

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.  
 To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say  
 My love can give no place, bide no denial.  
*[He hands her a jewel and they exit.]*

## Scene 5

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

TOBY Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

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

TOBY

*[Redacted]*  
 You know he brought me  
 out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.

*[Redacted]*  
 we

will fool him black and blue,  
*[Redacted]*

*Enter Maria.*

Here comes the little villain. *[Redacted]*

MARIA

*[Redacted]* Malvolio's  
 coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the  
 sun practicing behavior to his own shadow.

Observe him, for the love of mockery.

*[Redacted]* *[They hide.]* Lie  
 thou there *[putting down the letter]*, for here comes  
 the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*She exits.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

MALVOLIO

*[Redacted]* 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.

TOBY, *[aside]* Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN, *[aside]* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare  
 turkeycock of him. *[Redacted]*

MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio.

ANDREW, *aside*! Pistol him, pistol him!

FABIAN, *aside*! O, peace, now he's deeply in. Look how  
 imagination blows him.

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

TOBY, *[aside]* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, , having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—  
  
  


telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—


Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him.

TOBY, *[aside]* Toby approaches; curtsies there to me— Shall this fellow live?

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

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

TOBY, *[aside]* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

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


"You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY, *[aside]* Out, scab!

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

81 *Twelfth Night* ACT 2. SC. 5

ANDREW, *[aside]* That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO "One Sir Andrew."




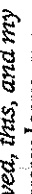
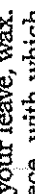
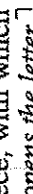
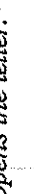






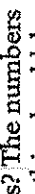





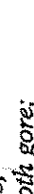
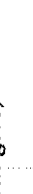









ANDREW, *[aside]* I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO, *[seeing the letter]* What employment have we here?

FABIAN, *[aside]* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

TOBY, *[aside]* O, peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO, *[taking up the letter]* By my life, this is my lady's hand!

*reads!* To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes—Her very phrases! By your leave, wax.

Soft. And the impresse her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal—'tis my lady! *[He opens the letter.]* To whom should this be?

FABIAN, *[aside]* This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO *[reads]*

*Love knows I love,*

*But who?*

*Lips, do not move;*

*No man must know.*

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


*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.*

TOBY, *[aside]* Excellent wench, say I.

[REDACTED]

FABIAN, [aside] What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

115

MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady

120

[REDACTED] And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me! Softly! "M.O.A.I."—

TOBY, [aside] O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold scent.

125

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

MALVOLIO "M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins my name!

130

FABIAN, [aside] Did not I say he would work it out?

135

[REDACTED]

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

140

[He reads.] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.

145

Some are [born] great, some [achieve] greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

150

[REDACTED] cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state.

155

[REDACTED] She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered

[REDACTED] Go to, thou art made, if thou desire'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.

160

Daylight and champion discovers not more!

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

[REDACTED]. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself,

165

[REDACTED] for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love

170

[REDACTED] I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on.

175

[REDACTED] Here is yet a postscript.

[He reads.] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling

180

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

He exits.

FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 185  
TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.

[REDACTED] And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest. 190

[REDACTED] *Enter Maria.*

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

TOBY Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

[REDACTED] 195

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

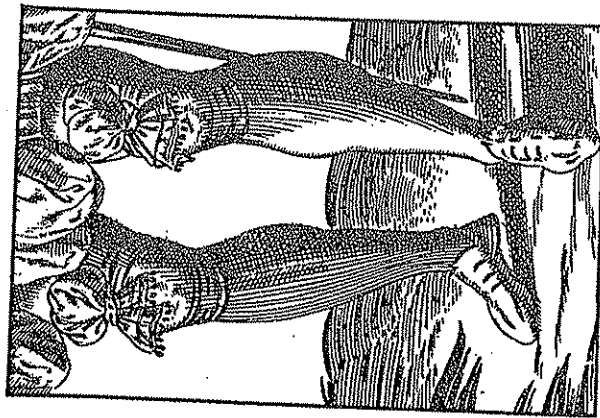
[REDACTED] 200

MARIA mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.

TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit! 210

[REDACTED] *They exit.*

- 185. Sophy: shah of Persia
- 191. gull-catcher: A gull is a person easily cheated.
- 194. play; bet; tray-trip: a gambling game
- 200. aqua vitae: strong drink, usually brandy
- 208. notable contempt: i.e., well-known object of contempt
- 210. Tartar: i.e., Tartarus, hell
- 212. make one, too: i.e., join you



Legs cross-gartered. (2.5.158)  
From Abraham de Bruyn, *Omnium pene Europae, Asiae . . . gentium habitus . . .* (1581).