

Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

SEBASTIAN Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase, and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you

For an hour.

ANTONIO To th' Elephant.

I do remember.

SEBASTIAN

They exit in different directions.

Scene 4

Enter Olivia and Maria.

OLIVIA, *[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 begged or borrowed.

I speak too loud.—

Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is Malvolio?

MARIA He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLIVIA Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA 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.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither. *[Maria exits.]* I am as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Maria with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho, ho!
OLIVIA Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

OLIVIA Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO 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.

OLIVIA Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO To bed? "Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee."

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

MARIA How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!

MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO "Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well writ.

OLIVIA What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO "Some are born great—"

OLIVIA Ha?

MALVOLIO "Some achieve greatness—"

OLIVIA What sayst thou?

MALVOLIO "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—"

OLIVIA Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLIVIA Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so—"

OLIVIA Am I made?

MALVOLIO "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA I'll come to him. *[Servant exits.]* Good Maria, let this fellow be looked 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.

[Olivia and Maria exit in different directions.]

MALVOLIO 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 limed 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.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

TOBY Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? How is 't with you, man?

MALVOLIO Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA, *[to Toby]* 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.

MALVOLIO Aha, does she so?

TOBY, *[to Fabian and Maria]* 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.

MALVOLIO Do you know what you say?
MARTA, *[to Toby]* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!

FABIAN Carry his water to th' wisewoman.

MARIA Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO How now, mistress?

MARIA O Lord!

TOBY Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

- FABIAN No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough and will not be roughly used. 120
- TOBY, *[to Malvolio]* Why, how now, my bawcock? How dost thou, chuck?
- MALVOLIO Sir!
- TOBY Ay, biddy, come with me.—What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!
- MARIA Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.
- MALVOLIO My prayers, minx?
- MARIA, *[to Toby]* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. 130
- MALVOLIO Go hang yourselves all! You are idle, shal-low things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. *He exits.*
- TOBY Is 't possible?
- FABIAN If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 135
- TOBY His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.
- MARIA Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
- FABIAN Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
- MARIA The house will be the quieter.
- TOBY 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!
- Enter Sir Andrew.*
- FABIAN More matter for a May morning.
- ANDREW, *[presenting a paper]* Here's the challenge. Read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't. 150

- FABIAN Is 't so saucy?
- ANDREW Ay, is 't. I warrant him. Do but read.
- TOBY Give me. *[He reads.]* Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.
- FABIAN Good, and valiant.
- TOBY *[reads]* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't. 155
- FABIAN A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.
- TOBY *[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. 165
- FABIAN Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.
- TOBY *[reads]* I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me—
- FABIAN Good.
- TOBY *[reads]* Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.
- FABIAN Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law. Good.
- TOBY *[reads]* Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, *Andrew Aguecheek.*
- If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him. 180
- MARIA You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
- TOBY 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 twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 185 190

ANDREW Nay, let me alone for swearing. *He exits.*

TOBY Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior 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 clodpoll. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor, 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.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

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

TOBY I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Toby, Fabian, and Maria exit.]

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honor 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.

VIOLA

With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA

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 tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[She exits.]

Enter Toby and Fabian.

TOBY Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA And you, sir.

TOBY That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dis-mount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

VIOLA You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offense done to any man.

TOBY 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.

VIOLA I pray you, sir, what is he?

TOBY He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher. "Hob, nob" is his word; "give 't or take 't."

VIOLA 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 valor. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

TOBY 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.

VIOLA This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

TOBY I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

VIOLA Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN I know the knight is incensed against you even to a mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance more.

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

FABIAN Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is indeed, sir, the most skillful, 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.

VIOLA 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.

They exit.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

TOBY Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a frago. 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.

ANDREW Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him.

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

ANDREW Plague on 't! An I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

TOBY I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. *Aside.* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

Toby crosses to meet them.

Aside to Fabian. I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN, *aside to Toby* He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his heels.

TOBY, *to Viola* 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.

VIOLA Pray God defend me! *Aside.* A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN Give ground if you see him furious.

[*Toby crosses to Andrew.*]

TOBY Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honor'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.

320

ANDREW, [*drawing his sword*] Pray God he keep his oath!

VIOLA, [*drawing her sword*]

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

325

Enter Antonio.

ANTONIO, [*to Andrew*]

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offense, I take the fault on me.

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

TOBY You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO, [*drawing his sword*]

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

TOBY, [*drawing his sword*]

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

330

Enter Officers.

FABIAN O, good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

TOBY, [*to Antonio*] I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA, [*to Andrew*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. 335

ANDREW Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER This is the man. Do thy office.

340

SECOND OFFICER Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away. He knows I know him well.

345

ANTONIO

I must obey. [*To Viola.*] This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,

But be of comfort.

350

SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO, [*to Viola*]

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed 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. [*Offering him money.*]

360

ANTONIO Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsoond a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

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—

ANTONIO O heavens themselves!

375

SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO

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

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO

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

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad. Away with him.—Come,
come, sir.

ANTONIO Lead me on.

[Antonio and Officers] exit.

VIOLA, [aside]

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!

TOBY Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian. We'll
whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
[Toby, Fabian, and Andrew move aside.]

VIOLA

He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[She exits.]

400

405

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

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

410

ANDREW 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

TOBY Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

ANDREW An I do not—

415

FABIAN Come, let's see the event.

TOBY I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[They] exit.