

# Twelve Night

# Twelve Night, Or what you will

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

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

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

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Curio?

Cu. The Hart

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

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

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued

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

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,  
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,  
When you, and those poore number saued with you,  
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother  
Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)  
To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:  
Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,  
So long as I could see

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:

Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie

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

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

Not three houres trauaile from this very place

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino

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

He was a Batchellor then

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

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know  
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)  
That he did seeke the loue of faire Oliuia

Vio. What's shee?

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

Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,  
And might not be deliuered to the world  
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow  
What my estate is

Cap. That were hard to compasse,  
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,  
No, not the Dukes

Vio. There is a faire behaiour in thee Captaine,  
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee  
I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites  
With this thy faire and outward charracter.  
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)  
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,  
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,  
That will allow me very worth his seruice.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit

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

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

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

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

To. Why let her except, before excepted

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

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

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

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he

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

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

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

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall

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

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

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

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

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

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

To. Sweet sir Andrew

And. Blesse you faire Shrew

Mar. And you too sir

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is Mary sir

And. Good mistris Mary, accost

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

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

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ma. It's dry sir

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

Ma. A dry iest Sir

And. Are you full of them?

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

Exit Maria

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe? An.  
Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes  
sometimes I haue no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a  
great eater of beefe, and I beleeeue that does harme to my wit

To. No question

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

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight? An. What is purquoy? Do, or not do? I would I had  
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-baying: O  
had I but followed the Arts

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And. Faith, I can cut a caper

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't

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

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

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

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

And. Taurus? That sides and heart

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

Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

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

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

Val. No beleue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere

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

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

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,  
Rather then make vnprofited returne,  
Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

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

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.



Enter Maria, and Clowne.

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

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

Ma. Make that good

Clo. He shall see none to feare

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

Clo. Where good mistris Mary?

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

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

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as  
good as a hanging to you? Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for  
turning away, let summer beare it out

Ma. You are resolute then?

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

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

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

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my

Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

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

Oli. Take the foole away

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

Oli. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides you grow dis-honest

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell wil amend: for giue the dry foole  
drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no  
longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is  
but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but  
patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away

OI. Sir, I bad them take away you

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

OI. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona

OI. Make your prooffe

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

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

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

OI. Good foole, for my brothers death

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona

OI. I know his soule is in heauen, foole

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

OI. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he not mend? Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole

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

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

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

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

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman,

much desires to speake with you

OI. From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

OI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir Toby Madam, your kinsman

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

Exit Maluo.

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

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

One of thy kin has a most weake Pia-mater

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

To. A Gentleman

OI. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

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

Clo. Good Sir Toby

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

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

OI. I marry, what is he?

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

Exit

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

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

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

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

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

OI. Tell him, he shall not speake with me

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

OI. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde

OI. What manner of man?

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

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

OI. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Enter.

Enter Maria.

OI. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,

Wee'l once more heare Orsinos Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

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

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

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage

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

OI. Are you a Comedian?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?  
Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more  
to say?  
Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face

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

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

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

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the diuell, you are faire: My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beautie

Ol. How does he loue me?

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

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

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

Ol. Why, what would you?

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

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a Gentleman

Ol. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more,  
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,

To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:  
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee

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

Exit

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

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice

OI. Run after that same peeuish Messenger  
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him  
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,  
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,  
Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee Maluolio

Mal. Madam, I will.  
Enter.

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

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scaena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

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

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

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

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

Ant. Alas the day

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

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment

Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble

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

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

Exit

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

I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Enter.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

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

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



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

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

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

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

Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:  
She made good view of me, indeed so much,  
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speake in starts distractedly.  
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion  
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:  
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;  
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,  
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,  
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.  
How easie is it, for the proper false  
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:  
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,  
For such as we are made, if such we bee:  
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,  
And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:  
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my maisters loue:  
As I am woman (now alas the day)  
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore Oliuia breath?  
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t' vnty.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

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

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

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements? And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking

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