

affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 20

ORSINO Why, this is excellent.

FOOL By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be one of my friends.

ORSINO, [giving a coin]

Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold. 25

FOOL But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.

FOOL Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. 30

ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [He gives a coin.]

FOOL *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. 35

ORSINO 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. 40

FOOL 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. 45

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well.

Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared

As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

A baubling vessel was he captain of,

50

## ACT 5

### Scene 1

*Enter [Feste, the Fool] and Fabian.*

FABIAN Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

FOOL Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN Anything.

FOOL Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again. 5

*Enter [Orsino,] Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FOOL Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends. 10

ORSINO

Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

FOOL No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO How can that be?

FOOL Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. 15

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

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
 With which such scatheful grapple did he make  
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet  
 That very envy and the tongue of loss  
 Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter? 55

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio  
 That took the *Phoenix* 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. 60

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,  
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.  
 I know not what 'twas but distraction. 65

ORSINO

Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,  
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies  
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
 Hast made thine enemies? 70

ANTONIO

Be pleased that I shake off these names you give  
 me. 75

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  
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth  
 Did I redeem; a wrack 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  
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
 Into the danger of this adverse town;  
 Drew to defend him when he was beset; 80

Where, being apprehended, his false cunning  
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance  
 And grew a twenty years' removed thing  
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
 Which I had recommended to his use  
 Not half an hour before. 85

VIOLA How can this be?

ORSINO, *To Antonio* When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,  
 No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,  
 Both day and night did we keep company. 90

*Enter Olivia and Attendants.*

ORSINO

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. *To an Officer.* Take him  
 aside. 100

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. 105

VIOLA Madam?

ORSINO Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
 As howling after music. 110

OLIVIA  
Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA  
Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA  
Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—  
Call forth the holy father. [*An Attendant exits.*]

ORSINO, [*to Viola*]  
Come, away!

OLIVIA  
Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO  
Husband?

OLIVIA  
Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO  
Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA  
No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA  
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 passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchanging of your rings,  
And all the ceremony of this compact

ORSINO  
Still so cruel?

OLIVIA  
Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO  
What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithful'st off'rings have breathed out  
That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

OLIVIA  
Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO  
Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy  
That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:  
Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favor,  
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  
Where he sits crownèd 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.

VIOLA  
And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA  
Where goes Cesario?

After him I love

VIOLA  
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,  
Punish my life for tainting of my love.

Sealed in my function, by my testimony;  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my  
grave

I have traveled but two hours.

ORSINO *[To Viola]*

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be  
When time hath sowed 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.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA O, do not swear.

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

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

OLIVIA What's the matter?

ANDREW 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.

OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took  
him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnid-  
nate.

ORSINO My gentleman Cesario?

ANDREW '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.

VIOLA

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.

170

175

180

185

190

195

ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt  
me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Toby and [Feste, the Fool.]*

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear  
more. But if he had not been in drink, he would  
have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is 't with you? 205

TOBY That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end  
on 't. *[To Fool.]* Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes  
were set at eight i' th' morning.

TOBY Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin. I  
hate a drunken rogue. 210

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc  
with them?

ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be  
dressed together. 215

TOBY Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb,  
and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

*[Toby, Andrew, Fool, and Fabian exit.]*

*Enter Sebastian.*

SEBASTIAN

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.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

220

225

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours racked and tortured me  
Since I have lost thee!

230

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

Sebastian Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

SEBASTIAN

How have you made division of yourself?

An apple cleft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

235

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN, *looking at Viola*

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 devoured.

240

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA

Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.

Such a Sebastian was my brother, too.

So went he suited to his watery tomb.

245

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN

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, drownèd Viola."

250

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN And so had mine.

255

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finishèd indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

260

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurped attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola; which to confirm,

265

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

270

SEBASTIAN, *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, deceived:

You are betrothèd both to a maid and man.

275

ORSINO, *to Olivia*

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

280

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orbèd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

ORSINO Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

285

VIOLA

The Captain that did bring me first on shore

*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 used Malvolio.* 325

OLIVIA Did he write this?

FOOL Ay, madam.

ORSINO

This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.

*[Fabian exits.]*

*[To Orsino.]* My lord, so please you, these things 330

further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

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

Here at my house, and at my proper cost. 335

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt t' 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 called me "master" for so long,

Here is my hand. You shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA, *[to Viola]* A sister! You are she.

*Enter Malvolio [and Fabian.]*

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.—

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Madam, you have done me

wrong,

Notorious wrong. 350

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.

290

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him.

*Enter [Feste, the Fool] with a letter, and Fabian.*

Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banished his.

*[To the Fool.]* How does he, sirrah?

295

FOOL Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stove'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 today

morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gos-

pels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA Open 't and read it.

FOOL Look then to be well edified, when the Fool

delivers the madman. *[He reads.]* By the Lord, 305

*madam—*

OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?

FOOL No, madam, I do but read madness. An your

Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must

allow vox. 310

OLIVIA Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FOOL So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to

read thus. Therefore, perpend, my princess, and

give ear.

OLIVIA, *[giving letter to Fabian.]* Read it you, sirrah. 315

FABIAN *(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* 320

OLIVIA Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO, [*handing her a paper*]

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,

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 honor,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favor?

Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,

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 suffered me to be imprisoned,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though I confess much like the character.

But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

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 presupposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithce, be content.

This practice hath most shrewdly passed 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.

FABIAN Good madam, hear me speak,

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come

Taint the condition of this present hour,

Which I have wondered 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 conceived against him. Maria writ

385

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was followed

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,

If that the injuries be justly weighed

That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA, [*to Malvolio*]

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FOOL 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

gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in

his revenges.

400

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you! [*He exits.*]

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace. [*Some exit.*]

He hath not told us of the Captain yet.

When that is known, and golden time convents,

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.

[*All but the Fool exit.*]

410

FOOL 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.*

415

But when I came to man's estate,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

420

But when I came, alas, to wive,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

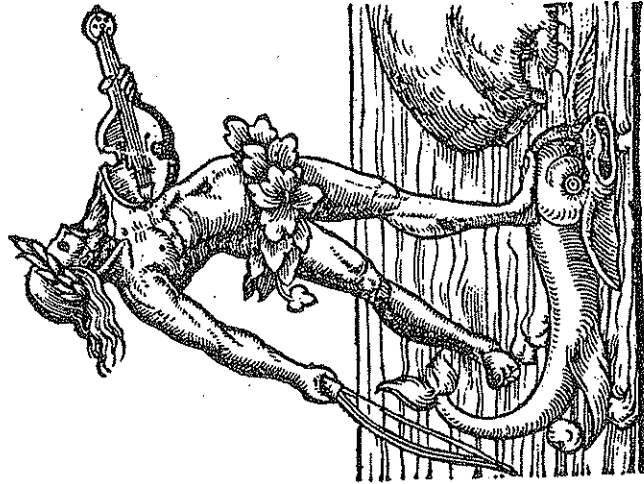
425

But when I came unto my beds,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 With tosspots still had drunken heads,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

430

A great while ago the world begun,  
 [With] hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you every day. [He exits.]

416. came . . . estate: i.e., grew up to be a man  
 426. tosspots: drunkards (The meaning of this stanza continues to be debated.)  
 430. that's all one: i.e., none of that matters



"Arion on the dolphin's back." (1.2.16)  
 From Sigmund, Freiherr von Herberstein, *Rerum Moscoviticarum  
 commentarij . . . Russiae . . . descriptio . . .* (1556).