my true place in your fauour:
  Liue you the Marble&lt;#x2011;brested Tirant still.
  But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
  And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
  Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
  Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
  Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
  Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
  To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
  To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  Where goes &lt;hi rend="italic">Cesario&lt;/hi&gt;?
</p>
After him I love,
More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Come, away.

Whether my Lord? Cesario, Husband, stay.

I Husband. Can he that deny?

Her husband, sirrah?

No my Lord, not I.

Alas, it is the baseness of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.
Enter Priest.
O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest.
A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.

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

Vio.
My Lord, I do protest.

Ol.
O do no t sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.
For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir Toby.
Ol. What's the matter?

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

Ol. Who has done this sir Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesario:

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

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

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you: You drew your sword vpon me without cause, But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir Toby halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.
Du.<p>How now Gentleman? how ist with you?</p>

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

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

Ol.<p>Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?</p>

And.<p>Ile helpe you sir Toby, because we'll be drest to­gether.</p>

To.<p>Will you helpe an Asse­head, and a coxcombe, a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?</p>

Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

Enter Sebastian.

Ol.<p>Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.</p>

Ol.<p>Gether.</p>

Ol.<p>Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.</p>
Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman: But had it beene the brother of my blood, I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that I do perceiue it hath offended you: Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Fear'st thou that Anthonio? How haue you made diuision of your selfe, An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? Most wonderfull. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother: Nor can there be that Deity in my nature Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister, Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd: Of charity, what kinne are you to me? What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?
Of Messaline: Sebastian was my Father, too:

Such a Sebastian was my brother too:

So went he suited to his watery tombe:

If spirits can assume both forme and suite,

You come to fright vs.

A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossely clad,

Which from the wombe I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,

I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,

And say, thrice welcome drowned

My father had a moale vpon his brow.

And so had mine.

And dide that day when Viola from her birth had numbred thirteene yeares.

O that record is liuely in my soule,

He finished indeed his mortall acte

That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

If nothing lets to make vs happie both,

But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,

Of place, time, fortune, do co&x2011;here and iumpe

That I am Viola, which to confirme,

Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,

Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was present to serve this Noble Count:

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

So comes it Lady, you have been mistaken:

But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a Maid,

Nor are you therein (by my life) deceived,

You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Be not amazed, right noble is his blood:

If this be so, yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck,

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy women's weeds.

The Captaine that did bring me first on shore

Hath my Maid's garments: he upon some Action

Is now in durance, at Maluolio's suite,

A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

He shall enlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither,

And yet alas, now I remember me,

They say poor Gentleman, he's much distracted.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of my own
<l>From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.</l>
<l>How does he sirrah?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cl.</speaker>
  <p>Truely Madam, he holds <hi rend="italic">Belzebub</hi> at the staues end as well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Open't, and read it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. <hi rend="italic">Vox</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>How now, art thou mad?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow <hi rend="italic">Vox</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Prethee reade i'thy right wits.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue eare.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Read it you, sirrah.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker><stage rend="inline italic" type="business">Reads.</stage>
  <p>By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me,
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your
Ladie;
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my iniury. The madly
vs'd Maluolio. 

Did he write this?

I Madame.

This sauours not much of distraction.

A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.
Is this the Madman?

I my Lord, this same: How now

Madam, you haue done me wrong,

Haue I? No.

Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.

Or

Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:

you,

So put on yellow stockings, and to frowne

Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:

And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Alas, this is not my writing,

Though I confesse much like the Charracter:

But out of question, tis Marias
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling.
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab.

Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and
Toby

Set this deuice against Maluolio
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. Maria
The Letter, at sir Tobyes great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
That haue on both sides past.

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

Why some are borne great, some atchieue great
nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir
Topas

sir, but that's

Lotd
Lord
Foole, I am not mad: but do you re&
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal.
Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.
Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their
gate,
for the raine,
But when I came alas to wiue,
By swaggering could I neuer thriue,
But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho,
With tospottes still had drunken heades,
A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho,
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l striue to please you euery day.
Come</l>
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
hi rend="italic" Cesario</hi>
Queene.</l>

Exeunt</stage>
Clowne sings.
When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.
But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, &<amp;c.</l>
Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their
gate,
for the raine, &<amp;c.</l>
But when I came alas to wiue,<l>
with hey ho, &<amp;c.</l>
By swaggering could I neuer thriue, <l>
for the raine, &<amp;c.</l>
But when I came vnto my beds,<g ap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/></l>
with hey ho, &<amp;c.</l>
With tospottes still had drunken heades, </l>
A great while ago the world begon,<l>
hey ho, &<amp;c.</l>
But that's all one, our Play is done,<l>
and wee'l striue to please you euery day.</l>
</sp>
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<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>