

Twelfth Night

from: http://shakespeare.mit.edu/twelfth_night/

ACT I. SCENE I. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO; Musicians attending

Narrator This evening will you hence translated be
To fair Illyria across the sea,
And in this kingdom, we are at the Court
Of Duke Orsino – he with love distraught.

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:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Curio Will you go hunt, my lord?

Orsino What, Curio?

Curio The hart.

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

Enter VALENTINE

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;
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 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 kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!

Exeunt

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA and a Captain

Narrator At sea, a ship is wrecked and washed on shore.
We see the Captain; with him just one more.
Viola named and she's of noble birth;
She's lost a brother and all things of worth.

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.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, Captain?

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,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Viola Know'st thou this country? Who governs here?

Captain A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola What is the name?

Captain Orsino.

Viola Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Captain And so is now, or was so very late;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
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
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 O that I served that lady
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,
No, not the duke's.

Viola There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
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:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:
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

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Narrator Olivia, for her brother is in black;
Sir Toby Belch, her uncle, just drinks sack
With Andrew Aguecheek, his friend and purse.
Maria, th' servant tries to calm, not curse.

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

Maria By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my
lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. You must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby 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 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 Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria Ay, he.

Sir Toby 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. Moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby 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. What, wench! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir Andrew Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir Toby Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria And you too, sir.

Sir Toby Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew What's that?

Sir Toby 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 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.

Sir Andrew An you part so, mistress. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Maria I pray you, sir, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir Andrew Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Maria It's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew 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 Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *[Exit]*

Sir Andrew Faith, I'll home to-morrow, 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 She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir Andrew I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby Wherefore are these things hid? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir Andrew Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir Toby Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

Exeunt

SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire

Narrator *Viola now in boy's attire we see;
Within Orsino's palace servant she.
Now, as Cesario, she's caught the eye
Of Duke Orsino, yet he's not sure why.*

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

Viola I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO

Orsino Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola On your attendance, my lord; here.

Orsino Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
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,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Orsino O, then unfold the passion of my love,
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 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
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. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Viola I'll do my best
To woo your lady: *[Aside]* yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and Clown

Narrator Maria sees Olivia's spirits down;
How can she raise them? Maybe call the Clown.
Yet though the Fool he cannot bring her joy,
A messenger will come in form of a boy!

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. Here comes my lady: make your
excuse wisely. *[Exit]*

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIA

Clown God bless thee, lady!

Olivia Take the fool away.

Clown 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.

Clown Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia Can you do it?

Clown Dexterously, good madonna.

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

Clown Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown 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, Malvolia? doth he not mend?

Malvolia Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown 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.

Olivia How say you to that, Malvolia?

Malvolia I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: 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.

Olivia Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolia, and taste with a distempered appetite. There is no 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.

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

Re-enter MARIA

Maria 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 Go you, Malvolia: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIA & MARIA

Olivia What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him. *[Exit]*

Re-enter MALVOLIA

Malvolia 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 is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Olivia Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolia Has 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 manner of man is he?

Malvolia Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolia Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. He is very well-favoured 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.

Malvolia Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit]*

Re-enter MARIA

Olivia Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants

Viola The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

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

Viola 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.

Olivia Whence came you, sir?

Viola 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 If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola This is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

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

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

Olivia 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.

Viola What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Olivia Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA and Attendants

Olivia 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 In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola 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. *[she unveils]* Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Viola 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 cruell'st she alive, 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 labelled to my will: as, 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. My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Olivia How does he love me?

Viola 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, learn'd and valiant; 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, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

Olivia Why, what would you?

Viola Make me a willow cabin at your gate, Write loyal cantons of contemned love Halloo your name to the reverberate hills Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest But you should pity me!

Olivia You might do much. What is your parentage?

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

Viola 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 fervour, 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,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft!
What ho, Malvolia!

Re-enter MALVOLIA

Malvolia Here, madam, at your service.

Olivia Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
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 to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolia.

Malvolia 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;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. *[Exit]*

ACT II, SCENE I. The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

Narrator Sebastian, Viola's brother, is on land.
Saved from the sea: this by Antonio's hand.
Though each to other they are friends most dear,
Antonio, for past deeds, is not safe here.

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; 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. 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. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. 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 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. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

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

Sebastian Desire it not. Fare ye well 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!
I have 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 seem sport, and I will go. *[Exit]*

SCENE II. A street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIA following

Narrator Malvolia has been sent to seek the boy
She finds him on the way, but 'tis a ploy.
Olivia, now smitten with desire,
A ring has sent, with which the youth to mire.

Malvolia Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola Even now, madam.

Malvolia 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. Receive it so.

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

Malvolia Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[throws the ring to the ground]* *[Exit]*

Viola I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue.
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.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness.
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.
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;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! *[Exit]*

SCENE III. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

Narrator Sir Toby and Sir Andrew need to quaff
More wine: a jeroboam's not enough!
Maria tries to stop their caterwaul;
Malvolia is set up for a fall.

Sir Toby Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown

Sir Andrew Here comes the fool, i'faith.

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

Sir Andrew 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. Now, a song.

Sir Toby Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Clown Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clown *[Sings]*
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,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir Andrew A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir Toby To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse 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.

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

Sir Andrew Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

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

Sir Andrew 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*starts to sing: 'Hold thy peace ...'*]

Enter MARIA

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

Enter MALVOLIA

Malvolia My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your catches? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir Toby We did keep time, madam, in our catches.

Malvolia Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, 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 Go, madam! A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolia Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit*]

Maria [*to Malvolia*] Go shake your ears. [*to Sir Toby*] 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 Mistress Malvolia, let me alone with her: if I do not gull her into a nayword, and make her a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed.

Sir Toby Possess us, possess us; tell us something of her.

Maria Marry, sir, sometimes she is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew O, if I thought that I'd beat her like a dog!

Sir Toby What, for being a puritan?

Maria The devil a puritan that she is, but an affectioned ass, so crammed, as she thinks, with excellencies, that it is her grounds of faith that all that look on her love her; and on that vice in her will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby What wilt thou do?

Maria I will drop in her way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of her hair, the shape of her leg, the manner of her gait, the expressure of her eye, forehead, and complexion, she shall find herself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece.

Sir Toby Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew I have't in my nose too.

Sir Toby She shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with her.

Maria My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew And your horse now would make her an ass. O, 'twill be admirable!

Maria Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with her. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where she shall find the letter: observe her construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit]*

Sir Andrew She's a good wench.

Sir Toby She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir Andrew I was adored once too. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby 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 Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

Narrator *Orsino yearns to hear again a song
That Feste sang and made the Duke's heart long
For's love to be requited. Yet, unknown
To him, Olivia would the youth for her own.*

Orsino Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
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 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 Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

[to 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,
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:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Viola A little, by your favour.

Orsino What kind of woman is't?

Viola Of your complexion.

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

Viola About your years, my lord.

Orsino Oh let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown

Orsino O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown Are you ready, sir?

Orsino Ay; prithee, sing.

Music. SONG.

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

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

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

Orsino I'll pay thy pleasure then.

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

Orsino Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown Now, the melancholy god protect thee. Farewell. *[Exit]*

Orsino Let all the rest give place.

Curio and Attendants retire

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Viola But if she cannot love you, sir?

Orsino I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Orsino There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.

Viola Ay, but I know—

Orsino What dost thou know?

Viola Too well what love women to men may owe:
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 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,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

Orsino But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola 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,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt

SCENE V. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Narrator Olivia's garden hosts a misch'vous plot
A letter there to make Malvolia hot.
Contrivers three behind the bushes hide
To see their target bloated by her pride.

Sir Toby Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

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

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

Fabian I would exult, man.

Sir Toby Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

Sir Toby How now, my metal of India!

Maria Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolia's coming down this walk: she has been yonder i'the sun practising behaviour to her own shadow this half hour: observe her, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter I drop here will make a contemplative idiot of her. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *[Exit]*

Enter MALVOLIA

Malvolia '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 any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir Toby Here's an overweening rogue!

Fabian O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of her: how she jets under her advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby Peace, I say.

Malvolia To be Countess Malvolia!

Sir Toby Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew Pistol her, pistol her.

Fabian O, peace! now she's deeply in: look how imagination blows her.

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

Sir Toby O, for a stone-bow, to hit her in the eye!

Malvolia Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir Toby Fire and brimstone!

Fabian O, peace, peace!

Malvolia 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 Bolts and shackles!

Fabian O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Malvolia 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; courtesies there to me,—

Sir Toby Shall this person live?

Fabian Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

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

Sir Toby And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

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

Sir Toby What, what?

Malvolia 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir Toby Out, scab!

Fabian Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

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

Sir Andrew That's me, I warrant you.

Malvolia 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir Andrew I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Malvolia What employment have we here? *[Taking up the letter]*

Fabian Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!

Malvolia 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 Her c's, her u's and her t's: why that?

Malvolia *[Reads]* 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! *[opening the letter]* 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 This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolia *[Reads]* Jove knows I love: But who? 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, Malvolia?

Sir Toby Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolia *[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 A fustian riddle!

Sir Toby Excellent wench, say I.

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

Fabian What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby And with what wing the staniel cheques at it!

Malvolia '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,
—

Sir Toby O, ay, make up that: she is now at a cold scent.

Malvolia M,—Malvolia; M,—why, that begins my name. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation A should follow but O does.

Sir Toby I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Malvolia And then 'I' comes behind.

Fabian Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolia 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. *[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. Cast thy humble slough and appear fresh: 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 desirest 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.' Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I do not now fool myself; 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. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. *[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.' 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.

Sir Toby I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir Andrew So could I too.

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

Sir Andrew Nor I neither.

Fabian Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

Sir Toby Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir Andrew Or o' mine either?

Sir Toby Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir Andrew I' faith, or I either?

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

Maria Nay, but say true; does it work upon her?

Sir Toby Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

Maria If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark her first approach before my lady: she will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and she 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 her into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir Toby To the gates of Hades, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabour

Narrator *Viola, as Cesario, comes again
And in such garb she's tangled gentlemen.
At garden gate Olivia would she see,*

The riddling Feste maybe has the key.

- Viola Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy labour?
- Clown No, sir, I live by the church.
- Viola Art thou a churchman?
- Clown No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
- Viola So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy labour, if thy labour stand by the church.
- Clown You have said, sir.
- Viola Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
- Clown 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.
- Clown Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. 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. *[giving money]* Hold, there's expenses for thee.
- Clown 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. Is thy lady within?
- Clown My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my element. *[Exit]*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

- Sir Toby Save you, gentleman.
- Viola And you, sir.
- Sir Toby Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
- Viola I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

- Viola Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
- Sir Andrew That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours' — well.
- Viola My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
- Sir Andrew 'Odours', '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

Olivia Give me your hand, sir.

Viola My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia What is your name?

Viola Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

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

Olivia O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
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,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is alike to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

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

Olivia Stay. I prithee, tell me what thou think'st 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 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?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Olivia O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

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.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
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

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Narrator Sir Andrew finds his love intents are slighted
And Fabian has a plan: he'll be delighted
To plan a duel for Andrew: he will fight
Against the youth, whose brav'ry seems quite light.

Sir Andrew No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer. I saw your niece do more favours to the
count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir Toby 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 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fabian She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to
awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your
liver. You should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for
at your hand. Do some laudable attempt of valour or policy.

Sir Toby Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. 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 valour.

Fabian There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

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

Sir Toby Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief. Let there be gall in thy ink,
though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

Fabian We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Sebastian Belike you slew great number of his people.

Antonio The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
But still, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Sebastian Do not then walk too open.

Antonio It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge. Beguile you well the time
With viewing of the town.

Sebastian Why I your purse?

Antonio Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
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

SCENE IV. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Narrator Olivia for Cesario doth fret
And hopes some cool advice that she might get.
Perhaps Malvolia: she could advise ...
Maria thinks she might be a surprise!

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 begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolia? she is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolia?

Maria She's coming, madam but in very strange manner. She is, sure, possessed,
madam.

Olivia Why, what's the matter? does she rave?

Maria No. madam, she does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have
some guard about you, if she come; for, sure, the lady is tainted in her wits.

Olivia Go call her hither. I am as mad as she,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

MARIA fetches MALVOLIA

How now, Malvolia!

Malvolia

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia

Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolia

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? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolia

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to her hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolia?

Malvolia

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Olivia

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolia

'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.

Olivia

What meanest thou by that, Malvolia?

Malvolia

'Some are born great, Some achieve greatness,'

Olivia

What sayest thou?

Malvolia

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Olivia

Heaven restore thee!

Malvolia

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'

Olivia

Thy yellow stockings!

Malvolia

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Olivia

Cross-gartered!

Malvolia

'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'

Olivia

Am I made?

Malvolia

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Olivia

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN

Fabian

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia

I'll come to him.

Exit FABIAN

Olivia

Good Maria, let this lady be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of her.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

Malvolia O, 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 with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity.' It is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this lady be looked to:' lady! not Malvolia, nor after my degree, but lady. Why, every thing adheres together. 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.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Sir Toby Which way is she, in the name of sanctity? I'll speak to her.

Fabian Here she is, here she is. How is't with you, madam?

Malvolia Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Maria Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within her! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of her.

Malvolia Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby Peace; we must deal gently with her. How do you, Malvolia? how is't with you? What! defy the devil: consider, she's an enemy to mankind.

Malvolia Do you know what you say?

Maria An you speak ill of the devil, how she takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Malvolia How now, mistress!

Maria O Lord! Get her to say her prayers, good Sir Toby, get her to pray.

Malvolia My prayers, minx!

Maria No, I warrant you, she will not hear of godliness.

Malvolia Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit]*

Sir Toby Is't possible?

Fabian If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby Come, we'll have her in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that she's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and her penance.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir Andrew Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Sir Toby Give me. *[Reads]* 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fabian Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby *[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 *[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 *[aside]* less.

Sir Toby *[Reads]* 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fabian Good.

Sir Toby *[Reads]* 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fabian Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir Toby *[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.' 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 Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible. Away!

Sir Andrew Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[Exit]*

Sir Toby Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; 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 valour; and drive the gentleman 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.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

Fabian Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

Olivia I have said too much unto a heart of stone
 And laid mine honour too unchary out:
 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 to-morrow.
 What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
 That honour saved may upon asking give?

Viola Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Olivia How with mine honour may I give him that
 Which I have given to you?

Viola I will acquit you.

Olivia Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Sir Toby Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola And you, sir.

Sir Toby That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy assailant, quick, skilful and deadly, attends thee at the orchard-end.

Viola You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.

Sir Toby You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard.

Viola I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir Toby He is knight, 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.

Viola I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir Toby Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire.

Viola This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is.

Sir Toby 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, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. 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.

Exeunt

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew Plague on't. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse.

Sir Toby I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

- Sir Toby *[To FABIAN]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.
- Fabian He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.
- Sir Toby *[To VIOLA]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.
- Viola *[Aside]* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.
- Sir Toby Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.
- Sir Andrew Pray God, he keep his oath!
- Viola I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw. 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 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.

They draw. Enter Officers

- Fabian O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
- Viola Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
- Sir Andrew Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word.
- 1st Officer This is the man; do thy office.
- 2nd Officer Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
- Antonio You do mistake me, sir.
- 1st Officer No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.
- Antonio I must obey. *[To 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 Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort.
- 2nd Officer Come, sir, away.

Antonio I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
Hold, [*offering money*] there's half my coffer.

Antonio Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
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;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

Antonio O heavens themselves!

2nd Officer Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Antonio Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1st Officer What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Antonio But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

1st Officer The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Antonio Lead me on.

Exit with Officers

Viola Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
He named Sebastian: I my brother know
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit*]

Sir Toby A very dishonest paltry boy: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
in necessity and denying him.

Fabian A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir Toby Do; cuff him soundly.

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown

Narrator Before Olivia's house the Clown we see.
 Sebastian, in Cesario's form is he.
 And so, Sir Toby, thinking him a boy –
 A weak one too – to challenge is not coy.

Clown 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.

Clown Well, 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.

Clown Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
 There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
 I shall give worse payment.

Clown By my troth, thou hast an open hand. *[Exit]*
Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

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

Sir Andrew Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Sebastian Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Sebastian If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of blood from you.
Enter OLIVIA

Olivia Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir Toby Madam!

Olivia Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
 Be gone!
Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Olivia Be not offended, dear Cesario.
 Gentle friend, go with me to my house,
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up: Do not deny.

Sebastian What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 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'ldst be ruled by me!

Sebastian Madam, I will.

Olivia O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown

Narrator Maria plots Malvolia to scare
 And conjures up a cleric from thin air.
 'Tis truly just the Fool who wears a gown;
 And, with this trick, they do Malvolia down.

Maria Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make her believe thou art
 Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit

Clown 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. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Sir Toby Jove bless thee, master Parson. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown Bonos dies, Sir Toby. Peace in this prison!

Sir Toby The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Malvolia *[Within]* Who calls there?

Clown Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolia the lunatic.

Malvolia Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but
 of ladies?

Sir Toby Well said, Master Parson.

Malvolia Sir Topas, never was woman thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I
 am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms: sayest thou
 that house is dark?

Malvolia As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown Why it hath bay windows, and clearstories toward the south and north; and
 yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvolia I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown Mad woman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.

Malvolia I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, and I say, there was never one thus abused. I am no more mad than you are.

Clown What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Malvolia That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Malvolia I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolia Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir Toby *[to CLOWN]* To her in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest her: I would we were well rid of this knavery, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Clown *[Singing]* 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Malvolia Fool! Fool, I say!

Clown Who calls, ha?

Malvolia 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 gentlewoman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown Mistress Malvolia?

Malvolia Ay, good fool.

Clown Alas, madam, how fell you besides your five wits?

Malvolia Fool, there was never a woman so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolia 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.

Clown Advise you what you say; the minister is here.

Malvolia I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any person in Illyria. 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.

Clown I'll ne'er believe a mad woman till I see her brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Malvolia Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Exit CLOWN

SCENE III. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN

Narrator Sebastian, he tries to understand
Why this fair maid, just met, should want his hand;
Or where to find Antonio, his friend;
Or how this sudd'n confu-si-on will end.

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?
I could not find him at the Elephant.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
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.
But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest

Olivia Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
What do you say?

Sebastian I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Olivia Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA

Narrator Antonio's recognised for deeds of war.
Viola sees him that guarded her before.
Antonio sees Sebastian, his friend.
Confusion must in resolution end.

Viola Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

Orsino That face of his I do remember well.

1st Officer Orsino, this is that Antonio

That took the Phoenix; 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;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Antonio Orsino, noble sir,
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
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
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake,
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Viola How can this be?

Orsino When came he to this town?

Antonio To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
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;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Olivia What would my lord, but that he may not have?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola Madam!

Orsino Gracious Olivia,—

Olivia What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Viola My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Orsino Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
Hear me: I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,
'Tis 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,
Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.
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.

Olivia Where goes Cesario?

Viola 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.

Olivia Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Viola Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Olivia Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Orsino Come, away!

Olivia Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Orsino Husband!

Olivia Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Orsino Her husband, sirrah!

Viola No, my lord, not I.

Enter Priest

Olivia O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Reveal before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

Orsino O thou dissembling cub! what hast thou done?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Viola My lord, I do protest—

Olivia 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 What's the matter?

Sir Andrew He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.

Olivia Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Orsino My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir Andrew '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 If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Clown

Sir Andrew Here comes Sir Toby halting; If he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Clown O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.

Sir Toby Then he's a rogue: I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir Andrew I'll help you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave!

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

Exeunt Clown, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

Sebastian I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.
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,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Sebastian Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Antonio Sebastian are you?

Sebastian 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 Do I stand there? I never had a brother.
I had a sister, whom the blind waves and surges
Have devour'd. 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:
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.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Viola My father had a mole upon his brow.

Sebastian And so had mine.

Viola And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Sebastian O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
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.

Sebastian *[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 betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Orsino 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 And all those sayings will I overswear.

Orsino 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 Malvolia's suit,
A gentlewoman, follower of my lady's.

Olivia She shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolia hither:
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor woman, she is much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter

Olivia How does she, sirrah?

Clown Truly, madam, she holds Belzebub at the stave's end: has here writ a letter
 to you.

Olivia Open't, and read it.

Clown Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the mad woman. *[Reads]*
 '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 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 MALVOLIA.'

Olivia Did she write this?

Clown Ay, madam.

Orsino This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia See her deliver'd; bring her hither.
[to Orsino] My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
 To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 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,
 So much against the mettle of your sex,
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

Olivia A sister! you are she.

Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIA

Orsino Is this the woman?

Olivia Ay, my lord, this same.
 How now, Malvolia!

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

Olivia Have I, Malvolia? no.

Malvolia Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand:
 Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

Well, tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd 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 suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia Alas, Malvolia, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character
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:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd 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.
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolia here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against her: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have
greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, madam, in this interlude; one Sir
Topas, madam; but that's all one.

Malvolia I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. *[Exit]*

Olivia She hath been most notoriously abused.

Orsino Pursue her and entreat her to a peace:
She 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;
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 Clown

Clown

[Sings]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
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,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

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