

TWELFTH NIGHT

A line-by-line translation

Act 1, Scene 1

Shakespeare

*Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and other lords; Musicians playing***ORSINO**

If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall.
5 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
10 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
15 That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
20 Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

25 How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
30 But like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine—all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

35 O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her, when liver, brain, and heart,
40 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers.

Shakescleare Translation

*ORSINO, CURIO, and other lords enter, with musicians playing.***ORSINO**

If music feeds love and makes it stronger, then keep playing music. Give me too much of it, so much that it kills my longing for love and makes it go away. Play that part again—it sounded melancholy. Oh, it sounded to me like a sweet breeze blowing over a bank of violets, stealing their scent and distributing it to everyone. That's enough now, no more music. It doesn't sound as sweet as it did before. Oh spirit of love, how restless you are! You make me want to accept everything, like the sea does, but then the next minute everything seems worthless, no matter how valuable it is. Love is like a hallucination—nothing else is so imaginative and extravagant.

CURIO

Do you want to go hunting, my lord?

ORSINO

Hunting what, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

ORSINO

I am already hunting a hart ¹, but it's also *my* heart being hunted. Oh, when I first saw Olivia, it seemed to me that she purified the air with her very presence. In that instant I was transformed into a hart, and ever since then my desire for her has pursued me like a pack of cruel hunting hounds.

¹ A "hart" is another word for a stag, an adult male deer. Here Shakespeare makes use of the obvious pun on "heart."

VALENTINE enters.

What's going on? What's the news from her?

VALENTINE

I'm sorry, my lord, they wouldn't let me enter, but Olivia's handmaid gave me this answer: the outside world won't see Olivia's face for the next seven years. She'll wear a veil ² like a nun, and once a day she'll water her room with her tears. All of this is to preserve her love for her dead brother, whose memory she wants to keep fresh forever.

² Olivia is wearing mourning clothes.

ORSINO

Oh, if the heart inside Olivia's beautiful body loves her brother this much, then imagine how she will love *me* once Cupid's arrow has killed all her other emotions except love! Her mind, heart, and body—each of them a precious kingdom—will all be ruled by one man—me! Now take me to a garden of flowers. My thoughts of love will be strengthened by a beautiful setting.

Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

Everyone exits.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and sailors

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.

5 Perchance he is not drown'd.—What think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam. And, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
10 When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,
15 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA

[giving him money]

For saying so, there's gold.

20 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

25 Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature
As in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

Shakescleare Translation

VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and sailors enter.

VIOLA

What country is this, friends?

CAPTAIN

This is [Illyria](#)¹, my lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria? My brother is in [Heaven](#)².
Or perhaps there's a chance he didn't drown. What do you
think, sailors?

CAPTAIN

It was only by chance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

Oh, my poor brother! But maybe he has been saved by
chance too.

CAPTAIN

True, madam. And let me comfort you: when our ship was
wrecked, and you and the few other survivors hung onto
our drifting lifeboat, I saw your brother tie himself to the
mast that was floating on the waves—acting with courage
and hope in the middle of great danger. For as long as I
could see him, he safely rode upon the waves like [Arion](#)³
on the dolphin's back.

VIOLA

[Giving him money] Here's some gold to thank you for
telling me this. My own escape gives me hope for my
brother, and what you've told me now gives me even more
reason to hope. Do you know this country?

CAPTAIN

Yes, madam, I was born and raised less than three hours'
travel from here.

VIOLA

Who rules here?

CAPTAIN

A duke who is as noble in his character as he is in his rank.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

¹ Illyria was an ancient province on the west coast of the Balkan peninsula, facing Italy across the Adriatic.

² Elysium was, in classical mythology, the place at the end of the earth where heroes were carried after their deaths.

³ Arion was a Greek poet who jumped overboard to escape murderous sailors. He charmed some dolphins with his song, and they bore him safely to land.

VIOLA

30 Orsino. I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late.
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,
35 What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

Oh, that I served that lady
45 And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
55 With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.
60 Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit.
65 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt

VIOLA

Orsino—I have heard my father mention him. He was a
bachelor back then.

CAPTAIN

And he still is, or was very recently at least. I only left here a
month ago, and at that time there was a popular
rumor—as, you know, people gossip about the
nobility—that he was courting the fair Olivia.

VIOLA

Who's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous young woman, the daughter of a count who died
a year ago. He left her in the care of his son, Olivia's brother,
but the brother died soon after. They say that out of love for
her brother, Olivia has stopped interacting with men
altogether.

VIOLA

Oh, I wish that I could serve that lady—then I wouldn't have
to reveal myself to the world until I was ready to identify my
place in society.

CAPTAIN

That would be hard to bring about, because she won't
allow anyone in to see her, not even the duke's men.

VIOLA

You seem to be a good man in both behavior and
appearance, captain, and even though nature often makes
beautiful people corrupt on the inside, I believe that you
have a noble mind to fit your good looks and manners.
Please—and I'll pay you well for this—help me conceal my
identity, and find me the disguise that will suit my
intentions. I want to serve this duke. You will present me to
him as a **eunuch** ⁴. It will be worth your trouble, **for I can**
sing ⁵ and speak well, and he will surely consider me for
his service. What might happen after that, only time will
tell. You must only match my wit with your silence and
discretion.

CAPTAIN

You will be his eunuch, and I will be your mute attendant. If
I tell your secret, may I lose my sight.

VIOLA

I thank you. Lead me on.

They exit.

⁴ A man who has been castrated, often to make them a good servant to powerful people at royal courts. As Viola does lack male sexual characteristics, she is herself a eunuch.

⁵ This doesn't manifest in the rest of the play, which suggests it may be a remnant from an earlier version of the play where the actor playing Viola could sing.

Act 1, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Shakescleare Translation

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH ⁴

What is ailing my niece, that she reacts so strongly to her
brother's death? I'm now sure that caring too much is bad
for one's health.

⁴ A belch is a burp, highlighting Toby's excessive intake of food and drink.

MARIA

5 By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH

10 Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH

20 Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY BELCH

25 Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA

30 He hath indeed, almost natural, for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

MARIA

By God, Sir Toby, you must come home earlier at night. Your niece, my lady, strongly disapproves of the late hours you keep.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well, let her disapprove of me—I disapprove of her.

MARIA

Yes, but you must at least confine yourself within the limits of order and decency.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Confine myself? I'll only confine myself to these clothes I'm wearing. They're good enough to drink in, and these boots are too. And if they aren't, then let them hang themselves by their own straps.

MARIA

All this drinking will be your ruin: I heard my lady Olivia talking about it yesterday. She also spoke of some foolish knight you brought here one night to woo her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Yes, him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's as tall and brave as any man in Illyria.

MARIA

What does that have to do with anything?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well, he has an income of three thousand ducats ² a year.

² Ducats are Italian coins: Andrew is a rich man.

MARIA

Yes, but he'll only make all those ducats last for one year. He's foolish, wasteful, and reckless.

SIR TOBY BELCH

How dare you say so! He plays the violin ³, and speaks three or four languages word for word from memory ⁴. He has all of nature's good gifts.

³ Toby refers to the stringed instrument 'viol de gamba', which was played between the legs rather like a cello. The play on 'boys', along with the image of playing between the legs, has some implications of homosexuality.

⁴ The implication is that Andrew has merely memorised a lot of phrases from a book and cannot actually speak these languages properly.

MARIA

He does indeed seem like a natural-born fool ⁵—and besides being a fool, he's argumentative. If he didn't have the coward's gift of stepping away from a fight, they say he would've been long dead by now.

⁵ As opposed to a professional fool such as a clown like Feste.

SIR TOBY BELCH

By God, anyone who says that about him is a villain and a naysayer. Who said that?

MARIA

They also say that he gets drunk with you every night.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*, for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

[*To MARIA*] Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost—

SIR TOBY BELCH

You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

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

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen. [*she starts to exit*]

SIR TOBY BELCH

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR ANDREW

An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We are only toasting my niece when we drink. I'll drink to her as long as there's a hole in my throat and alcohol in Illyria. Only cowards and scum wouldn't drink to my niece until their brains spin round like a top. What do you have to say to that! But hush, we must be polite. Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface himself.

SIR ANDREW enters.

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How are you, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

[*To MARIA*] And hello to you, pretty wench.

MARIA

Hello to you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost her, Sir Andrew, accost her.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

This is my niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Miss Accost-her, I look forward to knowing you better.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Miss Mary Accost-her—

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're mistaken, knight. "Accost her" isn't her name—I meant that you should face her, greet her, woo her, and conquer her.

SIR ANDREW

I say, I wouldn't do *that* in this company. Is that really what you meant by "accost her"?

MARIA

Goodbye, gentlemen. [*She starts to exit*]

SIR TOBY BELCH

If you let her leave like that, Sir Andrew, you don't deserve to ever draw your sword again.

SIR ANDREW

If you leave like this, miss, I swear I won't ever draw my sword again. Why are you leaving, fair lady—do you think you have fools on your hands here?

MARIA

Sir, I'm not holding your hand.

⁶ Andrew means 'shrew-mouse', a term of endearment; however, usually 'shrew' was an insulting term for a bad-tempered woman (as in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*).

⁷ Both literally a sign of losing the social status that allows him to carry a sword, but also a reference to impotency: the sword is a phallic image, Toby threatening that Andrew will be emasculated and unable to 'draw his sword' for any ladies.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.
[*he offers her his hand*]

MARIA

65 [*taking his hand*] Now, sir, thought is free. I pray
you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it
drink.

SIR ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW

70 Why, I think so. I am not such an ass, but I can keep
my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA

A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Are you full of them?

MARIA

75 Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I
let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see
thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

80 Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put
me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a
Christian or an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater
of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

85 An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home
tomorrow,
Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

90 What is "*pourquoi*"? Do, or not do? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in
fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but
followed the arts!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR ANDREW

Indeed, but you will be, and here's my hand. [*He offers her
his hand*]

MARIA

[*Taking his hand*] Now, sir, everyone has a right to their
opinions. Please, take your hand to the dairy and let it
drink.

SIR ANDREW

What do you mean, sweetheart? Is this a metaphor?

MARIA

A dry one ⁸, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Well, I should hope so. I'm not such a fool that I can't keep
my hand dry. But what's the joke?

MARIA

Just some dry humor, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Are you full of such jokes?

MARIA

Yes, sir, I have a handful of them. Although now that I've let
go of *your* hand, I've lost the biggest joke I had ⁹.

She exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Oh knight, you need some wine. Have you ever been put
down like that before?

SIR ANDREW

Never, I think, except when I've been put down by too much
wine. Sometimes I think I'm no smarter than a humble,
ordinary man. But I eat a lot of beef, and maybe that hurts
my intelligence.

SIR TOBY BELCH

There's no question about that.

SIR ANDREW

If I really thought that, I'd give up beef altogether. I think I'll
ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi ¹⁰, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What does "*pourquoi*" mean? ¹¹ Does it mean to do or not
do? I wish I had spent more time learning languages instead
of fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting ¹². Oh, if I'd only
studied more!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then you would have an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have improved my hair?

⁸ Maria both indicates that her joke is dryly witty and too clever for Andrew, but also that Andrew is impotent: 'dry' was a synonym for castrated.

⁹ "Barren" implies that Andrew's dry (infertile) hand has left her the same way.

¹⁰ "Why?" in French.

¹¹ Clearly, Andrew is not as talented with languages as Toby claimed.

¹² A popular spectacle in Shakespeare's time, where a bear was tied to a stake and attacked by dogs. Such spectacles took place in the same area of Southwark where The Globe and other theatres stood.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW

95 But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent. It hangs like flax on a distaff. And I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW

100 Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen. Or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none o' the count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR ANDREW

115 And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH

120 Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

125

SIR ANDREW

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Certainly, for you can see that it won't curl naturally.

SIR ANDREW

But my hair still suits me well enough, doesn't it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

It looks excellent. It hangs like flax waiting to be spun. And I hope to see some [hussy take it between her legs](#)¹³ and spin it off with a venereal disease.

¹³ The suggestion is of Andrew performing oral sex upon a common woman and coming away with an STD.

SIR ANDREW

Truly, I'm going home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece refuses to see anyone. Even if she did see me, chances are she'd reject me. The duke himself is courting her nearby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll reject the duke. She won't marry anyone who's above her social rank, her wealth, her age, or her intelligence—I've heard her swear this. So cheer up, you're still in the running, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer then. I must be the [strangest fellow](#)¹⁴ on earth. Sometimes my greatest pleasures are masquerades, plays, and dancing.

¹⁴ The joke here is that it isn't odd to enjoy such entertainments.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Are you good at such trifles, knight?

SIR ANDREW

As good as any man in Illyria, as long as he isn't better than I am. And yet I'm not as good as an experienced dancer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

How good are you at the fast dances, knight?

SIR ANDREW

Well, I can cut a [caper](#)¹⁵.

¹⁵ A fast dance.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut the meat to go with your [capers](#)¹⁶.

¹⁶ Belch is making a play on words, as "capers" are small pickled flower buds used as a condiment.

SIR ANDREW

And I think I can do that tricky backward step as well as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why do you keep these things hidden? Why do you keep your gifts behind a curtain? Are you afraid they'll get dusty, like some woman's portrait? Why don't you show off your skill by going to church dancing a galliard and coming home dancing a coranto? If I were you, even my walk would be a dance. I wouldn't even pee unless I was dancing at the same time. What do you mean by this? Is this a world where we should hide our virtues? I could always tell from your excellent legs that you were born under a dancing star.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, my legs are strong, and they don't look bad in brown stockings. Should we have a little dance?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What else are we going to do? Weren't we born under the sign of Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

130 No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper.
[SIR
ANDREW dances] Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

Sir Andrew dances.

Exeunt

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! But that governs the torso and the heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir, it governs the legs and the thighs. Let me see you dance. Ha, higher! Ha ha, excellent!

Sir Andrew dances.

They exit.

Act 1, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire, as Cesario

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

5 You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and attendants

ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

10 On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO

[To VIOLA and attendants]

Stand you a while aloof. *[To VIOLA]* Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped To thee the book even of my secret soul.

15 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,

20 If she be so abandoned to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORSINO

Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

ORSINO

25 O, then unfold the passion of my love,

Shakescleare Translation

VALENTINE enters with VIOLA, who is dressed as a man and using the name Cesario.

VALENTINE

If the duke keeps favoring you like this, Cesario, you're likely to get promoted very high. He's only known you for three days, and already he's treating you like a friend.

VIOLA

You must be afraid of his moodiness or my faults, if you think there's any chance that he'll stop liking me. Is he usually fickle in his moods and favors?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you for telling me. Here comes the duke.

ORSINO, CURIO, and attendants enter.

ORSINO

Hey, has anyone seen Cesario?

VIOLA

I'm here, my lord, at your service.

ORSINO

[To attendants] Give us some privacy for a while.

[To VIOLA] Cesario, you know everything about me. I have opened the book of my most secret soul to you. Therefore, good youth, direct your steps to Olivia's house. Don't let them deny you access—stand outside her door and tell them that you'll plant roots there until they let you see her.

VIOLA

But my noble lord, if she is really as brokenhearted as they say, she is sure to deny me an audience.

ORSINO

Be loud and obnoxious, and go beyond the limits of decency and civility if you have to—just don't come back without having spoken to her.

VIOLA

And if I do get to speak to her, my lord, what do I do then?

ORSINO

Oh, then describe the passion of my love for her. Ambush

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

30 I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it.
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious. Thy small pipe
35 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. *[To CURIO and attendants]*
Some four or five attend him.

40 All, if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. *[To VIOLA]* Prosper well in
this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

45 I'll do my best
To woo your lady— *[aside]* Yet, a barful strife—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

her with descriptions of my faithfulness. It will be best if you
act out my feelings—she'll pay closer attention to you, as a
young man, than to an older, more serious messenger.

VIOLA

I don't think so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear boy, believe me. Anyone who says that you're a man is
denying you the happy years of your youth. Your lips are as
smooth and ruby-red as the goddess [Diana](#) 's. Your small
voice is like a girl's, high and clear, and the rest of you is
feminine as well. I know you have been predestined to do
this job.

[To CURIO and attendants] Four or five of you go with him.
All of you can go if you want to, for I feel my best when I'm
away from people.

[To VIOLA] If you succeed in this you will live as well as I do,
and share in all my fortune.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to woo this lady for you. *[To herself]* And yet,
what a conflict—I must go courting on behalf of the man I
want to marry myself!

Everyone exits.

 *Diana was the ancient goddess of the hunt, women and childbirth. She was a virgin, much like (presumably) Viola.*

Act 1, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter MARIA and the FOOL

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not
open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of
thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FOOL

5 Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world
needs to fear no colors.

MARIA

Make that good.

FOOL

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying
was born, of "I fear no colors."

FOOL

10 Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA

In the wars. And that may you be bold to say in your
foolery.

Shakesclore Translation

MARIA and the FOOL enter.

MARIA

No, either tell me where you've been, or I won't say a word
in your defense. My lady Olivia will have you hanged for
being absent.

FOOL

5 Let her hang me then. A [well-hanged \(and well-hung\)](#) 
man doesn't need to be afraid of anything he sees.

 *The fool is punning on both meat being hung to preserve it, and on being hanged as an execution. Both meat and an executed person are dead. It is also possible that Shakespeare is punning on being "well hung," a slang phrase meaning to have a large penis.*

MARIA

Explain—and clean up your language.

FOOL

He'll be dead, and so he won't see anything to be afraid of.

MARIA

That's a [meager answer](#) . And I can tell you where you
got that saying about not being afraid of anything.

 *Lent is the period before Easter during which Christians must fast.*

FOOL

Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA

From soldiers at war. And it's bold of you to talk like a
soldier, when you're only a fool.

FOOL

Well, God give them wisdom that have it. And those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA

15 Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent. Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FOOL

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

MARIA

20 You are resolute, then?

FOOL

Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA

That if one break, the other will hold. Or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

FOOL

25 Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit

FOOL

30 *[aside]* Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools. And I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit."

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO with attendants

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

35 Take the fool away.

FOOL

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA

Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FOOL

40 Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself. If he mend, he is no longer dishonest. If he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool. Therefore, I say again, take her away.

FOOL

Well, let God give wisdom to those who have it. Everyone has their talents, and for those of us who are fools, let us use our gifts.

MARIA

But you'll still be hanged for being gone so long. Or at least fired and kicked out, and wouldn't that be just as bad for you?

FOOL

Sometimes getting hanged saves a man from getting into a bad marriage, and as for getting kicked out, it's summer, so being homeless won't be so bad.

MARIA

You are firm in your resolve, then?

FOOL

No, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA

Yes—the two points where your suspenders are buttoned on. If one breaks, the other will hold. But if both break, your pants will fall.

FOOL

Very clever, really, very clever. Well, go along now. If only Sir Toby would stop drinking, you'd be a woman who was as funny as any person in Illyria.

MARIA

Quiet, you villain, no more of that. Here comes my lady. It would be best for you if you came up with a good excuse for being gone so long.

MARIA exits.

FOOL

[To himself] Come on, wit, give me something good to say now! Those people who think they're witty often prove to be fools. And I'm sure that I'm not witty, so I might pass for a wise man. For what did the philosopher Quinapalus say? "Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit."

OLIVIA enters with MALVOLIO and attendants.

God's greetings to you, my lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FOOL

Didn't you hear her, fellows? Take the lady away.

OLIVIA

That's enough—you're a dull, dry fool. I'm tired of you. Besides, you're getting unreliable.

FOOL

My holy lady, these are two flaws that some alcohol and good advice will fix. If you give the dry fool a drink, then the fool won't be dry anymore. And if you give the unreliable man some good advice, then he can mend his ways and won't be unreliable anymore. And if he can't mend his ways, then let the tailor mend him. Anything that's mended is only patched up. A virtuous man who does something wrong is only patched with sin, and a sinner who mends his ways is only patched with virtue. If this logical argument will convince you, then good. But if not, what can be done? The only truly betrayed husband is one deserted by luck, and beauty is a lucky flower—so you won't remain alone for long, my lady. But you gave orders to take away the fool. So

 The fool makes up this name.

OLIVIA
50 Sir, I bade them take away you.

FOOL
Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum—that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA
55 Can you do it?

FOOL
Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA
Make your proof.

FOOL
I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

FOOL
Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA
Good fool, for my brother's death.

FOOL
I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

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

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

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

MALVOLIO
70 Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

FOOL
God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.
75

OLIVIA
How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
80 I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

I tell you all again, take the lady away.

OLIVIA
Sir, I told them to take *you* away.

FOOL
An error of the worst kind! Lady, don't judge a book by its cover—that's to say that I wear jester's clothes on the outside, but my brain is still sharp. My holy lady, let me prove that you're a fool.

OLIVIA
Can you do it?

FOOL
Easily, my good lady.

OLIVIA
Then prove it.

FOOL
I must ask you some questions ⁴ then, my holy lady. Please answer them, my virtuous little mouse.

⁴ Catechism is a summary of doctrine, taught through question and answer.

OLIVIA
Well, sir, I have nothing better to do, so I'll go along with this.

FOOL
Dear lady, why are you in mourning?

OLIVIA
Dear fool, because of my brother's death.

FOOL
I think his soul is in hell, lady.

OLIVIA
I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FOOL
Then you're a fool, holy lady, to mourn your brother's soul being in heaven ⁵. Now take away the fool, gentlemen.

⁵ The Fool asks why being in heaven would be a bad thing.

OLIVIA
What do you think of this fool, Malvolio? Hasn't he gotten better?

MALVOLIO
Yes, and he will until the day he dies. Old age and senility hurt wise people, but improve fools.

FOOL
Then may God send you old age and senility, that you might become a better fool! Sir Toby would bet a fortune that I'm not a clever man, but he wouldn't bet two cents that you're not a fool.

OLIVIA
What do you say to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
I'm surprised that your ladyship enjoys the company of such an empty-headed villain. The other day I saw him lose a battle of wits to an ordinary idiot who had no more brains than a stone. Look at him now, he's without a witty retort already. Unless you laugh and give him an opportunity, he can't think of a thing to say. I declare that the so-called wise men who laugh so hard at these jesters' well-rehearsed routines are no better than jesters' assistants themselves.

OLIVIA

85 Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with
a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and
of free disposition is to take those things for
bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no
90 slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but
rail. Nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he
do nothing but reprove.

FOOL

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest
well of fools!

Enter MARIA

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well
attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

100 Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but
madman.
Fie on him!

Exit MARIA

105 Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the count, I am
sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

110 Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son
should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains,
for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak *pia*
mater.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA

By mine honor, half-drunk. What is he at the gate,
cousin?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

115 A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle
herring!
How now, sot!

OLIVIA

Oh, you're sick with vanity ⁶, Malvolio, and it affects your
good taste. If you were generous, innocent, and friendly,
then you wouldn't make such mountains out of mole-hills.
There's no real harm in a professional fool, even if he does
nothing but mock people. In the same way there's no real
mockery in a wise man, even if he does nothing but criticize
people.

FOOL

May Mercury—that god of deception—make you a skilled
liar, to reward you for speaking so highly of fools!

MARIA enters.

MARIA

Madam, there's a young gentleman at the gate who greatly
desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

Is he sent from Duke Orsino?

MARIA

I don't know, madam. He's a good-looking young man, and
has some attendants with him.

OLIVIA

Which of my people is delaying him right now?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your uncle.

OLIVIA

Send Sir Toby away, please. He talks like a madman. Shame
on him!

MARIA exits.

You go, Malvolio. If this visitor is a messenger from the
duke, then tell him that I'm sick, or not at home. Do
whatever you have to to make him go away.

MALVOLIO exits.

Now you see, sir, how your jokes grow stale, and people
dislike them.

FOOL

Holy lady, you've spoken so highly of us fools—it's almost
as if your eldest son was going to be a fool. And may God
cram his skull with brains, for here comes one of your
relatives whose head is quite empty.

SIR TOBY BELCH enters.

OLIVIA

I swear, he's half-drunk. Who is that at the gate, uncle?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

There's a gentleman here—[*hiccoughs*] Damn those pickled
herring! They upset my stomach. How's it going, you
drunken fool?

⁶ "Self-love" also has the intimation
of masturbation.

FOOL

Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

125 Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

FOOL

Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA

130 Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz. For he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned. Go look after him.

FOOL

He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman.

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

145 He's been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

150 Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

FOOL

Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA

Uncle, uncle, it's so early in the day—how are you already so sick?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Tricks? I hate tricks. There's a man at the gate.

 Toby, drunk, mishears Olivia saying 'sick' as 'trick'.

OLIVIA

Yes, I heard, but who is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let him be the devil if he wants to be, I don't care. God will give me the faith to resist him. It doesn't matter to me.

SIR TOBY BELCH exits.

OLIVIA

Tell me what a drunk man is like, fool.

FOOL

He's like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. The first drink makes him a fool, the second makes him a madman, and the third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go and find the coroner then, and let him investigate my uncle—for he's in the third degree of drunkenness, and has drowned. Go look after him.

 A coroner carries out an inquest to find out what the cause of death of a person is.

FOOL

He's still only in the second degree, my lady, so the fool will take care of the madman.

The FOOL exits.

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

Madam, that young fellow out there swears that he must speak with you no matter what. I told him you were sick. He claims to know that already, and says that that's why he came to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He claims to know that already too, and said that that's why he came to speak with you. What should I say to him, lady? He's too strong for all my excuses.

OLIVIA

Just tell him that he won't speak with me.

MALVOLIO

I told him that already, but he says he'll stand at your door like a signpost or the leg of a bench until he is allowed to speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, part of mankind.

OLIVIA

But what is his manner?

 Olivia wants to know what he looks like.

MALVOLIO

He has very bad manners. He says he'll speak to you whether you like it or not.

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit

Enter MARIA

OLIVIA

160 Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. [*OLIVIA puts on a veil*] We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, with attendants

VIOLA

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

165 Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart. And yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

180 If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

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

OLIVIA

But what does he look like, and how old is he?

MALVOLIO

He's not yet old enough to be a man, but not young enough to be a boy either. He's like a pea pod or an apple just before it's ripe. He's like a slack tide, caught between coming in and going out—between boyhood and manhood. He's very good-looking, but he's nagging¹⁰. It seems like he's just barely stopped breastfeeding.

¹⁰ "Shrewish" was usually applied to women.

OLIVIA

Let him enter. Call in my lady-in-waiting.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls for you.

MALVOLIO exits.

MARIA enters.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. Come, throw it over my face. [*OLIVIA puts on a veil*] Let's hear Orsino's offer¹¹ once more.

¹¹ "Embassy" has connotations of politics, as it means a diplomatic mission.

VIOLA enters, dressed as Cesario, with attendants.

VIOLA

Which of you is the honorable lady of the house?

OLIVIA

Speak to me—I'll answer for her. What do you want?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—but please, tell me if you're really the lady of the house, for I've never actually seen her. I would hate to throw away my speech on the wrong person, for it is excellently written and was very hard for me to memorize. Good beauties, please don't scorn me. I'm very sensitive, even to the slightest bit of rudeness.

OLIVIA

Where do you come from, sir?

VIOLA

I can only repeat what I've memorized, and that question isn't part of my lines. Please, gentle lady, just assure me that you are the lady of the house, so I can go on with my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you an actor?

VIOLA

No, my dear lady. But I also swear that I'm not the same person as the part I'm playing. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I haven't stolen this role from myself, then I am.

VIOLA

If you *are* the lady of the house, then you certainly have stolen from yourself, because what's yours to give away is not yours to keep for yourself. But this isn't what I was sent to say. I'll go on with my speech praising you, and then I'll get to the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Just tell me the important part. I'll excuse you for skipping

praise.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

190 It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

195 Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA

Tell me your mind.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead. To your ears, divinity. To any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

210 Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA and attendants

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

215 In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA

Oh, I have read it. It is heresy. Have you no more to say?

the praise.

VIOLA

Oh, but I worked so hard memorizing it, and it's poetic.

OLIVIA

Then it's more likely to be fake¹². Please, keep it to yourself. I heard you were rude at my gates, and I let you in because I was curious about you, not to hear your message. If you're not crazy, then go. If you're sane, be quick. I am not in the mood for lively conversation.

¹² *There were fears (addressed by the poet Philip Sidney in his Defense of Poesy) that poets were clever liars.*

MARIA

Will you set sail and leave now, sir? Here's the door.

VIOLA

No, good sailor, I'll dock here a little longer. My lady, would you call off your giant here?

OLIVIA

Tell me what you want.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Then you must have a horrible message to deliver, since you're so afraid to get to the point. Speak your business.

VIOLA

It only concerns you. I'm not bringing a declaration of war or a demand for praise. I'm only bringing you an olive branch¹³. My words are full of peace.

¹³ *A typical symbol of peace.*

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. Who are you? What do you want?

VIOLA

I only learned my rudeness from the way I was received here. Who I am and what I want are as secret as a girl's virginity. I have a holy message for your ears only. It would be blasphemy for anyone else to hear it.

OLIVIA

Everyone, leave us alone. I will hear this "holy message."

MARIA and attendants exit.

Now, sir, what is your sacred text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA

This sounds like a comforting doctrine of faith, one that deserves to be spoken of. Where is the sacred text your "holy message" comes from?

VIOLA

In Orsino's heart.

OLIVIA

In his heart? In what chapter and verse of his heart?

VIOLA

To continue this metaphor—in the first chapter of his heart.

OLIVIA

Oh, I have read that. It's not a holy message, it's heresy. Do you have anything more to say?

VIOLA

220 Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

OLIVIA removes her veil

VIOLA

225 Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir. 'Twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive
230 If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud. But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
240 My lord and master loves you. Oh, such love Could be but recompensed though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth. In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
250 And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

260 Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house.
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Did your lord order you to negotiate with my face? You've gone off your script now. But I'll draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look, sir, this is a portrait of me in this present moment. Isn't it well done?

OLIVIA removes her veil.

VIOLA

It's excellently done, [if that's the way God made it.](#) ¹⁴

¹⁴ *Viola could be suggesting that Olivia is wearing makeup that alters her face.*

OLIVIA

It's natural, sir. Wind and rain won't wash it off.

VIOLA

It's truly beautiful—[your red lips and white skin](#) ¹⁵ painted by Nature's sweet and skillful hand. My lady, you are the cruellest woman alive if you'll let your beauty go with you to the grave, instead of having children and passing it on.

¹⁵ *This was the classical image of beauty in the Renaissance, one many women sought to achieve via heavy makeup.*

OLIVIA

Oh, sir, I won't be so cruel. I'll give out lists of my beauty. I'll make a detailed inventory, with every part labeled and added to my will. For example—item: two lips, moderately red. Item: two grey eyes, with lids attached. Item: one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you only sent here to praise my beauty?

VIOLA

I see what you are—you're too proud. But even if you were the devil, you'd still be beautiful. My lord and master loves you. Such love as his couldn't be repaid even if you were crowned the most beautiful woman in the world.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

245 With adoration, with abundant tears, with thunderous groans, with passionate sighs.

OLIVIA

Your lord knows my mind. I cannot love him. I'm sure he is a virtuous man, and I know he's noble, rich, and young. Public opinion reports that he is generous, smart, and brave, both gracious in his manner and good-looking. But despite all that, I cannot love him. He should have accepted my answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I loved you with my master's passion—with such suffering and a life that is like death—your rejection would make no sense to me. I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Well, what would you do if you were your master?

VIOLA

I would build a little cabin outside your gates, and from there I'd call out to you, my soul, in your house. I would write loyal songs about unrequited love and sing them loudly even in the dead of night. I would shout your name to the hills and make their echoes cry out "Olivia!" Oh, you wouldn't be able to go anywhere under the sun without

265 Cry out "Olivia!" Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more—
Unless perchance you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
275 I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

VIOLA

280 I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

OLIVIA

"What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
285 Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
290 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man. He left this ring behind him,
295 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
[OLIVIA hands him a ring]
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
300 I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit

OLIVIA

I do I know not what and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
305 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit

pitying me.

OLIVIA

There's a lot you would do. What rank are your parents?

VIOLA

I was born to a higher rank than I have now, but I'm still
well-off. I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Go back to your lord. I cannot love him. Tell him not to send
any more messengers—unless, perhaps, you were to return
and tell me how he takes my rejection. Farewell. Thank you
for your trouble. Here is something for you to spend. *[Offers*
VIOLA money]

VIOLA

I'm no paid messenger, my lady. Keep your money. It's my
master, not myself, who's going without his due reward.
May the man you fall in love with have a heart of stone, and
may your passion, like my master's, be scornfully rejected.
Farewell, you beautiful cruelty.

She exits.

OLIVIA

"What rank are your parents?" "I was born to a higher rank
than I have now, but I'm still well-off. I am a gentleman."
Yes, I'll swear that you are; your words, your face, your
body, your actions, and your spirit all seem like a coat of
arms ¹⁶ for a lord. But not so fast! Calm down, calm down!
If only Orsino were Cesario. But what's going on? Can
someone catch the plague of love this quickly? I think I can
feel this youth's perfection creeping stealthily and invisibly
in through my eyes. Well, let it happen. *[Calling out to*
MALVOLIO] Come, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that irritating messenger who just left, the duke's
man. He left this ring behind, whether I wanted it or not.
Tell him I want nothing to do with it. *[OLIVIA hands him a*
ring] Tell him not to encourage Orsino, or get his hopes up. I
am not for him. And tell that youth that if he'll come by
tomorrow, I'll give him reasons why. Now hurry up,
Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

He exits.

OLIVIA

I don't know what I'm doing, and I'm afraid that I'm falling
in love based entirely on good looks—using my eyes instead
of using my head. Fate, do what you will. We can't control
our destinies. What must be will be, so let it happen.

She exits.

¹⁶ A 'blazon' is also a poetic device used commonly in love poetry, where a list of the attributes of the beloved is made.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer, nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours.
5 Therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere
10 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo.
15 My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach
20 of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. But though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet
25 thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN

30 O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire it not. Fare you well
35 at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell.

Exit

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
40 I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.

Shakescleare Translation

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN enter.

ANTONIO

Won't you stay longer? And don't you want me to go with you?

SEBASTIAN

If you'll allow it, no. My luck is bad, and my doomed fate might disturb your own destiny. Therefore I will say farewell, and face the evils of my fate alone. It would be a bad way of thanking you if I burdened you with any of my troubles.

ANTONIO

At least let me know where you're headed to.

SEBASTIAN

Truly, I can't, sir. The voyage I am determined to make is merely wandering without a destination. But I can tell that you're polite enough to not force me to tell you something I want to keep to myself—so it's only good manners for me to tell you what I can, Antonio. My name is Sebastian, though I called myself Roderigo. My father was Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you've heard of. He is dead now, but he left behind myself and my twin sister, who was born the same hour as me. If only God had allowed us to die in the same hour as well! But you, sir, kept that from happening, for my sister drowned an hour before you pulled me from the breaking waves.

ANTONIO

What a tragic day!

SEBASTIAN

She was a lady who many people said looked just like me, but she was also considered beautiful. But though I can't believe all that was said about her beauty, I will publicly declare this much about her: she had a beautiful mind. Even people who were jealous of her would have to admit that. She has already been drowned in the salt water of the sea, sir, and now I seem to be drowning her memory with the salt water of my tears.

ANTONIO

Forgive me, sir, for not being a better host.

SEBASTIAN

Oh good Antonio, forgive me for causing you trouble.

ANTONIO

Let me be your servant and go with you—if you won't return my devotion, you'll be killing me.

SEBASTIAN

And if you won't undo what you have done—that is, if you don't want to kill the man whose life you saved—then you won't come with me. Say goodbye at once. My heart is full of affection for you, and I'm feeling so effeminate that I'm about to cry. My destination is Duke Orsino's court. Farewell.

SEBASTIAN exits.

ANTONIO

May the blessings of the gods go with you! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, or else I would join you there soon. But I don't care—my adoration for you is too strong,

But, come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit

and the danger seems trivial to me. I'll go.

He exits.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived
but hither.

MALVOLIO

5 She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved
me my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds,
moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate
assurance she will none of him. And one thing more,
that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs,
unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.
10 Receive it so.

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will
is it should be so returned. [*he throws down the ring*]
If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye.
15 If not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

VIOLA

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
20 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,
25 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
30 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
35 What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love.
As I am woman, now, alas the day,
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
40 It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Exit

Shakescleare Translation

VIOLA enters with MALVOLIO following.

MALVOLIO

Weren't you with the Countess Olivia just now?

VIOLA

Yes, just now, sir. I've only made it this far, walking at a
moderate pace.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me
the trouble and taken it with you. She also adds that you
should make it clear to your lord that there is no hope—she
wants nothing to do with him. And one thing more: you
should never return here as Orsino's messenger again,
unless it is to report how he takes the bad news. Take the
ring now.

VIOLA

She took that ring from me. I don't want it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you rudely threw it to her, and she wants it to be
returned just as rudely. [*he throws down the ring*] If it's
worth stooping to pick up, there it is where you can see it. If
not, let whoever finds it first have it.

He exits.

VIOLA

I didn't leave any ring with her. What does this lady mean by
this? God forbid that she's smitten by my appearance! She
did look intently at me, indeed so much that I thought her
eyes had caused her to lose her tongue, for she spoke wildly
and distractedly. I think she loves me! She is crafty in her
passion, and has used this rude messenger to subtly invite
me back. So she doesn't want my lord's ring? Well, he never
sent her one. I am the man she wants. If this is true, which it
is, then the poor lady would be better off loving a dream. I
now see that disguises are a tool to aid the resourceful
devil. How easy it is for attractive, deceitful men to mold
women's hearts to their will! Alas, it's our female frailty
that's to blame—we can't help it. We turn out the way we're
made. But how will all this play out? My master loves her
dearly, and I, poor androgynous fool , love him just as
much. And now she, mistaking me for a man, seems to have
fallen in love with me. What will become of all this? In my
disguise as a man, I have no hope of winning Orsino's love,
but as I am really a woman, Olivia's love for me is hopeless
too! Oh time, you must untangle this mess—I can't do it
myself. It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

She exits.

 In Shakespeare's time there was great anxiety about women becoming men and vice versa. Hermaphrodites (who exhibited both male and female parts) were felt to be monsters; Viola is highlighting how she's a woman taken for a man.

Act 2, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

SIR ANDREW

Nay, my troth, I know not. But I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

5 A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thou'rt a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! A stoup of wine!

Enter FOOL

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FOOL

15 How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "We Three"?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

20 By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.— [To th e FOOL] In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i' 25 faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

FOOL

I did impetocks thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW

30 Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[giving money to th e FOOL] Come on. There is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Shakescleare Translation

SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew. To be still awake after midnight is to be up early in the morning, and you surely know that waking up at dawn is supposed to be healthy—

SIR ANDREW

No, truly, I don't know. But I do know that to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A false conclusion. I hate your logic like I hate an empty wine goblet. To stay up past midnight means going to bed in the early morning, so therefore to stay up past midnight is to go to bed early. Doesn't life consist of the four elements—fire, water, earth, and air?

SIR ANDREW

Well, that's what they say, but I think life consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're a smart man. Let us eat and drink then. Maria, I say! Bring us a big mug of wine!

The FOOL enters.

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, actually.

FOOL

How's it going, my sweethearts! We are like that picture "We Three"—three fools together. ¹

¹ This refers to a common pub sign, which depicted two donkeys, with the caption "we three", thus including the viewer as a fool - an ass - made so by drink.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, you jackass. Now sing us a song.

SIR ANDREW

I swear, the fool has an excellent voice. I would give forty shillings to have legs like his and his beautiful singing voice. [To th e FOOL] Truly, that was some elegant fooling last night when you spoke that astrological nonsense about Picrogromitus ², and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. It was very funny, really. I sent you some money to spend on your sweetheart. Did you get it?

² These are all made-up names.

FOOL

I put your little gift in my pocket, for Malvolio can't keep his nose out of anything. My lady has lovely white hands, and ancient warriors aren't low class taverns, you know ³.

³ The Fool is suggesting he has expensive tastes in alcohol, and so needs another bit of money from them.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent! Why, this nonsense talk is the best kind of fooling when all's said and done. Now sing us a song.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Giving money to the FOOL] Come on. Here's sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW*[giving money to the FOOL]*

35 There's a testril of me too. If one knight give a—

FOOL

Would you have a love song or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

FOOL*[sings]*

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

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

FOOL*[sings]*

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

SIR ANDREW

55 A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse
60 the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out
of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

An you love me, let's do 't. I am dog at a catch.

FOOL

By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW

Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou Knave."

FOOL

65 "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW*[Giving money to the FOOL]* There's money from me too. If one knight gives a—**FOOL**

Do you want a love song or a drinking song?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREWYes, yes. I don't care about [virtuous living](#) .**FOOL***[Singing]*

*Oh my mistress, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and listen! Your true love's coming:
He can sing both high and low.
Travel no more, my pretty sweetheart.
Journeys end when lovers meet,
As every wise man's son should know.*

SIR ANDREW

That was excellent, truly.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

FOOL*[Singing]*

*What is love? It's not the future.
Joy in the present means present laughter.
What's to come is still unsure.
There's no reward for wasting time.
So come kiss me while you're sweet and twenty.
Youthful beauty will not endure.*

SIR ANDREW

A sweet voice if I ever heard one.

SIR TOBY BELCH[A catchy song.](#) .**SIR ANDREW**

Yes, both sweet and catchy, truly.

SIR TOBY BELCH

If we could hear with our noses, his plague-breath would be sweet indeed. But will we make the sky dance with our
antics? Will we wake up the night owl and sing loud enough
to make people pray? Will we?

SIR ANDREWIf we're friends, let's do it. I am [dog at singing catches](#) .**FOOL**

We'll do it then—some dogs are good at playing catch.

SIR ANDREW

Certainly. Let our catch be "You Villain."

FOOL

You mean "Shut your mouth, you villain," right? If we sing that then I'll have to call you a villain, knight.

 Ironically, Andrew misunderstands a "song of good life" - a drinking song - as a song about living virtuously: the opposite of what he is currently doing.

 Though Toby is also implying that the Fool has bad breath.

 "Dog at" means "good at," and "catch" is a word for a kind of group song.

SIR ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me
"knave." Begin, Fool. It begins "Hold thy peace."

FOOL

70 I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

They sing the catch

Enter MARIA

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

75 My lady's a Cataian. We are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *(sings)* *Three merry men be we*. —Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally! "Lady"! *(sings)* *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

FOOL

80 Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too.
He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY BELCH

85 *(sings)* *O' the twelfth day of December—*

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that you squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

100 *(sings)* *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

SIR ANDREW

It won't be the first time someone has had to call me "villain." You begin, Fool. It begins, "Shut your mouth."

FOOL

I won't ever begin if I shut my mouth.

SIR ANDREW

That's a good one. But come on, begin.

They sing the song.

MARIA enters.

MARIA

What a racket you're making out here! My lady Olivia called up her steward Malvolio and told him to kick you out of the house—it's true.

SIR TOBY BELCH

My lady Olivia's a trickster, we are clever plotters, Malvolio's a loose woman, and *(singing)* *We are three merry men*. Aren't we related? I'm Olivia's uncle, right? Well la-dee-da! "Lady!" *(singing)* *There lived a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

FOOL

My my, the knight's very good at playing the fool.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, he's good enough when he feels like it, and I am too. He has more experience, but it comes to me [naturally](#) .

 Andrew is accidentally calling himself a true fool, as opposed to an artful fool like this one.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(Singing) [On the twelfth day of December](#)  —

 Toby may be drunkenly confusing December and Christmas, as in the "twelfth night" of the title.

MARIA

For the love of God, be quiet!

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

Masters, are you crazy? What's wrong with you? Have you no wit, manners, or honesty, that you're making such a racket at this time of night? Are you trying to turn my lady's house into a noisy tavern by singing these rowdy songs  without bothering to lower your voices at all? Do you have no respect for people, this place, or this time of night?

 A "cozier" is a cheat, a con man.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did respect the time, sir, in the beat of our songs. So go hang yourself!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be plain with you. My lady told me to tell you that she lets you stay here because you're her relative, but she doesn't approve of your disorderly behavior. If you can start cleaning yourself up, you are welcome to stay in the house, but if not, and you would prefer to leave, then my lady would be glad to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(Singing)  *Farewell, sweetheart, since I have to go now.*

 In this exchange Sir Toby and the Fool are singing variations on lines from popular songs of the time.

MARIA

No, good Sir Toby.

FOOL

(sings) *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

MALVOLIO

Is 't even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

105 (sings) *But I will never die.*

FOOL

(sings) *Sir Toby, there you lie.*

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) *Shall I bid him go?*

FOOL

(sings) *What an if you do?*

SIR TOBY BELCH

110 (sings) *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

FOOL

(sings) *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out o' tune, sir. You lie. Art any more than a steward?
Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall
be no more cakes and ale?

FOOL

115 Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the
mouth too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with
crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

120 Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at
anything more than contempt, you would not give means
for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this
hand.

Exit

MARIA

Go shake your ears!

SIR ANDREW

125 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's
a-hungry, to challenge him the field and then to break
promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do 't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge. Or I'll
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA

130 Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth
of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out
of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him.
If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a
common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie
straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

FOOL

[Singing] *His eyes do show that his life is almost over.*

MALVOLIO

Is this really happening?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Singing] *But I will never die.*

FOOL

[Singing] *Sir Toby, that's a lie.*

MALVOLIO

This isn't helping your case.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Singing] *Should I tell him to go?*

FOOL

[Singing] *And what if you do?*

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Singing] *Should I tell him to go, and not spare his feelings?*

FOOL

[Singing] *Oh no, no, no, no, don't you dare.*

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're out of tune, sir. You lie.

[To MALVOLIO] You're nothing more than a steward ¹¹. Do
you think that just because you are boring and virtuous,
food and wine will disappear?

¹¹ A butler.

FOOL

By Saint Anne, we'll have spiced ale too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You've got the right idea.

[To MALVOLIO] Go rub your steward's chain in some crumbs ¹²
, sir. Maria, bring us more wine!

¹² Rubbing metalware with crumbs
was a way to clean it; there is also the
implication of masturbation.

MALVOLIO

Miss Maria, if you care at all about Lady Olivia's approval,
then you won't bring more wine and contribute to this
boorish behavior. She'll hear about this—I'll tell her.

He exits.

MARIA

Go wiggle your donkey's ears.

SIR ANDREW

Making a fool out of that man would be as virtuous a deed
as giving wine to the thirsty. I could challenge him to a duel
and then not show up—that might work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do it, knight. I'll write a letter challenging him on your
behalf. Or I'll tell him your insults myself.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Ever since the Duke's
young messenger visited Lady Olivia, she's been in a
strange mood. And as for Mister Malvolio, let me take care
of him. If I can't trick him into making a fool of himself and
turn him into a big joke, then I'm not even smart enough to
lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

135 Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

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

MARIA

The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best
145 persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

150 I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your
155 niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

165 Oh, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

170 Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give us the facts, give us the facts—tell us something about him.

MARIA

Well, sir, sometimes he acts like a Puritan¹³—opposed to anything fun.

¹³ Puritans were extremely strict Protestants who hated many kinds of fun, including the theatre and drinking! The word tended to be applied as an insult to the self-righteous.

SIR ANDREW

Oh, I'd beat him like a dog for that!

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, for being a Puritan? And what's your far-fetched reason for that, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

I don't have a far-fetched reason for it, but my reason is good enough.

MARIA

He's not always a Puritan, though. He doesn't remain anything for long, except for a flatterer and a yes-man, an affected jackass who tries to talk like the nobility. He has such a high opinion of himself and thinks he's so crammed full of excellent qualities that he's sure everyone loves him. And that's the weakness that I'll use to get my revenge on him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What will you do?

MARIA

I'll drop some mysterious love letters in his path. They'll describe the color of his beard, the shape of his legs, the way he walks, and the expression of his eyes, forehead, and complexion—so he'll be sure that they're addressed to him. I can make my handwriting look just like your niece Lady Olivia's. Sometimes we can't tell our writing apart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I can smell the trick.

SIR ANDREW

I smell it too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He'll think, based on the letters you drop, that they come from my niece, and assume that she's in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is indeed a horse of that color, so to speak.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse would now make him into a jackass.

MARIA

Yes, you jackass.

SIR ANDREW

Oh, it's going to be great!

MARIA

It will be royal fun, I promise you. I know my medicine will work on him. You two will hide, along with the Fool, in the place where I'll leave the letter. Then you can observe how he interprets it. But for tonight, it's time to go to bed and dream about this plan. Farewell.

*Exit***SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

175 I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW

If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY BELCH

180 Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me "Cut."

SIR ANDREW

If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. Come, knight.

*Exeunt**She exits.***SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good night, [queen of the Amazons](#) .

 The Amazons were a race of masculine warrior women.

SIR ANDREW

She's a good wench—I swear.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She's a little purebred hunting hound, and she adores me. What of it?

SIR ANDREW

Someone once adored me, too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let's go to bed, knight. You need to send for some more money.

SIR ANDREW

If I don't marry your niece, then I'm going to be in horrible financial trouble.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Send for more money, knight. If you don't end up with her in the end, then I'm a fool.

SIR ANDREW

If I don't, never trust me again—interpret that how you want to.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, come, I'll go warm up some sherry for us. It's too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. Come, knight.

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

ORSINO

Give me some music. (*music plays*)

Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night.

5 Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

CURIO

10 He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

ORSINO

15 Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Shakescleare Translation

ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others enter.

ORSINO

Give me some music. [*Music plays*] Now, good morning, friends.

[*To VIOLA*] Now, good Cesario, have them play that old-fashioned song we heard last night. It helped ease my passion and made me feel better, more than the silly songs and memorized words of these fast-paced modern times. Come, have them sing just one verse at least.

CURIO

Forgive me, my lord, but the man who should sing it isn't here.

ORSINO

Who is that?

CURIO

Feste the jester, my lord, a fool that Olivia's father used to like. He's somewhere in the house.

ORSINO

Go find him, and in the meantime you all play the tune.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

(*t o VIOLA*) Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
 For such as I am, all true lovers are,
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
 20 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
 Where Love is throned.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is 't?

VIOLA

30 Of your complexion.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

40 I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA

45 And so they are. Alas, that they are so,
 To die even when they to perfection grow!

*Enter CURIO and FOOL***ORSINO**

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 50 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

55 Ay; prithe, sing.

CURIO exits. Music plays.

[*To VIOLA*] Come here, boy. If you ever fall in love,
 remember me when you feel its bittersweet pangs. Because
 the way I am now is the way all true lovers are—moody and
 fickle in every emotion, constant only in imagining the face
 of the person they love. How do you like this song?

VIOLA

It echoes poignantly in the heart.

ORSINO

You speak well. I'd bet my life that, young as you are, you've
 fallen in love with a woman before. Am I right, boy?

VIOLA

A little bit, sir.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is she?

VIOLA

She looks something like you.

ORSINO

She's not worthy of you, then. How old is she?

VIOLA

About your age, my lord.

ORSINO

Then she's too old, by heaven. A woman should be with a
 man older than she is, so she can adapt herself to her
 husband and keep his love constant. We men praise
 ourselves, boy, but in reality we are more fickle and
 inconstant in love than women are—our desires waver and
 disappear sooner and more frequently.

VIOLA

I think you're right, my lord.

ORSINO

Then your beloved should be younger than you are, or you
 won't be able to maintain your feelings for her. Women are
 like roses, whose beauty is greatest in the same hour that
 they fall from the stem and decay.

VIOLA

So they are. It's too bad that this is how it is—beauty starts
 to die just as it reaches its perfection!

*CURIO and the FOOL enter.***ORSINO**

Oh, you fellow, come sing the song we heard last night.
 Listen closely to it, Cesario, it's a simple old song. The wool
 spinners and knitters used to sing it while they sewed, and
 innocent maidens recited it over their weaving. It tells the
 simple truth about the innocence of love, as it was in the
 good old days.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Yes; please, sing.

Music

FOOL*[sings]*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away breath,

60 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

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

ORSINO*[giving money]* There's for thy pains.**FOOL**

No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

ORSINO

75 I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FOOL

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

ORSINO

Give me now leave to leave thee.

FOOL

80 Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor
make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is
a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to
sea, that their business might be everything and their
intent everywhere, for that's it that always makes a
good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

ORSINO

85 Let all the rest give place.

CURIO and attendants retire

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
90 The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

95 I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart

Music plays.

FOOL*[Singing]*

Come now, come now death,
And let me be laid in a cypress coffin.
Fly away, fly away breath,
I've been killed by a fair, cruel girl.

My shroud of white, adorned with yew  sprigs,
Oh, prepare it for me!
No one as faithful as I
Has ever died like me.

Throw no flowers, no sweet flowers
Upon my black coffin.
Let no friends, no friends see
My poor corpse, or my scattered bones.
Save your thousand sighs of mourning,
And bury me, Oh, where
No sad true lovers can find my grave,
To weep there!

ORSINO*[Giving the FOOL money]* That's for your trouble.**FOOL**

It was no trouble, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

ORSINO

I'll pay you for your pleasure, then.

FOOLAll right then, sir. We all pay for our pleasures eventually **ORSINO**

Allow me to let you leave now.

FOOL

May the god of melancholy watch over you, and may a
tailor make you a jacket of opal , for your mind changes
like the colors of an opal. Men as changeable as you should
be put out to sea, where they can make everything their
business and scatter their ideas everywhere, drifting about
on the changeable waves—that's how you make a good
voyage out of nothing. Farewell.

*The FOOL exits.***ORSINO**

The rest of you can leave too.

CURIO and the attendants exit.

Once more, Cesario, go visit that supremely cruel woman.
Tell her that my love is more noble than anything else in the
world, and has nothing to do with her property or the riches
she has inherited. Tell her that the fortune I value the most
is her gem-like beauty, which is priceless and attracts my
helpless soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

I cannot accept that answer.

VIOLA

Truly, but you must. Imagine a lady—who probably exists
somewhere—who loves you just as passionately as you love
Olivia. But you cannot love her, and you tell her so. Doesn't

 A tree that commonly grows in
graveyards.

 The Fool makes reference to the
afterlife, where one's sins can lead to
damnation in hell.

 Opals are iridescent stones that
change colour depending on where
the light hits them.

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

100 You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

ORSINO

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart. No woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.

105 Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare

110 Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know—

ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe.

115 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

120 A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
125 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

130 I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
135 My love can give no place, bide no deny.
[he hands her a jewel]

Exeunt

she have to accept your answer then?

ORSINO

There is no woman strong enough to withstand the passion
of love that's in my heart. No woman's heart is big enough
to hold so much emotion. Women can't carry too much.
Alas, love for them is just a shallow appetite—a matter of
taste, not a matter of the heart. If they try to eat too much,
they get sick, but my love is as insatiable as the sea, and
can swallow just as much as the ocean. Don't compare my
love for Olivia to any love a woman could have for me.

VIOLA

Yes, but I know—

ORSINO

What do you know?

VIOLA

I know too well how strongly a woman can love a man.
Really, their hearts are as true as ours are. My father had a
daughter who loved a man just as strongly as I might love
you, if I were a woman.

ORSINO

And what's her story?

VIOLA

Her story is blank, my lord. She never spoke of her love, but
kept her passion concealed. It tormented her from the
inside, like a worm trapped inside a closed flower bud, and
fed on her outer beauty until it faded. She pined away
quietly and sadly, and sat like a sculpture of patience itself,
smiling despite her grief. Now wasn't this true love? We
men might say more and promise more, but indeed our
words are stronger than our passions. We are good at
making vows of love, but worse at keeping them.

ORSINO

But did your sister die of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

I am all of my father's daughters, and all of his sons
too—and yet I'm not certain of that. Sir, should I go see this
lady then?

ORSINO

Yes, that's right. Go to her quickly. Give her this jewel. Say
that my love cannot yield, and cannot be denied. *[He hands
her a jewel]*

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Shakescleare Translation

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come along, Mister Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY BELCH

5 Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

10 An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India?

MARIA

15 Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!

They hide

20 Lie thou there (throwing down a letter), for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

25

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN

[*aside*] O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!

30

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Peace, I say.

FABIAN

I'm coming, don't worry. If I miss the tiniest bit of this joke, may I get boiled to death.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Won't you be glad to see that pretentious, rascally [dog](#) get humiliated?

 A "sheep-biter" was a dog that harassed sheep, and thus a thieving, sneaky person. It was an insult often thrown at hypocritical Puritans.

FABIAN

I'll rejoice, man. You know, he got me in trouble with my lady Olivia once, when I held a [bear-baiting](#) here.

 A very inappropriate sport to hold at a noblewoman's house, given its associations with the brothels and theatres of Southwark.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll bring the bear back just to make him angry then, and we'll make a fool of him until he's ruined. Won't we, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

If we don't, it will be the worst mistake of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

MARIA enters.

How's it going, my golden one?

MARIA

All three of you hide in the hedge. Malvolio's coming this way down the path. He's been over there practicing his elegant manner for the past half hour. Watch him closely, if you love mockery, because I know that this letter will turn him into a starry-eyed fool. Now hide, if you love jokes!

They hide.

You lie there now [*Maria throws down a letter*], for here comes the fish that must be caught by tickling it.

 Fishermen "tickle" trout in order to catch them. Maria is saying that they will play a joke on Malvolio.

MARIA exits.

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

All is luck, only luck. Maria once told me that Lady Olivia liked me, and I've almost heard Olivia herself say that if she should love a man, he would be someone with my personality. Besides, she treats me with more respect and admiration than anyone else in her service. So what should I think of all this?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering so MALVOLIO can't hear*] What an arrogant villain!

FABIAN

[*Whispering*] Oh, gimme a break! When he's alone and musing to himself he acts even more like a proud peacock. See how he struts and shows his feathers!

SIR ANDREW

[*Whispering*] By God, I'd like to beat him up!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Quiet, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

35 (*aside*) Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

There is example for 't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN

40 [*aside*] O, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

45 Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

(*aside*) O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

50 And then to have the humor of state, and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN

(*aside*) O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN

60 [*aside*] Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO

I could be "Count Malvolio!"

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Ah, that villain!

SIR ANDREW

[*Whispering*] Somebody shoot him, just shoot him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Quiet, quiet!

MALVOLIO

There are other instances of such things happening. The Lady Strachy married her wardrobe assistant.

SIR ANDREW

[*Whispering*] Curse him, wicked [Jezebel](#)!

FABIAN

[*Whispering*] Oh, quiet! Now he's really lost in his imagination. Look how his fantasies puff him up.

MALVOLIO

Imagine me after three months being married to her, sitting in my majestic chair—

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Oh, if only I had a slingshot, to shoot him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my servants around me, dressed in my embroidered velvet gown, having just come from the sofa where I've left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Bloody hell!

FABIAN

[*Whispering*] Oh quiet, quiet!

MALVOLIO

And then to have an expression of great authority, and to gravely survey the room and then tell them that I know my place, and I'd like them to know theirs. I'd ask for my cousin Toby—

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] My God!

FABIAN

[*Whispering*] Oh quiet, quiet, quiet! Now, now.

MALVOLIO

Seven of my servants obediently would go to find him. I frown while I wait, and perhaps wind my watch, or [play with my—](#)with some rich jewel [5](#) I'm wearing. Toby approaches me and bows—

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Whispering*] Will we let this fellow live?

FABIAN

[*Whispering*] We must keep our silence—even though it is hard to, when he's being this offensive. Quiet.

[4](#) The archetypal whore - Andrew either doesn't realise she was a woman, or is deliberately calling Malvolio a painted whore.

[5](#) The pause here lends itself to a suggestion of masturbation.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

65 (*aside*) And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO

Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech—"

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) What, what?

MALVOLIO

"You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TOBY BELCH

70 (*aside*) Out, scab!

FABIAN

(*aside*) Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO

"Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—"

SIR ANDREW

75 (*aside*) That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

"One Sir Andrew—"

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

(*seeing the letter*) What employment have we here?

FABIAN

(*aside*) Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

80 (*aside*) O, peace! And the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO

85 (*picking up the letter*) By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) Her C's, her U's and her T's. Why that?

MALVOLIO

90 (*reads*) "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes"—Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN

(*aside*) This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

I reach out my hand to him like so, extinguishing my usual smile and replacing it with a severe look of authority—

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*Whispering*) And doesn't Toby give you a punch in the mouth then?

MALVOLIO

And I say, "Cousin Toby, since fortune has allowed me to marry your niece, I have the right to say this—"

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*Whispering*) What, what?

MALVOLIO

"You must give up your drinking."

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*Whispering*) Out of here, you scab!

FABIAN

(*Whispering*) No, be patient, or we'll ruin our plan.

MALVOLIO

"And another thing—you're wasting your valuable time with that foolish knight—"

SIR ANDREW

(*Whispering*) That's me, I'm sure.

MALVOLIO

"That Sir Andrew—"

SIR ANDREW

(*Whispering*) I knew it was me, for I've often been called foolish.

MALVOLIO

(*Seeing the letter*) And what do we have here?

FABIAN

(*Whispering*) Now the bird approaches the snare.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*Whispering*) Oh, quiet! I hope the mood ⁶ strikes him to read it out loud!

MALVOLIO

85 (*picking up the letter*) By God, this is my lady's handwriting ⁷—these are her C's, her U's, and her T's, and this is how she makes her big P ⁸'s. It's her handwriting, without question.

SIR ANDREW

(*Whispering*) Her C's, her U's, and her T's ⁹. Why only mention those?

MALVOLIO

90 (*Reading*) "To my beloved, who doesn't know of my love, I send this letter and my good wishes"—And it's phrased just how she would speak! Excuse me for breaking your seal, wax. But wait! This wax is stamped with an image of Lucrece, which Olivia uses for her seal ¹⁰. This letter is from my lady. But who is it written to?

FABIAN

(*Whispering*) This is winning him over, heart and all.

⁶ The 'humors' were four fluids in the body felt to cause emotions.

⁷ What follows is an obscene joke—Malvolio mentions letters that spell out "cut," Elizabethan slang for a vagina, and how Olivia makes her "pees."

⁸ An allusion to urination.

⁹ Andrew is either horrified or clueless; probably the latter.

¹⁰ Molten wax, stamped with a personal imprint, would be used to seal a letter.

MALVOLIO*[reads]*

"Jove knows I love,
But who?"

95 Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered.
"No man must know." If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

100 *[reads]*

"I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."

FABIAN

105 (*aside*) A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO

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

FABIAN

(*aside*) What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

110 (*aside*) And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO

"I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me—Softly! M.O.A.I.—

115

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN

[aside] Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO

120 "M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

[aside] Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO

"M." But then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. "A" should follow but "O" does.

125

FABIAN

(*aside*) And "O" shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry "O!"

MALVOLIO*[Reading]*

"God knows that I love,
But who!"

Lips, do not speak;
No man must know."

"No man must know." But what's next? The poem's meter changes. "No man must know." What if she's writing about you, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Whispering] Damn, go hang yourself, you [badger](#) ¹¹!

¹¹ *Badgers were proverbially smelly.*

MALVOLIO*[Reading]*

"I may command the one I love,
But silence, like a knife,
Cuts my heart with a bloodless wound.
M.O.A.I. rules my life."

FABIAN

[Whispering] An elaborate riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Whispering] Such a clever girl, I say.

MALVOLIO

"M.O.A.I. rules my life." No, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

[Whispering] What a dish of poison she's prepared for him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Whispering] And see how eagerly he goes to eat it!

MALVOLIO

"I may command the one I love." Well, she may command me. I am her servant, and she is my lady. This much is easy for anyone to figure out. There's no difficulty here. But the end—what do those letters mean? If only I could make them refer to me—wait! M.O.A.I.—

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Whispering] Oh, yes, notice that. The trail's gone cold for him.

FABIAN

[Whispering] He'll pick up the scent eventually, no matter how much it smells of a prank.

MALVOLIO

"M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that's the first letter of my name.

FABIAN

[Whispering] Didn't I say he would figure it out? [This dog is excellent at tracking.](#) ¹²

¹² *Dogs' powerful senses of smell mean they can track a scent.*

MALVOLIO

"M." But then the next letter doesn't agree with my name. This theory doesn't stand up to the test. "A" should be next, but instead it's "O."

FABIAN

[Whispering] And this will all end in an "O" as well, I hope—the "O" of a hangman's noose.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Whispering] Yes, or else I'll beat him with a club and make him yell "O!"

MALVOLIO

And then "I" comes behind.

FABIAN

130 *[aside]* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO

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

135 *[reads]*
"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, The Fortunate Unhappy"

140
145
150
155 Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point- devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

160
165
170 *[reads]*
"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

175 Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

180 So could I too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW

Nor I neither.

MALVOLIO

And then an "I" comes last.

FABIAN

[Whispering] Yes, and if you had an "I" in the back of your head, you might see more trouble behind you than good luck before you.

MALVOLIO

"M.O.A.I." The hidden meaning of this part isn't like the other one, but if I force it a little, it too could refer to me—for every one of these letters is in my name. Wait, there's some more prose now.

[Reading]
"If this should fall into your hands, consider it well. By birth I am ranked above you, but don't be afraid of my greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Your fate welcomes you. Accept it with your body and spirit. And, to prepare yourself for the upper-class life you will have soon, cast aside your lowly outer self and become a new, fresh person. Be rude to your companions, and be mean to servants. Talk loudly and often about politics, and make a habit of being unique and eccentric. The woman who sighs ¹³ with love for you advises you to do this. Remember who it was who complimented your yellow stockings, and asked to see you always wearing crossed laces going up your legs. Remember her, I say. Now go. You are assured of becoming a gentleman, if you want to be. If not, just keep acting like a steward, a companion of servants, and not worthy to grasp the greatness before you. Farewell. Signed, one who would switch places with you and be *your* servant, The Fortunate Unfortunate"

Daylight in an open field couldn't be clearer than this. This is obvious. I will act proud, I will study politics, I will insult Sir Toby, I will rid myself of lower-class acquaintances, and I will act exactly as she asked me to. I'm not fooling myself now, or letting my imagination trick me—reason points to the inevitable conclusion that my lady Olivia loves me. She did compliment my yellow stockings lately ¹⁴, and she did praise my crossed laces, and in this she has proven that she loves me. I thank my lucky stars. I'm so happy. I will act just as she wanted—I'll be proud and aloof, and put on my yellow stockings and crossed laces as quickly as I can. May God and my lucky stars be praised! And here's more, a postscript.

[Reading]
"You have probably figured out who I am. If you accept my love, then let me know by smiling. Your smiles look good on you. So please smile whenever you're in my presence, my dear sweetheart."

Thank you God! I will smile for her. I'll do everything she wants me to.

He exits.

FABIAN

I wouldn't have missed this entertainment for a pension of thousands, to be paid by the Shah of Persia.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry that Maria for coming up with this scheme.

SIR ANDREW

So could I.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I wouldn't ask for any bridal dowry ¹⁵ except for her to come up with another joke like this.

SIR ANDREW

Neither would I.

¹³ There is the connotation of sighing over Malvolio in a sexual manner.

¹⁴ This is an oddity: there is no evidence for it in the rest of the play.

¹⁵ Money paid by a bride's family to the husband.

*Enter MARIA***FABIAN**

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW

185 Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

SIR ANDREW

I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

MARIA

195 If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests. And he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

200

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

*Exeunt**MARIA enters.***FABIAN**

Here comes my noble fool-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Should I kiss your feet?

SIR ANDREW

Or should I?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Should I gamble away my freedom at dice, and become your slave?

SIR ANDREW

Or should I?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, you've sent Malvolio into such a fantasy that he'll go mad when he learns the truth.

MARIA

No, tell me the truth, did he fall for my letter?

SIR TOBY BELCHHe swallowed it [hook, line, and sinker](#) ¹⁶.**MARIA**

If you want to see the real results of this joke, then watch him when he first approaches my lady. He'll come to her in yellow stockings—a color she hates—and with crossed laces on his legs—a fashion she despises. And he'll smile constantly at her, which will go completely against her current mood, as she seems addicted to melancholy lately. All of it together will surely make her notice him and scorn him. If you want to see this, follow me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll follow you to the deepest gates of Hell, you witty devil!

SIR ANDREW

I'll join the group too.

They all exit.

¹⁶ Alcoholic spirits used by midwives in theory to calm their patients, but more often to console themselves.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

*Enter VIOLA, and the FOOL playing with a tabor***VIOLA**

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabour?

FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FOOL

5 No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the

Shakescleare Translation

*VIOLA enters with the FOOL, who is playing a drum.***VIOLA**

God bless you, friend, and your music. Do you make your living by playing your drum?

FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Are you a clergyman?

FOOL

Not at all, sir. I live by the church because I live in my house, and my house is by the church.

church.

VIOLA

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

FOOL

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA

15 Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FOOL

I would therefore my sister had no name, sir.

VIOLA

Why, man?

FOOL

20 Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIOLA

Thy reason, man?

FOOL

Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA

25 I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

FOOL

30 Not so, sir, I do care for something. But in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FOOL

35 No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FOOL

40 Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun. It shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA

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

VIOLA

You may as well say then that the king sleeps with a beggar if a beggar lives near him, or that the church stands next to your drum if your drum stands next to the church.

FOOL

You're right, sir. What a wonder this modern age is! A sentence is like a supple glove for good wit—it can be turned inside out so quickly!

VIOLA

Yes, that's certainly true. Those who play around with words too much can quickly make them changeable and promiscuous.

FOOL

If that's so, then I wish my sister didn't have a name, sir.

VIOLA

Why, man?

FOOL

Well, sir, her name's a word, and to play around with that word ¹ might make my sister promiscuous. But indeed, words have been rascals ever since people started needing written contracts to guarantee them ².

¹ "Those who mess around with words tend to render them meaningless."

² The Fool refers to legal disputes over the meanings of words.

VIOLA

What's your reason for that, man?

FOOL

Truly, sir, I can't give you a reason without using words, and since words have become so false and unreliable, I'm hesitant to use them for my proof.

VIOLA

I'll bet you're a happy fellow, without a care in the world.

FOOL

Not so, sir, I do care for something. But honestly, sir, I don't care for you. If that means that I care for nothing, sir, then you should become invisible right now—as you're nothing ³.

³ The joke is partially upon Viola/Cesario's uncertain gender and social status - she is a zero standing for an uncertainty on both counts - but also a play upon "nothing" as a euphemism for female genitalia.

VIOLA

Aren't you the Lady Olivia's fool?

FOOL

No indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no foolishness. She won't keep a fool until she gets married. Fools are to husbands as anchovies are to sardines ⁴—husbands are the larger version. I'm not her fool, just her corrupter of words.

⁴ Anchovies are small fish; sardines are larger versions.

VIOLA

I saw you at Duke Orsino's recently.

FOOL

50 Foolishness, sir, wanders about the earth like the sun ⁵. It's everywhere. I'd be sorry if your master was less acquainted with foolishness than my mistress is. I think I saw you there, you wise man.

⁵ The Ptolemaic view of the universe, where the sun orbited the Earth, was still current at the time.

VIOLA

If you're just going to make fun of me, I want nothing to do

Hold, there's expenses for thee.

FOOL

45 Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, *[aside]* though I would not have it grow on my chin. *[To fool]* Is thy lady within?

FOOL

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA

50 Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FOOL

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

VIOLA

[giving him money] I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged.

FOOL

55 The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is overworn.

Exit

VIOLA

60 This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
65 That comes before his eye. This is a practise
As full of labor as a wise man's art,
For folly that he wisely shows is fit.
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

70 And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA

Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

with it. But wait, here's a coin for you.

FOOL

May God, in his next shipment of hair, send you a beard ⁶!

⁶ Beards were a major sign of male maturity.

VIOLA

Honestly, I'm telling you, I'm dying for one, *[To herself]* though I don't want it on my own chin—I'm dying for a certain man with a beard.

[To the FOOL] Is Lady Olivia inside?

FOOL

If I had a pair of these coins, sir, do you think they'd have children?

VIOLA

Yes, if they were kept together and invested ⁷.

⁷ The "use" is also an intimation of sexual intercourse.

FOOL

I'd like to play the pimp, sir, and bring these two lovers together.

VIOLA

[Giving him money] I understand you sir. You're pretty good at begging.

FOOL

It's no problem for me, sir, as I'm only begging on a beggar's behalf. The famous lover Cressida ⁸ became a beggar in her old age, they say. My lady is inside, sir. I'll explain where you come from, but who you are and what you want are beyond my knowledge. I'd say I'm "not in my element," but those words are overused.

⁸ In some versions of the story of *Troilus and Cressida*, from the *Iliad*, the titular lover is forced to become a beggar and pretend to be a leper.

He exits.

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well you have to be clever. He has to pay attention to the mood and status of the person he's mocking, the time, and must also pursue every target he sees. This is a skill that requires just as much work as any wise man's job, for he plays the fool very wisely. Wise men, on the other hand, ruin their reputation for intelligence when they try to play the fool.

SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

God bless you, sir.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

[Speaking in French] May God protect you, sir.

VIOLA

[Speaking in French] And you also. At your service!

SIR ANDREW

I hope so, sir, and I am at your service too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you come in the house? My niece wants you to, if your business is with her.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Put them to motion.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

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

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

85 Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors." Well.

VIOLA

My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW

90 [*aside*] "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed." I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

95 My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

100 My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

105 Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

VIOLA

I'm bound for your niece, sir. I mean, she's the destination of my voyage.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Try your legs then sir, and put them in motion.

VIOLA

My legs stand under me better than I understand you, and what you mean by "try your legs."

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean to enter the house, sir.

VIOLA

I'll answer you by walking in. But we've been anticipated.

OLIVIA and MARIA enter.

Most excellent accomplished lady, may the heavens rain odors upon you!

SIR ANDREW

[*To himself*] That youth's a classy fellow. "Rain odors." Nice.

VIOLA

My message can't be told to anyone, my lady. It's only for your own willing and receptive ears.

SIR ANDREW

[*To himself*] "Odors," "willing," and "receptive." I'll have to remember those.

OLIVIA

Close the garden door and let me be alone to hear this message.

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA exit.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

I offer you my obedience, madam, and my most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir! The world has gone downhill since false humility started passing for a compliment. You're Duke Orsino's servant, youth, not mine.

VIOLA

But he is your servant, so all that he has is yours too. Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

As for him, I don't think about him. And as for his thoughts, I wish that they were blank pages instead of filled with pictures of me.

VIOLA

Madam, I've come on his behalf to improve your feelings towards him.

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him.
But, would you undertake another suit,
110 I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA

Dear lady—

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
115 A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
120 Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
125 Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

No, not a grize. For 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

130 Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

A cloud strikes.

135 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward ho!
140 Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA

Stay, I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

OLIVIA

Oh, please, I beg you, I asked you never speak of him again.
But if you would tell me that another man loves me instead,
I would rather hear that than angels singing.

VIOLA

Dear lady—

OLIVIA

Please, let me speak. After the magic spell you cast on me
last time you were here, I sent that ring to you. With that
trick I degraded myself, my servant, and you, I'm afraid. I
must then accept your judgment of this act, which you
probably condemn—for I forced that ring on you through
shameful trickery, and without your consent. What must
you think of me? Haven't you tied my honor to a stake like a
bear⁹, and let the hounds of your anger attack it? But I've
shown my situation clearly enough for someone of your
intelligence to understand. My heart's on my sleeve—I can't
hide my passion. So let me hear you speak.

⁹ A common metaphor in Shakespeare's plays. Bear-baiting was a popular sport, like cock-fighting, both of which took place in pits around Shakespeare's Globe theatre in Southwark. A bear would be tied to a stake and dogs let loose on it.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a step towards love.

VIOLA

No, not a step. It's a common experience that we often pity
our enemies.

OLIVIA

Then I think it's time for me to smile again. Oh, how easy it
is for the poor to be proud of something they don't have!
But if I must be defeated, then better to be defeated by a
noble enemy than a lowly one.

The sound of a clock striking is heard.

See, the clock scolds me for wasting time. Don't worry,
youth, I won't keep pursuing you. And when you're older
and wiser, your future wife will have a fine handsome
husband. There's your way back home, due west.

VIOLA

Then I'm off to the west! I wish you the best of fortune. You
don't have a message for the duke?

OLIVIA

Stay, please, and tell me what you really think of me.

VIOLA

I think that you're not who you think you are.

OLIVIA

If that's true, then I think the same thing of you.

VIOLA

Then you're correct. I am not what I seem to be.

OLIVIA

I wish you were what I want you to be!¹⁰

¹⁰ The irony here is that Olivia wishes her to be a man, which is impossible.

VIOLA

Would that be better, madam, than me being what I am? I

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

OLIVIA

(aside) Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 150 In the contempt and anger of his lip!
 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
 Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
[To VIOLA] Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
 155 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter.
 160 Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 165 And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt

wish that it would, for right now I'm a fool.

OLIVIA

[To herself] Oh, look how beautiful he is even in his anger and contempt! A murderer's guilt is easier to hide than feelings of love. Midday is like nighttime for love—that's how brightly passion shines.

[To VIOLA] Cesario, I swear by the roses of spring, by virginity, by honor, by truth, and by everything, that I love you. I love you so much that neither my wit nor my reason can hide my passion, despite your pride. Don't draw the wrong conclusions from this, though—just because I'm wooing you doesn't mean you shouldn't woo me. Use your better logic and see that love asked for is good, but love freely given is better.

 Olivia is asking Cesario to woo her back.

VIOLA

And I swear by innocence and by my own youth that I have only one heart and one love to give, and no woman has ever ruled them, and never will—except for myself. And so I'll say farewell, good madam. I'll never again try to make you pity my master's passion.

OLIVIA

But come again, for you might still convince my heart, which hates him now, to somehow accept his love.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Count's
 5 servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw't i'the orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

10 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN

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

Shakescleare Translation

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.

SIR ANDREW

No, really, I won't stay a moment longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What's your reason for leaving, my bitter friend?

FABIAN

Yes, you must tell us your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Well, I saw your niece Olivia treating the Duke's messenger better than she has ever treated me. I saw it in the garden.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Did she see you at the time though, old boy? Tell me that.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, she saw me as plainly as I see you now.

FABIAN

Then that was proof that she loves you.

SIR ANDREW

What, are trying to make a fool of me?

FABIAN

I'll prove it to be true, sir, with judgment and logic.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FABIAN

15 She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged
20 the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless
25 you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

SIR ANDREW

An 't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

35 There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou
40 "thou"-est him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen,
45 no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong,
50 or so.

FABIAN

We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot
55 hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and

SIR TOBY BELCH

And judgment and logic have been wise jury members since the time of Noah's ark.

FABIAN

She treated the youth so well while you were watching to exasperate and anger you, to wake up your meekly sleeping boldness, to fire up your passions. You should have approached her that minute, whipped out some excellent jokes you invented right there on the spot, and humiliated the youth into silence. That was the opening she gave you, but you missed it. This was a golden opportunity for you, but you let it slip away, and now you've sailed out of the warmth of my lady's good opinion. You'll stay there like an icicle in a sailor's beard unless you can redeem yourself to her through some noble act of bravery or politics.

SIR ANDREW

If I have to do something, it must be something brave, for I hate politics. I'd rather be a [heretic](#)  than a politician.

 A "heretic" is a person who goes against the accepted rules of religion, like a blasphemer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well then, improve your fortunes through your bravery. Challenge the duke's young servant to a fight. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece will notice this, and let me assure you, no matchmaker in the world can win you a woman's love like a reputation for bravery can.

FABIAN

This is the only way, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you deliver the message of my challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go and write it down, in fierce handwriting. Be rude and brief. It doesn't need to be witty, as long as it's eloquent and original. Taunt him with all the possibilities of writing. Refer to him [familiarily](#)  three times at least, which will insult his pride as a nobleman. As many lies as you can fit on a piece of paper—even if the paper's as big as a [royal bed](#) —write 'em all down. Go, get started now. Even if you're using an ordinary pen, you can still fill it with bitter, venomous ink. Now go ahead.

 I.e. don't use his proper title, use his first name.

 The Great Bed of Ware is an extremely large bed, now housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, England.

SIR ANDREW

Where will I find you when I'm done?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll meet you in the little room. Now go.

SIR ANDREW exits.

FABIAN

This knight is a beloved puppet to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I've been a beloved expense to him, as he's spent two thousand or so of his ducats on me.

FABIAN

His letter's sure to be a work of art. But you won't deliver it, will you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me again if I don't. And by all means encourage the youth to answer the knight's challenge. An oxcart couldn't haul them close enough together to fight. As for

 Cowards were thought to have white, bloodless livers.

you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FABIAN

And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

60 Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado. For there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe
65 such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villanously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He
70 does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will
75 strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favor.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

Andrew, if you dissected him and found enough red blood in his liver ⁴ for even a flea to notice, I'd eat the rest of his body. He's a coward through and through.

FABIAN

And his opponent, the youth, doesn't seem to have much aggression in his face either.

MARIA enters.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Look, here comes the smallest bird of all.

MARIA

If you want to have a laughing fit, and really laugh until you split your sides, then follow me. That gullible Malvolio must have renounced Christianity, for no Christian who intends to go to heaven by his faith c ⁵ could ever believe the absurd, exaggerated things like we put in that letter. He's wearing yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With crossed laces?

MARIA

Yes, and they look awful—like an unfashionable village schoolteacher. I've been stalking him like a murderer, and he's followed every instruction I gave in that letter I dropped. He smiles so much that his face has more lines in it than a map of the Indies ⁶. You've never seen anything like this. I can hardly keep from throwing things at him. I know my lady will get so annoyed she'll hit him eventually, and when she does, he'll just smile and imagine that she's flattering him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

They all exit.

⁴ In Protestantism, one was saved by faith: those who would go to heaven were those who believed. Here, the "Puritan" Malvolio is believing in the wrong things.

⁶ The islands of Southeast Asia: the lines she refers to are the 'rhumb' lines used to navigate, which criss cross over the map.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you. My desire,
5 More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth.
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger,
10 Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,
15 I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. And oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.
But were my worth as is my conscience, firm,

Shakescleare Translation

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter.

SEBASTIAN

I didn't want to trouble you, but you seem to take pleasure in enduring suffering, so I won't scold you about it anymore.

ANTONIO

I couldn't stay behind. My desire to go was sharper than a knife, and it spurred me onward. It wasn't just love for you, though that much might have inspired a man to go on an even longer voyage. I was also worried about what might happen to you in your travels, since you don't know this area, and it can be rough and inhospitable to a stranger without a guide or friend. My willing love for you, combined with these fears for your safety, drove me to follow you.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio, the only answer I can give you is thanks, and thanks, and infinite thanks. Often such good deeds are only rewarded with cheap words, but if I had any wealth I would strengthen my gratitude with money. Now what should we do? Should we go see the monuments of this

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
20 Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANTONIO

The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
35 It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

40 Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

ANTONIO

To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exeunt

town?

ANTONIO

We'll do that tomorrow, sir. First we should find a place for
you to stay.

SEBASTIAN

I'm not weary, and night is a long way away. Please, let's go
satisfy our eyes with the sight of the memorials and statues
that make this city famous.

ANTONIO

I hope you'll pardon me: I can't walk these streets without
being in danger. Once in a battle at sea I served on the side
fighting against Duke Orsino's ships, and I distinguished
myself enough that I might be recognized. If I were arrested
here, they'd make me answer for my deeds.

SEBASTIAN

Then you must have killed many of his men?

ANTONIO

My deeds weren't so bloody as that, though we had just
cause to shed some blood over that quarrel. We could have
since resolved the matter by paying reparations for the
damage we did to them in battle, for the sake of
maintaining our trade relations. Most of our city did. I was
the only one who refused to pay anything. That's why I'll
pay dearly if I should be cap here.

SEBASTIAN

Then don't walk around too conspicuously.

ANTONIO

It's not a good idea for me, certainly. Wait, sir, here's my
purse. *[Giving SEBASTIAN some money]* The best place to
stay is an inn called the Elephant. It's in the suburbs to the
south. I'll order our meals while you spend your time
pleasantly and educate yourself by exploring the town. You
can find me back at the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

Why should I take your purse, though?

ANTONIO

Just if some trinket should catch your eye and you want to
buy it—I have the feeling that your store of money isn't
large enough for useless purchases.

SEBASTIAN

I'll carry your purse then, and leave you for an hour.

ANTONIO

And meet me at the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I remember.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Shakescleare Translation

OLIVIA and MARIA enter.

OLIVIA

I have sent after him. He says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.

- 5 (to *MARIA*) Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is
sure possessed, madam.

OLIVIA

- 10 Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

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

Enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

- 20 Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-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."

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

- 25 Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did
come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I
think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws!

OLIVIA

[To herself] I've sent for him. He says he'll come. What food
should I give him? What gifts? For it's better to buy
something than beg for it or borrow it—and it's the same
with youth and love. But I'm speaking too loud.

[To MARIA] Where's Malvolio? He is very serious and
solemn, which is appropriate for someone in mourning like
I am. Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam, but in a very strange manner. He
seems crazy, madam.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? Is he talking nonsense?

MARIA

No, madam, he does nothing but smile. It would be best if
you had a guard nearby if he comes here, for the man is
surely sick in his head.

OLIVIA

Go call him here.

MARIA exits.

I am as mad as he is, if sad madness and merry madness
are equals.

MARIA enters, with MALVOLIO.

What's going on, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, hello.

OLIVIA

Are you smiling? I sent for you on a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

Sad, my lady! I could be sad. These crossed laces do cut off
the circulation in my legs a bit, but what of that? If a certain
person likes them, then it's like that poem says: "Please
one, and please all." 

 A raunchy ballad of the time.

OLIVIA

Why, what's going on, man? What is the matter with you?

MALVOLIO

My legs are yellow, but I don't feel blue. The letter came to
me, and its commands must be obeyed. I think I recognized
the fancy Italian handwriting.

OLIVIA

Don't you think you ought to go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed? "Yes, sweetheart, I'll come to you." 

 Another reference to a sexually
explicit ballad of the time.

OLIVIA

For God's sake! Why are you smiling like that, and kissing
your hand so often?

MARIA

Are you okay, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

You think I'll answer *you*? Noblemen don't answer servants!

MARIA

35 Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

"Some are born great—"

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

40 "Some achieve greatness—"

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—"

OLIVIA

45 Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

"And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

"Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so—"

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

50 "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA

55 I'll come to him.

Exit SERVANT

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

MARIA

Why are you acting with such ridiculous arrogance in front of my lady?

MALVOLIO

"Don't be afraid of my greatness." It was well written.

OLIVIA

What do you mean by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

"Some are born great—"

OLIVIA

What?

MALVOLIO

"Some achieve greatness—"

OLIVIA

What did you say?

MALVOLIO

"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA

May heaven restore your sanity!

MALVOLIO

"Remember who it was who complimented your yellow stockings—"

OLIVIA

Your yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

"And asked to see you always wearing crossed laces going up your legs."

OLIVIA

Crossed laces?

MALVOLIO

"Now go. You are assured of becoming a gentleman, if you want to be—"

OLIVIA

Am I a gentleman?

MALVOLIO

"If not, just keep acting like a servant."

OLIVIA

This is surely insanity.

SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

Madam, Duke Orsino's young gentleman has returned. I had to beg him to come back, but he is here now and ready to see you when you're ready.

OLIVIA

I'll go to him.

SERVANT exits.

Good Maria, take care of this fellow here. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my servants take special care of Malvolio. I'd give half my wealth to keep him from harm.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

60 Oh, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she. "Be opposite
65 with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang with arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity," and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have
70 limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to." "Fellow!" Not "Malvolio," nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
75 obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA

85 [To SIR TOBY BELCH] Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO

Aha! Does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

90 [To FABIAN and MARIA] Go to, go to! Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. —How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

95 [To SIR TOBY BELCH] La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN

Carry his water to the wisewoman.

MARIA

Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO

100 How now, mistress?

OLIVIA and MARIA exit.

MALVOLIO

Oh ho! Do you see me now? Sir Toby himself has been told to take care of me. This fits exactly with the letter. She sends Sir Toby to me on purpose so that I can be rude to him, just as she told me to in the letter. "Cast aside your lowly outer self," she said. "Be rude to your companions, and be mean to servants. Talk loudly and often about politics, and make a habit of being unique and eccentric." And then she wrote down the ways I should go about this: I should have a solemn face and a dignified demeanor, speak slowly, dress like a distinguished gentleman, and so forth. I've caught ³ her now, but it is really God's doing—and may God make me thankful! And when she went away just now, she said "take care of this fellow here." "Fellow!" Not "Malvolio," nor anything appropriate for a servant, but "fellow." Almost "companion" or "partner." Why, everything is coming together perfectly, and not the tiniest amount of doubt, no obstacle, no incredible or unfortunate event could ruin it—what else can be said? Nothing that exists can now come between me and the fulfillment of my hopes. Well, God is responsible for this, not me, and he is to be thanked.

³ "Lime" is a sticky substance used to make traps.

MARIA enters, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Where is he, in the name of all that's holy? Even if all the devils of hell are crammed together inside of him, even if a troop of demons possesses him, I still want to speak to him.

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How are you, sir? How are you feeling, man?

MALVOLIO

Go away, I cast you off. Let me enjoy my privacy. Go away.

MARIA

[To SIR TOBY BELCH] Oh my, the demon ⁴ speaks so loudly from within him. Didn't I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady asks you to take care of him.

⁴ She is saying Malvolio has been possessed.

MALVOLIO

Aha! Does she?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[To FABIAN and MARIA] Come on, come on! Quiet, quiet. We must be gentle with him. Let me deal with this.

[To MALVOLIO] How are you, Malvolio? How are you feeling? Come on, man, renounce the devil! Remember, he's the enemy of mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you're saying?

MARIA

[To SIR TOBY BELCH] Look, he resents it when you insult the devil ⁵! Pray to God that he's not bewitched!

⁵ A sign that he was either under the influence of witchcraft or himself a Satan worshipper.

FABIAN

Get a urine sample from him and take it to the healing woman.

MARIA

Sure, I'll do it tomorrow morning, I swear. My lady would give a lot to keep from losing him.

MALVOLIO

What's that, mistress?

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*t o MARIA*] Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN

105

No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*t o MALVOLIO*] Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH

110

Ay, Biddy, come with me. —What, man! 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx?

MARIA

115

[*To SIR TOBY BELCH*] No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO

Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is 't possible?

FABIAN

120

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY BELCH

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA

125

Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

130

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see!

MARIA

Oh Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*To MARIA*] Please, keep quiet. This isn't the way to go about it. Don't you see that you're making him upset? Leave me alone with him.

FABIAN

The only way to deal with him is gently, gently. The demon in him is rough, but we can't treat it roughly.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*To the demon possessing MALVOLIO*] Why, hello, my fine fellow! How are you, little chicken?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*To the devil "possessing" MALVOLIO*] Yes, little chicken, come with me.

[*To MALVOLIO*] What, man! You're too serious to play games with Satan. Damn him, that [dirty coal miner devil!](#) ⁶

⁶ A colliery - a coal mine - is deep in the ground, closer to hell.

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, you hussy?

MARIA

[*To SIR TOBY BELCH*] No, I'm telling you, he doesn't want to hear about God.

MALVOLIO

Go hang yourselves, all of you! You are lazy, shallow creatures. I'm made of better stuff than you. You'll learn more about *that*, later.

MALVOLIO exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is it possible?

FABIAN

If this were being acted out on a stage, I would complain that it was unrealistic.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's really taken our trick to heart—it seems to have infected his very soul.

MARIA

No, pursue him now, before he exposes the prank and it gets ruined.

FABIAN

Why, we're really going to make him crazy.

MARIA

The house will be a calmer place for it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, we'll get him into a madhouse soon enough. My niece already thinks that he's crazy. We can take it as far as we want, punishing him and having fun, until we're tired and out of breath from laughing so hard, and then we can have mercy on him and [reveal](#) ⁷ the joke, and crown you, Maria, the prank's mastermind. Come on, come on!

⁷ The "bar" refers to bringing a case to court to be resolved.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

135 *[presenting a paper]* Here's the challenge, read it.
Warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FABIAN

Is 't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, is 't, I warrant him. Do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH

140 Give me. *[reads]* "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art
but a scurvy fellow."

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[reads] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I
do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

FABIAN

A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY BELCH

145 *[reads]* "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my
sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy
throat. That is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FABIAN

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TOBY BELCH

150 *[reads]* "I will waylay thee going home, where if it be
thy chance to kill me—"

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[reads] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

155 *[reads]* "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one
of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope
is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou
usest him, and thy sworn enemy,
Andrew Aguecheek"

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

MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now in
some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

165 Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner the
orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever thou seest
him, draw, and as thou drawest, swear horrible, for it

SIR ANDREW enters.

FABIAN

Here's more material for our comedy.

SIR ANDREW

[Presenting a paper] Here's my challenge; read it. I promise
that it's feisty enough.

FABIAN

Is it that insulting?

SIR ANDREW

Yes, it is, I promise. Just read it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give it to me. *[Reading]* "Youth, whatever you are, you're
nothing but a filthy fellow."

FABIAN

Good, and brave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reading] "And don't be amazed or ask why I call you that,
for I won't give you any reason for it."

FABIAN

Good job, that vagueness will keep you from being accused
of slander.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reading] "You came to the lady Olivia, and she was kind to
you in front of me. But you lie like a dog. That's not what I'm
challenging you about."

FABIAN

Very brief, and full of good sense... or nonsense.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reading] "I will ambush you on your way home, and if you
happen to kill me there—"

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reading] "You'll be killing me like a criminal and a villain."

FABIAN

You're still keeping on the safe side of the law . Good.

 Andrew's challenge makes no
sense.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reading] "Farewell then, and may God have mercy upon
one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my
hope of surviving is better than yours, so watch yourself.
Signed, your friend, if you were friendly in return, and your
sworn enemy,
Andrew Aguecheek"

[To ANDREW] If this letter won't make him get up and fight,
then his legs must not work. I'll give it to him.

MARIA

You have a very convenient opportunity for it. He's doing
some business with my lady right now, and he'll be leaving
sooner or later.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew. Look for him in the corner of the garden as
if you were a bounty hunter. As soon as you see him, draw
your sword, and swear horribly as you draw it. It's often the

comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a
swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood
more approbation than ever proof itself would have
170 earned him. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

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 between his lord and my
175 niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so
excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth.
He will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will
deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon
Aguecheek a notable report of valor, and drive the
180 gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it)
into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury,
and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they
will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FABIAN

185 Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he
take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honor too unchary on 't.
190 There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

OLIVIA

195 Here, wear this jewel for me. 'Tis my picture.
Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA

200 Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

205 Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

case that a terrible swear word uttered with an arrogant
tone can increase your reputation for courage better than
actually fighting would. Now go!

SIR ANDREW

No, I can't bear to swear.

SIR ANDREW exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now I won't deliver this letter, for the young gentleman's
behavior shows that he is noble and sensible, and his role
as a messenger between his lord and my niece confirms
this. Therefore this letter, which is so incredibly ignorant,
won't frighten him at all. He'll know it came from a fool.
But, sir, I *will* deliver Sir Andrew's challenge by word of
mouth. I'll describe him as having a great reputation for
bravery, and convince the youth that Sir Andrew is angry,
courageous, and skilled with a sword—and he'll believe me
because he's so young. Then they'll both be so afraid, that
when they see each other they'll kill each other with just a
look, like [basilisks](#) .

OLIVIA enters, with VIOLA

FABIAN

Here comes the youth with your niece. Stay away until he
leaves her, and then confront him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

While I wait I'll come up with some horrible message to be
the challenge.

SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA exit.

OLIVIA

I've said too much to your heart of stone, and carelessly laid
my honor and reputation on that stone. There's something
in me that condemns my love, but that love is so willful and
powerful that it ignores all condemnation.

VIOLA

My master's behavior in his passion for you is the same as
yours in your passion for me.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this locket for me. My picture is inside. Don't
refuse it, please. Unlike me, it has no voice to upset you
with. And I beg you to come again tomorrow. What could
you ask of me that I would deny, as long as I can retain my
honor in giving it?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: give your true love to my master.

OLIVIA

How could I keep my honor and give him what I have
already given to you?

VIOLA

I will release you from any obligation to me.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Farewell. A devil who wore
your face could lead my soul to hell.

OLIVIA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN enter.

 A cockatrice would kill you if you
looked into its eyes.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

210 That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful and deadly.

VIOLA

215 You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offense done to any man.

SIR TOBY BELCH

220 You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

225 He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word. "Give 't or take 't."

VIOLA

230 I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY BELCH

235 Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury. Therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him. Therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA

240 This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY BELCH

245 I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Exit

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance more.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Hello, gentleman.

VIOLA

And hello to you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Prepare yourself with whatever fighting defenses you have. I don't know what you've done to insult him, but someone is full of defiance and bloodthirstiness towards you, and he waits for you at the end of the garden. Draw your sword and prepare yourself swiftly, for your assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

VIOLA

You must be mistaken, sir. I'm sure no man has any reason to quarrel with me. I can't remember ever offending anyone.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You'll find the truth to be otherwise, I assure you. So if you value your life at all, be on your guard, for your opponent has all the youth, strength, skill, and anger that God can give to a man.

VIOLA

Please, sir, who is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

He is a knight. His sword has never been used in battle, and he was knighted through his court connections rather than his battle skill, but he's a devil when he's fighting a private duel. He's killed three people, and his anger is so great right now that the only thing he'll be satisfied with is seeing you dead and buried. "Kill or be killed, it doesn't matter" is his motto.

VIOLA

I'll go back into the house and ask for a protective escort from the lady. I'm no fighter. I've heard of some men who pick fights with people on purpose, just to test their bravery. This man must have that kind of personality.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir. His fury comes from a very real insult you gave him. So go ahead and give him what he wants. You won't be allowed to go back into the house unless you want to fight me, and if you're going to do that you might as well fight him instead. So go on to the garden, or else draw your sword right now. There's no way you're going to avoid a fight today, unless you want to give up your title as a gentleman and swear that you'll never carry a sword again.

VIOLA

This is as rude as it is strange. I beg you, please do me the favor of asking the knight how I've offended him. It must be something I've done without knowing it, not on purpose.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I will do so. Sir Fabian, stay with this gentleman until I return.

SIR TOBY exits.

VIOLA

Please, sir, do you know anything about this matter?

FABIAN

I know the knight is furious with you, even to the degree of wanting a fight to the death, but I don't know any more details.

VIOLA

250 I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN

Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for 't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Exeunt

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

260 Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step
265 on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW

Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

270 Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't.
275 This shall end without the perdition of souls. *[aside]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA

[To FABIAN] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN

280 He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(t o VIOLA) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.
285

VIOLA

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

VIOLA

Please, what kind of man is he?

FABIAN

He doesn't look so great from the outside, but in fighting he always proves his bravery. Indeed, sir, he's the most skillful, bloodthirsty, and deadly opponent that you could find in all of Illyria. Will you go see him? I'll try to appease him for you if I can.

VIOLA

I'll be in your debt if you can do it. I'm a man who would rather deal with priests than with knights. I don't care if everyone knows that I'm not brave.

They exit.

SIR TOBY BELCH enters with SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a real devil. I've never seen such a virago.¹⁰ I fought a round with him, with real swords and all, and his thrusts and lunges are so deadly that defeat¹¹ is inevitable. And when he strikes at you, he'll hit you as surely as your feet hit the ground they're standing on. They say that he used to fence for the Shah of Persia.

¹⁰ A virago is a word for a strong woman trying to act like a man—which is an accurate description of Viola—but Sir Toby seems to use the big word to mock Sir Andrew's stupidity, describing a supposedly dangerous man as a woman.

¹¹ While Viola reads this as her own defeat, it can also refer to Andrew being doomed to lose.

SIR ANDREW

Damn my luck! I won't mess with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Yes, but now he can't be calmed down. Fabian can barely keep him from coming over here now.

SIR ANDREW

Damn it, if I'd known that he was so brave and skilled at fighting, I wouldn't have challenged him in a million years. If he'll forget the whole matter, I'll give him my gray horse Capilet.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make him the offer. Stand here and put on a brave face. We'll end this without anyone dying.

[To himself] And I'll ride your horse just like I ride you.

FABIAN and VIOLA enter.

[To FABIAN] He's offered his horse to settle the quarrel. I've persuaded him that the youth's a fighting devil.

FABIAN

The youth is just as afraid of Sir Andrew. He's pale and gasping, as if a bear were chasing him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[To VIOLA] There's nothing to be done, sir; he still wants to fight you just because he swore that he would. But he's reconsidered his reasons for challenging you, and now realizes that they're so insignificant that they're not worth discussing. So draw your sword so that he can fulfill his promise. He promises he won't hurt you.

VIOLA

[To herself] May God defend me! Whatever insignificant insult I committed will now reveal just how unmanly I am.

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

290 Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to 't.

SIR ANDREW

295 Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw swords Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me. If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

300 You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

They draw swords Enter OFFICERS

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

305 *[t o ANTONIO]* I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

[t o ANDREW] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW

310 Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man. Do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER

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

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

315 No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

320 I must obey. *(t o VIOLA)* This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy. I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you

FABIAN

Back off, if you see him get angry.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew, there's nothing to be done. The gentleman insists on fighting one round with you for his honor's sake. The rules of dueling say he can't avoid it. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier¹², that he won't hurt you. Come on, get to it.

¹² As Viola is neither, this promise is worth nothing, possibly foreshadowing Sebastian's wounding of Andrew after the latter believes him to be Cesario.

SIR ANDREW

I pray to God that he keeps his promise!

VIOLA

I assure you, I wish none of this was happening.

They draw their swords. ANTONIO enters.

ANTONIO

Put away your sword. If this young gentleman has offended you, then let the blame pass to me. And if you've offended him, then I'll fight you on his behalf.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, sir? Why, who are you?

ANTONIO

I'm his friend, sir, and I would do more to you for his sake than whatever he might have said he would.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well, if you're someone who accepts challenges, then I'll challenge you.

They draw their swords. OFFICERS enter.

FABIAN

Oh good Sir Toby, stop! Here come the officers.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[To ANTONIO] We'll continue this later.

VIOLA

[To ANDREW] Please, sir, put away your sword, please.

SIR ANDREW

I will then, sir. And as for what I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He is easy to ride, and responds well to the reins.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man. Do your duty.

SECOND OFFICER

Antonio, I arrest you on the orders of Duke Orsino.

ANTONIO

You've mistaken me for someone else, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, not a bit. I know your face well, even without a sailor's cap on your head. Take him away. He knows that I've recognized him.

ANTONIO

I must obey. *[To VIOLA]* This happened because I was looking for you, but there's nothing to be done now. I'll answer for what I've done. But what will you do, now that I am forced to ask for my purse back? I feel worse about not being able to help you than I do about what's going to

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

325 *[To VIOLA]* I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
330 I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer. *(offering him money)*

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
335 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none,
340 Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood—

ANTONIO

345 O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
350 And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO

But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
355 In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad. Away with him. Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO

360 Lead me on.

Exit with OFFICERS

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself. So do not I.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

happen to me. You look confused, but don't worry about me.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, let's go.

ANTONIO

[To VIOLA] I must ask you for some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir? I'll lend you what I can to thank you for the kindness you've shown me here, and because I pity your current troubles, but I don't have much. I'll divide my money with you. Here is half of all that I have. *[Offering him money]*

ANTONIO

Will you really deny that you know me now? Is it possible that all I've done for you can't persuade you to help me? Don't make my misery even worse, or make me so angry that I list out all the kind things I've done for you.

VIOLA

I don't know of any kind thing you've done, and I don't know your voice or your face. I hate an ungrateful man more than I hate lying, vanity, babbling, drunkenness, or any other sin that corrupts our frail human blood—

ANTONIO

Oh God!

SECOND OFFICER

Come on, sir, please, let's go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here—I snatched him from the jaws of death and nursed him back to health with tenderness and love, and I thought that he seemed so noble and worthy that I totally devoted myself to him.

FIRST OFFICER

What do we care about that? You're wasting time. Let's go!

ANTONIO

But oh, this god turned out to be a false idol! Sebastian, you have shamed your good looks. On the outside you seem perfect, but you are really a deformed monster because of your unkind soul. Virtue is beauty, but someone beautiful and evil is like an empty chest decorated by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER

The man is going mad. Take him away. Come on, come on, sir.

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

He exits with the OFFICERS.

VIOLA

His words are so passionate that he must believe what he's saying. But I can hardly believe it. Please be true, imagination, oh please be true—let it be true that I've been mistaken for you, my dear brother!

SIR TOBY BELCH

365 Come hither, knight. Come hither, Fabian. We'll whisper
o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIOLA

He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
370 Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a
hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
375 in necessity and denying him. And for his cowardship,
ask Fabian.

FABIAN

A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW

'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW

380 An I do not—

FABIAN

Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come here, Sir Andrew. Come here, Fabian. We'll whisper
together about some wise sayings.

VIOLA

He called me Sebastian. I have seen my brother when I look
in my mirror. My brother looked like me, and now I'm
dressed as he used to dress, in the same fashion, colors,
and with the same accessories—because I imitated him in
my disguise. Oh, if it's true, then storms are kind and the
ocean is full of love!

VIOLA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a dishonorable, puny boy, and more cowardly than a
rabbit. He shows his dishonesty in abandoning his friend in
his time of need, and denying that he even knew him. And
as for his cowardice, ask Fabian.

FABIAN

He's a coward, a true coward, religiously devoted to his
cowardice.

SIR ANDREW

By God's eyelid, I'll go after him again and fight him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Please do, beat him up well, but don't draw your sword.

SIR ANDREW

And if I don't—

FABIAN

Come, let's go see what will happen.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll bet any money that nothing will happen—still.

They all exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter SEBASTIAN and FOOL

FOOL

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be
clear of thee.

FOOL

5 Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor I
am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak
with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this
is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st
not me.

Shakescleare Translation

SEBASTIAN and the FOOL enter.

FOOL

Are you trying to convince me that I wasn't sent to fetch
you?

SEBASTIAN

Go away, go on, you're a foolish fellow. Leave me alone.

FOOL

Good job keeping up this trick of yours—seriously. No, I
don't know you, and my lady *didn't* send me to fetch you,
and she *doesn't* want you to speak with her, and your name
is *not* Master Cesario, and this isn't my nose, either. Nothing
is what it is 🗨️.

SEBASTIAN

Please, go spout your nonsense somewhere else. You don't
know me.

🗨️ *A theme running through the play. It could be that the Fool has already recognised that this isn't Cesario.*

FOOL

10 Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great
man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am
afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a
cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell
me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her
15 that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's
money for thee. *[giving money]* If you tarry longer, I
shall give worse payment.

FOOL

By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men
20 that give fools money get themselves a good report—after
fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

[To SEBASTIAN] Now, sir, have I met you again? There's
for you.

SIR ANDREW strikes SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

[returning the blow] Why, there's for thee, and there,
25 and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FOOL

[aside] This will I tell my lady straight. I would not
be in some of your coats for two pence.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

(seizi ng SEBASTIAN) Come on, sir, hold!

SIR ANDREW

30 Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with
him. I'll have an action of battery against him if there
be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet
it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN

[To SIR TOBY BELCH] Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

35 Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young
soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come
on.

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee.

SEBASTIAN pulls free and draws his sword

40 What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further,
draw thy sword.

FOOL

Spout my nonsense? He must have heard that word used by
some great man and now he applies it to a jester. Spout my
nonsense! This foolish world, it turns out, is an effeminate
dandy. Now please abandon your strange behavior and tell
me what I should "spout" to my lady. Should I spout to her
that you're coming?

SEBASTIAN

Please, foolish jester, leave me alone. Here's some money
for you. *[Giving money]* If you stay longer, I'll give you
something worse. ²

² *I.e. he'll hit him.*

FOOL

I swear, you are a generous man. ³ These wise men who
give fools money will earn themselves a good
reputation—after fourteen years of payments. ⁴

³ *The joke is also that he has an
"open hand" for hitting people with.*

⁴ *The implication is that Toby and
Andrew have been overpaying the
Fool well above the market rate.*

SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN enter.

SIR ANDREW

[To SEBASTIAN] Can this be, sir, that we meet again? Take
that.

SIR ANDREW strikes SEBASTIAN. ⁵

⁵ *While Andrew couldn't hit a fake
man that he was scared of, he's able
to find his anger with a real man.*

SEBASTIAN

[Striking him back] Well then, take that, and that, and that.
Has everyone gone mad? *[Draws his dagger]*

SIR TOBY BELCH

Stop, sir, or I'll throw your dagger over the roof. ⁶

⁶ *Toby lets us know that this action
is taking place outside.*

FOOL

[To himself] I'll tell my lady about this straight away. She
won't like anyone attacking Cesario—I wouldn't take
money to be in some of your shoes.

The FOOL exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Grabbing SEBASTIAN] Come on, sir, stop!

SIR ANDREW

No, leave him be. I'll get him in a different way. I'll sue him
for assault and battery, if there's any justice and law in
Illyria. I struck him first, but that shouldn't matter. ⁷

⁷ *Andrew says the complete
opposite to what the law does: he
would be the one charged with
assault, as he struck first.*

SEBASTIAN

[To SIR TOBY BELCH] Let me go.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, sir, I won't let you go yet. Come on, my young
soldier, put your weapon away. You've gotten excited by a
taste of battle. Come on.

SEBASTIAN

I will get free from you!

SEBASTIAN pulls free and draws his sword.

What will you do now? If you dare to try my patience
further, then draw your sword.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

50 I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
55 This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN

(*aside*) What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
60 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

65 Oh, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, what? No, for then I'd have to spill an ounce or two of your impudent blood.

SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword. OLIVIA enters.

OLIVIA

Stop, Toby! I command you to stop!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Will it always be like this with you? You ungrateful wretch, you are only fit to live in the mountains and caves far from civilization, where good manners are unnecessary! Get out of my sight!

[To SEBASTIAN] Don't be offended, dear Cesario.

[To TOBY] Go away, you brute!

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN exit.

Please, gentle friend, may your wisdom, not your passion, guide you through these uncivilized actions against you. Come with me to my house, and let me tell you about the many pointless practical jokes my beastly uncle has clumsily attempted, so you might come to laugh at this one. You mustn't leave. Don't deny me. Damn that Toby's soul! He startled my heart—my heart which lives in you.

SEBASTIAN

[To himself] Something strange is going on. Where is all this leading? I must be mad, or else this is a dream. But if this is my imagination, then let me forget my sense of reality. And if dreaming is like this, then let me sleep!

 *Lethe is the river in the underworld whose waters wash away memories of the past.*

OLIVIA

Now come, please. I wish you would take my advice!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

Oh, say it, and do it too!

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter MARIA and FOOL

MARIA

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit

FOOL

5 Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Shakescleare Translation

MARIA and the FOOL enter.

MARIA

No, I'm telling you, put on this robe and beard. Make him believe that you're Sir Topas the priest. Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby while you're getting dressed.

She exits.

FOOL

Well, I'll put it on, and I'll disguise myself in it. If only I was the first person to play the hypocrite while wearing a priest's robe.

FOOL puts on gown and beard

I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FOOL

Bonos dies, Sir Toby. For, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is." So I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson. For, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

FOOL

(*disguising his voice*) What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO

(*from within*) Who calls there?

FOOL

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady—

FOOL

Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

FOOL

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony. And yet complainest thou of obstruction?

The FOOL puts on the gown and beard.

I'm not tall enough to look like a real priest, nor skinny enough to look like a good student, but if you're known as an honest man and a good neighbor, then that's just as good as being dutiful and intelligent. Now here come my associates.

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

God bless you, Mr Priest.

FOOL

Bonos dies ¹, Sir Toby. As the old hermit of Prague, who never learned to read or write, said very wittily to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That which is, is." So if I'm Mr. Priest, then I'm Mr. Priest. For doesn't "that" just mean "that," and isn't "is" just "is?" ²

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to him, Sir Topas.

FOOL

[*Disguising his voice*] What's going on, I say! Quiet in this prison ³!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The fool is good at acting. A good fool.

MALVOLIO

[*From offstage*] Who's that calling?

FOOL

Sir Topas the priest, who is here to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, please go to my lady—

FOOL

Out, you enormous devil! See how you're hurting this man! Can't you talk about anything but ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*To himself*] Well said, Mr. Priest.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, no man has ever been as badly treated as I have been. Good Sir Topas, don't believe that I'm mad. They've left me here in this horrible darkness. ⁴

FOOL

Shame on you, dishonorable Satan! I address you with moderate language, for I'm one of those courteous people who will be polite even to the devil himself. Did you say that this house is dark?

MALVOLIO

Dark as hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

Why, it has bay windows as transparent as walls, and the upper windows facing toward the south-north are as clear as ebony ⁵. And you're complaining about darkness and a bad view?

¹ The Fool is saying "good day" in mock Latin—a real priest would know Latin.

² The Fool parodies logical analysis, again trying to appear convincingly as a curate. It also plays into the problem of appearances in the play, where what appears to be is not.

³ Sir Toby has somehow arranged to have Malvolio locked up in a dark room—this was a common "treatment" for insanity.

⁴ Malvolio could be blindfolded, or otherwise placed in a spot onstage that makes it clear to the audience that he is in "hideous darkness".

⁵ The fool is talking nonsense, as there is no direction "south-north" and ebony, a dark wood, can of course not be used as window glass.

MALVOLIO

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

FOOL

45 Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

FOOL

50 What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

MALVOLIO

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

FOOL

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

55 I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FOOL

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

60 Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

FOOL

Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

65 To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.
70 Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FOOL

[sings in his own voice]
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

75 *(sings) My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

MALVOLIO

I'm not crazy, Sir Topas. I tell you that this house is dark.

FOOL

You madman, you're wrong. I say that there's no darkness but ignorance, and you're more ignorant than the Egyptians during Moses' plague of fog.

MALVOLIO

And I say that this house is as dark as ignorance, and ignorance is as dark as hell. And I say that no man has ever been abused like I've been. I'm no more crazy than you are. Ask me any question and I'll prove my sanity.

FOOL

What did the philosopher Pythagoras believe about wild birds?

MALVOLIO

That our grandmother's soul could end up inhabiting a bird.

FOOL

What do you think of his belief?

MALVOLIO

I think that the soul is very noble, and I disagree with his belief.

FOOL

Farewell then. Remain in the darkness. I won't declare you sane until you agree with Pythagoras, and fear to kill a pigeon because it might have the soul of your grandmother. Farewell.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Perfect, Sir Topas!

FOOL

Yes, I can play many parts.

MARIA

You might have done this without the robe and beard. He never saw you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go talk to him with your own voice, and tell me how he's feeling. I want this foolishness to be over soon. If we can conveniently let him go, I want to do it, for I'm now in so much trouble with my niece that I can't safely pursue this prank to its conclusion. Come to my room in a while.

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA exit.

FOOL

[Singing in his own voice]
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how your lady is.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

[Singing] My lady is unkind indeed.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

(sings) Alas, why is she so?

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FOOL

(sings) She loves another—Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO

80 Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

FOOL

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FOOL

85 Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL

But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

90 They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL

Advise you what you say. The minister is here. *[In the voice of Sir Topas]* Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FOOL

[As Sir Topas] Maintain no words with him, good fellow. *[In his own voice]* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. *[As Sir Topas]* Marry, amen. *[In his own voice]* I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FOOL

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

MALVOLIO

105 Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

Well-a-day that you were, sir.

MALVOLIO

By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FOOL

[Singing] Alas, why is she like this?

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FOOL

[Singing] She loves another man—Who's that shouting?

MALVOLIO

Good fool, I'll certainly reward you if you'll help me get a candle, a pen, ink, and paper. I swear on my word as a gentleman ⁶ that I'll always be grateful to you for it.

⁶ Malvolio is not a gentleman, so his words are worth nothing.

FOOL

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Yes, good fool.

FOOL

Alas, sir, how did you lose your sanity?

MALVOLIO

Fool, no one has ever been abused like I've been. I'm just as sane as you are, Fool.

FOOL

Just as sane as me? You must be crazy then, if you're no saner than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They've treated me like their property here, kept me in the darkness, sent their minions after me—those asses!—and done all they could to drive me insane by pretending I was insane.

FOOL

Be careful what you say. The priest is here. *[In the voice of Sir Topas]* Malvolio, Malvolio, may God restore your sanity! Try to sleep, and stop your silly babbling.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FOOL

[As Sir Topas] Don't try to talk to him, good fellow. *[In his own voice]* Who, me, sir? Not me, sir. God be with you, goodbye Sir Topas. *[As Sir Topas]* Amen. *[In his own voice]* Yes, sir, yes.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FOOL

Alas, sir, be patient. What do you have to say, sir? I've just been scolded for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO

Good fool, please help me find a candle and some paper. I tell you, I'm as sane as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

If only you were, sir.

MALVOLIO

I swear by my own hand, I am. Good fool, bring me some ink, paper, and light, and then deliver the letter I'll write to my lady. You'll be better rewarded for delivering this letter than you've ever been rewarded before.

FOOL

I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL

115 Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.
I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

FOOL

[sings]

120 *I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain,
Who, with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries "Aha," to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
130 "Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil."*

Exit

FOOL

I'll help you. But tell me the truth, are you really not crazy? Or are you just acting?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I'm not crazy. I'm telling you the truth.

FOOL

No, I'll never believe a madman until he's dead and I can see his brains. But I'll bring you a candle, and paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll repay you for this many times over. Now please, go.

FOOL

[Singing]

*I am going, sir,
But soon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In just a moment,
Like the old Vice ,
Who helps you in your time of need,
With a wooden dagger,
And his rage and wrath,
Who shouts "Aha" to the devil,
Like a mad boy,
Yelling "Trim your nails, dad,
And farewell, you peasant devil."*

The FOOL exits.

 A mischievous character in medieval morality plays, who defied his "father" the devil.

Act 4, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air, that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
5 I could not find him at the Elephant.
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service.
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
10 That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
15 To any other trust but that I am mad—
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
20 As I perceive she does. There's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA

[t o SEBASTIAN]

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
25 Into the chantry by. There, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,

Shakescleare Translation

SEBASTIAN enters.

SEBASTIAN

This is really the air, and that's really the glorious sun.
Here's the pearl she gave me—I can feel it and see it. And though I'm full of amazement and confusion, I'm not crazy. But where's Antonio, then? I couldn't find him at the Elephant. But he had been there before me, and they told me that he was walking about the town and looking for me. His advice would be like gold to me right now. My soul makes the same strong argument as my senses, which is that all this is some mistake, but that I'm not crazy. Yet this mistake is such a sudden flood of good fortune, which exceeds all my expectations or possibility, that it makes me distrust my own eyes and wrestle with my reason, and suggests that maybe I *am* insane—or that the lady's insane. But if that were so, she wouldn't be able to run her house, command her servants, and take care of all her business affairs in the smooth, discreet, and stable way that she does. There's something deceptive going on here. But here comes the lady.

OLIVIA and a PRIEST enter.

OLIVIA

[To SEBASTIAN] Don't blame me for being so hasty. If you mean well, then come with me and this holy priest into the little chapel over there. There, before the priest and under that sacred roof, you can swear your everlasting love for me, make your marriage vows, and soothe my jealous and

Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
30 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

35 Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

Exeunt

doubtful soul. The priest will keep it a secret until you're
willing for it to be made public, and then we can have a full
wedding ceremony and celebration that fits my social rank.
What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good priest, and go with you; and once I've
sworn to be faithful, I'll be faithful forever.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father; and may the sun shine
brightly to recognize and bless this marriage.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter FOOL and FABIAN

FABIAN

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FOOL

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Anything.

FOOL

Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN

5 This is, to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog
again.

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords

ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FOOL

10 Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for
my friends.

ORSINO

Just the contrary. The better for thy friends.

FOOL

No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FOOL

15 Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me, now
my foes tell me plainly I am an ass. So that by my foes,
sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my

Shakescleare Translation

The FOOL and FABIAN enter.

FABIAN

Now, if you're really my friend, let me see his letter.

FOOL

Good Master Fabian, do me a favor first.

FABIAN

Anything.

FOOL

Don't ask to see this letter.

FABIAN

That request is like giving me a dog, and as payment asking
for the dog back.

ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords enter.

ORSINO

Are you in the service of the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL

Yes, sir, we are part of her entourage.

ORSINO

I know you well. How are you, my good fellow?

FOOL

Truly, sir, I'm better because of my enemies, and worse
because of my friends.

ORSINO

Don't you mean the opposite? You're better because of your
friends.

FOOL

No, sir, I'm worse.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FOOL

Well, sir, my friends praise me and in so doing make a fool
of me, while my enemies tell me plainly that I am a fool.
Therefore my enemies help me gain knowledge of myself,

20 friends, I am abused. So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

FOOL

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

ORSINO

25 *[giving a coin]*
Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

FOOL

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

ORSINO

O, you give me ill counsel.

FOOL

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

ORSINO

Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer.
There's another. (*giving a coin*)

FOOL

35 Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

ORSINO

40 You can fool no more money out of me 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.

FOOL

45 Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

Exit

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

ORSINO

50 That face of his I do remember well.
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A baubling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
55 With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. —What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio

while my friends deceive me. The same rule applies to both conclusions and kisses—since four negatives make two affirmatives, I'm worse because of my friends and better because of my enemies.

ORSINO

Why, this is excellent wordplay.

FOOL

Truly sir, don't say so—unless you want to be one of my friends.

ORSINO

[Giving him a coin] You won't be worse off because of me: here's some gold.

FOOL

I wish you'd deal me another coin, sir, but then it would be double-dealing, and therefore dishonorable.

ORSINO

Oh, you're giving me bad advice.

FOOL

Put your virtue away just this once, sir, and let your human weakness take my advice.

ORSINO

Well I'll be a sinner then, and a double-dealer. Here's another. *[Giving him another coin]*

FOOL

Three rolls of the dice is lucky, sir, and the old saying goes "the third time's the charm." Triple-time is a good beat for dancing, and the bells of [Saint Bennet's church chime](#) —one, two, three.

ORSINO

You won't win any more money from me with *this* third roll of the dice. But if you'll tell your lady that I'm here to speak with her, and bring her along with you when you return, then you might wake up my generosity.

FOOL

Well then, sir, I'll sing a lullaby to your generosity while I'm gone, so it can nap until I return. I'll go now, sir, but don't think that I'm doing this just because I'm greedy—I'm more interested in the art of begging than the actual money. But as you say, sir, let your generosity sleep, and I'll wake it up soon.

The FOOL exits.

VIOLA

Here comes the man who rescued me, sir.

ANTONIO and OFFICERS enter.

ORSINO

I remember that face well, though the last time I saw it it was blackened by the smoke of war. He was the captain of a small, flimsy ship, worthless because of its size—but with that pitiful boat he fought such a damaging battle against my fleet's most noble warship that we had to admire him even in our bitter defeat.

[To the officer] What's going on here?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is the same Antonio who took our ship the

 Probably referring to *St Bennet's Hithe Church* across the river in Paul's Wharf, whose bells would have been audible from the Globe theatre.

That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy,
 60 And this is he that did the *Tiger* board
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

Notable pirate! Thou saltwater thief,
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 70 Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 75 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
 His life I gave him and did thereto add
 80 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication. For his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town,
 Drew to defend him when he was beset,
 85 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
 While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
 90 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

ORSINO

[To ANTONIO] When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord, and for three months before,
 95 No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and attendants

ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on earth.
 But for thee, fellow. Fellow, thy words are madness:
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 100 But more of that anon. [To an officer] Take him
 aside.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

105 Madam?

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia—

Phoenix and its cargo from Crete, and who boarded the
Tiger in the battle where your young nephew Titus lost his
 leg. We arrested him here in the streets, where he was
 recklessly brawling as if he didn't care that we were looking
 for him.

VIOLA

He was kind to me, sir, and drew his sword to defend me,
 but then he said some strange things to me. I don't know
 what he meant, except that he might be insane.

ORSINO

You famous pirate! You thief of the seas, what foolish
 boldness inspired you to visit the enemies you once robbed
 and murdered?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir, I must deny those names you give me. I
 have never been a thief or a pirate, though I admit to being
 your enemy for good and solid reasons. I am here because
 I've been bewitched. I rescued that ungrateful boy—the one
 there by your side—from the rude sea's angry waves. He
 was a wreck, and seemed past hope. I saved his life and
 gave him my love, without reservation or restraint, and
 dedicated myself to him totally. For his sake I endangered
 myself in this town, and purely out of love for him I drew my
 sword to defend him when he was being attacked. But
 when I was arrested, he decided not to endanger himself,
 and he used his treacherous cunning to pretend that he'd
 never met me before. In the blink of an eye he became a
 totally different person, and he refused to give me back my
 own purse, which I had lent to him just half an hour before.

VIOLA

How is this possible?

ORSINO

[To ANTONIO] When did he come to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord. For three months before that we spent
 every day and night together without a break.

OLIVIA and her attendants enter.

ORSINO

Look, an angel is walking on earth—here comes the
 Countess. But as for you, fellow, your words are madness:
 this youth has worked for me for three months. But more of
 that later.

[To an officer] Take him away.

OLIVIA

What do you want, my lord—except for the one thing you
 cannot have—that I can help you with? Cesario, you broke
 your promise to me.

VIOLA

Madam?

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—

VIOLA

My lord would speak. My duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

110 If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

115 What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings have breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered —what shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

120 Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? —A savage jealousy
That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,
125 And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
130 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
[To VIOLA] Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in
mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

140 After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

145 Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.

Exit an attendant

OLIVIA

What do you have to say for yourself, Cesario?—My lord, a moment—

VIOLA

My lord wants to speak. It's my duty to be silent.

OLIVIA

If you're just going to repeat the same old things, my lord, then it will be as pleasant to my ears as hearing howling after listening to beautiful music.

ORSINO

Are you still so cruel?

OLIVIA

I am still consistent, my lord.

ORSINO

Consistent in what, being horrible? I have breathed from my soul the most faithful, devoted offerings possible, but they've only fallen upon your ungrateful and unwelcoming altar ², you rude lady. What else can I do?

² The implication is that he worships Olivia.

OLIVIA

Do whatever pleases you, within reason.

ORSINO

Why shouldn't I—if I had the heart to do it—kill what I love, like that Egyptian thief Thyamis who murdered the woman he loved just before he died? That kind of savage jealousy sometimes seems noble. But listen to me now: since you keep denying my faithful love, and since I can guess who has forced me from my rightful place in your heart, you can go on being a cold-hearted tyrant as long as you like—but I'm going to take your darling Cesario from you. I know that you love him, and I swear that I care deeply for him as well, but I must tear him away from you because his place in your heart humiliates me.

[To VIOLA] Come, boy, come with me. My thoughts grow dark and mischievous. I'll sacrifice this boy I care for just to spite the fair lady with the black heart.

VIOLA

And I would cheerfully, readily, and willingly die a thousand deaths if it would bring you peace.

OLIVIA

Where is Cesario going?

VIOLA

I'm following the man I love more than I love my eyes or my life, more, far more, than I'll ever love a wife. If I'm lying about this, you angels above, put me to death for dishonoring my love.

OLIVIA

Oh no, you scorn me! I've been tricked!

VIOLA

Who tricked you? Who has done you wrong?

OLIVIA

Have you forgotten your own actions? Has it been so long?—Call the priest who was with us earlier.

An attendant exits.

ORSINO

[To VIOLA]
Come, away!

OLIVIA

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

ORSINO

150 Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

155 Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!

160 Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

165 A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
170 Sealed in my function, by my testimony,
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have traveled but two hours.

ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
175 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA

180 O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

185 What's the matter?

ORSINO

[To VIOLA] Come, let's go!

OLIVIA

Where are you taking him, my lord?—Cesario, my husband,
stay.

ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Yes, husband. Can he deny it?

ORSINO

Are you her husband, you wretch?

VIOLA

No, my lord, I'm not.

OLIVIA

Alas, your fear is so great that it makes you disguise your
true identity. But don't be afraid, Cesario. Reach out and
accept your good fortune. Be the person you know you are,
and then you will be as powerful as the person you fear.

The PRIEST enters.

Oh, welcome, father! Father, can I respectfully ask you to
explain (though we recently wanted to hide it, the time is
now ripe to reveal it) what you know has happened
between this youth and me?

PRIEST

You made an oath of eternal love, which was confirmed by
joining hands, proved by a holy kiss, and strengthened by
an exchange of rings. I witnessed and approved all this in
my official capacity as a priest. All this took place only two
hours ago.

ORSINO

[To VIOLA] Oh, you lying little puppy! How much worse will
you be when you're old and gray? Or will you get so good at
being crafty that your own tricks will trick you? Farewell,
and take her; but go somewhere where you and I will never
meet again.

VIOLA

My lord, I promise—

OLIVIA

Oh, don't promise! Keep a little faith—your faith in
me—even though you're so afraid.

SIR ANDREW enters.

SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, someone get a doctor! Send one to Sir
Toby right away.

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

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

ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

195 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespoke you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

200 If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FOOL

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

205 That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. [To FOOL] Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL

Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago. His eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

210 Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

215 Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

Exeunt FOOL, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,

SIR ANDREW

He's cut my head open and given Sir Toby a bloody head too. For the love of God, help! I'd pay forty pounds ³ to be at home right now.

³ *A large sum of money at the time.*

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

That Cesario, the Duke's gentleman. We thought he was a coward, but he actually fights like the devil himself.

ORSINO

My servant Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

By God, here he is!—You broke my head for no reason. I didn't do anything, and whatever I did, Sir Toby made me do.

VIOLA

Why are you saying this to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword against me without a good reason, but I spoke politely to you and didn't hurt you.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody head is an injury, then you've hurt me. I don't think you care at all about a bloody head.

SIR TOBY BELCH and the FOOL enter.

Here comes Sir Toby, limping. He'll tell you more about what happened. If he hadn't been drunk, he would have hurt you more than he did.

ORSINO

Hello, gentleman! How are you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

It doesn't matter: he has hurt me, and that's all there is to it.

[To the FOOL] You drunken fool, have you seen Dick the surgeon?

FOOL

Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, since an hour ago. He was cross eyed at eight in the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then he's a rogue, and I hate a drunken rogue. He spins and sways like he's doing a slow dance.

OLIVIA

Take him away! Who has caused all this trouble?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby. They'll bandage us up together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help me—an ass, and a fool, and a bastard, a gullible skinny bastard?

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and make sure his wounds are tended to.

The FOOL, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW exit.

SEBASTIAN enters.

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam. I've hurt your relative, but I would've

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

220 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
225 A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

230 Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

235 *[looking at VIOLA]* Do I stand there? I never had a
brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
240 Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA

Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
245 If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN

A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
250 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say "Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!"

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

255 And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA

260 If nothing lets to make us happy both

had to do the same thing even to my own brother, for I was
acting in self-defense. You're looking at me like I'm a
stranger, so I can tell that I've offended you. Forgive me,
sweet one, for the sake of the vows we made to each other
so recently.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one manner of dressing, but two
people! An optical illusion—it both is and is not! 🗨️

🗨️ *It's both impossible to have two
of the 'same' person even as both
twins stand there.*

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, oh my dear Antonio! How time has tortured me
ever since I lost you!

ANTONIO

Are you Sebastian, then?

SEBASTIAN

Do you doubt that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

How have you divided yourself in two? These two people
are as identical as two halves of an apple. Which is
Sebastian?

OLIVIA

It's unbelievable!

SEBASTIAN

[Looking at VIOLA] Is that me standing there? I never had a
brother, and I'm not a god who can be everywhere at once. I
had a sister, but she was drowned by the cruel ocean.
Please tell me, are you related to me? What country are you
from? What is your name? Who are your parents?

VIOLA

I am from Messaline. Sebastian was my father, and my
brother was also named Sebastian. He was dressed just like
you when he drowned. If ghosts can take on human forms
and clothes, then you must be here to frighten us.

SEBASTIAN

I am a spirit indeed, as I have a soul. But my spirit wears the
same earthly form that I've had since I was born. If you were
only a woman—since everything else about you fits—I
would cry and hug you, and say "Welcome, welcome
drowned Viola!"

VIOLA

My father had a mole on his forehead.

SEBASTIAN

Mine did too.

VIOLA

And he died on the day that Viola turned thirteen.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, that memory is still so vivid to me! He did indeed die on
the day my sister turned thirteen.

VIOLA

If the only thing keeping us from being happy is my

But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola. Which to confirm,
265 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN

270 [To OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
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.

ORSINO

275 [To OLIVIA] Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

280 And all those sayings will I overswear;
And those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

ORSINO

285 Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA

290 He shall enlarge him.

Enter FOOL with a letter, and FABIAN

Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
295 From my remembrance clearly banished his.
(to FOOL) How does he, sirrah?

FOOL

300 Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the staves' end as
well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter
to you. I should have given 't you today morning, but
as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not
much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA

Open 't, and read it.

FOOL

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the
madman. [reads] "By the Lord, madam,"—

OLIVIA

305 How now? Art thou mad?

deceptive masculine clothes, then don't hug me until every
circumstance of place, time, and luck fit together and prove
that I am Viola. To confirm this, I'll take you to a captain in
this town who has been keeping my woman's clothing, and
who saved my life so that I might serve this noble Duke.
Everything that's happened to me since then has involved
this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN

[To OLIVIA] So you've been mistaken, my lady. But nature
has fixed everything and drawn you to your natural
orientation. Your love for Cesario was really an inclination
for someone like me. You wanted to be married to a
maiden, but you weren't actually deceived about that,
given that you believed you were married to my sister.

ORSINO

[To OLIVIA] Don't be shocked. His blood is pure and noble ⁵
. If all this is true, as the two really seem to be brother
and sister, then I too will share in the spoils of this lucky
shipwreck.

[To VIOLA] Boy, you've said to me a thousand times that
you'd never love a woman like you love me.

VIOLA

Everything I said before I'll promise once again, and I'll keep
my promises in my soul like fire is kept in the sun.

ORSINO

Give me your hand, and let me see you in your woman's
clothes.

VIOLA

The captain who first brought me to shore has my woman's
clothing. He has some legal charge against him, and is in
prison because he's been sued by Malvolio—a gentleman
and a servant of my lady's.

OLIVIA

He'll release him.

FABIAN and the FOOL enter, with a letter.

Bring Malvolio here—but no, now I remember, they say that
the poor gentleman is mentally confused. My own
distracting madness made me forget all about him.

[To the FOOL] How is he, fool?

FOOL

Truly, madam, he keeps the devil away as well as a man in
his situation can. He's written a letter to you here. I should
have given it to you this morning, but a madman's letters
aren't gospel truth, so it doesn't matter too much when
they're delivered.

OLIVIA

Open it, and read it.

FOOL

Be prepared to learn a lot now, for a fool is reciting the
words of a madman. [Reading] "By God, madam,"—

OLIVIA

What's this? Are you crazy?

FOOL

No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLIVIA

Prithree, read i' thy right wits.

FOOL

310 So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to read thus.
Therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA

[giving the letter to FABIAN] Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN

[reads]

315 "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you
320 much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. The madly used Malvolio."

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FOOL

Ay, madam.

ORSINO

325 This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
330 One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
(to VIOLA) Your master quits you, and for your service done him,
335 So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me "master" for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

340 *[To VIOLA]* A sister! You are she.

Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

345 Madam, you have done me wrong,

FOOL

No, madam, but I'm reading the words of craziness. And if you want things done the right way, then let me do a dramatic reading.

OLIVIA

Please, read it like a sane person.

FOOL

I will, holy lady, but even if I read this letter sanely, I'll still sound crazy. So pay attention, my princess, and listen.

OLIVIA

[Giving the letter to FABIAN] You read it, sir.

FABIAN

[Reading]

"By God, madam, you've wronged me, and the world will know about it. You've put me in a dark room and let your drunken uncle torment me, but I've still kept my sanity and am no more crazy than you are. I have your own letter, which encouraged me to act the way I did, and with this letter I will prove that I am innocent and you are guilty. Think of me however you want. I will leave my role as your steward and speak out about the injuries you've caused me. Signed, the madly-abused Malvolio."

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FOOL

Yes, madam.

ORSINO

This doesn't sound much like madness.

OLIVIA

Release him, Fabian, and bring him here.

FABIAN exits.

My lord, if you'll take into consideration what you've just seen and heard, I hope that you'll accept me as a sister-in-law instead of a wife. We can have the two weddings on the same day, if you want, here at my house, and I'll pay for everything.

ORSINO

Madam, I'll happily accept your offer.

[To VIOLA] Your master releases you from his service. Because you served me so well, doing things that no woman, especially one of your noble birth, should be expected to do, and because you called me "master" for so long, I will offer you my hand in marriage. From now on you'll be your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

[To VIOLA] And you will be my sister!

FABIAN enters with MALVOLIO.

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Yes, my lord, that's him. How are you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have mistreated me. Scandalously mistreated

Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

(handing a paper)

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

350 Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
355 Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
360 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character.

365 But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad, then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.
370 This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,

375 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
380 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
385 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA

[To MALVOLIO] Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FOOL

390 Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir,
in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but that's all
one. *[Imitates MALVOLIO]* "By the Lord, fool, I am not
mad." —But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such
395 a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's gagged?" and
thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

me.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

[Handing OLIVIA a paper] Lady, you have. Please look at that letter. You can't deny that it's in your handwriting. Try to write differently if you can, or try to say that that isn't your seal, with your design on it—you can't deny any of this. Well, admit it then and tell me, with the sincerity of an honorable person, why you gave me such clear signs of affection, telling me to come to you smiling, with crossed laces, to wear yellow stockings, and to be rude to Sir Toby and the servants? And when I obeyed all your commands, why did you then let me be imprisoned in a dark house, be visited by a priest—and make me into the biggest fool and sucker that ever had a joke played on him? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my handwriting. Though, I admit, the letters look very similar. But it's definitely Maria's handwriting. And now that I think about it, she was the one who first told me you were crazy, and then you came in smiling and acting in the way the letter instructed you to act. Please, don't be so upset. You've been fooled by a cruel practical joke, but when we find out who's responsible for this, you will be the judge and jury who sentences the culprits to a punishment for their crime.

FABIAN

Good madam, let me speak, and don't let any quarrel cast a shadow over the surprised joy of these happy couples, which I have been amazed by. To avoid any fighting, I'll confess that Toby and I were the ones who tricked Malvolio here, because of the arrogant and rude behavior we had observed in him. Maria only wrote the letter at Sir Toby's urgent request, and he has rewarded her for it by marrying her. The whole practical joke should inspire laughter instead of revenge, especially if we consider that both sides injured each other equally.

OLIVIA

[To MALVOLIO] Alas, you poor fool, how they've humiliated you!

FOOL

Well, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." I was a member of this farce as well, pretending to be a priest named Sir Topas, but what does that matter? *[Imitating MALVOLIO]* "By God, fool, I am not mad." —But do you remember what else he said? "Madam, why do you laugh at such an empty-headed villain?" [↗](#) If you don't laugh at him, he can't think of anything to say." And so—what goes around comes around.

MALVOLIO

I'll get my revenge on the whole pack of you.

MALVOLIO exits.

OLIVIA

He really has been badly treated.

[↗](#) The Fool is reminding Malvolio of the insults he previously made against him.

ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

Some exit

- 400 He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.— Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,
405 For so you shall be, while you are a man.
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt all, except FOOL

FOOL

[sings]

- When that I was and a little tiny boy,
410 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
415 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
420 For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.
425 A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

Exit

ORSINO

Follow him and try to calm him down some.

Some exit.

He hasn't told us about that captain yet. When that's taken care of and the time is convenient, we will be married. Until then, sweet sister-in-law, we won't leave this place. Cesario, come here. You'll be Cesario to me while you're still a man, but when I see you in women's clothes, then you'll be Orsino's mistress, and his love's queen.

Everyone exits except for the FOOL.

FOOL

[Singing]

- When I was just a tiny little boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Mischief didn't matter much,
For the rain it rains every day.
But when I became a man,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
We shut our gates to villains and thieves,
For the rain it rains every day.
But when—alas!—I got married,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Bragging and bullying did me no good,
For the rain it rains every day.
But when I had to go to bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With the drunkards and the fools,
For the rain it rains every day.
The world began a long time ago,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that doesn't matter, our play is done,
And we'll try to please you every day.*

He exits.

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