

Edited Edition

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Twelfth Night

ACT 4. SC. 2

Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!— 50

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby, begone! *[Toby, Andrew, and Fabian exit.]*

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway 55

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 botched up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go. 60

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

SEBASTIAN, *[aside]*

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; 65

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be! 70

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Maria and [Feste, the Fool.]

MARIA [redacted] put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. [redacted]

[She exits.]

FOOL 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. *[He puts on gown and beard.]* 5

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Twelfth Night

ACT 4. SC. 2

[redacted]

10

Enter Toby [and Maria.]

TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

FOOL *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"? 15

TOBY To him, Sir Topas.

FOOL, *[disguising his voice]* What ho, I say! Peace in this prison! 20

TOBY The knave counterfeits well. [redacted]

Malvolio within.

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

FOOL Sir Topas the curate, [redacted]

MALVOLIO [redacted] good Sir Topas, go to my lady— 25

FOOL Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. [redacted] 30

FOOL 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. [redacted] 35

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas. [REDACTED]

FOOL Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog. 40

MALVOLIO I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. [REDACTED] 45

FOOL What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl? 50

MALVOLIO That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 55

FOOL What thinkst thou of his opinion?

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

FOOL Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' 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. 60

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas! 65

FOOL Nay, I am for all waters. [REDACTED] 70

TOBY To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with

any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. 75

[Toby and Maria] exit.

FOOL [sings, in his own voice]

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
MALVOLIO 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. 80

FOOL Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool. 90

FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, [REDACTED] 95

MALVOLIO They have here propertyed me, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]—and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL Advise you what you say. The minister is here.

[In the voice of Sir Topas.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble-babble. 100

MALVOLIO Sir Topas!

105-6. **God buy you:** i.e., God be with you, good-bye

110. **shent:** rebuked

114. **Welladay that:** i.e., alas, if only

117. **advantage:** benefit, profit

118. **letter:** i.e., a letter

128. **the old Vice:** a comic character in earlier drama, whose props (dagger or lath, or wood) and antics are described in the lines of the song

133. **goodman:** a title indicating a low social rank



"Shall we make the welkin dance?" (2.3.58)
From *Image du monde. The myrrour-dyscrypcyon of the world* . . . (1527).

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FOOL, ^{as Sir Topas} Maintain no words with him, good fellow. ^{As Fool.} Who, I, sir? Not I, sir! God buy you, good Sir Topas. ^{As Sir Topas.} Marry, amen. ^{As Fool.} I will, sir, I will. 105

MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!

FOOL Alas sir, be patient. What say you, sir? [REDACTED]

110

MALVOLIO 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.

FOOL Welladay that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. [REDACTED]

115

[REDACTED] it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

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

120

MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. [REDACTED]

FOOL Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, begone.

125

[REDACTED]

130

He exits.