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Twelfth Night

ACT 1. SC. 5

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love.
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes.
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—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.

VIOLA

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

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Maria and [Feste, the Fool.]

MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,

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absence.

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

MARIA

FOOL

MARIA

FOOL

MARIA

FOOL

MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent.

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

MARIA You are resolute, then?

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

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

FOOL Apt, in good faith, very apt.

MARIA Peace, you rogue.

my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.
[*She exits.*]

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio [and Attendants.]

FOOL [*Aside.*] Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good
fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very
oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may
pass for a wise man.

"Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit." —

35

OLIVIA Take the Fool away.
 FOOL Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.
 OLIVIA I'll no more of you.
 Besides, you grow dishonest.
 FOOL Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend.
 Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.
 If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy?
 The Lady bade take away the Fool. Inerefore, I say again, take her away.
 OLIVIA Sir, I bade them take away you.
 FOOL Misprision in the highest degree!
 Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
 OLIVIA Can you do it?
 FOOL I must catechize you for it, madonna.
 OLIVIA Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
 FOOL Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?
 OLIVIA Good Fool, for my brother's death.
 FOOL I know his soul is in heaven, Fool.
 FOOL The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven.
 OLIVIA What think you of this Fool, Malvolio?

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MALVOLIO Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better Fool.
 FOOL God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly!
 OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio?
 MALVOLIO I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal.
 Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of Fools no better than the Fools' zanies.
 OLIVIA There is no slander in an allowed Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.
 FOOL Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of Fools!
 Enter Maria.
 MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman
 OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it?
 MARIA I know not, madam.
 OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?
 MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
 OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you.
 Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick,

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[redacted] (*Mal-
volio exits.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling
grows old, and people dislike it.
FOOL Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest
son should be a Fool, whose skull Jove cram with
brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a
most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

OLIVIA By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the
gate, cousin? 115

TOBY A gentleman.

OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?

TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here— [redacted] 120

FOOL Good Sir Toby.

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

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

OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?

TOBY Let him be the devil an he will, I care not [redacted]

He exits.

OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, Fool?

FOOL Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman [redacted] 130

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

FOOL He is but mad yet, madonna, and the Fool shall
look to the madman. [redacted] 135
He exits.

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO 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. [redacted] 140

OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO 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. 145

OLIVIA What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA What manner of man?

MALVOLIO Of very ill manner. [redacted] 150

OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young
enough for a boy— [redacted] 155

He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrew-
ishly. [redacted] 160

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *He exits.*

Enter Maria.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. [redacted]

Olivia veils.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

165

Enter Viola.

VIOLA The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?
 VIOLA Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable
 beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the
 house, for I never saw her.

170

OLIVIA Whence came you, sir?

175

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

180

OLIVIA Are you a comedian?

VIOLA No, my profound heart.

Are
 you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA If I do not usurp myself, I am.

185

VIOLA Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp
 yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to
 reserve.

190

OLIVIA Come to what is important in 't.

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

195

OLIVIA It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you,
 keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and
 allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than
 to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have
 reason, be brief.

200

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

VIOLA No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little

longer.—

OLIVIA Tell me your mind.

VIOLA I am a messenger.

205

OLIVIA Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver
 when the courtesy of it is so fearful.

VIOLA It alone concerns your ear.

210

My words are as full of peace as matter.

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

VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
 learned from my entertainment.

215

OLIVIA Give us the place alone.

Enter Maria and Attendants exit. Now, sir, what
 is your text?

220

VIOLA Most sweet lady—

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

VIOLA In Orsino's bosom.

225

OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.

230

OLIVIA You are now out of your
 text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the
 picture. She removes her veil.

Is 't not well done?

VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.

235

OLIVIA

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VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

240

[REDACTED]

OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted! I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be
inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled
to my will.

245

[REDACTED]

VIOLA

I see you what you are. You are too proud.
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompensed though you were
crowned

250

The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA

[REDACTED]

255

[REDACTED]

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

260

[REDACTED]

But yet I cannot love him.

[REDACTED]

265

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense.

[REDACTED]

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OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

270

VIOLA

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,
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills

275

[REDACTED]

OLIVIA

You might do much.

280

What is your parentage?

VIOLA

I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.

285

I cannot love him. Let him send no more—

Unless perchance you come to me again

To tell me how he takes it.

I thank you for your pains.

[REDACTED] *She offers money.*

VIOLA

Keep your purse.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Farewell, fair cruelty. *She exits.*

OLIVIA

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit

Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft,

soft!

300

[REDACTED]

308. County's man: count's servant
 309. Would I: i.e., whether I wanted it; I'll . . . it:
 i.e., I do not want it
 310. flatter with: i.e., encourage
 313. Hie thee: hurry
 317. owe: own



Acteon. (1.1.24)
 From Ovid, *Le metamorphosi* . . . (1538).

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth

What ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO Here, madam, at your service.
 OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
 He left this ring behind him,

[She hands him a ring.]

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
 If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
 I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO Madam, I will.
 OLIVIA *He exits.*

Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[She exits.]