The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY
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AND
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THE BANKSIDE AND ITS THEATRES

From the view of London engraved by Hallar circa 1620
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Introduction

Text. — The first edition of Twelfth Night is that of the First Folio, published in 1623. That it had not before been printed is clear from the fact that it is included in the list, contained in the license of the Stationers' Company, of plays "not formerly entered." The absence of a quarto is happily no misfortune; the text as we have it is remarkably free from typographical errors and corruptions, and requires very few corrections or emendations.

Date. — An entry in the Diary of John Manningham,¹ a London barrister, then studying in the Middle Temple, fixes the date before which Twelfth Night must have been written. It is as follows: "'Febr. 1601.² Feb. 2. At our feast wee had a play called 'Twelue Night, or What you Will,' much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the Steward believe his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise making him beleue they tooke him to be mad." How long before this performance Twelfth Night was composed is uncertain. Meres, in the famous passage in his Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, 1598, does

¹ Published by the Camden Society, Westminster, 1868.
² I.e., 1602, new style.
not mention it; he does mention, for comedy, Shakespeare's "Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Loves Labors Lost, his Loves Labours Wonne, his Midsummer Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice"; if he had known Twelfth Night it is not likely that he would have omitted it from his list. It is probable, then, that it was written, or, at least, that its first performance took place, after 1598. A bit of internal evidence may move the date forward another year: Maria says that Malvolio "does smile his face into more lines than is in the new Map, with the augmentation of the Indies." It is not unlikely that she refers to the map praised by Hallam as the best of the sixteenth century. It records discoveries which could not have been embodied in an English map before 1599. It shows for the first time the whole of the East Indies, including Japan, and is provided with as many sets of rhumblines as any of its predecessors.

Twelfth Night, then, was certainly written before February, 1602, and probably after 1599. The date most commonly accepted is 1601. This fits what we know of the development of Shakespeare's style and meter.

Earlier Versions of the Story. — Reduced to its lowest terms, the plot of Twelfth Night is the story of twins, indistinguishable in appearance, who arrive at different times in the same city, and are there mistaken each for the other. This is the substance of the Menechmi of Plautus, which had served as the basis of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Of the present story the earliest version is found in Gl'Ingannati (The Deceived), an anonymous Italian comedy, performed in 1531. It was trans-
lated into French by Charles Étienne (1543). His version was in turn translated into Latin and acted at Queen’s College, Cambridge, in 1595, under the title, Lælia. Gl’Ingannati, furthermore, furnished the plot of one of Bandello’s novels,—the twenty-eighth of the second part (1554). Bandello’s story was translated into French by Belleforest (1570), and forms the sixty-third of his Histoires Tragiques. Based probably on Belleforest, but perhaps on Bandello or Gl’Ingannati itself, is the English version, Apolonus and Silla, the second “history” in Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession (1581). Gl’Ingannati, finally, served as the basis of the story of the Shepherdess Felismena in Montemayor’s Diana (1560), dramatized by Shakespeare in The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Lost Play.—Riche, in the Conclusion to his Farewell, says that some of the stories had been “presented on a stage.” Unfortunately he does not tell us which ones, but there is evidence that Apolonus and Silla was among them. A German comedy, Tugend und Liebestreit, having very clearly this tale as its ultimate source, was printed in 1677. Its style and manner prove that this year cannot be far from the date of composition. A similar play, however, now lost, was acted in Germany by English comedians in 1608, 1626, and again between 1654 and 1663. Creizenach shows that this, in all probability, was the immediate source of Tugend und Liebestreit. Since the English comedians would not be likely to drama-

1 See Lælia, ed. G. C. Moore Smith, 1910, p. xix.
2 Schauspiele der englische Komödianten, 1889. p. 57.
tize a novel for their German performances, and since Tugend und Liebestreit has none of the peculiarly Shakespearean characteristics of Twelfth Night,—which an imitation of that play would surely have,—we are led to assume an English dramatization of Apolonius and Silla, of a date earlier than Twelfth Night, transplanted to Germany by the English comedians.

The Sources of Twelfth Night.—With any of these versions of Gl’Ingannati Shakespeare may have been acquainted; there is indeed nothing inherently impossible in the supposition that he knew them all. As a matter of fact, the evidence goes to show that he had several of them in mind as he wrote his play. First, for the group of dramas, Gl’Ingannati, Les Abusés, Lælia, Professor Moore Smith, though inclined to regard Riche’s novel as the main source, makes out an excellent case.¹ There is little evidence, however, that points exclusively to any one of the three. Professor Neilson’s argument for Apolonius and Silla² is even more convincing. It is considerably strengthened, moreover, by his discovery of the very striking resemblance of Riche’s story of Two Brethren and their Wives, wherein one of the brethren cures a shrewish wife by pretending that she is mad and reciting the Miserere, to the scene of torment in Twelfth Night. No other source has been suggested for the Malvolio story. Creizenach, finally, proves clearly enough that the lost English play had some influence upon Twelfth Night. It is no part of the purpose of this Intro-

¹ See the Introduction to his edition of Lælia.
² The Variorum Twelfth Night, Atlantic Monthly, 89: 715.
duction to present the arguments for the various views. One point, however, wherein Tugend und Liebestreit and Twelfth Night coincide, because of its double significance, and because Creizenach fails to call attention to it, does deserve mention. When Silla desires service as a page (III. v) she says: "I understand something of music. . . . I can play the viol di gamba, the lute, the zither . . ." It is clearly more than mere coincidence that Silla, like Viola, should boast of her skill in music, and that this skill should never come into play. One is led to believe that in the lost comedy the heroine did sing or play some musical instrument, and certain passages in Twelfth Night look as though this feature had originally been retained by Shakespeare, then modified for a company wherein only the actor who played Feste could sing. It may be, too, that Sebastian's concealment from Antonio of his name and identity had some significance in an earlier form of Twelfth Night and in the lost play. In Tugend und Liebestreit Silvius is permitted to go in search of his sister only on condition that he give himself out, not as a prince, but as a student. Doubtless Shakespeare, in omitting all that part of the story which preceded the shipwreck, cut out some similar detail in Sebastian's history which accounted for his reticence with Antonio.

Apparently, then, we are obliged to conclude that, so far as we can judge from the extant and accessible material, Shakespeare was more or less familiar with Gl'Inganni, whether in Italian, French, or Latin, and with Apolonius and Silla, whether in the from of Riche's novel or

1 II. iv. 2 II. i. 3 II. ii.
dramatized in the lost play. It may well be, too, that there are echoes from other sources; but none of these is important.

Relations with the Sources and with the Earlier Plays.
— In the composition of Twelfth Night Shakespeare was not primarily interested in plot. And yet he made important modifications of the old story, and was at pains to add new material. In sharp contrast to Apolonius and Silla and to Tugend und Liebestreit, Twelfth Night omits the preliminary action. The opening scene indicates clearly the mood of the play, and, together with the scene that follows, conveys only the necessary information, easily and naturally, not, as in the Comedy of Errors, by means of a long monologue, or, as in Gl'Ingannati, by the heroine's narrative to her nurse, who is already familiar with the facts. By the omission of all the earlier part of the story Shakespeare gains space not only for greater elaboration but for the addition, as well, of the whole comic under-plot. The suggestion for the Malvolio story came doubtless from another tale by Riche; there is nothing like it in Apolonius and Silla, or in any of the analogues. It is woven into the very texture of the main plot; intriguers and victim are all of Olivia's household. The duel, furthermore, a practical joke devised by the same conspirators, leads to Sir Andrew's attack upon Sebastian and thus to the dénouement of the main plot. This dénouement resembles most closely that of Apolonius and Silla, but gains through the presence of the brother, who is absent from the corresponding scene of the novel. And if, in Gl'Ingannati and Tugend und Liebestreit, the earlier attachment of the hero for the heroine may lend
the close an air of greater probability, one must remember that Elizabethan audiences had long accepted the convention of the "love-chain," in which each human link loves one who loves another, with a sudden reversal in the dénouement. For Orsino's change of heart, moreover, there is special preparation; he is represented as sentimental and inconsistent; he woos by proxy. And, after all, the question of credibility has never really to be seriously considered. For surprises of this sort are part and parcel of Romantic Comedy. In Illyria, as in the Forest of Arden, anything may happen. It is a land of successful disguises, of mistaken identities, of recognitions, of love at first sight, of tears and laughter strangely mingled, of happy endings; a land where sorrow can find no permanent place; a world of poetry, of beauty, of dreams.

Modifications of the old story are not more striking than repetitions of motifs from Shakespeare's own earlier plays. The excellence of Twelfth Night is due in part to the fact that he had experimented with confusion of identity in the Comedy of Errors, with heroines disguised as men in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, in The Merchant of Venice, and in As You Like It, with shipwreck and its consequences in the Comedy of Errors, with friendship (Antonio and Sebastian) in The Merchant of Venice (Antonio and Bassanio), with the business of the purse in the Comedy of Errors, with a plot like that against Malvolio in the one against Benedick and Beatrice in Much Ado, and with the sudden change from one love to another in Romeo and Juliet. It is well to remind ourselves now and then of
the once independent existence of these motifs in old stories and earlier plays, if only that we may appreciate the more keenly the art which has united them all in a whole which now seems so inevitable and right, the result, to all appearances, of a swift and spontaneous growth. There is not alone the skilful union of main and underplot; there is the interpenetration of the whole with the same romantic mood, the same poetic atmosphere, which touches with laughter the serious events of Viola's adventure, and holds in restraint the uproarious fun of Sir Toby and his fellow-conspirators.

And yet Shakespeare was even more interested in character than in plot; for the magnetic charm of the play, of which there is scarcely a hint in sources or analogues, is due in still larger measure to the transformation of the persons, a transformation always in keeping with the conception of the play as a whole. To pass from Gl'Ingannati, from Apolonius and Silla, or from Tugend und Liebestreit, to Twelfth Night, is to pass into a different world, a world of gentlemen and gentlewomen, of comedy truly high. Olivia, the central figure, whose prototypes are colorless or repellent, is endowed with an engaging dignity and humanity. The persons of the underplot are all Shakespeare's own. The arch-intriguer is the clever and diminutive Maria, who has not Feste's or Sir Toby's reason to hate Malvolio, but devises the plot against him out of sheer delight in a practical joke, in the art of teasing, for its own sake. She alone has complete insight into Malvolio's character, and divines his special weakness. In the exuberance of success she can scarce forbear
throwing things at her victim. She is, manifestly, a gentlewoman, Sir Toby's equal in rank and his superior in intellect. Yet this is not to say that Sir Toby lacks cleverness. Drunkard though he is, and rudesby, ruffian, and ungracious wretch, as Olivia in her anger calls him, his wit never deserts him; and he disarms criticism by his joviality, his ready excuses, his whimsical inconsequence. He is as incapable as Falstaff of acknowledging defeat. For some of the best of his jests we have to thank Sir Andrew, his echo, butt, and victim, no wit himself, but the cause of much wit in others. Without him we could not have the precious duel scene, wherein his diverting cowardice forms such an admirable foil for Viola's engagingly feminine timidity. And his incessant laughter adds something to the comic effect of Malvolio's preternatural solemnity. For Malvolio is one of those who dignify the dislike of laughter as an objection in morality. The master of ceremonies, he comes to be mastered by them, desires to be, not the stage-manager, but the leading gentleman, in the daily pageant, waxing overblown, affected, pretentious, deceiving himself, and so falling an easy prey to the intriguers. A figure that may become tragic for modern audiences, or in the hands of modern actors, he is yet a person essentially ridiculous, provocative of thoughtful laughter. Toward such a person our attitude should be as Meredith defines it: we should "laugh all round him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack and drop a tear on him." ¹ That is, we should let Feste teach us what to think of him. For Feste is one of those

¹ Cf. George Meredith, An Essay on Comedy.
fools who, like Touchstone, have all their brains; he is a musician, a wit, a critic of life, and, above all, he is a shrewd judge of character. Of the chief persons in the main plot Orsino is most lightly drawn, for us perhaps least sympathetic; and yet, fickle and sentimental as he is, we must not forget that he is noble in nature, well spoken of, and, in Olivia's estimate, virtuous, of fresh and stainless youth, generous, learned, and valiant. Clearly we do not see him at his best. Sebastian and Viola have in common the gift of inspiring friendship or affection. Viola calls herself a "gentleman," and it is by virtue of her breeding, in its deeper and broader implications, that she surpasses the Lælias and Sillas. Unlike them she is not a designing person; it is by the accident of shipwreck that she is separated from her brother and forced into boy's dress and a situation wherein she falls in love with Orsino. Her passion has a touch of the sentimental, but its chief quality is self-sacrifice. Sincere and eloquent in her wooing of Olivia, she plays her difficult part with fine courage: she bears herself with feminine dignity in the duel scene; and, alone in a strange land, mourning the loss of her brother, loving in vain, threatened even with death, her nature remains sweet and sunny. She has the priceless gift of viewing with humor her own grave situation; in wit she is a match for Feste or Maria. But disdain and scorn are foreign to her eyes; sympathy for Olivia, like her own self-pity, is touched with whimsical humor quite innocent of sharpness. There is in Viola a certain pathos, a lack of self-sufficiency, a wistfulness in her coquetry, that endows her with a charm peculiarly her own.
Style. — In the style of Twelfth Night Shakespeare must have found a pleasure no less than in his transformations of character. Yet his self-restraint is manifest; he does not write poetry for poetry's sake. Its music and its diction are subservient to its dramatic purpose, to characterize, to carry forward the action, to color situation with pathos or humor, to seize upon all opportunities for dramatic irony, where the audience is more enlightened than the persons and knows that they are talking at cross purposes. Prose and verse are mingled with nicest discrimination; it is not merely that prose is the natural vehicle of the lower comedy, and verse of the higher; but many scenes contain both, beginning, where the matter is commonplace or merely expository, with prose, passing, through a transitional mingling of the two, to the verse demanded by the heightened feeling of the latter part. And now and again as prose shifts to verse, verse shifts to song. The curtain rises to music, and falls as Feste sings. Scattered through the play are roystering catches of good life and simple lyrics, beloved of spinsters and knitters in the sun, very echoes of love. And if song shifts again to quibbles and puns, the nonsense never descends to coarseness. If it suited Shakespeare's purpose to refine plot and character, it suited him no less to refine phrasing.

Stage History. — The selection of Twelfth Night for the performance in the Middle Temple, recorded by Manningham, is evidence of its early popularity. It is possible that Shakespeare himself took part. There are records of performances before the king in 1618 and 1622; and Leonard Digges's verses prefixed to a 1640 edition of
Shakespeare's poems show that with contemporary audiences Malvolio shared the popularity of Benedick and Beatrice. Soon after the Restoration, in 1661, Samuel Pepys "observed at the Opera a new play, 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there . . . and could not forbear to go in." In January, 1662–1663, and again in January, 1668–1669, he saw other performances. The play, like Shakespeare's other romantic comedies, failed for a time to hold the stage, and we hear of no other performance until its revival at Drury Lane in 1741 with Macklin as Malvolio and Mrs. Pritchard as Viola. During the rest of the century it was frequently acted. It seems to have had the good fortune to escape completely Restoration and eighteenth-century alterations and improvements. The taste of the early nineteenth century, however, permitted an attempt to turn it into an opera. From that time revivals have been frequent, both in England and in America. Many of these have been notable for elaborate scenery and costume; others have returned to the older simplicity. Among the former should be mentioned that of Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in 1884, and that of the Daly Company in 1895; among the latter, that of Mr. Ben Greet and his company in 1904 and that of Miss Maude Adams and her company in 1908, in the Elizabethan theater at Harvard University.

Most of the greater actresses have essayed the part of Viola. Their conceptions have varied with the taste of the age, from the "plaintive" Viola of Mrs. Judson, so highly praised by Charles Lamb, to the happy and vivacious heroine of Miss Terry and Miss Rehan. Miss
Marlowe, perhaps, has succeeded in combining in highest degree the opposing qualities of Viola's disposition. Her lightness is manifestly apparent only; it modifies, but does not conceal her wistful sadness.

Like Viola, Malvolio has changed with the times. In 1602 he was probably, as Manningham's comment suggests, a purely comic figure, and Digges's "Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull" tells the same story for 1640. By 1784 he had become with Bensley a kind of Don Quixote. However, the phrasing of the sentence with which Lamb concludes his high praise of Bensley's impersonation, — "I confess that I never saw the catastrophe ... without a kind of tragic interest," — implies that the notion that Malvolio was not essentially ludicrous was something of an innovation. This conception, strengthened perhaps to some extent, by the tragic actors, like Kemble, who have played the part, has become traditional, reaching its height in Henry Irving.
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Curio,
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.
Fabian, servants to Olivia.
Feste, a clown.

Olivia, a rich countess.
Viola.
Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.]
Twelfth Night
Or What You Will

ACT FIRST

SCENE 1

[A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords
[Musicians attending].

Duke. 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.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical. 15

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
   O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
   Methought she purg’d the air of pestilence! 20
   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?
Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
   But from her handmaid do return this answer: 25
   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 30
   A brother’s dead love, which she would keep fresh
   And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. 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 35
   Hath kill’d the flock of all affections else
   That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all suppli’d, and fill’d
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopi’d with bowers.  

Exeunt.

Scene II

[The sea-coast.]

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
       My brother he is in Elysium.
       Perchance he is not drown’d. What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. 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,
       Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
       tice,
To a strong mast that liv’d upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin’s back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there’s gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know’st thou this country?

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

Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor 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 murmur — as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of —
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What’s she?

Cap. 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 abjur’d the company
And sight of men.
Sc. II

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
    And might not be delivered to the world,
    Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
    What my estate is!

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

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

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

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. Exeunt.
Scene III

[A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

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

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

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

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

Sir To. 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.

Mar. 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 To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

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

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
Mar. Ay, but he’ll have but a year in all these ducats. He’s a very fool and a prodigal.

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

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he’s a fool, he’s a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, ’tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

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

Mar. They that add, moreover, he’s drunk nightly in your company.

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

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,

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

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

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

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

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

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

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

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free." I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?
Mar. It’s dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what’s your jest? 80

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers’ ends.

Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. Exit.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack’st a cup of canary. 85 When did I see thee so put down?

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

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I’d forswear it. I’ll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight? 95

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

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir. To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn’t not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 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 wooes her.

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

Sir And. 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 To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

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

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

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to’t.

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

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

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damn'd colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! Higher! Ha, ha! Excellent!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.
Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? 

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. 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 deni'd access, stand at her doors, 
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow 
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, 
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow 
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds 
Rather than make unprofited return.

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

Duke. 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.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30 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 35 For this affair. Some four or five attend him,— All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I’ll do my best 40 To woo your lady, — [aside] yet, a barful strife! Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife. Exeunt.

Scene V

[A room in Olivia’s house.]

Enter Maria and Clown.

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

Clo. Let her hang me! He that is well hang’d 5 in this world needs to fear no colours.
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." 10
Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Mar. 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 prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mar. You are resolute, then?
Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv’d on two points.
Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.
Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.
Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o’ that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.  
[Exit.]
Enter Lady Olivia [and retinue] with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." — God bless thee, lady!  

Oli. Take the fool away.  

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

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

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.  

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, 
“cucullus non facit monachum”; that’s as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. 
Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

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

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I’ll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother’s death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

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

Clo. 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 twopence that you are no fool.

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

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper’d appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow’d fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak’st well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

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

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home,—what you will, to dismiss it. (Exit Malvolio.) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for—here he comes—

Enter Sir Toby.

one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

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

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

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

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

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clo. Like a drown’d man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, 140 the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o’ my coz, for he’s in the third degree of drink, he’s drown’d. Go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool 145 shall look to the madman. Exit.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. 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 150 you were asleep. He seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He’s fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 155

Mal. 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.

Oli. What kind o’ man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. 160

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner. He’ll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before ’tis a peascod, or a codling when ’tis almost an apple. ’Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour’d and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother’s milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.  
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.  
Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o’er my face. We’ll once more hear Orsino’s embassy.

Enter Viola [and Attendants].

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?
Vio. 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 penn’d, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties,
let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

_Oli._ Whence came you, sir?

_Vio._ 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.

_Oli._ Are you a comedian?

_Vio._ 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?

_Oli._ If I do not usurp myself, I am.

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

_Oli._ Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

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

_Oli._ It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.
Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

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

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

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

Oli: Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [Exeunt Maria and Attendants.]

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

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

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

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

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

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

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blest, 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.

Oli. 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 labell'd 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?

Vio. 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 recompens’d, though you were crown’d
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, [with] fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* 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 divulg’d, 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.

*Vio.* 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.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out “Olivia!” O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Sc. V

Twelfth Night

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

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

Oli. 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.

Vio. 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
Plac’d in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit.

Oli. “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!

Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!
Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. 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’m not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I’ll give him reasons for’t. Hie thee, Malvolio. 325

Mal. Madam, I will. Exit.

Oli. 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. 330

[Exit.]
ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[The sea-coast.]

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours, 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.

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

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call’d 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 pleas’d,
would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

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

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

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

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, 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.*

*Ant.* 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 and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. 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.

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

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. Exit.

Vio. 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, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge?
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?
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

[A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be a-bed
after midnight is to be up betimes; and "de-
eliculo surgere," thou know'st, —
Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfill’d can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

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

Sir To. Thou’rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i’ faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of “we three”?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let’s have a catch.

Sir And. 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. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok’st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. ’Twas very good, i’ faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.
Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

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

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

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

Sir And. Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

Clo. (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 And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [Sings.]

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

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i’ faith.
Sir To. 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 And. An you love me, let’s do’t. I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By’r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, “Thou knave.”
Clo. “Hold thy peace, thou knave,” knight? I shall be constrain’d in’t to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. ’Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, “Hold thy peace.”
Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i’ faith. Come, begin.

Enter Maria.

Catch sung.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call’d up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
Sir To. My lady's a Catalan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady! [Sings.] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

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

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings.] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

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

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. 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 alli'd
to your disorders. If you can separate your-
self 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 To. “Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs
be gone.”

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. “His eyes do show his days are almost
done.”

Mal. Is’t even so?

Sir To. “But I will never die.”

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. “Shall I bid him go?”

Clo. “What an if you do?”

Sir To. “Shall I bid him go, and spare not?”

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

Sir To. Out o’ tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more
than a steward? Dost thou think, because
thou art virtuous, there shall be no more
cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot
i’ the mouth too.

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

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz’d my lady’s favour at anything more than contempt, you
would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. 

Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

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

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

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

Sir To. Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

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

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

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

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

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

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

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

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

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!
Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

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

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

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

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

Sir To. Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

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

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

Scene IV

[A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. 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.

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

Duke. Who was it?

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

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

[Exit Curio.] Music plays.

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 belov’d. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron’d.

Duke. 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?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is ’t?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i’ faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband’s heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women’s are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display’d, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are; alas, that they are so!
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

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

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

Music.

Song

[Clo.] 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.

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

Duke. There's for thy pains.

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

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Curio and Attendants retire.]

Once more, Cesario,

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

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 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?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
   In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
   My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
   As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
   I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

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

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. 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?

Duke. 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, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I’ll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil’d to death with melancholy.

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

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

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

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

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!
Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. '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 To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 45
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby,—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me,—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

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

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

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

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

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

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

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew," —

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

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

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

Mal. [Reads.] "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes"—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.]

"Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers alter'd! "No man must know!" If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [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."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.
Sc. V  Twelfth Night

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!
Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
Mal. "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 To. O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.
Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.
Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.
Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.
Fab. And O shall end, I hope.
Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
Mal. And then I comes behind.
Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you
might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

_Mal._ 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. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

  **The Fortunate Unhappy.**"

Daylight and champaign discovers not more.
This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter’d; 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-garter’d, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!

Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads.] “Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain’st 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.

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

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device —

Sir And. So could I too.
Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.
Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
Sir. To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
Sir. And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true. Does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I'll make one too.

Exeunt.
ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[Olivia's garden.]

Enter Viola and Clown [with a tabor].

_Vio._ Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

_Clo._ No, sir, I live by the church.

_Vio._ Art thou a churchman?

_Clo._ 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.

_Vio._ So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

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

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

_Clo._ I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

_Vio._ Why, man?
Clo. Why, sir, her name’s a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac’d them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

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

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

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

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia’s fool?

Clo. 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.

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

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

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold, there’s expenses for thee.
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Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. 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?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

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

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

Vio. I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begg'd.

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

Exit.

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

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours;" well.
Sc. I

**Twelfth Night**

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

**Sir And.** "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed"; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

**Oli.** Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola.*] Give me your hand, sir.

**Vio.** My duty, madam, and most humble service.

**Oli.** What is your name?

**Vio.** Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

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

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

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

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

**Oli.** 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.

**Vio.** Dear lady, —

**Oli.** 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. 125
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts 130
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

_Vio._ I pity you.

_Oli._ That's a degree to love.

_Vio._ No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof, 135
That very oft we pity enemies.

_Oli._ Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west. 145

_Vio._ Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You’ll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay!
I prithee, tell me what thou think’st of me.

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

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

Vio. Then think you right. I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love’s night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. 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; nevermore
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; *or thou perhaps mayst move* 175
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

**Scene II**

[A room in Olivia's house.]

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

**Sir And.** No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

**Sir To.** Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**Fab.** You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

**Sir And.** Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me. I saw't i' the orchard.

**Sir To.** Did she see thee the while, old boy? 10

Tell me that.

**Sir And.** As plain as I see you now.

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

**Sir And.** 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

**Fab.** I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

**Sir To.** And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

**Fab.** 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 then
have accosted her; and with some excellent
jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have
bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was
look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd.
The double gilt of this opportunity you let time
wash off, and you are now sailed into the north
of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like
an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do
redeem it by some laudable attempt either of
valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour;
for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist
as a politician.

Sir To. 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.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

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

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst
and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be
eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou thou’st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set ’em down. Go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink. Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

_Sir And._ Where shall I find you?

_Sir To._ We’ll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

_Exit Sir Andrew._

_Fab._ This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

_Sir To._ I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

_Fab._ We shall have a rare letter from him. But you’ll not deliver’t?

_Sir To._ Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open’d, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I’ll eat the rest of the anatomy.

_Fab._ And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

_Enter Maria._

_Sir To._ Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes.
Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt.

Scene III

[A street.]

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not stay behind you. My desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever [thanks. Too] oft good
turns
Are shuff'd off with such uncurent pay;
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature, albeit the quality of the time and quarrel might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying what we took from them, which, for traffic's sake, most of our city did; only myself stood out, for which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse. In the south suburbs, at the Elephant is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy you have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.
**Scene V**

[Olivia’s garden.]

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

**Oli.** [Aside.] 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 Malvolio? He is sad and civil, and suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is Malvolio?

**Mar.** He’s coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess’d, madam.

**Oli.** Why, what’s the matter? Does he rave?

**Mar.** No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in ’s wits.

**Oli.** Go call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, Malvolio?

**Mal.** Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smil’st thou?
   I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. 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.”
Ol. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! Ay, sweet heart, and I’ll come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! Yes. Nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. “Be not afraid of greatness:” ’twas well writ.
Ol. What mean’st thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. “Some are born great,” —
Ol. Ha!
Mal. "Some achieve greatness," —
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."
Oli. Cross-garter'd!
Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;" —
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt [Olivia and Maria].

Mal. 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;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.
Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is’t with you, sir? How is’t with you, man?
Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.
Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.
Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so?
Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is’t with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.
Mal. Do you know what you say?
Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch’d!
Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.
Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.
Mal. How now, mistress!
Mar. O Lord!
Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.
Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us’d.
Sc. IV Twelfth Night

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, "Biddy, come with me." What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mal. Sir To. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

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

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to
have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 155

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

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

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but 160 read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads.] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note. That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads.] "Thou com'st 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."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less. 175

Sir To. [Reads.] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me," —

Fab. Good.
Sir To. [Reads.] "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. [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.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece
confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

_Re-enter Olivia with Viola._

_Fab._ Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

_Sir To._ I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

_Oli._ I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary on’t. There’s something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

_Vio._ With the same ‘haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master’s grief.

_Oli._ 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 sav'd may upon asking give?

_Vio._ Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

_Oli._ How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

_Vio._ I will acquit you.

_Oli._ Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well!
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

_Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian._

_Sir To._ Gentleman, God save thee!

_Vio._ And you, sir.

_Sir To._ That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

_Vio._ You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

_Sir To._ You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price,
betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

_Vio._ I pray you, sir, what is he?

_Sir. To._ He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorce'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

_Vio._ I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

_Sir To._ Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

_Vio._ 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. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. 

Exit.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens’d against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for’t. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he’s a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as
surely as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* 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.*

*[To Fab.]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* *[To Vio.]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.
Vio. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; 335 the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. 340

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw.

Ant. 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. 345

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. 350

They draw.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1. Off. This is the man; do thy office.


Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. Off. 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.

Ant. I must obey. [To Vio.] 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 amaz'd, But be of comfort.


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

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much. I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. 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.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!


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

1. Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1. Off. The man grows mad; away with him! Come, come, sir. 405

Ant. Lead me on. Exit [with Officers].

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 410

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so 415
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more 420
a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious 425 in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, —

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt.
ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[Before Olivia’s house.]

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i’ faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know’st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There’s money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.
Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

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

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

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

Sir To. Come on, sir. Hold!

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!
Sir To. Madam—
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. 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!
Oli. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Olivia's house.]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Clo. 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. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby [and Maria].

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is"; so I, being master Parson,
am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

_Sir To._ To him, Sir Topas.

_Clo._ What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

_Sir To._ The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

_Mal._ (Within.) Who calls there?

_Clo._ Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

_Mal._ Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

_Clo._ Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

_Sir To._ Well said, master Parson.

_Mal._ Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

_Clo._ Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

_Mal._ As hell, Sir Topas.

_Clo._ Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

_Mal._ I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.
Sc. II  Twelfth Night

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzl’d than the Egyptians in their fog. Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus’d. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

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

Clo. What think’st thou of his opinion?

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

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find’st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be
conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.  

Exit [with Maria].

Clo. [Singing.] “Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.”

Mal. Fool!  
Clo. “My lady is unkind, perdy.”
Mal. Fool!  
Clo. “Alas, why is she so?”
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clo. “She loves another” — Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.

Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus’d. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

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

_Clo._ Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

_Mal._ Sir Topas!

_Clo._ Maintain no words with him, good fellow.


_Mal._ Fool, fool, fool, I say!

_Clo._ Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?

I am shent for speaking to you.

_Mal._ Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

_Clo._ Well-a-day that you were, sir!

_Mal._ By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

_Clo._ I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

_Mal._ Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

_Clo._ Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [Singing.] I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil,
Like a mad lad.
Pare thy nails, dad.

Adieu, goodman devil.

Scene III

[Olivia's garden.]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. 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;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. 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,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
While you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt.
ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[Before Olivia's house.]

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Anything.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir! we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me.
There's gold.
Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer. There's another.
Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.
Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I
am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

_Clo._ Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

_Exit._

_Enter Antonio and Officers._

_Vio._ Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

_Duke._ That face of his I do remember well,
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear’d
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cri’d fame and honour on him. What’s the matter?

1. _Off._ Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the _Phœnix_ and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the _Tiger_ board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

_Vio._ He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me. 70
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, 75
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me.
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, 80
From the rude sea's enrag'd 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 85
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; deni'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
How can this be?  

_Duke._ When came he to this town?

_Ant._ To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
No interim, not a minute’s vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

_Enter Olivia and Attendants._

_Duke._ 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.

_Oli._ What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?  
_Cesario, you do not keep promise with me._

_Vio._ Madam!

_Duke._ Gracious Olivia,—

_Oli._ What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

_Vio._ My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

_Oli._ If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

_Duke._ Still so cruel!

_Oli._ Still so constant, lord.

_Duke._ What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull’st offerings have breath’d out
That e’er devotion tender’d! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, 120
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument 125
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130
Where he sits crowned in his master’s spite.
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.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, 135
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e’er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above 140
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil’d!
Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know’st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear’st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before ’tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly 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,
Strength’ned by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

_Duke._ O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

_Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet._

_Vio._ My lord, I do protest —

_Oli._ O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

_Enter Sir Andrew._

_Sir And._ For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

_Oli._ What's the matter?

_Sir And._ Has broke my head across and has given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

_Oli._ Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

_Sir And._ The Count's gentleman, one Cesario.
We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. ’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.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl’d you othergates than he did.
Duke. How now, gentleman! How is’t with you?
Sir To. That’s all one. Has hurt me, and there’s the end on’t. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he’s drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agoone. His eyes were set at eight i’ the morning.
Sir To. Then he’s a rogue, and a passy measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I’ll help you, Sir Toby, because we’ll be dress’d together.
Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and a 
coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a 
gull!  
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look’d to. 215

[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; 
But, had it been the brother of my blood, 
I must have done no less with wit and safety. 
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that 
I do perceive it hath offended you. 220
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows 
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, 
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 225
How have the hours rack’d and tortur’d me, 
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear’st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother, 
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. Of charity, what kin are you to me? What countryman? What name? What parent-age?

*Vio.* 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.

*Seb.* 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!"

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth Had numb'red thirteen years.

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

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 265

Seb. [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, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 270

Duke. Be not amaz'd, 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. 275

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
**Sc. I**

**Twelfth Night**

**Olly.** He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither. 285
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentlewoman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah? 290

**Clo.** Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do.
Has here writ a letter to you. I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

**Olly.** Open't, and read it.

**Clo.** Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads.] “By the Lord, madam,” —

**Olly.** How now, art thou mad?

**Clo.** No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

**Olly.** Prithee, read i' thy right wits. 305

**Clo.** So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

**Olly.** Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian.]
Fab. (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-us'd Malvolio."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit Fabian.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. 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.

*Oli.* A sister! You are she.

*Enter Malvolio [and Fabian].*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same. 335

How now, Malvolio!

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

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? No.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter; 
You must not now deny it is your hand. 
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 340 
Or say ’tis not your seal, not your invention. 
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then 
And tell me, in the modesty of honour, 
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, 
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter’d to you, 345 
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. 350 
And made the most notorious geck and gull 
That e’er invention play’d on? Tell me why.
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand. 355
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad. Then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
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.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour, 365
Which I have wond'red at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.
Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffle’d thee!

Clo. Why, “some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.” I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that’s all one. “By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.” But do you remember? “Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he’s gagg’d.” And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I’ll be reveng’d on the whole pack of you. [Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus’d.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;

He hath not told us of the captain yet.

When that is known and golden time

vents,

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].

Clo. (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, &c.
’Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
   For the rain, &c. 405

But when I came, alas! to wive,
   With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
   For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
   With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
   For the rain, &c. 410

A great while ago the world begun,
   With hey, ho, &c. 415
But that’s all one, our play is done,
   And we’ll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]


**Notes**

In the Prologue to *Gl’Ingannati* it is said that the story is drawn from the industrious pates of the authors, "just as you draw your lots on Twelfth Night." The title of the present play may perhaps have been suggested by this phrase. It seems more likely, however, that it refers to the date of the first performance. Twelfth Night is the celebration of the visit of the Magi to the infant Christ on the twelfth night after Christmas. It was the occasion of various festivities, among them the performance of plays. There is, then, no connection between the contents of the play and its title. *What you will* seems to indicate Shakespeare's indifference: "call it whatever you like."

The list of *Dramatis Personae* and most of the notes of place were first given by Rowe in 1709.

**Act First.** — The Folio marks the divisions of act and scene.

I. i. 5. *sound.* *I.e.* of the wind. The music is as delicately pleasing as the odor of violets. Pope's emendation *south* has been adopted by many editors.

I. i. 21. *turned into a hart.* A reference to the story of Actæon, a hunter, who saw Diana bathing, was changed into a hart, and torn to pieces by his own hounds.

I. i. 31. *a brother's dead love.* Her dead brother's love for her.

I. i. 37. *liver, brain, and heart.* Seats of the passions, the reason, and the intelligence.
I. i. 38, 39. and fill'd . . . king. When all her powers and perfections are dominated by one person.

I. ii. 15. Arion. A Greek poet who was thrown into the sea by his sailors and saved by the dolphins who gathered to listen to his lyre. "Arion on the dolphin's back" was presented, in the famous entertainment at Kenilworth, to Queen Elizabeth.

I. ii. 25. duke. Everywhere else in the play Orsino is called count, but duke is prefixed to his speeches.

I. ii. 56. as an eunuch. Viola is not presented as an eunuch, nor does she sing or speak to Orsino in many sorts of music. Cf. the Introduction.

I. iii. 30. almost natural. Almost a born fool, with quibble on naturally.

I. iii. 100, 101. head of hair. It has been suggested that Sir Toby puns on tongues and tongs, but the joke is not so recondite. Sir Toby merely observes that perhaps Aguecheek's hair would curl by arts, "for thou seest it will not curl by nature."

I. iii. 126. an old man. Perhaps, as Furness suggests, an awkward attempt to pay a compliment to Sir Toby.

I. iii. 144. damn'd. Rowe emended to flame.

I. iii. 148. sides and heart. Taurus governed neck and throat in astrology. Sir Toby's error is doubtless intentional.

I. v. 4. hang thee. Maria is indulging in playful exaggeration; fools were whipped, however.

I. v. 6. fear no colours. Fear no enemy, with quibble on colours and collars, as in 2 Henry IV, V. v. 91-94.

I. v. 21, 22. let summer bear it out. Summer will make it (my dismissal) bearable.
I. v. 54, 55. *syllogism.* Feste is talking against time and sense to escape the reprimand he deserves. (Wright.)

I. v. 62. *cucullus,* etc. The cowl does not make the monk.

I. v. 157. *a sheriff's post.* A post before the sheriff's door on which notices were affixed.

I. v. 219. Tell *me your mind.* This remark does not seem quite in keeping for Viola, and it has been assigned by some editors to Olivia.

I. v. 252. *this present.* Just now. Various emendations have been proposed: "I wear this present," "as this presents."

I. v. 328. *mine eye . . . mind.* My heart will not be able to resist the impression received by my eyes.

II. iii. 2, 3. *deliculo.* To rise early is most healthful. The sentence, "Deliculo surgere saluberrimum est," is to be found in Lily's *Grammar,* ed. of 1577, leaf 20.

II. iii. 17. *picture of 'we three.'* A picture of two fools or asses, with the inscription "We three," the spectator being the third.

II. iii. 24, 25. *Pigrogromitus . . . Queabus.* Feste's mock erudition, the names, no doubt, distorted by Sir Andrew.

II. iii. 27. *impeticos thy gratillity.* Apparently Feste's intentional perversion of *impetticoat thy gratuity,* implying that he had, in fact, given the sixpence to his leman. What follows is probably to be taken as mere nonsense, although interpretations have been suggested.

II. iii. 29. *bottle-ale houses.* *Bottle-ale* was a term of contempt, as in 2 *Henry IV,* II. iv. 140, because ale was low in the social scale. Thus Hotspur would have Prince
Hal, the "sword-and-buckler [i.e. low and vulgar] Prince of Wales... poison'd with a pot of ale." 1 Henry IV, I. iii. 233.

II. iii. 40. O mistress mine. This is the name of a tune found in Morley's Consort Lessons. Feste's song suits this air. Cf. Chappell, I. 103.

II. iii. 52. Sweet and twenty. Twenty times as sweet. A common term of endearment.

II. iii. 60, 61. three souls out of one weaver. Sir Toby humorously exaggerates the power of a drinking song which should thus charm one who delighted particularly in psalm-singing. Cf. 1 Henry IV, II. iv. 146; and Much Ado, II. iii. 61, 62: "Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?"

II. iii. 68. Hold thy peace, thou knave. The catch was so arranged that each of the three singers in turn called another "knave."

II. iii. 81, 82. Three merry men. A fragment of an old song. Peele, in his Old Wives' Tale, gives the words:

Three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men
be we:
I in the wood, and thou on the ground, and Jack sleeps in the tree.

II. iii. 83. There dwelt a man. A line from the old ballad of Susanna; cf. Romeo and Juliet, II. iv. 151.

II. iii. 90. O, the twelfth day of December. Of this song no trace remains, unless, as Professor Kittredge suggests (Child, English and Scottish Popular Ballads, IV. 507), Sir Toby refers to the ballad of Musselburgh
Field, which begins: "On the tenth day of December." The fifth stanza begins: "On the twelfth day in the morn."

II. iii. 109-121. Farewell, dear heart. Sir Toby and Feste sing snatches (adapted) of Corydon's Farewell to Phyllis, first published in Robert Jones's First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1600.

II. iii. 134. Go, shake your ears. A familiar expression of contempt: make the best of it.

II. iii. 162, 163. best persuaded of himself. Most conceited.

II. iv. 25, 26. A quibble on two meanings of favour, "face" and "permission."

II. iv. 52. Come away. Come away to me.

II. iv. 120. our shows are more than will. Our representations at the moment are more than our weak wills can carry out afterward.

II. v. 28. she. Refers to Olivia.

II. v. 44, 45. lady of the Strachy. Manifestly a reference to some typical story of an unequal match, similar to that of King Cophetua. It is not inconceivable that Shakespeare had in mind a bit of contemporary gossip. Attempts at explanation or emendation have not been successful.

II. v. 46. Jezebel. It is characteristic of Sir Andrew that he should apply to Malvolio the name of the wicked queen mentioned in the Book of Kings.

II. v. 59. a demure travel of regard. Looking gravely about.

II. v. 66, 67. or play with my —. Malvolio was about to say "chain," the sign of the steward's office. (B. Nicholson.)
II. v. 124, 125. A comparison from falconry. The hawk (staniel) leaves its proper prey for an inferior sort. *Staniel* is Hanmer’s correction of the Folio *stallion*.

II. v. 135, 136. *sowter will cry upon’t.* The hound will give tongue when he finds the scent.

III. i. 24, 25. *since bonds disgrac’d them.* Implies, perhaps, that a man’s word is not as good as his bond, now that the bond is necessary to strengthen it.

III. i. 61, 62. *begging but a beggar.* *I.e.* asking for another coin, a Cressida for this Troilus. In Henryson’s *Testament of Cresseid*, a continuation of Chaucer’s *Troilus and Criseyde*, Cressida becomes a leper and beggar.

III. i. 71, 72. As the untrained hawk turns aside for every feather, so the fool must play up to every occasion or whim.

III. i. 121. *music from the spheres.* A reference to the Pythagorean theory that the spheres in which the planets were fixed, revolving the one within the other, produced music.

III. i. 165. *do not extort thy reasons.* Do not extort from this confession of my love reasons for not loving or wooing me.

III. ii. 28, 29. *the north of my lady’s opinion.* The region of cold disdain.

III. ii. 30. *Dutchman.* Perhaps William Barendsz, said to be the first European to face successfully an Arctic winter, 1596–1597.

III. ii. 48. *thou’st.* To “thou,” in a challenge, was insulting, since *thou* was used only to intimates or inferiors.

III. ii. 51, 52. *bed of Ware.* A famous old bed, ten feet nine inches square, kept at an inn in Ware.
III. ii. 85. The new map, etc. See Introduction.

III. iv. 1. He says he'll come. Since the messenger has not yet returned, "he says" must be hypothetical, or it must be supposed that Olivia sees from a distance that Viola consents to come back.

III. iv. 25. Please one and please all. An allusion to "A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled:

The Crowe sits vpon the Wall,
Please one and please all."

It was entered in 1591–1592.

III. iv. 59. am I made? Olivia's speech is perhaps to be understood as involving an unintentional pun. Shakespeare's pronunciation of made did not differ appreciably from that of mad.

III. iv. 95. Legion himself. Cf. Mark, v. 9: "And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."

III. iv. 128. Biddy, come with me. Probably the fragment of a song.

III. iv. 244. dismount thy tuck. An affected phrase for "draw thy sword."

III. iv. 257, 258. He is a mere carpet knight dubbed with unhacked rapier.

III. iv. 298. sir priest. Sir was applied to priests who had taken the bachelor's degree.

III. iv. 389. lying, vainness, etc. The commas after lying and babbling are sometimes omitted, making these words adjectives.

IV. i. 14. vent. Shakespeare often uses this word.
Apparently it here implies contempt, and therefore angers the clown. His next sentence may be taken to mean that if such terms are applied to fools the whole world will turn out to be a cockney or milksop.

IV. i. 24. fourteen years' purchase. A term in buying land: after paying fourteen times its annual value, an excessive amount according to land values of that time.

IV. i. 36, 37. action of battery. Like Oswald, in Lear, Sir Andrew is "a lily-livered, action-taking . . . rogue."


IV. ii. 68. I am up to anything.

IV. ii. 78. Hey, Robin. This song has been found in a volume apparently written in the reign of Henry VIII.

IV. ii. 130-141. I am gone, sir. Probably an old song. The old Vice (I. 134) was a stock character in the Morality plays.

IV. iii. 18. take and give back. Take a business in hand and discharge it. A characteristically elliptical expression.

V. i. 23. conclusions to be as kisses. The clown's nonsense has had to stand a good deal of explaining. He seems to have in mind the fact that it takes two to kiss; and so two premises for a conclusion and two negatives to make an affirmative.

V. i. 121. Egyptian thief. Thyamis, in the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, in the Ethiopica of Heliodorus, tried to kill what he loved, but killed another by mistake. An English translation of the Ethiopica was licensed in 1568-1569.

V. i. 150. strangle thy propriety. Disown what you really are.
V. i. 206, 207. passy measures pavin. Italian, *passamezzo pavana*. A modification of the pavana, a grave and stately dance. It is doubtful if Sir Toby attached any precise meaning to the epithet.

V. i. 267. nature to her bias drew. The line was true to the direction imparted by the bias or lead with which the ball was loaded. A figure from the game of bowls.

V. i. 278. orbed continent. The firmament which contains the orbs, among them the sun.
Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the First Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

I. i. 5. sound] Ff; south Pope.
   ii. 15. Arion] Pope; Orion Ff.
   40, 41. company And sight] Hanmer; sight And company Ff.
   iii. 105. curl by] Theobald; coole my Ff.
   144. damn'd] dam'd Ff; flame- Rowe.
   177, s.d. Viola] Violenta F1.

II. ii. 33. made of,] Tyrwhitt conj.; made, if Ff.
   iii. 145. a nayword] Rowe; an ayword Ff.
   iv. 54. Fly . . . fly] Rowe; Fye . . . fie F1.
   91. I] Hanmer; It Ff.
   v. 124. staniel] Hanmer; stallion Ff.
   157. born] Rowe; become Ff.

III. i. 75. wise men, folly-fallen] Capell; wisemens folly falne F1.
   ii. 71. mine] Ff; nine Theobald.
   iii. 15. [thanks. Too] Seymour conj.; Ff. omit.
   77. tang] F2; langer F1.
   222. on 't] Ff; out Theobald.

V. i. 207. pavin] F2; panyn F1.

124
abatement, depreciation; I. i. 13.
abuse, disgrace, deceive, offend (with quibble on all three meanings); III. i. 124.
adolescence, coheres, is fitting, as in Macbeth, I. vii. 52; III. iv. 87.
admire, wonder; III. iv. 165.
affect, love; II. v. 28.
affectation, affected, full of affectation; II. iii. 160.
agonized, ago; V. i. 204.
allow, cause to be acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
allowed, licensed; I. v. 102.
alone, without a parallel, par excellence; I. i. 15.
amazed, confounded; III. iv. 371.
an, if; III. i. 48.
and a, a meaningless redundant expression to complete the measure; V. i. 398.
answer'd, compensated; III. iii. 33: defended; III. iii. 28.
approbation, attestation; III. iv. 199.
argument, proof; III. ii. 12.
arguments of state, state affairs; II. v. 164.
Arion, see note, I. ii. 15.

back-trick, a caper backward in dancing; I. iii. 131.
baffle, disgrace, deceive; II. v. 176; V. i. 377.
barful, full of hindrances; I. iv. 41.
barren, witless, dull; I. iii. 84; I. v. 90.
bawbling, insignificant; V. i. 57.
bawcock, fine fellow; III. iv. 125.
beagle, a small hound of great keenness and sagacity; II. iii. 195.
before me! God before me! Before God! II. iii. 194.
bent, tension, straining; II. iv. 38.
bespake, addressed; V. i. 192.
bias, see note, V. i. 267.
bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 105.
biddy, a chicken-call; see note, III. iv. 128.
bird-bolts, short, thick arrows without points; I. v. 100.
blazon, heraldic description; I. v. 312.
blood, courage, high temper; II. v. 160.
bloods, puffs up; II. v. 48.
bones, bobbins used in lace-making; II. iv. 46.
botch'd, patched, clumsily contrived; IV. i. 60.
botcher, mender of shoes or clothes, bungler; I. v. 50.
brabble, brawl, quarrel; V. i. 68.
branch'd, ornamented with patterns of leaves and flowers; II. v. 53.
breach, breakers; II. i. 24.
breast, singing voice; II. iii. 20.
breath, voice, utterance; II. iii. 55.
brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 114.
Brownist, Separatist Puritan (of the sect founded by Robert Browne in 1582); III. ii. 33.
bum-baily, warrant officer; III. iv. 194.
burn (sack), heat and spice; II. iii. 206.
canary, light, sweet wine from the Canary Islands; I. iii. 85, 88, etc.
Candy, Candia, Crete; V. i. 64.
cantons, songs; I. v. 289.
careful, full of cares; IV. ii. 11.
case, skin, as in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 843; V. i. 168.
Castiliano vulgo! meaningless Spanish devised by Sir Toby; I. iii. 45.

Catalanian, Chinese; II. iii. 80.

catch, a song in which the parts follow one another, a round; II. iii. 18.

Champaign, open country; II. v. 174.

Chantry, private chapel; IV. iii. 24.

Checks, forsakes the natural flight to fly at crows or other birds; see notes, II. v. 124; III. i. 71.

Cherry-pit, the game of pitching cherry-stones into a small hole; III. iv. 129.

Cheveril, kid leather; III. i. 13.

Churchman, ecclesiastic; III. i. 4.

civil, quiet, restrained; III. iv. 5.

cloistress, nun; I. i. 28.

cockatrices, fabulous animals whose glance was fatal; III. iv. 216.

Cockney, milksop; IV. i. 15; see note, IV. i. 14.

codling, an unripe apple; I. v. 167.

collier, refers to the saying, "'Like will to like,' quoth the devil to the collier"; III. iv. 130.

Colours, see note, I. v. 6.

Come away, come here, come to me; II. iv. 52.

Come near, touch closely, understand; III. iv. 70.

Come to note, become known; IV. iii. 29.

Comfort, help; III. iv. 35.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 239.

Commerce, conversation, intercourse; III. iv. 191.

Commodity, consignment; III. i. 50.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, temperament, external appearance; II. iv. 27.

Comptible, susceptible, sensitive; I. v. 187.

Con, learn by heart; I. v. 186; II. iii. 161.

Conceited, possessed of an idea; III. iv. 322.
conduct, escort; III. iv. 265.

conscience, consciousness, thought; III. i. 33; III. iii. 17.

consequently, pursuantly, thereafter; III. iv. 79.

consonancy, consistency; II. v. 141.

constant question, logical discussion; IV. ii. 53.

contract, betrothal; V. i. 159.

convents, summons, is convenient; V. i. 391.

coranto, a quick dance; I. iii. 137.

cousin, any relative outside the immediate family; I. iii. 5.

coystrill, knave, base fellow; I. iii. 43.

cozier's, cobbler's; II. iii. 97.

credit, belief, opinion; IV. iii. 6.

crown, coroner; I. v. 142.

cubiculo, chamber, lodging; III. ii. 56.

curst, crabbed, ill-tempered; III. ii. 45.

cut, a common name for a horse, used contemptuously of a man; II. iii. 203.

cypress, thin gauze, crape; coffin of cypress wood; II. iv. 53; III. i. 132.

dallies, plays, trifles; II. iv. 48.

day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 54.

deadly, death-like; I. v. 284.

dear, coming home to one intimately, in a good or a bad way; I. ii. 39; V. i. 74.

deceivable, deceptive; IV. iii. 21.

derivered, discovered; I. ii. 42: set at liberty; V. i. 323.

denay, denial; II. iv. 127.

desperate, hopeless, reckless; II. ii. 8; V. i. 67.

determinate, definite, fixed; II. i. 11.

detested, execrated, repudiated; V. i. 142.

dexteriously, a seventeenth-century variant of dexterously; I. v. 66.

dimension, bodily proportion, shape; I. v. 280; V. i. 244.
discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.
dishonest, unchaste; I. v. 45.
dissemble, disguise, be false in any way; IV. ii. 5; IV. ii. 7.
distemper, mar the condition of; II. i. 5.
distemper’d, diseased; I. v. 98.
distraction, madness; V. i. 71.
divulg’d, publicly proclaimed; I. v. 279.
dormouse, dormant (the dormouse being noted for its hibernation); III. ii. 21.
dry, not amorous, not wet, stupid; I. iii. 78: thirsty;
stupid, insipid; I. v. 48.
duello, laws of dueling; III. iv. 337.

element, air, sky; sphere of life; I. i. 26; III. i. 66;
III. iv. 137.
employment, business; II. v. 91.
entertainment, reception; I. v. 231.
estate, rank, dignity; I. ii. 44.
estimable, admiring; II. i. 28–29.
eunuch, a boy with a soprano or alto voice; see note,
I. ii. 56.
extcept before excepted, a legal phrase, except what has
been already excepted; I. iii. 7.
expressure, expression; II. iii. 171.
extent, attack; IV. i. 57.
extracting, distracting, absorbing; V. i. 288.
extravagancy, aimless wandering; II. i. 12.

face, bully; IV. ii. 101; V. i. 91.
fadge, agree, fit; II. ii. 34.
fall, cadence; I. i. 4.
fancy, love (verb and noun); I. i. 14; II. v. 30; V. i. 397.
fantastical, imaginative; I. i. 15.
fat and fulsome, nauseating; V. i. 112.
faults, breaks in the line of scent; II. v. 140.
favour, countenance, face; III. iv. 363: leave, pardon, with quibble; II. iv. 25, 26.
fear'st, doubtest; V. i. 228.
feature, shape, make, exterior; III. iv. 387, 400.
fellow, companion, equal (an appellation of familiarity and sometimes of contempt); III. iv. 85.
fertile, abundant; I. v. 274.
firago, apparently for virago; III. iv. 302.
fire-new, brand-new; III. ii. 24.
five wits, the intellectual powers; IV. ii. 92.
flesh'd, made fierce by the taste of flesh; IV. i. 43.
fond, dote; II. ii. 35.
formal, ordinary; II. v. 128.
fraught, load, cargo; V. i. 64.
free, generous, noble; I. v. 99; I. v. 279: innocent, free from care, happy; II. iv. 46.
from, out of; I. v. 201: differently from; V. i. 340.
fustian, high-sounding and empty; II. v. 119.
galliard, a lively dance; I. iii. 127.
gaskins, loose breeches; I. v. 27.
geck, simpleton, dupe; V. i. 351.
genius, the spirit supposed to govern a man's conduct; III. iv. 142.
gentleness, favor, good will; II. i. 45.
giddily, carelessly, indifferently; II. iv. 87.
gin, trap, snare; II. v. 92.
glass, the "perspective" of V. i. 224; V. i. 272.
God buy you, God be with you, good-bye; IV. ii. 108.
good life, virtuous conduct, mirth and jollity; II. iii. 37.
Gorboduc, a legendary British king; IV. ii. 16.
go to, be off, enough said, I don't believe it; IV. i. 3.
grace, virtue; the title of a duke; V. i. 35,
Greek, merry fellow; IV. i. 19.
grize, step; III. i. 135.
gust, gusto, relish; I. iii. 33.

haggard, untrained hawk; III. i. 71.
heat, course in a race or other contest; I. i. 26: normal high temperature; feverish state; I. v. 140.
hermit of Prague, Jerome; IV. ii. 14–15.
hob, nob, have or have not; III. iv. 263.
honesty, decency; II. iii. 94.
hull, float, drift; I. v. 217.
humour, caprice, disposition; I. iv. 5; II. v. 58: -s, mirth, merriment; II. v. 93.
hyperbolical, Feste's corruption of diabolical; IV. ii. 29.

idle markets, useless purchases; III. iii. 46.
idleness, trifling, pastime; I. v. 70.
image, mere appearance, idol; III. iv. 396.
impeticos, see note, II. iii. 27.
importance, importunity; V. i. 371.
incardinate, Sir Andrew's error for incarnate; V. i. 185.
incredulous, incredible; III. iv. 88.
in grain, dyed with dye from a seed-like insect, fast in color; I. v. 255.

jade, play a jade's trick, run away with; II. v. 179.
jealousy, apprehension, fear; III. iii. 8.
jets, struts; II. v. 36.
jump, agree; V. i. 259.

kickshawses, kickshaws, trifles; I. iii. 122.

labell'd, affixed as a codicil; I. v. 265.
lapsed, pounced upon as an offender, apprehended (?). The word does not occur elsewhere in this sense; III. iii. 36.
leasing, lying; I. v. 105.
leman, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.
lenten, spare, scanty, like fare in Lent; I. v. 9.
lets, hinders, detains; V. i. 256.
license of ink, freedom which the written word allows;
III. ii. 48.
lim’d, caught as with bird-lime; III. iv. 82.
list, bound, limit, goal; III. i. 86.
liver, the seat of love and valor; I. i. 37; II. iv. 101.

madonna, my lady; I. v. 46.
maidenhead, maidenhood; I. v. 232-233.
Marry, by (the Virgin) Mary; II. v. 114.
MERIMDONS, Myrmidons, the warlike inhabitants of ancient Thessaly; II. iii. 29.
metal of India, golden girl, jewel; II. v. 16.
mettle, disposition, character; III. iv. 300; V. i. 330.
minion, darling; V. i. 128.
miscarry, come to harm; III. iv. 69.
misprision, mistake, undervaluing; I. v. 61.
Mistress Mall’s picture, probably not a reference to any particular person; I. iii. 135-136.
modest, moderate; I. iii. 9; I. v. 192; IV. ii. 36.
modesty, moderation, decency; II. i. 13; V. i. 343.
motions, emotions; II. iv. 18.
motley, a fool’s parti-colored dress; I. v. 63.
mouse, a term of endearment; I. v. 69.
mute, a dumb house-servant; I. ii. 62.

natural, idiot; I. iii. 30.
nayword, byword; II. iii. 146.
new map, see the Introduction; III. ii. 85.
notorious, egregious; V. i. 351.
'Od's lifelings, corruption and diminution of the oath
"God's life"; V. i. 187.
o'erflourish'd, elaborately carved; III. iv. 404.
old age, past age, simple and primitive time; II. iv. 49.
opposite, antagonistic, contradictory; II. v. 163: adversary; III. ii. 68.
othergates, in another fashion; V. i. 197.
out, on a wrong scent; out of pocket; II. iii. 201.
overture, declaration; I. v. 224-225.
owe, own, possess; I. v. 329.

Pandarus, in Chaucer's tale, the uncle of Criseyde and
friend of Troilus, who served as go-between; III. i. 58.
parish-top, a large top used by peasants for exercise in cold
weather; I. iii. 44-45.
part, rôle; I. v. 191: -s, characteristic actions, merits
or demerits; V. i. 369: gifts, endowments; II. iv. 86.
participate, possess like other men; V. i. 245.
passages of grossness, gross impositions; III. ii. 77.
passion, suffering; II. iv. 4.
pass upon, thrust at, play the fool with; III. i. 48; V. i.
360.
passy measures pavin, see note, V. i. 206, 207.
pedant, schoolmaster; III. ii. 80.
peevish, trifling; perverse; I. v. 319.
Peg-a-Ramsey, a dance tune; II. iii. 81.
Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 195.
perpend, consider; V. i. 307.
personage, personal appearance, figure; I. v. 164.
perspective, a glass which produced optical illusions;
V. i. 224.
pia mater, membrane covering the brain, the brain itself;
I. v. 123.
pitch, height of a falcon's flight; excellence; I. i. 12.
point-device, precisely, exactly; II. v. 177.
points, matters, questions; laces for attaching the hose to the doublet; I. v. 25.
policy, cunning stratagem; III. ii. 32.
politic authors, authors on statecraft; II. v. 175–176.
possess, give possession of, inform; II. iii. 149.
practice, action; skill; I. ii. 13: plot; V. i. 360.
praise, appraise; I. v. 268.
pranks, adorns; II. iv. 89.
pregnant, ready; quick-witted; II. ii. 29; III. i. 100.
present, present possession; III. iv. 380.
presently, immediately; III. iv. 218.
prevented, anticipated; III. i. 94.
private, retirement, privacy; III. iv. 100.
probation, proof, test; II. v. 142.
proof, experience, matter proved by experience; III. i. 135.
proper, fine, handsome; III. i. 144: own; V. i. 327.
proper-false, handsome but false; II. ii. 30.
propertied, used, made a tool of; endowed with qualities; IV. ii. 99.
protests, promises solemnly; III. iv. 330.
quick, living; active; I. i. 9.
Quinapalus, “one of the leaders of the Vapians when they crossed the equinoctial of Quebus” (Furness); I. v. 39.
quirk, caprice, humor; III. iv. 268.
quits, releases; V. i. 329.
rather, sooner; III. iii. 12.
receiving, apprehension, intelligence; III. i. 131.
recollected terms, studied expressions; II. iv. 5.
recover, win; II. iii. 200.
remorse, pity, tenderness; II. iii. 98.
renegado, apostate; III. ii. 74.
Glossary

retention, power of retaining; II. iv. 99.
reverberate, reverberating; I. v. 291.
round, plain-spoken; II. iii. 102.
rudesby, unmannerly or disorderly fellow; IV. i. 55.

sack, a strong, light-colored wine from Spain or the Canary islands; II. iii. 206.
sad, grave, serious; III. iv. 5.
Saint Bennet, probably St. Bennet’s, Paul’s Wharf, London; V. i. 42.

scab, a term of contempt; II. v. 82.
scathful, damaging; V. i. 59.
season, keep fresh; I. i. 30.
self, single; see note, I. i. 39.
semblative, seeming like, suited to; I. iv. 34.
sheep-biter, a vicious dog; an ill-natured fellow; II. v. 6.
shent, scolded, reproached; IV. ii. 112.
shrewdly, wickedly; V. i. 360.
silly, simple, harmless; II. iv. 47.
simulation, concealed meaning; II. v. 151.
sink-a-pace, i.e. cinque-pace, a dance of steps regulated by the number five; I. iii. 138–139.

skilless, ignorant; III. iii. 9.

skills, matters; V. i. 295.
'slid, God’s eyelid; III. iv. 427.
'slight, God’s light; II. v. 38.
slough, cast snake-skin; II. v. 162.
sneck up! go hang! II. iii. 101.
Sophy, the Shah of Persia; II. v. 198; III. iv. 307.
sound, see note, I. i. 5.
sovereign, supreme, excellent; II. iv. 83.

spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.
spleen, fit of laughter; III. ii. 72.
squash, an unripe peascod; I. v. 166.
standing water, water at the turn of the tide, neither ebbing nor flowing; I. v. 168.
staniel, a kind of falcon; II. v. 124.
state, bearing, pose; II. iii. 161: chair with a canopy; II. v. 50: authority, II. v. 58.
still, ever; II. iv. 30.
stock, stocking; I. iii. 144.
stone-bow, a cross-bow for shooting stones; II. v. 51.
stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 14.
stout, proud, overbearing; II. v. 186.
strange, distant, reserved; II. v. 186.
strangle thy propriety, deny thy identity; V. i. 150.
strife, attempt; I. iv. 41.
stuck, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 304.
substractors, detractors, an erroneous form of subtractors; I. iii. 36–37.
swabber, one who cleans the decks; I. v. 217.
swarths, swaths; II. iii. 162.
sweet and twenty, a vocative term of endearment; see note, II. iii. 52.
tabor, a small drum; III. i. 2.
taint, to discredit; III. i. 75.
take up, settle; III. iv. 320.
tall, robust, courageous (often used ironically or contemptuously); I. iii. 20; IV. ii. 8.
tang, ring out, twang; II. v. 164.
Tartar, Tartarus; II. v. 225.
taste, test; III. iv. 267.
taxation, demand; I. v. 225.
tender, regard; V. i. 129.
terms, mode of acting, manner; V. i. 74.
testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.
thought, brooding, melancholy; II. iv. 115.
throw, cast of dice; time (perhaps with quibble); V. i. 45.
tickling, a method of catching fish with the hands; II. v. 26.
tilly-vally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 83.
tinkers, proverbially tipplers and of a noisy trade; II. iii. 95.
touch, feeling, trait; II. i. 13.
tray-trip, a game with dice; II. v. 208.
trick, peculiarity, trait; habit; II. v. 164.
tuck, rapier; see note, III. iv. 244.
tyrannous, cruel, pitiless; III. i. 131.

undertaker, one who assumes the business of others, a meddler; III. iv. 349.
ungracious, hateful; IV. i. 51.
unhatch’d, unhacked; III. iv. 257.
unkind, unnatural; III. iv. 402.
unprizable, valueless; V. i. 58.
use, interest; III. i. 57.

vainness, boastfulness; see note, III. iv. 389.
validity, value, worth; I. i. 12.
venerable, worshipful, admirable (without implication of age); III. iv. 397.
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viol-de-gamboys, viol da gamba, bass viol; I. iii. 27.
voices, talk, report; I. v. 279.
Vox, voice, i.e. the loud voice appropriate for the reading of a madman’s epistle; V. i. 304.
vulgar, common, ordinary; III. i. 135.

welkin, sky; II. iii. 58.
westward ho! a cry of the Thames boatmen; III. i. 146.
whiles, until; IV. iii. 29.
willing, desirous; II. i. 14.
wit, judgment; I. ii. 61: understanding; I. iii. 91; II. iii. 94.
woodcock, an emblem of stupidity; II. v. 92.
worth, wealth; III. iii. 17.

yare, ready; III. iv. 244.

zanies, buffoons who imitated the clown; I. v. 96.
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