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Twelfth Night Act 1

[00:01:12] If music be the food of love, play on;
 [00:01:16] Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 [00:01:18] The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 [00:01:24] That strain again! it had a dying fall:
 [00:01:29] O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
 [00:01:32] That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 [00:01:34] Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
 [00:01:41] 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 [00:01:45] O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
 [00:01:49] That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 [00:01:51] Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 [00:01:54] Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 [00:01:56] But falls into abatement and low price,
 [00:01:59] Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
 [00:02:03] That it alone is high fantastical.
 [00:02:08] Will you go hunt, my lord?
 [00:02:10] What, Curio?
 [00:02:12] The hart.
 [00:02:13] Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 [00:02:17] O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 [00:02:20] Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
 [00:02:23] That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
 [00:02:26] And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 [00:02:27] E'er since pursue me.
 [00:02:30] How now! what news from her?
 [00:02:32] So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
 [00:02:38] But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 [00:02:42] The element itself, till seven years' heat,
 [00:02:43] Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 [00:02:46] But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
 [00:02:49] And water once a day her chamber round
 [00:02:51] With eye-offending brine: all this to season
 [00:02:54] A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 [00:02:56] And lasting in her sad remembrance.
 [00:03:05] O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 [00:03:08] To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 [00:03:11] How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 [00:03:13] Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 [00:03:15] That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
 [00:03:18] These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
 [00:03:20] Her sweet perfections with one self king!
 [00:03:25] Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
 [00:03:30] Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
 [00:03:48] What country, friends, is this?
 [00:03:50] This is Illyria, lady.
 [00:03:53] And what should I do in Illyria?
 [00:03:55] My brother he is in Elysium.
 [00:03:58] Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
 [00:04:02] It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
 [00:04:04] O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
 [00:04:07] True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
 [00:04:09] Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 [00:04:12] When you and those poor number saved with you
 [00:04:13] Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 [00:04:16] Most provident in peril, bind himself,
 [00:04:18] Courage and hope both teaching him the practise,
 [00:04:20] To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
 [00:04:23] Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

[00:04:26] I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
 [00:04:27] So long as I could see.
 [00:04:29] For saying so, there's gold:
 [00:04:32] Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 [00:04:35] Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 [00:04:37] The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
 [00:04:42] Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
 [00:04:45] Not three hours' travel from this very place.
 [00:04:47] Who governs here?
 [00:04:48] A noble duke, in nature as in name.
 [00:04:51] What is the name?
 [00:04:53] Orsino.
 [00:04:55] Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
 [00:04:58] He was a bachelor then.
 [00:05:00] And so is now, or was so very late;
 [00:05:03] For but a month ago I went from hence,
 [00:05:04] And then 'twas fresh in murmur,--as, you know,
 [00:05:07] What great ones do the less will prattle of,--
 [00:05:10] That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
 [00:05:12] What's she?
 [00:05:13] A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 [00:05:16] That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
 [00:05:19] In the protection of his son, her brother,
 [00:05:21] Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 [00:05:24] They say, she hath abjured the company
 [00:05:26] And sight of men.
 [00:05:27] O that I served that lady
 [00:05:29] And might not be delivered to the world,
 [00:05:31] Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 [00:05:33] What my estate is!
 [00:05:35] That were hard to compass;
 [00:05:36] Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 [00:05:40] No, not the duke's.
 [00:05:42] There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
 [00:05:44] And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 [00:05:46] Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 [00:05:48] I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 [00:05:51] With this thy fair and outward character.
 [00:05:54] I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 [00:06:00] Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 [00:06:04] For such disguise as haply shall become
 [00:06:07] The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
 [00:06:11] Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:
 [00:06:13] It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
 [00:06:17] And speak to him in many sorts of music
 [00:06:19] That will allow me very worth his service.
 [00:06:22] What else may hap to time I will commit;
 [00:06:27] Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
 [00:06:30] Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 [00:06:33] When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
 [00:06:36] I thank thee: lead me on.
 [00:06:43] What a plague means my niece,
 [00:06:45] to take the death of her brother thus?
 [00:06:47] I am sure care's an enemy to life.
 [00:06:50] By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights:
 [00:06:57] your cousin, my lady, takes great
 [00:06:59] exceptions to your ill hours.
 [00:07:00] Why, let her except, before excepted.
 [00:07:04] Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest
 [00:07:06] limits of order.

[00:07:07] Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am:
 [00:07:09] these clothes are good enough to drink in;
 [00:07:11] and so be these boots too: an they be not,
 [00:07:13] let them hang themselves in their own straps.
 [00:07:15] That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
 [00:07:18] I heard my lady talk of it yesterday;
 [00:07:20] and of a foolish knight
 [00:07:22] that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.
 [00:07:25] Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
 [00:07:26] Ay, he.
 [00:07:28] He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
 [00:07:30] What's that to the purpose?
 [00:07:34] Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
 [00:07:36] Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats:
 [00:07:38] he's a very fool and a prodigal.
 [00:07:41] Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,
 [00:07:44] and speaks three or four languages
 [00:07:47] word for word without book,
 [00:07:49] and hath all the good gifts of nature.
 [00:07:50] He hath indeed, almost natural:
 [00:07:53] for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller:
 [00:07:55] and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay
 [00:07:58] the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent
 [00:08:01] he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
 [00:08:03] By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors
 [00:08:08] that say so of him. Who are they?
 [00:08:10] They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
 [00:08:12] With drinking healths to my niece:
 [00:08:14] I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat
 [00:08:17] and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystroll
 [00:08:20] that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn
 [00:08:23] o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench!
 [00:08:28] Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.
 [00:08:40] Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
 [00:08:48] Sweet Sir Andrew!
 [00:08:49] Bless you, fair shrew.
 [00:08:51] And you too, sir.
 [00:08:52] Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
 [00:08:53] What's that?
 [00:08:54] My niece's chambermaid.
 [00:08:56] Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
 [00:08:59] My name is Mary, sir.
 [00:09:01] Good Mistress Mary Accost,--
 [00:09:03] You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her,
 [00:09:07] board her, woo her, assail her.
 [00:09:09] By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.
 [00:09:11] Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
 [00:09:13] Fare you well, gentlemen.
 [00:09:14] An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,
 [00:09:15] would thou mightst never draw sword again.
 [00:09:17] An you part so, mistress,
 [00:09:18] I would I might never draw sword again.
 [00:09:21] Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
 [00:09:25] Sir, I have not you by the hand.
 [00:09:27] Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.
 [00:09:29] Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you,
 [00:09:33] bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
 [00:09:36] Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?
 [00:09:38] It's dry, sir.
 [00:09:40] Why, I think so: I am not such an ass

[00:09:41] but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
 [00:09:44] A dry jest, sir.
 [00:09:47] Are you full of them?
 [00:09:48] Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends:
 [00:09:50] marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.
 [00:09:56] O knight thou lackest a cup of canary:
 [00:09:59] when did I see thee so put down?
 [00:10:02] Never in your life, I think;
 [00:10:03] unless you see canary put me down.
 [00:10:05] Methinks sometimes I have no more wit
 [00:10:07] than a Christian or an ordinary man has:
 [00:10:10] but I am a great eater of beef
 [00:10:12] and I believe that does harm to my wit.
 [00:10:16] An I thought that, I'd forswear it.
 [00:10:18] I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
 [00:10:21] Pourquoi, my dear knight?
 [00:10:23] What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do?
 [00:10:25] I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues
 [00:10:27] that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting:
 [00:10:29] O, had I but followed the arts!
 [00:10:32] Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
 [00:10:34] Why, would that have mended my hair?
 [00:10:36] Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
 [00:10:38] But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
 [00:10:40] Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;
 [00:10:43] and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs
 [00:10:45] and spin it off.
 [00:10:51] Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby:
 [00:10:54] your niece will not be seen; or if she be,
 [00:10:56] it's four to one she'll none of me:
 [00:10:59] the count himself here hard by woos her.
 [00:11:01] She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree,
 [00:11:05] neither in estate, years, nor wit;
 [00:11:06] I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.
 [00:11:13] I'll stay a month longer.
 [00:11:15] I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world;
 [00:11:17] I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
 [00:11:21] Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?
 [00:11:23] As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,
 [00:11:26] under the degree of my betters;
 [00:11:27] and yet I will not compare with an old man.
 [00:11:29] What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
 [00:11:32] Faith, I can cut a caper.
 [00:11:33] And I can cut the mutton to't.
 [00:11:35] And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong
 [00:11:37] as any man in Illyria.
 [00:11:40] Wherefore are these things hid?
 [00:11:42] wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?
 [00:11:44] are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?
 [00:11:46] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard
 [00:11:49] and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig;
 [00:11:52] I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.
 [00:11:57] What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in?
 [00:12:00] I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg,
 [00:12:05] it was formed under the star of a galliard.
 [00:12:08] Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well
 [00:12:10] in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?
 [00:12:14] What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?
 [00:12:17] Taurus! That's sides and heart.
 [00:12:18] No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper;

[00:12:21] ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!
 [00:12:35] If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario,
 [00:12:37] you are like to be much advanced:
 [00:12:39] he hath known you but three days,
 [00:12:41] and already you are no stranger.
 [00:12:43] You either fear his humour or my negligence,
 [00:12:45] that you call in question the continuance of his love:
 [00:12:48] is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?
 [00:12:50] No, believe me.
 [00:12:52] I thank you. Here comes the count.
 [00:12:53] Who saw Cesario, ho?
 [00:12:54] On your attendance, my lord; here.
 [00:12:58] Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,
 [00:13:04] Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
 [00:13:07] To thee the book even of my secret soul:
 [00:13:10] Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
 [00:13:12] Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
 [00:13:14] And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
 [00:13:16] Till thou have audience.
 [00:13:17] Sure, my noble lord,
 [00:13:18] If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
 [00:13:20] As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
 [00:13:22] Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
 [00:13:25] Rather than make unprofit'd return.
 [00:13:27] Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
 [00:13:30] O, then unfold the passion of my love,
 [00:13:33] Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
 [00:13:37] It shall become thee well to act my woes;
 [00:13:39] She will attend it better in thy youth
 [00:13:41] Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
 [00:13:43] I think not so, my lord.
 [00:13:46] Dear lad, believe it;
 [00:13:49] For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
 [00:13:50] That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
 [00:13:54] Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is
 [00:13:58] as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
 [00:14:02] And all is semblative a woman's part.
 [00:14:06] I know thy constellation is right apt
 [00:14:08] For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
 [00:14:10] All, if you will; for I myself am best
 [00:14:15] When least in company. Prosper well in this,
 [00:14:18] And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 [00:14:21] To call his fortunes thine.
 [00:14:22] I'll do my best
 [00:14:23] To woo your lady:
 [00:14:29] yet, a barful strife!
 [00:14:31] Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
 [00:14:45] Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
 [00:14:47] or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter
 [00:14:49] in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
 [00:14:52] Let her hang me:
 [00:14:53] he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.
 [00:14:56] Make that good.
 [00:14:57] He shall see none to fear.
 [00:14:58] A good lenten answer:
 [00:15:00] I can tell thee where that saying was born,
 [00:15:02] of 'I fear no colours.'
 [00:15:03] Where, good Mistress Mary?
 [00:15:05] In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
 [00:15:07] Well, God give them wisdom that have it;

[00:15:09] and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
 [00:15:12] Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent;
 [00:15:15] or, to be turned away,
 [00:15:16] is not that as good as a hanging to you?
 [00:15:18] Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
 [00:15:20] and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
 [00:15:22] You are resolute, then?
 [00:15:23] Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.
 [00:15:26] That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break,
 [00:15:28] your gaskins fall.
 [00:15:30] Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way;
 [00:15:33] if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty
 [00:15:35] a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.
 [00:15:38] Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady:
 [00:15:42] make your excuse wisely, you were best.
 [00:15:46] Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
 [00:15:49] Those wits, that think they have thee,
 [00:15:50] do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee,
 [00:15:53] may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?
 [00:15:57] 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'
 [00:16:00] God bless thee, lady!
 [00:16:01] Take the fool away.
 [00:16:02] Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
 [00:16:05] Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you:
 [00:16:10] besides, you grow dishonest.
 [00:16:12] Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel
 [00:16:14] will amend: for give the dry fool drink,
 [00:16:16] then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself;
 [00:16:20] if he mend, he is no longer dishonest;
 [00:16:22] if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.
 [00:16:24] Any thing that's mended is but patched:
 [00:16:26] virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin;
 [00:16:29] and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.
 [00:16:32] If that this simple syllogism will serve, so;
 [00:16:34] if it will not, what remedy?
 [00:16:37] As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.
 [00:16:42] The lady bade take away the fool;
 [00:16:44] therefore, I say again, take her away.
 [00:16:45] Sir, I bade them take away you.
 [00:16:47] Misprision in the highest degree!
 [00:16:49] Good madonna,
 [00:16:50] give me leave to prove you a fool.
 [00:16:52] Can you do it?
 [00:16:54] Dexterously, good madonna.
 [00:16:56] Make your proof.
 [00:16:57] I must catechise you for it, madonna:
 [00:16:59] good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
 [00:17:02] Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
 [00:17:06] Good madonna, why mournest thou?
 [00:17:08] Good fool, for my brother's death.
 [00:17:10] I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
 [00:17:12] I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
 [00:17:15] The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's
 [00:17:17] soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
 [00:17:20] What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?
 [00:17:26] Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him:
 [00:17:30] infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.
 [00:17:34] God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
 [00:17:37] better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn
 [00:17:39] that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word

[00:17:41] for two pence that you are no fool.
 [00:17:44] How say you to that, Malvolio?
 [00:17:46] I marvel your ladyship takes delight
 [00:17:48] in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day
 [00:17:51] with an ordinary fool that has no more brain
 [00:17:53] than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already;
 [00:17:58] unless you laugh and minister occasion to him,
 [00:18:00] he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men,
 [00:18:04] that crow so at these set kind of fools,
 [00:18:06] no better than the fools' zanies.
 [00:18:08] Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio,
 [00:18:10] and taste with a distempered appetite.
 [00:18:13] To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition,
 [00:18:16] is to take those things for bird-bolts
 [00:18:17] that you deem cannon-bullets:
 [00:18:21] there is no slander in an allowed fool,
 [00:18:23] though he do nothing but rail;
 [00:18:26] nor no railing in a known discreet man,
 [00:18:29] though he do nothing but reprove.
 [00:18:31] Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou
 [00:18:34] speakest well of fools!
 [00:18:38] Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman
 [00:18:40] much desires to speak with you.
 [00:18:42] From the Count Orsino, is it?
 [00:18:44] I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.
 [00:18:47] Who of my people hold him in delay?
 [00:18:48] Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
 [00:18:49] Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman:
 [00:18:51] fie on him!
 [00:18:54] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count,
 [00:18:57] I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.
 [00:19:04] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old,
 [00:19:07] and people dislike it.
 [00:19:09] Thou hast spoke for us, madonna,
 [00:19:10] as if thy eldest son should be a fool;
 [00:19:13] whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,--here he comes,
 [00:19:17] --one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.
 [00:19:20] By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?
 [00:19:24] A gentleman.
 [00:19:26] A gentleman! what gentleman?
 [00:19:29] 'Tis a gentle man here--a plague o' these pickle-herring!
 [00:19:36] How now, sot!
 [00:19:37] Good Sir Toby!
 [00:19:41] Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
 [00:19:44] Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
 [00:19:49] Ay, marry, what is he?
 [00:19:51] Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not:
 [00:19:53] give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.
 [00:20:04] What's a drunken man like, fool?
 [00:20:06] Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man:
 [00:20:08] one draught above heat makes him a fool;
 [00:20:10] the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
 [00:20:13] Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz;
 [00:20:16] for he's in the third degree of drink,
 [00:20:18] he's drowned: go, look after him.
 [00:20:22] He is but mad yet, madonna;
 [00:20:25] and the fool shall look to the madman.
 [00:20:31] Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.
 [00:20:35] I told him you were sick;
 [00:20:36] he takes on him to understand so much,

[00:20:39] and therefore comes to speak with you.
 [00:20:40] I told him you were asleep;
 [00:20:42] he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too,
 [00:20:43] and therefore comes to speak with you.
 [00:20:45] What is to be said to him, lady?
 [00:20:47] he's fortified against any denial.
 [00:20:49] Tell him he shall not speak with me.
 [00:20:51] Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door
 [00:20:54] like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench,
 [00:20:57] but he'll speak with you.
 [00:20:59] What kind o' man is he?
 [00:21:01] Why, of mankind.
 [00:21:03] What manner of man?
 [00:21:04] Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
 [00:21:07] Of what personage and years is he?
 [00:21:09] Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy;
 [00:21:13] as a squash is before 'tis a peascod,
 [00:21:15] or a cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him
 [00:21:18] in standing water, between boy and man.
 [00:21:21] He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly;
 [00:21:25] one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
 [00:21:27] Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
 [00:21:29] Gentlewoman, my lady calls.
 [00:21:34] Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
 [00:21:39] We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.
 [00:21:49] The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
 [00:21:51] Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
 [00:21:53] Your will?
 [00:21:54] Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,
 [00:21:59] --I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house,
 [00:22:01] for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away
 [00:22:04] my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned,
 [00:22:07] I have taken great pains to con it.
 [00:22:09] Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn;
 [00:22:13] I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.
 [00:22:16] Whence came you, sir?
 [00:22:17] I can say little more than I have studied,
 [00:22:18] and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one,
 [00:22:22] give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house,
 [00:22:25] that I may proceed in my speech.
 [00:22:27] Are you a comedian?
 [00:22:28] No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs
 [00:22:32] of malice I swear, I am not that I play.
 [00:22:36] Are you the lady of the house?
 [00:22:38] If I do not usurp myself, I am.
 [00:22:40] Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself;
 [00:22:44] for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve.
 [00:22:47] But this is from my commission:
 [00:22:49] I will on with my speech in your praise,
 [00:22:51] and then show you the heart of my message.
 [00:22:53] Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
 [00:22:56] Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
 [00:23:00] It is the more like to be feigned:
 [00:23:02] I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates,
 [00:23:05] and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you
 [00:23:07] than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone;
 [00:23:11] if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time
 [00:23:13] of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.
 [00:23:16] Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.
 [00:23:19] No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.

[00:23:22] Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.
 [00:23:24] Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.
 [00:23:27] Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver,
 [00:23:30] when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.
 [00:23:36] It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war,
 [00:23:42] no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand;
 [00:23:45] my words are as fun of peace as matter.
 [00:23:47] Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?
 [00:23:50] The rudeness that hath appeared in me
 [00:23:52] have I learned from my entertainment.
 [00:23:54] What I am, and what I would,
 [00:23:57] are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity,
 [00:24:01] to any other's, profanation.
 [00:24:05] Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.
 [00:24:14] Now, sir, what is your text?
 [00:24:16] Most sweet lady,--
 [00:24:17] A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.
 [00:24:20] Where lies your text?
 [00:24:22] In Orsino's bosom.
 [00:24:24] In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
 [00:24:27] To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
 [00:24:29] O, I have read it: it is heresy.
 [00:24:33] Have you no more to say?
 [00:24:35] Good madam, let me see your face.
 [00:24:39] Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate
 [00:24:41] with my face? You are now out of your text:
 [00:24:45] but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
 [00:24:50] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:
 [00:24:54] is't not well done?
 [00:24:56] Excellently done, if God did all.
 [00:25:01] 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
 [00:25:04] 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 [00:25:08] Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
 [00:25:12] Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
 [00:25:15] If you will lead these graces to the grave
 [00:25:16] And leave the world no copy.
 [00:25:19] O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted;
 [00:25:22] I will give out divers schedules of my beauty:
 [00:25:24] it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil
 [00:25:27] labelled to my will: as, item, two lips,
 [00:25:31] indifferent red; item, two grey eyes,
 [00:25:34] with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
 [00:25:39] Were you sent hither to praise me?
 [00:25:41] I see you what you are, you are too proud;
 [00:25:44] But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
 [00:25:50] My lord and master loves you: O, such love
 [00:25:56] Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
 [00:25:58] The nonpareil of beauty!
 [00:26:01] How does he love me?
 [00:26:02] With adorations, fertile tears,
 [00:26:05] With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
 [00:26:10] Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
 [00:26:12] Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 [00:26:16] Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
 [00:26:20] In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
 [00:26:25] And in dimension and the shape of nature
 [00:26:27] A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
 [00:26:31] He might have took his answer long ago.
 [00:26:32] If I did love you in my master's flame,
 [00:26:34] With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

[00:26:37] In your denial I would find no sense;
 [00:26:39] I would not understand it.
 [00:26:41] Why, what would you?
 [00:26:47] Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 [00:26:50] And call upon my soul within the house;
 [00:26:53] Write loyal cantons of contemned love
 [00:26:56] And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
 [00:27:00] Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
 [00:27:03] And make the babbling gossip of the air
 [00:27:06] Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
 [00:27:11] Between the elements of air and earth,
 [00:27:14] But you should pity me!
 [00:27:17] You might do much.
 [00:27:20] What is your parentage?
 [00:27:22] Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
 [00:27:25] I am a gentleman.
 [00:27:27] Get you to your lord;
 [00:27:28] I cannot love him: let him send no more;
 [00:27:31] Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
 [00:27:35] To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
 [00:27:40] I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
 [00:27:45] I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
 [00:27:48] My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
 [00:27:53] Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
 [00:27:58] And let your fervor, like my master's,
 [00:28:00] be Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
 [00:28:09] 'What is your parentage?'
 [00:28:10] 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
 [00:28:12] I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
 [00:28:16] Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
 [00:28:20] Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
 [00:28:26] soft, soft!
 [00:28:28] Unless the master were the man. How now!
 [00:28:34] Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 [00:28:38] Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 [00:28:40] With an invisible and subtle stealth
 [00:28:42] To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 [00:28:49] What ho, Malvolio!
 [00:28:50] Here, madam, at your service.
 [00:28:54] Run after that same peevish messenger,
 [00:28:55] The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
 [00:28:58] Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
 [00:29:02] Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 [00:29:03] Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
 [00:29:06] If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 [00:29:09] I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.
 [00:29:12] Madam, I will.
 [00:29:15] I do I know not what, and fear to find
 [00:29:17] Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 [00:29:22] Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 [00:29:26] What is decreed must be, and be this so.
 [00:29:39] Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?
 [00:29:41] Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since
 [00:29:43] arrived but hither.
 [00:29:44] She returns this ring to you, sir:
 [00:29:46] you might have saved me my pains,
 [00:29:47] to have taken it away yourself.
 [00:29:48] She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord
 [00:29:50] into a desperate assurance she will none of him:
 [00:29:52] and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to

[00:29:54] come again in his affairs, unless it be to report
[00:29:57] your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.
[00:29:59] She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.
[00:30:01] Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;
[00:30:03] and her will is, it should be so returned:
[00:30:07] if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye;
[00:30:10] if not, be it his that finds it.
[00:30:17] I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
[00:30:23] Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
[00:30:29] She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
[00:30:31] That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
[00:30:33] For she did speak in starts distractedly.
[00:30:37] She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
[00:30:40] Invites me in this churlish messenger.
[00:30:43] None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
[00:30:46] I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
[00:30:53] Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
[00:30:57] Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
[00:31:01] Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
[00:31:04] How easy is it for the proper-false
[00:31:07] In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
[00:31:10] Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
[00:31:13] For such as we are made of, such we be.
[00:31:17] How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
[00:31:21] And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
[00:31:24] And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
[00:31:27] What will become of this? As I am man,
[00:31:31] My state is desperate for my master's love;
[00:31:34] As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
[00:31:37] What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
[00:31:43] O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
[00:31:47] It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Twelfth Night Act 2

[00:31:54] Will you stay no longer?
 [00:31:55] nor will you not that I go with you?
 [00:31:56] By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me:
 [00:32:00] the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours;
 [00:32:02] therefore I shall crave of you your leave
 [00:32:05] that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad
 [00:32:08] recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
 [00:32:11] : Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
 [00:32:13] No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.
 [00:32:18] But I perceive in you so excellent
 [00:32:20] a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me
 [00:32:22] what I am willing to keep in;
 [00:32:24] therefore it charges me
 [00:32:25] in manners the rather to express myself.
 [00:32:28] You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,
 [00:32:32] which I called Roderigo. My father was that
 [00:32:35] Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of.
 [00:32:38] He left behind him myself and a sister,
 [00:32:44] both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased,
 [00:32:47] would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that;
 [00:32:52] for some hour before you took me from the breach of
 [00:32:54] the sea was my sister drowned.
 [00:32:58] Alas the day!
 [00:33:00] A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me,
 [00:33:03] was yet of many accounted beautiful:
 [00:33:06] but, though I could not with such estimable wonder
 [00:33:08] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her;
 [00:33:15] she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.
 [00:33:20] She is drowned already, sir, with salt water,
 [00:33:24] though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.
 [00:33:29] Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.
 [00:33:32] O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.
 [00:33:38] If you will not murder me for my love,
 [00:33:40] let me be your servant.
 [00:33:42] If you will not undo what you have done, that is,
 [00:33:45] kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not.
 [00:33:49] Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness,
 [00:33:55] and I am yet so near the manners of my mother,
 [00:33:57] that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell
 [00:33:59] tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.
 [00:34:04] The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
 [00:34:08] I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 [00:34:10] Else would I very shortly see thee there.
 [00:34:14] But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
 [00:34:18] That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
 [00:34:30] Approach, Sir Andrew:
 [00:34:40] not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes;
 [00:34:44] and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,--
 [00:34:51] Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know,
 [00:34:55] to be up late is to be up late.
 [00:34:57] A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.
 [00:35:01] To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early:
 [00:35:04] so that to go to bed after midnight
 [00:35:06] is to go to bed betimes.
 [00:35:11] Does not our life consist of the four elements?
 [00:35:15] Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists
 [00:35:18] of eating and drinking.
 [00:35:20] Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

[00:35:22] Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!
 [00:35:28] Here comes the fool, i' faith.
 [00:35:31] How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture
 [00:35:35] of 'we three'?
 [00:35:40] Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
 [00:35:45] By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.
 [00:35:49] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg,
 [00:35:52] and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.
 [00:35:55] Come on; there is sixpence for thee: let's have a song.
 [00:35:59] There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a--
 [00:36:04] Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
 [00:36:08] A love-song, a love-song.
 [00:36:10] Ay, ay: I care not for good life.
 [00:36:16] O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 [00:36:23] O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 [00:36:29] That can sing both high and low:
 [00:36:33] Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
 [00:36:39] Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 [00:36:45] Every wise man's son doth know.
 [00:36:52] Excellent good, i' faith.
 [00:36:54] Good, good.
 [00:36:56] What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 [00:37:03] Present mirth hath present laughter;
 [00:37:08] What's to come is still unsure:
 [00:37:14] In delay there lies no plenty;
 [00:37:19] Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 [00:37:26] Youth's a stuff will not endure.
 [00:37:36] A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
 [00:37:40] A contagious breath.
 [00:37:42] Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
 [00:37:46] To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 [00:37:55] But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?
 [00:37:58] shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three
 [00:38:02] souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
 [00:38:05] An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
 [00:38:08] By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
 [00:38:10] Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
 [00:38:14] 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight?
 [00:38:15] I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.
 [00:38:17] 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to
 [00:38:20] call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'
 [00:38:25] I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
 [00:38:26] Good, i' faith. Come, begin.
 [00:38:32] Hold thy peace. Thou knave hold thy peace.
 [00:38:54] What a caterwauling do you keep here!
 [00:38:58] If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio
 [00:39:00] and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
 [00:39:02] My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's
 [00:39:06] a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.'
 [00:39:10] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
 [00:39:14] Tillyvally. Lady!
 [00:39:16] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'
 [00:39:23] Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
 [00:39:27] Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,
 [00:39:29] and so do I too: he does it with a better grace,
 [00:39:34] but I do it more natural.
 [00:39:37] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'--
 [00:39:41] For the love o' God, peace!
 [00:39:54] My masters, are you mad? or what are you?
 [00:39:57] Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty,

[00:39:58] but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?
 [00:40:01] Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house,
 [00:40:02] that ye squeak out your coziers' catches
 [00:40:04] without any mitigation or remorse of voice?
 [00:40:07] Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
 [00:40:10] We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!
 [00:40:16] Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you,
 [00:40:20] that, though she harbours you as her kinsman,
 [00:40:22] she's nothing allied to your disorders.
 [00:40:26] If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors,
 [00:40:30] you are welcome to the house; if not,
 [00:40:32] an it would please you to take leave of her,
 [00:40:33] she is very willing to bid you farewell.
 [00:40:34] 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'
 [00:40:38] Nay, good Sir Toby.
 [00:40:41] 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'
 [00:40:45] Is't even so?
 [00:40:46] 'But I will never die.'
 [00:40:49] Sir Toby, there you lie.
 [00:40:52] This is much credit to you.
 [00:40:53] 'Shall I bid him go?'
 [00:40:54] 'What an if you do?'
 [00:40:55] 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'
 [00:40:57] 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'
 [00:40:59] Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward?
 [00:41:11] Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
 [00:41:13] there shall be no more cakes and ale?
 [00:41:16] Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.
 [00:41:19] Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.
 [00:41:25] A stoup of wine, Maria!
 [00:41:28] Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour
 [00:41:32] at any thing more than contempt,
 [00:41:34] you would not give means for this uncivil rule:
 [00:41:36] she shall know of it, by this hand.
 [00:41:41] Go shake your ears.
 [00:41:43] 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's
 [00:41:45] a-hungry, to challenge him the field,
 [00:41:48] and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.
 [00:41:50] Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge:
 [00:41:53] or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
 [00:41:56] Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight:
 [00:41:59] since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady,
 [00:42:01] she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio,
 [00:42:04] let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,
 [00:42:08] and make him a common recreation,
 [00:42:09] do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed:
 [00:42:12] I know I can do it.
 [00:42:13] Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.
 [00:42:16] Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
 [00:42:19] O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!
 [00:42:22] What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?
 [00:42:27] I have no exquisite reason for't,
 [00:42:29] but I have reason good enough.
 [00:42:32] The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly,
 [00:42:35] but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass,
 [00:42:38] that cons state without book
 [00:42:40] and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself,
 [00:42:43] so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies,
 [00:42:45] that it is his grounds of faith
 [00:42:46] that all that look on him love him;

[00:42:48] and on that vice in him
[00:42:50] will my revenge find notable cause to work.
[00:42:53] What wilt thou do?
[00:42:55] I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love;
[00:43:00] wherein, by the colour of his beard,
[00:43:03] the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait,
[00:43:04] the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion,
[00:43:06] he shall find himself most feelingly personated.
[00:43:11] I can write very like my lady your niece:
[00:43:14] on a forgotten matter
[00:43:15] we can hardly make distinction of our hands.
[00:43:17] Excellent! I smell a device.
[00:43:18] I have't in my nose too.
[00:43:20] He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop,
[00:43:23] that they come from my niece,
[00:43:24] and that she's in love with him.
[00:43:25] My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
[00:43:27] And your horse now would make him an ass.
[00:43:30] Ass, I doubt not.
[00:43:31] O, 'twill be admirable!
[00:43:33] Sport royal, I warrant you:
[00:43:35] I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two,
[00:43:38] and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter:
[00:43:41] observe his construction of it.
[00:43:43] For this night, to bed, and dream on the event.
[00:43:48] Farewell. Good night, Penthesilea.
[00:43:53] Before me, she's a good wench.
[00:43:56] She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me:
[00:44:01] what o' that?
[00:44:04] I was adored once too.
[00:44:10] Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.
[00:44:18] If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
[00:44:21] Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end,
[00:44:26] call me cut.
[00:44:30] If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
[00:44:36] Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late
[00:44:41] to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.
[00:45:00] What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
[00:45:07] Present mirth hath present laughter;
[00:45:12] What's to come is still unsure:
[00:45:17] In delay there lies no plenty;
[00:45:21] Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
[00:45:28] Youth's a stuff will not endure.
[00:45:55] Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
[00:45:59] Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
[00:46:01] That old and antique song we heard last night:
[00:46:03] Methought it did relieve my passion much,
[00:46:05] More than light airs and recollected terms
[00:46:07] Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
[00:46:09] Come, but one verse.
[00:46:10] He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.
[00:46:13] Who was it?
[00:46:14] Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady
[00:46:15] Olivia's father took much delight in.
[00:46:17] He is about the house. Seek him out,
[00:46:19] and play the tune the while.
[00:46:22] Come hither, boy:
[00:46:30] if ever thou shalt love,
[00:46:31] In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
[00:46:33] For such as I am all true lovers are,

[00:46:36] Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 [00:46:39] Save in the constant image of the creature
 [00:46:41] That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?
 [00:46:47] It gives a very echo to the seat
 [00:46:49] Where Love is throned.
 [00:46:51] Thou dost speak masterly:
 [00:46:53] My life upon't, young though thou art,
 [00:46:55] thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
 [00:46:57] Hath it not, boy?
 [00:46:59] A little, by your favour.
 [00:47:03] Of your complexion.
 [00:47:05] She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
 [00:47:08] About your years, my lord.
 [00:47:10] Too old by heaven: let still the woman take
 [00:47:13] An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
 [00:47:17] So sways she level in her husband's heart:
 [00:47:20] For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 [00:47:22] Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 [00:47:25] More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 [00:47:28] Than women's are.
 [00:47:29] I think it well, my lord.
 [00:47:30] Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 [00:47:33] Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
 [00:47:37] For women are as roses, whose fair flower
 [00:47:40] Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
 [00:47:43] And so they are: alas, that they are so;
 [00:47:46] To die, even when they to perfection grow!
 [00:47:50] O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 [00:47:52] Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
 [00:47:55] The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 [00:47:57] And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 [00:47:59] Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
 [00:48:03] And dallies with the innocence of love,
 [00:48:06] Like the old age.
 [00:48:09] Are you ready, sir?
 [00:48:10] Ay; prithe, sing.
 [00:48:16] Come away, come away, death,
 [00:48:20] And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 [00:48:29] Fly away, fly away breath;
 [00:48:34] I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 [00:48:43] My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 [00:48:50] O, prepare it!
 [00:48:56] My part of death, no one so true
 [00:49:03] No one, no one, Did share it.
 [00:49:13] Not a flower, not a flower sweet
 [00:49:18] On my black coffin let there be strown;
 [00:49:27] Not a friend, not a friend greet
 [00:49:33] My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 [00:49:42] A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 [00:49:48] Lay me, O, where
 [00:49:55] Sad true lover never find my grave,
 [00:50:15] There's for thy pains.
 [00:50:17] No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.
 [00:50:20] I'll pay thy pleasure then.
 [00:50:22] Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
 [00:50:26] Give me now leave to leave thee.
 [00:50:29] Now, the melancholy god protect thee;
 [00:50:32] and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta,
 [00:50:35] for thy mind is a very opal.
 [00:50:36] I would have men of such constancy put to sea,

[00:50:39] that their business might be every thing
 [00:50:41] and their intent every where;
 [00:50:42] for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.
 [00:50:52] Farewell. Let all the rest give place.
 [00:51:03] Once more, Cesario,
 [00:51:04] Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
 [00:51:07] Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
 [00:51:09] Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
 [00:51:12] The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 [00:51:14] Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
 [00:51:18] But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 [00:51:19] That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
 [00:51:22] But if she cannot love you, sir?
 [00:51:24] I cannot be so answer'd.
 [00:51:25] Sooth, but you must.
 [00:51:30] Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 [00:51:35] Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
 [00:51:37] As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
 [00:51:40] You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
 [00:51:43] There is no woman's sides
 [00:51:44] Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 [00:51:46] As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
 [00:51:49] So big, to hold so much; they lack retention
 [00:51:53] Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
 [00:51:56] No motion of the liver, but the palate,
 [00:51:58] That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
 [00:52:03] But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 [00:52:07] And can digest as much: make no compare
 [00:52:12] Between that love a woman can bear me
 [00:52:14] And that I owe Olivia.
 [00:52:15] Ay, but I know--
 [00:52:18] What dost thou know?
 [00:52:19] Too well what love women to men may owe:
 [00:52:21] In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 [00:52:28] My father had a daughter loved a man,
 [00:52:30] As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 [00:52:34] I should your lordship.
 [00:52:36] And what's her history?
 [00:52:37] A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 [00:52:43] But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 [00:52:45] Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
 [00:52:50] And with a green and yellow melancholy
 [00:52:52] She sat like patience on a monument,
 [00:52:56] Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 [00:53:01] We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
 [00:53:05] Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 [00:53:07] Much in our vows, but little in our love.
 [00:53:11] But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
 [00:53:14] I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 [00:53:17] And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
 [00:53:24] Sir, shall I to this lady?
 [00:53:27] Ay, that's the theme.
 [00:53:30] To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 [00:53:34] My love can give no place, bide no deny.
 [00:53:48] Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
 [00:53:50] Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
 [00:53:53] let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
 [00:53:55] Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
 [00:53:56] rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
 [00:53:59] I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'

[00:54:01] favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
 [00:54:03] To anger him we'll have the bear again;
 [00:54:05] and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
 [00:54:09] An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
 [00:54:11] Here comes the little villain.
 [00:54:12] How now, my metal of India!
 [00:54:15] Get ye all three into the box-tree:
 [00:54:16] Malvolio's coming down this walk:
 [00:54:18] he has been yonder i' the sun
 [00:54:20] practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour:
 [00:54:22] observe him, for the love of mockery;
 [00:54:24] for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.
 [00:54:26] Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there,
 [00:54:32] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
 [00:54:42] 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune.
 [00:54:48] Maria once told me she did affect me:
 [00:54:51] and I have heard herself come thus near,
 [00:54:53] that, should she fancy, it should be one
 [00:54:55] of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more
 [00:54:59] exalted respect than any one else that follows her.
 [00:55:04] What should I think on't?
 [00:55:05] Here's an overweening rogue!
 [00:55:07] O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him:
 [00:55:10] how he jets under his advanced plumes!
 [00:55:12] 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
 [00:55:14] Peace, I say.
 [00:55:16] To be Count Malvolio!
 [00:55:18] Pistol him, pistol him.
 [00:55:19] Peace, peace!
 [00:55:21] There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy
 [00:55:23] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
 [00:55:25] Fie on him, Jezebel!
 [00:55:27] O, peace!
 [00:55:32] now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
 [00:55:36] Having been three months married to her,
 [00:55:39] sitting in my state,--
 [00:55:40] O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
 [00:55:43] Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown;
 [00:55:47] having come from a day-bed,
 [00:55:48] where I have left Olivia sleeping,--
 [00:55:52] Fire and brimstone!
 [00:55:53] O, peace, peace!
 [00:55:55] And then to have the humour of state;
 [00:55:57] and after a demure travel of regard,
 [00:56:00] telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs,
 [00:56:06] to for my kinsman Toby,--
 [00:56:08] Bolts and shackles!
 [00:56:10] O peace, peace, peace! now, now.
 [00:56:13] Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
 [00:56:15] make out for him: I frown the while;
 [00:56:18] and perchance wind up watch, or play with my--some rich jewel.
 [00:56:24] Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,--
 [00:56:28] Shall this fellow live?
 [00:56:30] Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.
 [00:56:32] I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar
 [00:56:35] smile with an austere regard of control,--
 [00:56:38] And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?
 [00:56:41] Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on
 [00:56:45] your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'--
 [00:56:48] What, what?

[00:56:51] 'You must amend your drunkenness.'
 [00:56:53] Out, scab!
 [00:56:55] Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.
 [00:56:57] 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with
 [00:56:59] a foolish knight,'--
 [00:57:00] That's me, I warrant you.
 [00:57:02] 'One Sir Andrew,'--
 [00:57:03] I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.
 [00:57:07] What employment have we here?
 [00:57:10] Now is the woodcock near the gin.
 [00:57:12] O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading
 [00:57:15] aloud to him!
 [00:57:16] By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her
 [00:57:19] very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her
 [00:57:22] great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.
 [00:57:26] Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?
 [00:57:28] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'
 [00:57:33] --her very phrases! By your leave, wax.
 [00:57:38] Soft! and the impresse her Lucrece,
 [00:57:41] with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady.
 [00:57:43] To whom should this be?
 [00:57:45] This wins him, liver and all.
 [00:57:48] Jove knows I love: But who?
 [00:57:52] No man must know.
 [00:57:54] 'No man must know.' What follows?
 [00:57:56] the numbers altered! 'No man must know:'
 [00:58:00] if this should be thee, Malvolio?
 [00:58:03] Marry, hang thee, brock!
 [00:58:05] I may command where I adore;
 [00:58:08] But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
 [00:58:11] With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
 [00:58:13] M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.
 [00:58:18] A fustian riddle!
 [00:58:20] Excellent wench, say I.
 [00:58:22] 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'
 [00:58:27] Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
 [00:58:32] What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
 [00:58:34] And with what wing the staniel cheques at it!
 [00:58:36] 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me:
 [00:58:40] I serve her; she is my lady.
 [00:58:41] Why, this is evident to any formal capacity;
 [00:58:43] there is no obstruction in this: and the end,
 [00:58:47] --what should that alphabetical position portend?
 [00:58:49] If I could make that resemble something in me,
 [00:58:51] --Softly! M, O, A, I,--
 [00:58:54] O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.
 [00:58:57] Sowter will cry upon't for all this,
 [00:58:58] though it be as rank as a fox.
 [00:59:00] M,--Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.
 [00:59:04] Did not I say he would work it out?
 [00:59:05] the cur is excellent at faults.
 [00:59:08] M,--but then there is no consonancy in the sequel;
 [00:59:09] that suffers under probation A should follow but O does.
 [00:59:13] And O shall end, I hope.
 [00:59:15] Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
 [00:59:17] And then I comes behind.
 [00:59:19] Ay, an you had any eye behind you,
 [00:59:20] you might see more detraction at your heels
 [00:59:22] than fortunes before you.
 [00:59:24] M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former:

[00:59:30] and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me,
 [00:59:32] for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!
 [00:59:36] here follows prose.
 [00:59:39] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve.
 [00:59:46] In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness:
 [00:59:52] some are born great, some achieve greatness,
 [00:59:54] and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.
 [00:59:58] Thy Fates open their hands;
 [01:00:01] let thy blood and spirit embrace them;
 [01:00:02] and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be,
 [01:00:05] cast thy humble slough and appear fresh.
 [01:00:10] Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;
 [01:00:13] let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into
 [01:00:15] the trick of singularity:
 [01:00:18] she thus advises thee that sighs for thee.
 [01:00:20] Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,
 [01:00:23] and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered:
 [01:00:25] I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,
 [01:00:27] if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see
 [01:00:29] thee a steward still, the fellow of servants,
 [01:00:32] and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell.
 [01:00:35] She that would alter services with thee,
 [01:00:37] THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'
 [01:00:39] Daylight and champaign discovers not more:
 [01:00:41] this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors,
 [01:00:47] I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance,
 [01:00:51] I will be point-devise the very man.
 [01:00:54] I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me;
 [01:00:58] for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.
 [01:01:05] She did commend my yellow stockings of late,
 [01:01:08] she did praise my leg being cross-gartered;
 [01:01:11] and in this she manifests herself to my love,
 [01:01:13] and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits
 [01:01:16] of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy.
 [01:01:21] I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings,
 [01:01:24] and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on.
 [01:01:26] Jove and my stars be praised!
 [01:01:28] Here is yet a postscript.
 [01:01:29] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am.
 [01:01:32] If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling;
 [01:01:38] thy smiles become thee well;
 [01:01:40] therefore in my presence still smile,
 [01:01:42] dear my sweet, I prithee.'
 [01:01:45] Jove, I thank thee: I will smile;
 [01:01:49] I will do everything that thou wilt have me.
 [01:02:00] I will not give my part of this sport for a pension
 [01:02:02] of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.
 [01:02:04] I could marry this wench for this device.
 [01:02:06] So could I too.
 [01:02:07] And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.
 [01:02:10] Nor I neither.
 [01:02:11] Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
 [01:02:13] Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
 [01:02:15] Or o' mine either?
 [01:02:17] Shall I play my freedom at traytrip,
 [01:02:19] and become thy bond-slave?
 [01:02:20] I' faith, or I either?
 [01:02:21] Why, thou hast put him in such a dream,
 [01:02:23] that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
 [01:02:26] Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

[01:02:27] Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
[01:02:30] If you will then see the fruits of the sport,
[01:02:32] mark his first approach before my lady:
[01:02:35] he will come to her in yellow stockings,
[01:02:37] and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered,
[01:02:39] a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her,
[01:02:44] which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition,
[01:02:46] being addicted to a melancholy as she is,
[01:02:48] that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.
[01:02:52] If you will see it, follow me.
[01:02:55] To the gates of Tartar,
[01:02:56] thou most excellent devil of wit!
[01:02:58] I'll make one too.

Twelfth Night Act 3

[01:03:13] Save thee, friend, and thy music:
 [01:03:15] dost thou live by thy labour?
 [01:03:16] No, sir, I live by the church.
 [01:03:18] Art thou a churchman?
 [01:03:19] No such matter, sir: I do live by the church;
 [01:03:21] for I do live at my house,
 [01:03:22] and my house doth stand by the church.
 [01:03:24] Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
 [01:03:26] No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly:
 [01:03:29] she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married;
 [01:03:31] and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings;
 [01:03:34] the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool,
 [01:03:37] but her corrupter of words.
 [01:03:39] I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
 [01:03:42] Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,
 [01:03:44] it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir,
 [01:03:46] but the fool should be as oft
 [01:03:48] with your master as with my mistress:
 [01:03:49] I think I saw your wisdom there.
 [01:03:51] Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.
 [01:03:53] Hold, there's expenses for thee.
 [01:03:58] Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair,
 [01:04:00] send thee a beard!
 [01:04:02] By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;
 [01:04:05] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
 [01:04:09] Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
 [01:04:11] Yes, being kept together and put to use.
 [01:04:13] I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir,
 [01:04:16] to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
 [01:04:18] I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.
 [01:04:21] The matter, I hope, is not great, sir,
 [01:04:23] begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.
 [01:04:27] My lady is within, sir.
 [01:04:29] I will construe to them whence you come;
 [01:04:31] who you are and what you would are out of my welkin,
 [01:04:35] I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.
 [01:04:39] This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
 [01:04:41] And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
 [01:04:45] He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 [01:04:49] The quality of persons, and the time,
 [01:04:52] And, like the haggard, cheque at every feather
 [01:04:54] That comes before his eye. This is a practise
 [01:04:57] As full of labour as a wise man's art
 [01:05:01] For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
 [01:05:03] But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.
 [01:05:08] Save you, gentleman.
 [01:05:10] And you, sir.
 [01:05:11] Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
 [01:05:12] Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
 [01:05:14] I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
 [01:05:17] Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous
 [01:05:22] you should enter, if your trade be to her.
 [01:05:24] I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the
 [01:05:26] list of my voyage.
 [01:05:29] Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
 [01:05:31] My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
 [01:05:34] understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
 [01:05:36] I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

[01:05:37] I will answer you with gait and entrance.
 [01:05:43] Most excellent accomplished lady,
 [01:05:44] the heavens rain odours on you!
 [01:05:47] That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.
 [01:05:49] My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant
 [01:05:52] and vouchsafed ear.
 [01:05:54] 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:'
 [01:05:55] I'll get 'em all three all ready.
 [01:05:56] Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
 [01:06:08] Give me your hand, sir.
 [01:06:09] My duty, madam, and most humble service.
 [01:06:12] What is your name?
 [01:06:13] Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
 [01:06:16] My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
 [01:06:19] Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
 [01:06:21] You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
 [01:06:23] And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
 [01:06:25] Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
 [01:06:28] For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
 [01:06:30] Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
 [01:06:32] Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
 [01:06:34] On his behalf.
 [01:06:35] O, by your leave, I pray you,
 [01:06:37] I bade you never speak again of him:
 [01:06:41] But, would you undertake another suit,
 [01:06:43] I had rather hear you to solicit that
 [01:06:45] Than music from the spheres.
 [01:06:47] Dear lady,--
 [01:06:48] Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
 [01:06:50] After the last enchantment you did here,
 [01:06:52] A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
 [01:06:55] Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
 [01:06:59] Under your hard construction must I sit,
 [01:07:02] To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
 [01:07:04] Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
 [01:07:09] Have you not set mine honour at the stake
 [01:07:11] And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
 [01:07:13] That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
 [01:07:17] Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
 [01:07:20] Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
 [01:07:26] I pity you.
 [01:07:27] That's a degree to love.
 [01:07:28] No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
 [01:07:30] That very oft we pity enemies.
 [01:07:33] Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
 [01:07:37] O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
 [01:07:42] If one should be a prey, how much the better
 [01:07:44] To fall before the lion than the wolf!
 [01:07:48] The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
 [01:07:51] Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
 [01:07:54] And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 [01:07:58] Your were is alike to reap a proper man:
 [01:08:02] There lies your way, due west.
 [01:08:04] Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
 [01:08:08] Attend your ladyship!
 [01:08:14] You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
 [01:08:20] Stay:
 [01:08:24] I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.
 [01:08:28] That you do think you are not what you are.
 [01:08:30] If I think so, I think the same of you.

[01:08:32] Then think you right: I am not what I am.
 [01:08:34] I would you were as I would have you be!
 [01:08:35] Would it be better, madam, than I am?
 [01:08:37] I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
 [01:08:41] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 [01:08:44] In the contempt and anger of his lip!
 [01:08:47] A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
 [01:08:49] Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
 [01:08:54] Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 [01:08:59] By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
 [01:09:03] I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 [01:09:07] Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 [01:09:11] Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 [01:09:13] For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
 [01:09:16] But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
 [01:09:19] Love sought is good, but given unsought better.
 [01:09:24] By innocence I swear, and by my youth
 [01:09:27] I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
 [01:09:31] And that no woman has; nor never none
 [01:09:34] Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 [01:09:39] And so adieu, good madam: never more
 [01:09:42] Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
 [01:09:46] Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
 [01:09:50] That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
 [01:10:08] No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
 [01:10:12] Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
 [01:10:16] You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
 [01:10:18] Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
 [01:10:19] to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;
 [01:10:22] Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
 [01:10:25] As plain as I see you now.
 [01:10:26] This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
 [01:10:29] 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?
 [01:10:31] I will prove it legitimate, sir,
 [01:10:32] upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
 [01:10:33] And they have been grand-jury-men
 [01:10:36] since before Noah was a sailor.
 [01:10:37] She did show favour to the youth in your sight only
 [01:10:39] to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
 [01:10:43] to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver.
 [01:10:46] You should then have accosted her;
 [01:10:48] and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint,
 [01:10:50] you should have banged the youth into dumbness.
 [01:10:53] This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked:
 [01:10:57] the double guilt of this opportunity
 [01:10:58] you let time wash off,
 [01:11:00] and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion;
 [01:11:02] where you will hang like an icicle
 [01:11:04] on a Dutchman's beard,
 [01:11:05] unless you do redeem it
 [01:11:07] by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.
 [01:11:10] An't be any way, it must be with valour;
 [01:11:12] for policy I hate:
 [01:11:13] Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour.
 [01:11:16] Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him;
 [01:11:18] hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it;
 [01:11:21] and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world
 [01:11:23] can more prevail in man's commendation with woman
 [01:11:27] than report of valour.
 [01:11:29] There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

[01:11:33] Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
 [01:11:35] Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief;
 [01:11:40] it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and fun
 [01:11:43] of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink:
 [01:11:45] if thou thou'st him some thrice,
 [01:11:47] it shall not be amiss;
 [01:11:49] and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,
 [01:11:52] although the sheet were big enough
 [01:11:53] for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it.
 [01:11:57] Let there be gall enough in thy ink,
 [01:11:58] though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.
 [01:12:02] Where shall I find you?
 [01:12:05] We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.
 [01:12:12] This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.
 [01:12:14] I have been dear to him, lad,
 [01:12:16] some two thousand strong, or so.
 [01:12:18] We shall have a rare letter from him:
 [01:12:21] but you'll not deliver't?
 [01:12:22] Never trust me, then;
 [01:12:24] and by all means stir on the youth to an answer.
 [01:12:28] I think oxen and wainropes
 [01:12:29] cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened,
 [01:12:34] and you find so much blood in his liver
 [01:12:36] as will clog the foot of a flea,
 [01:12:38] I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.
 [01:12:39] And his opposite, the youth,
 [01:12:40] bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.
 [01:12:42] Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.
 [01:12:47] If you desire the spleen,
 [01:12:49] and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me.
 [01:12:52] Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado;
 [01:12:55] for there is no Christian,
 [01:12:56] that means to be saved by believing rightly,
 [01:12:58] can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.
 [01:13:00] He's in yellow stockings.
 [01:13:02] And cross-gartered?
 [01:13:04] Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school
 [01:13:07] i' the church. I have dogged him,
 [01:13:09] like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter
 [01:13:12] that I dropped to betray him:
 [01:13:14] he does smile his face into more lines
 [01:13:17] than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies:
 [01:13:20] you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.
 [01:13:23] I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.
 [01:13:26] I know my lady will strike him:
 [01:13:28] if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.
 [01:13:32] Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
 [01:13:43] I would not by my will have troubled you;
 [01:13:44] But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
 [01:13:46] I will no further chide you.
 [01:13:48] I could not stay behind you: my desire,
 [01:13:50] More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
 [01:13:53] And not all love to see you, though so much
 [01:13:56] As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
 [01:13:58] But jealousy what might befall your travel,
 [01:14:00] Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
 [01:14:02] Unguided and unfriended, often prove
 [01:14:04] Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
 [01:14:06] The rather by these arguments of fear,
 [01:14:09] Set forth in your pursuit.

[01:14:10] My kind Antonio,
 [01:14:12] I can no other answer make but thanks,
 [01:14:13] And thanks; and ever thanks oft good turns
 [01:14:17] Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
 [01:14:19] But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
 [01:14:22] You should find better dealing.
 [01:14:27] What's to do?
 [01:14:28] Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
 [01:14:29] To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
 [01:14:32] I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
 [01:14:34] I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
 [01:14:35] With the memorials and the things of fame
 [01:14:37] That do renown this city.
 [01:14:39] Would you'd pardon me;
 [01:14:40] I do not without danger walk these streets:
 [01:14:42] Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
 [01:14:45] I did some service; of such note indeed,
 [01:14:47] That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
 [01:14:50] Belike you slew great number of his people.
 [01:14:52] The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
 [01:14:54] Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
 [01:14:56] Might well have given us bloody argument.
 [01:14:59] It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 [01:15:01] What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
 [01:15:03] Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
 [01:15:07] For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
 [01:15:08] I shall pay dear.
 [01:15:09] Do not then walk too open.
 [01:15:12] It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
 [01:15:19] In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
 [01:15:20] Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
 [01:15:23] Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
 [01:15:25] With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
 [01:15:28] Why I your purse?
 [01:15:29] Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 [01:15:30] You have desire to purchase; and your store,
 [01:15:32] I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
 [01:15:34] I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
 [01:15:36] For an hour.
 [01:15:39] To the Elephant.
 [01:15:40] I do remember.
 [01:15:49] I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
 [01:15:52] How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
 [01:15:55] For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
 [01:15:59] I speak too loud.
 [01:16:00] Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
 [01:16:02] And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
 [01:16:06] Where is Malvolio?
 [01:16:07] He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
 [01:16:11] He is, sure, possessed, madam.
 [01:16:13] Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
 [01:16:14] No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
 [01:16:16] your ladyship were best to have some guard about you,
 [01:16:18] if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.
 [01:16:21] Go call him hither.
 [01:16:27] I am as mad as he,
 [01:16:28] If sad and merry madness equal be.
 [01:16:35] How now, Malvolio!
 [01:16:39] Sweet lady, ho, ho.
 [01:16:42] Smilest thou?

[01:16:44] I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
 [01:16:47] Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some
 [01:16:50] obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;
 [01:16:52] but what of that? if it please the eye of one,
 [01:16:55] it is with me as the very true sonnet is,
 [01:16:58] 'Please one, and please all.'
 [01:17:01] Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
 [01:17:04] Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.
 [01:17:10] It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed:
 [01:17:15] I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
 [01:17:18] Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
 [01:17:21] To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
 [01:17:27] God comfort thee!
 [01:17:28] Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
 [01:17:32] How do you, Malvolio?
 [01:17:33] At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.
 [01:17:36] Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness
 [01:17:37] before my lady?
 [01:17:39] 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
 [01:17:42] What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
 [01:17:44] 'Some are born great,'--
 [01:17:45] Ha!
 [01:17:46] 'Some achieve greatness,'--
 [01:17:47] What sayest thou?
 [01:17:49] 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
 [01:17:52] Heaven restore thee!
 [01:17:53] 'Remember who commended thy yellow stocking s,'--
 [01:17:56] Thy yellow stockings!
 [01:17:57] 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
 [01:17:59] Cross-gartered!
 [01:18:01] 'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'
 [01:18:04] Am I made?
 [01:18:06] 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
 [01:18:08] Why, this is very midsummer madness.
 [01:18:14] Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned:
 [01:18:16] I could hardly entreat him back:
 [01:18:18] he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
 [01:18:20] I'll come to him.
 [01:18:22] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.
 [01:18:25] Where's my cousin Toby?
 [01:18:26] Let some of my people have a special care of him:
 [01:18:29] I would not have him miscarry
 [01:18:30] for the half of my dowry.
 [01:18:34] O, ho! do you come near me now?
 [01:18:38] no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me!
 [01:18:42] This concurs directly with the letter:
 [01:18:45] she sends him on purpose,
 [01:18:46] that I may appear stubborn to him;
 [01:18:47] for she incites me to that in the letter.
 [01:18:50] 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;
 [01:18:54] 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;
 [01:18:57] let thy tongue tang with arguments of state;
 [01:19:00] put thyself into the trick of singularity;'
 [01:19:03] and consequently sets down the manner how;
 [01:19:05] as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue,
 [01:19:09] in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth.
 [01:19:14] I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing,
 [01:19:18] and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now,
 [01:19:25] 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio,
 [01:19:29] nor after my degree, but fellow.

[01:19:33] Why, every thing adheres together,
 [01:19:35] that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple,
 [01:19:37] no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumsta--
 [01:19:40] What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me
 [01:19:45] and the full prospect of my hopes.
 [01:19:49] Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this,
 [01:19:52] and he is to be thanked.
 [01:20:08] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?
 [01:20:10] If all the devils of hell be drawn in little,
 [01:20:12] and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.
 [01:20:15] Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir?
 [01:20:20] how is't with you, man?
 [01:20:22] Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.
 [01:20:29] Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him!
 [01:20:32] did not I tell you?
 [01:20:33] Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.
 [01:20:35] Ah, ha! does she so?
 [01:20:37] Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him:
 [01:20:42] let me alone. How do you, Malvolio?
 [01:20:46] how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil:
 [01:20:50] consider, he's an enemy to mankind.
 [01:20:52] Do you know what you say?
 [01:20:53] La you, an you speak ill of the devil,
 [01:20:55] how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!
 [01:20:58] Carry his water to the wise woman.
 [01:21:00] Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live.
 [01:21:02] My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.
 [01:21:05] How now, mistress!
 [01:21:06] O Lord!
 [01:21:07] Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way:
 [01:21:09] do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.
 [01:21:12] No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough,
 [01:21:16] and will not be roughly used.
 [01:21:21] Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?
 [01:21:25] Sir!
 [01:21:27] Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby,
 [01:21:28] get him to pray.
 [01:21:29] My prayers, minx!
 [01:21:30] No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.
 [01:21:34] Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things:
 [01:21:39] I am not of your element:
 [01:21:40] you shall know more hereafter.
 [01:21:50] Is't possible?
 [01:21:51] If this were played upon a stage now,
 [01:21:53] I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
 [01:21:55] His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.
 [01:21:59] Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
 [01:22:01] Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
 [01:22:03] The house will be the quieter.
 [01:22:04] Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.
 [01:22:09] My niece is already in the belief that he's mad:
 [01:22:11] we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance,
 [01:22:13] till our very pastime, tired out of breath,
 [01:22:15] prompt us to have mercy on him:
 [01:22:17] at which time we will bring the device to the bar
 [01:22:19] and crown thee for a finder of madmen.
 [01:22:23] But see, but see.
 [01:22:25] More matter for a May morning.
 [01:22:27] Here's the challenge, read it:
 [01:22:28] warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

[01:22:30] Is't so saucy?
 [01:22:31] Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.
 [01:22:33] Give me.
 [01:22:36] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'
 [01:22:41] Good, and valiant.
 [01:22:44] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,
 [01:22:47] why I do call thee so,
 [01:22:48] for I will show thee no reason for't.'
 [01:22:52] A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
 [01:22:54] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight
 [01:22:57] she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat;
 [01:23:01] that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'
 [01:23:04] Very brief, and to exceeding good sense--less.
 [01:23:07] 'I will waylay thee going home;
 [01:23:09] where if it be thy chance to kill me,'--
 [01:23:12] Good.
 [01:23:13] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'
 [01:23:15] Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.
 [01:23:17] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon
 [01:23:19] one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine;
 [01:23:22] but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.
 [01:23:26] Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,
 [01:23:29] ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
 [01:23:32] If this letter move him not, his legs cannot:
 [01:23:35] I'll give't him.
 [01:23:36] You may have very fit occasion for't:
 [01:23:38] he is now in some commerce with my lady,
 [01:23:39] and will by and by depart.
 [01:23:40] Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard
 [01:23:45] like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him,
 [01:23:48] draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible;
 [01:23:51] for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath,
 [01:23:53] with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off,
 [01:23:54] gives manhood more approbation
 [01:23:57] than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!
 [01:23:59] Nay, let me alone for swearing.
 [01:24:11] Now will not I deliver his letter:
 [01:24:14] for the behavior of the young gentleman
 [01:24:16] gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding;
 [01:24:19] his employment between his lord and my niece
 [01:24:21] confirms no less:
 [01:24:23] therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant,
 [01:24:25] will breed no terror in the youth:
 [01:24:26] he will find it comes from a clodpole.
 [01:24:30] But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth;
 [01:24:35] set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour;
 [01:24:38] and drive the gentleman, as I know his
 [01:24:40] youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous
 [01:24:42] opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity.
 [01:24:44] This will so fright them both that they will kill
 [01:24:46] one another by the look, like cockatrices.
 [01:24:55] I have said too much unto a heart of stone
 [01:24:58] And laid mine honour too uncharly out:
 [01:25:01] There's something in me that reproves my fault;
 [01:25:03] But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
 [01:25:05] That it but mocks reproof.
 [01:25:07] With the same 'havior that your passion bears
 [01:25:09] Goes on my master's grief.
 [01:25:11] Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
 [01:25:16] Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

[01:25:20] And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
 [01:25:23] What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
 [01:25:25] That honour saved may upon asking give?
 [01:25:27] Nothing but this; your true love for my master.
 [01:25:29] How with mine honour may I give him that
 [01:25:31] Which I have given to you?
 [01:25:33] I will acquit you.
 [01:25:36] Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
 [01:25:39] A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
 [01:25:47] Gentleman, God save thee.
 [01:25:50] And you, sir.
 [01:25:51] That defence thou hast, betake thee to't:
 [01:25:54] of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not;
 [01:25:57] but thy interceptor, full of despite,
 [01:26:00] bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end:
 [01:26:03] dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,
 [01:26:07] for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.
 [01:26:09] You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me:
 [01:26:13] my remembrance is very free
 [01:26:14] and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
 [01:26:17] You'll find it otherwise, I assure you:
 [01:26:18] therefore, if you hold your life at any price,
 [01:26:20] betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him
 [01:26:23] what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.
 [01:26:27] I pray you, sir, what is he?
 [01:26:28] He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier
 [01:26:32] and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl:
 [01:26:37] souls and bodies hath he divorced three;
 [01:26:39] and his incensement at this moment is so implacable,
 [01:26:42] that satisfaction can be none
 [01:26:44] but by pangs of death and sepulchre.
 [01:26:46] Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.
 [01:26:51] I will return again into the house
 [01:26:52] and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.
 [01:26:58] I have heard of some kind of men
 [01:27:00] that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour:
 [01:27:04] belike this is a man of that quirk.
 [01:27:06] Sir, no;
 [01:27:07] his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury:
 [01:27:09] therefore, get you on and give him his desire.
 [01:27:12] Back you shall not to the house,
 [01:27:14] unless you undertake that with me
 [01:27:16] which with as much safety you might answer him:
 [01:27:19] therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked;
 [01:27:23] for meddle you must, that's certain,
 [01:27:24] or forswear to wear iron about you.
 [01:27:27] This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you,
 [01:27:30] do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight
 [01:27:33] what my offence to him is: it is something of my
 [01:27:35] negligence, nothing of my purpose.
 [01:27:38] I will do so.
 [01:27:45] Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.
 [01:28:05] Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
 [01:28:09] I know the knight is incensed against you,
 [01:28:13] even to a mortal arbitrement;
 [01:28:14] but nothing of the circumstance more.
 [01:28:18] I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
 [01:28:22] Nothing of that wonderful promise,
 [01:28:24] to read him by his form,
 [01:28:25] as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour.

[01:28:29] He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful,
[01:28:31] bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly
[01:28:34] have found in any part of Illyria.
[01:28:37] Will you walk towards him?
[01:28:39] I will make your peace with him if I can.
[01:28:40] I shall be much bound to you for't:
[01:28:43] I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight:
[01:28:46] I care not who knows so much of my mettle.
[01:28:50] Why, man, he's a very devil;
[01:28:53] I have not seen such a firago.
[01:28:54] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all,
[01:28:56] and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion,
[01:28:58] that it is inevitable; and on the answer,
[01:29:01] he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground
[01:29:04] they step on.
[01:29:05] They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.
[01:29:07] Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.
[01:29:09] Ay, but he will not now be pacified:
[01:29:11] Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.
[01:29:13] Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant
[01:29:14] and so cunning in fence,
[01:29:15] I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.
[01:29:17] Let him let the matter slip,
[01:29:19] and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.
[01:29:21] I'll make the motion:
[01:29:29] stand here, make a good show on't:
[01:29:36] this shall end without the perdition of souls.
[01:29:39] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.
[01:29:41] I have his horse to take up the quarrel:
[01:29:44] I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.
[01:29:47] He is as horribly conceited of him;
[01:29:48] and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.
[01:29:51] There's no remedy, sir;
[01:29:53] he will fight with you for's oath sake:
[01:29:55] marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel,
[01:29:56] and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of:
[01:30:00] therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow;
[01:30:04] he protests he will not hurt you.
[01:30:06] Pray God defend me! A little thing would
[01:30:09] make me tell them how much I lack of a man.
[01:30:12] Give ground, if you see him furious.
[01:30:16] Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy;
[01:30:18] the gentleman will,
[01:30:19] for his honour's sake, have one bout with you;
[01:30:21] he cannot by the duello avoid it:
[01:30:23] but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,
[01:30:25] he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.
[01:30:29] Pray God, he keep his oath!
[01:30:31] I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
[01:31:01] Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
[01:31:04] Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
[01:31:06] If you offend him, I for him defy you.
[01:31:08] You, sir! why, what are you?
[01:31:10] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
[01:31:12] Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
[01:31:13] Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[01:31:27] O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
[01:31:30] I'll be with you anon.
[01:31:33] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
[01:31:34] Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you,

[01:31:36] I'll be as good as my word:
[01:31:37] he will bear you easily and reins well.
[01:31:39] This is the man; do thy office.
[01:31:44] Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
[01:31:47] You do mistake me, sir.
[01:31:48] No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
[01:31:50] Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
[01:31:52] Take him away: he knows I know him well.
[01:31:54] I must obey.
[01:32:01] This comes with seeking you:
[01:32:03] But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
[01:32:06] Makes me to ask you for my purse?
[01:32:09] It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you
[01:32:11] Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
[01:32:14] But be of comfort.
[01:32:17] Come, sir, away.
[01:32:21] I must entreat of you some of that money.
[01:32:24] What money, sir?
[01:32:26] For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
[01:32:28] And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
[01:32:30] Out of my lean and low ability
[01:32:32] I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
[01:32:34] I'll make division of my present with you:
[01:32:37] Hold, there's half my coffer.
[01:32:40] Will you deny me now?
[01:32:42] Is't possible that my deserts to you
[01:32:43] Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
[01:32:46] Lest that it make me so unsound a man
[01:32:48] As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
[01:32:49] That I have done for you.
[01:32:50] I know of none;
[01:32:52] Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
[01:32:55] I hate ingratitude more in a man
[01:32:56] Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
[01:32:59] Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
[01:33:01] Inhabits our frail blood.
[01:33:04] O heavens themselves!
[01:33:06] Come, sir, I pray you, go.
[01:33:08] Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
[01:33:11] I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
[01:33:13] Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
[01:33:16] And to his image, which methought did promise
[01:33:18] Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
[01:33:22] What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
[01:33:25] But O how vile an idol proves this god
[01:33:28] Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
[01:33:33] In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
[01:33:35] None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
[01:33:39] Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
[01:33:43] Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
[01:33:45] The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
[01:33:48] Lead me on.
[01:33:51] Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
[01:33:54] That he believes himself: so do not I.
[01:33:57] Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
[01:34:01] That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
[01:34:04] Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:
[01:34:06] He named Sebastian: I my brother know
[01:34:10] Yet living in my glass; even such and so
[01:34:13] In favour was my brother, and he went

[01:34:14] Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
[01:34:16] For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
[01:34:21] Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
[01:34:30] A very dishonest paltry boy,
[01:34:33] and more a coward than a hare:
[01:34:35] his dishonesty appears in leaving his
[01:34:36] friend here in necessity and denying him;
[01:34:38] and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
[01:34:40] A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
[01:34:44] 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
[01:34:46] Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
[01:34:50] An I do not,--
[01:34:51] Come, let's see the event.
[01:34:52] I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Twelfth Night Act 4

[01:35:01] Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
 [01:35:04] Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
 [01:35:06] Let me be clear of thee.
 [01:35:09] Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you;
 [01:35:14] nor I am not sent to you by my lady,
 [01:35:16] to bid you come speak with her;
 [01:35:18] nor your name is not Master Cesario;
 [01:35:20] nor this is not my nose neither.
 [01:35:22] Nothing that is so is so.
 [01:35:24] I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
 [01:35:26] Thou know'st not me.
 [01:35:28] Vent my folly! he has heard that word
 [01:35:29] of some great man and now applies it to a fool.
 [01:35:32] Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,
 [01:35:35] will prove a cockney. I prithee now,
 [01:35:38] ungird thy strangeness
 [01:35:41] and tell me what I shall vent to my lady:
 [01:35:44] shall I vent to her that thou art coming?
 [01:35:45] I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
 [01:35:46] There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
 [01:35:49] I shall give worse payment.
 [01:35:50] By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men
 [01:35:52] that give fools money get themselves a good report--
 [01:35:55] after fourteen years' purchase.
 [01:35:56] Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.
 [01:36:04] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
 [01:36:07] Are all the people mad?
 [01:36:09] Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
 [01:36:11] This will I tell my lady straight:
 [01:36:13] I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.
 [01:36:15] Come on, sir; hold.
 [01:36:16] Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him;
 [01:36:17] I'll have an action of battery against him,
 [01:36:19] if there be any law in Illyria:
 [01:36:20] though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.
 [01:36:22] Let go thy hand.
 [01:36:23] Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier,
 [01:36:25] put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.
 [01:36:29] I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
 [01:36:34] If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.
 [01:36:36] What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two
 [01:36:39] of this malapert blood from you.
 [01:37:06] Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!
 [01:37:08] Madam!
 [01:37:09] Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
 [01:37:11] fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
 [01:37:13] where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
 [01:37:16] Be not offended, dear Cesario.
 [01:37:18] Rudesby, be gone!
 [01:37:31] I prithee, gentle friend,
 [01:37:32] let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 [01:37:34] in this uncivil and thou unjust extent
 [01:37:36] against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
 [01:37:38] and hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 [01:37:41] this ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 [01:37:44] mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
 [01:37:46] Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
 [01:37:51] He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

[01:37:53] What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 [01:37:58] Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
 [01:38:01] Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 [01:38:06] If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
 [01:38:11] Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!
 [01:38:15] Madam, I will.
 [01:38:17] O, say so, and so be!
 [01:38:32] Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;
 [01:38:39] make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate:
 [01:38:43] do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.
 [01:38:47] Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't;
 [01:38:52] and I would I were the first that ever
 [01:38:53] dissembled in such a gown. The competitors enter.
 [01:38:58] Jove bless thee, master Parson.
 [01:39:00] Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague,
 [01:39:04] that never saw pen and ink,
 [01:39:06] very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc,
 [01:39:08] 'That that is is;'
 [01:39:09] so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson;
 [01:39:15] for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?
 [01:39:18] To him, Sir Topas.
 [01:39:26] What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!
 [01:39:31] The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
 [01:39:33] Who calls there?
 [01:39:35] Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
 [01:39:39] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
 [01:39:43] Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man!
 [01:39:48] talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
 [01:39:50] Well said, Master Parson.
 [01:39:52] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged:
 [01:39:54] good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad:
 [01:39:57] they have laid me here in hideous darkness.
 [01:39:59] Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most
 [01:40:03] modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones
 [01:40:06] that will use the devil himself with courtesy:
 [01:40:09] sayest thou that house is dark?
 [01:40:11] As hell, Sir Topas.
 [01:40:13] Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes,
 [01:40:17] and the clearstores toward the south north
 [01:40:19] are as lustrous as ebony;
 [01:40:21] and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
 [01:40:24] I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
 [01:40:28] Madman, thou errest:
 [01:40:30] I say, there is no darkness but ignorance;
 [01:40:33] Fare thee well.
 [01:40:35] Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
 [01:40:40] My most exquisite Sir Topas!
 [01:40:43] Nay, I am for all waters.
 [01:40:44] Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown:
 [01:40:46] he sees thee not.
 [01:40:48] To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how
 [01:40:50] thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery.
 [01:40:54] If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were,
 [01:40:56] for I am now so far in offence with my niece
 [01:40:59] that I cannot pursue with any safety
 [01:41:02] this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.
 [01:41:20] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
 [01:41:22] Tell me how thy lady does.'
 [01:41:23] Fool!
 [01:41:24] 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

[01:41:26] Fool!
 [01:41:27] 'Alas, why is she so?'
 [01:41:28] Fool, I say!
 [01:41:30] 'She loves another'--Who calls, ha?
 [01:41:32] Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand,
 [01:41:36] help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper:
 [01:41:38] as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
 [01:41:45] Master Malvolio?
 [01:41:46] Ay, good fool.
 [01:41:48] Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
 [01:41:50] Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused:
 [01:41:53] I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
 [01:41:55] But as well? then you are mad indeed,
 [01:41:57] if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
 [01:41:59] They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness,
 [01:42:02] send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can
 [01:42:05] to face me out of my wits.
 [01:42:07] Advise you what you say; the minister is here.
 [01:42:10] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!
 [01:42:13] endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.
 [01:42:17] Sir Topas!
 [01:42:18] Maintain no words with him, good fellow.
 [01:42:21] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas.
 [01:42:24] Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.
 [01:42:26] Good fool, some ink, paper and light;
 [01:42:28] and convey what I will set down to my lady:
 [01:42:31] it shall advantage thee more
 [01:42:32] than ever the bearing of letter did.
 [01:42:45] I will help you to't. But tell me true,
 [01:42:48] are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
 [01:42:51] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
 [01:42:53] Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.
 [01:42:58] I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
 [01:43:00] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
 [01:43:03] I prithee, be gone.
 [01:43:05] I am gone, sir,
 [01:43:06] And anon, sir,
 [01:43:07] I'll be with you again,
 [01:43:09] In a trice,
 [01:43:10] Like to the old Vice,
 [01:43:11] Your need to sustain;
 [01:43:13] Who, with dagger of lath,
 [01:43:14] In his rage and his wrath,
 [01:43:15] Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 [01:43:16] Like a mad lad,
 [01:43:18] Pare thy nails, dad;
 [01:43:20] Adieu, good man devil.
 [01:43:45] This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 [01:43:50] This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
 [01:43:55] And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 [01:43:58] Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
 [01:44:03] I could not find him at the Elephant:
 [01:44:04] Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
 [01:44:08] That he did range the town to seek me out.
 [01:44:10] His counsel now might do me golden service;
 [01:44:14] For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 [01:44:16] That this may be some error, but no madness,
 [01:44:21] Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 [01:44:23] So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 [01:44:27] That I am ready to distrust mine eyes

[01 : 44 : 29] And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
[01 : 44 : 32] To any other trust but that I am mad
[01 : 44 : 38] Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
[01 : 44 : 42] She could not sway her house, command her followers,
[01 : 44 : 45] Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
[01 : 44 : 47] With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
[01 : 44 : 50] As I perceive she does: there's something in't
[01 : 44 : 54] That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.
[01 : 45 : 03] Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
[01 : 45 : 06] Now go with me and with this holy man
[01 : 45 : 07] Into the chantry by: there, before him,
[01 : 45 : 10] And underneath that consecrated roof,
[01 : 45 : 13] Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
[01 : 45 : 16] That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
[01 : 45 : 18] May live at peace. He shall conceal it
[01 : 45 : 22] Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
[01 : 45 : 24] What time we will our celebration keep
[01 : 45 : 25] According to my birth. What do you say?
[01 : 45 : 28] I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
[01 : 45 : 31] And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
[01 : 45 : 35] Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
[01 : 45 : 43] That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Twelfth Night Act 5

[01:45:59] Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
 [01:46:02] Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
 [01:46:05] Any thing.
 [01:46:06] Do not desire to see this letter.
 [01:46:09] This is, to give a dog,
 [01:46:10] and in recompense desire my dog again.
 [01:46:14] Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
 [01:46:16] Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
 [01:46:19] I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
 [01:46:21] Truly, sir,
 [01:46:22] the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
 [01:46:25] Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
 [01:46:27] No, sir, the worse.
 [01:46:28] How can that be?
 [01:46:29] Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me;
 [01:46:32] now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass:
 [01:46:35] so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself,
 [01:46:38] and by my friends, I am abused:
 [01:46:41] if you will let your lady know
 [01:46:42] I am here to speak with her,
 [01:46:44] and bring her along with you,
 [01:46:45] it may awake my bounty.
 [01:46:46] O, lullaby to your bounty till I come again.
 [01:46:49] I will awake it soon.
 [01:46:53] Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
 [01:46:55] That face of his I do remember well;
 [01:46:59] Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 [01:47:01] As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
 [01:47:04] A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 [01:47:07] For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
 [01:47:10] With which such scathful grapple did he make
 [01:47:12] With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
 [01:47:14] That very envy and the tongue of loss
 [01:47:15] Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?
 [01:47:19] Orsino, this is that Antonio
 [01:47:22] That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;
 [01:47:24] And this is he that did the Tiger board,
 [01:47:26] When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
 [01:47:28] Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 [01:47:30] In private brabble did we apprehend him.
 [01:47:32] He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
 [01:47:34] But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
 [01:47:37] I know not what 'twas but distraction.
 [01:47:39] Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 [01:47:42] What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
 [01:47:45] Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 [01:47:47] Hast made thine enemies?
 [01:47:51] Orsino, noble sir,
 [01:47:53] Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
 [01:47:57] Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 [01:48:00] Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 [01:48:01] Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 [01:48:07] That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
 [01:48:09] From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 [01:48:11] Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
 [01:48:16] His life I gave him and did thereto add
 [01:48:17] My love, without retention or restraint,
 [01:48:19] All his in dedication; for his sake

[01:48:23] Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 [01:48:26] Into the danger of this adverse town;
 [01:48:29] Drew to defend him when he was beset:
 [01:48:31] Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 [01:48:33] Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
 [01:48:35] Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 [01:48:37] And grew a twenty years removed thing
 [01:48:39] While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 [01:48:44] Which I had recommended to his use
 [01:48:46] Not half an hour before.
 [01:48:47] How can this be?
 [01:48:48] When came he to this town?
 [01:48:49] To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
 [01:48:51] No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 [01:48:53] Both day and night did we keep company.
 [01:48:58] Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
 [01:49:02] But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
 [01:49:04] Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 [01:49:08] But more of that anon. Take him aside.
 [01:49:15] What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 [01:49:17] Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
 [01:49:19] Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
 [01:49:21] Madam!
 [01:49:22] Gracious Olivia,--
 [01:49:23] What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,--
 [01:49:24] My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
 [01:49:29] If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 [01:49:30] It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
 [01:49:32] As howling after music.
 [01:49:36] Still so cruel?
 [01:49:38] Still so constant, lord.
 [01:49:40] What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
 [01:49:45] To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 [01:49:47] My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
 [01:49:49] That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
 [01:49:54] Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
 [01:49:56] Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 [01:49:59] Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
 [01:50:01] Kill what I love?--a savage jealousy
 [01:50:03] That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
 [01:50:06] Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 [01:50:09] And that I partly know the instrument
 [01:50:11] That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 [01:50:14] Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
 [01:50:17] But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 [01:50:20] And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 [01:50:23] Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 [01:50:25] Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
 [01:50:27] Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
 [01:50:31] I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 [01:50:32] To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
 [01:50:34] And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
 [01:50:36] To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
 [01:50:39] Where goes Cesario?
 [01:50:40] After him I love
 [01:50:42] More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 [01:50:45] More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
 [01:50:48] If I do feign, you witnesses above
 [01:50:50] Punish my life for tainting of my love!
 [01:50:54] Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

[01:50:58] Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
 [01:51:00] Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
 [01:51:03] Call forth the holy father.
 [01:51:05] Come, away!
 [01:51:06] Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
 [01:51:21] Husband!
 [01:51:22] Ay, husband: can he that deny?
 [01:51:24] Her husband, sirrah!
 [01:51:26] No, my lord, not I.
 [01:51:28] Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
 [01:51:30] That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 [01:51:33] Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
 [01:51:35] Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 [01:51:38] As great as that thou fear'st.
 [01:51:42] O, welcome, father!
 [01:51:45] Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 [01:51:47] Here to unfold, though lately we intended
 [01:51:49] To keep in darkness what occasion now
 [01:51:51] Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
 [01:51:53] Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
 [01:51:59] A contract of eternal bond of love,
 [01:52:02] Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 [01:52:05] Attested by the holy close of lips,
 [01:52:07] Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
 [01:52:10] And all the ceremony of this compact
 [01:52:12] Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 [01:52:17] Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
 [01:52:21] I have travell'd but two hours.
 [01:52:24] O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
 [01:52:30] When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 [01:52:32] Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 [01:52:34] That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 [01:52:37] Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 [01:52:41] Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
 [01:52:43] My lord, I do protest--
 [01:52:45] O, do not swear!
 [01:52:46] Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.
 [01:52:48] For the love of God, a surgeon!
 [01:52:51] Send one presently to Sir Toby.
 [01:52:53] What's the matter?
 [01:52:54] He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby
 [01:52:56] a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help!
 [01:52:59] I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
 [01:53:01] Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
 [01:53:02] The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
 [01:53:04] we took him for a coward,
 [01:53:05] but he's the very devil incarninate.
 [01:53:07] My gentleman, Cesario?
 [01:53:08] 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing;
 [01:53:13] and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
 [01:53:16] Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
 [01:53:18] You drew your sword upon me without cause;
 [01:53:21] But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.
 [01:53:24] If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me:
 [01:53:26] I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.
 [01:53:29] Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more:
 [01:53:32] but if he had not been in drink,
 [01:53:33] he would have tickled you othergates than he did.
 [01:53:35] How now, gentleman! how is't with you?
 [01:53:36] That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't.

[01:53:46] Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
[01:53:48] O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago;
[01:53:50] his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
[01:53:52] Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures panyn:
[01:53:55] I hate a drunken rogue.
[01:53:59] Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
[01:54:02] I'll help you, Sir Toby,
[01:54:03] because well be dressed together.
[01:54:05] Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave,
[01:54:09] a thin-faced knave, a gull!
[01:54:13] Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[01:54:25] I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
[01:54:27] But, had it been the brother of my blood,
[01:54:29] I must have done no less with wit and safety.
[01:54:33] You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
[01:54:36] I do perceive it hath offended you:
[01:54:37] Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
[01:54:39] We made each other but so late ago.
[01:54:43] One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
[01:54:48] A natural perspective, that is and is not!
[01:54:51] Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
[01:54:55] How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
[01:54:57] Since I have lost thee!
[01:54:59] Sebastian are you?
[01:55:01] Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
[01:55:02] How have you made division of yourself?
[01:55:04] An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
[01:55:06] Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
[01:55:13] Most wonderful!
[01:55:15] Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
[01:55:22] Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
[01:55:23] Of here and every where. I had a sister,
[01:55:28] Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
[01:55:30] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
[01:55:32] What countryman? what name? what parentage?
[01:55:35] Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
[01:55:39] Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
[01:55:42] So went he suited to his watery tomb:
[01:55:46] If spirits can assume both form and suit
[01:55:49] You come to fright us.
[01:55:50] A spirit I am indeed;
[01:55:52] But am in that dimension grossly clad
[01:55:54] Which from the womb I did participate.
[01:55:57] Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
[01:55:58] I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
[01:56:01] And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"
[01:56:04] My father had a mole upon his brow.
[01:56:05] And so had mine.
[01:56:06] And died that day when Viola from her birth
[01:56:08] Had number'd thirteen years.
[01:56:10] O, that record is lively in my soul!
[01:56:12] He finished indeed his mortal act
[01:56:13] That day that made my sister thirteen years.
[01:56:15] If nothing lets to make us happy both
[01:56:18] But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
[01:56:21] Do not embrace me till each circumstance
[01:56:24] Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
[01:56:28] That I am Viola: which to confirm,
[01:56:33] I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
[01:56:35] Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

[01:56:38] I was preserved to serve this noble count.
 [01:56:43] All the occurrence of my fortune since
 [01:56:46] Hath been between this lady and this lord.
 [01:56:55] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
 [01:57:00] But nature to her bias drew in that.
 [01:57:03] You would have been contracted to a maid;
 [01:57:06] Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
 [01:57:09] You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
 [01:57:13] Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
 [01:57:19] If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 [01:57:21] I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
 [01:57:25] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 [01:57:29] Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
 [01:57:32] And all those sayings will I overswear;
 [01:57:34] And those swearings keep as true in soul
 [01:57:36] As doth that orb'd continent the fire
 [01:57:39] That severs day from night.
 [01:57:41] Give me thy hand;
 [01:57:43] And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
 [01:57:45] The captain that did bring me first on shore
 [01:57:47] Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
 [01:57:50] Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
 [01:57:52] A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
 [01:57:54] He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
 [01:57:58] And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 [01:58:00] They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
 [01:58:03] A most extracting frenzy of mine own
 [01:58:05] From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
 [01:58:09] How does he, sirrah?
 [01:58:11] Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end
 [01:58:13] as well as a man in his case may do:
 [01:58:15] has here writ a letter to you;
 [01:58:17] I should have given't you to-day morning,
 [01:58:19] but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
 [01:58:22] so it skills not much when they are delivered.
 [01:58:25] Open't, and read it.
 [01:58:29] Look then to be well edified
 [01:58:30] when the fool delivers the madman.
 [01:58:32] 'By the Lord, madam,'--
 [01:58:34] How now! art thou mad?
 [01:58:36] No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship
 [01:58:38] will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.
 [01:58:40] Prithee, read i' thy right wits.
 [01:58:42] So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus:
 [01:58:45] therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
 [01:58:48] Read it you, sirrah.
 [01:58:49] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
 [01:59:01] and the world shall know it:
 [01:59:03] though you have put me into darkness
 [01:59:04] and given your drunken cousin rule over me,
 [01:59:07] yet have I the benefit of my senses
 [01:59:11] as well as your ladyship.
 [01:59:12] I have your own letter
 [01:59:14] that induced me to the semblance I put on;
 [01:59:18] with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right,
 [01:59:21] or you much shame.
 [01:59:24] Think of me as you please. I leave my duty
 [01:59:26] a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.
 [01:59:30] THE MADLY-USED . ' MALVOLIO
 [01:59:33] Did he write this?

[01:59:34] Ay, madam.
 [01:59:35] This savours not much of distraction.
 [01:59:37] See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
 [01:59:42] My lord, these things further thought on,
 [01:59:46] To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 [01:59:49] One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
 [01:59:53] Here at my house and at my proper cost.
 [01:59:55] Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
 [02:00:01] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
 [02:00:05] So much against the mettle of your sex,
 [02:00:08] So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 [02:00:12] And since you call'd me master for so long,
 [02:00:15] Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
 [02:00:18] Your master's mistress.
 [02:00:22] A sister! you are she.
 [02:00:28] Is this the madman?
 [02:00:30] Ay, my lord, this same.
 [02:00:33] How now, Malvolio!
 [02:00:35] Madam, you have done me wrong,
 [02:00:38] Notorious wrong.
 [02:00:39] Have I, Malvolio? no.
 [02:00:41] Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 [02:00:45] You must not now deny it is your hand:
 [02:00:47] Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
 [02:00:48] Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
 [02:00:51] You can say none of this: well, grant it then
 [02:00:54] And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 [02:00:56] Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
 [02:00:58] Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 [02:01:01] To put on yellow stockings and to frown
 [02:01:03] Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
 [02:01:05] And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 [02:01:07] Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 [02:01:09] Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 [02:01:13] And made the most notorious geck and gull
 [02:01:14] That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
 [02:01:18] Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 [02:01:20] Though, I confess, much like the character
 [02:01:22] But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
 [02:01:26] And now I do bethink me, it was she
 [02:01:28] First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
 [02:01:31] And in such forms which here were presupposed
 [02:01:34] Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
 [02:01:38] This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
 [02:01:41] But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 [02:01:43] Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 [02:01:45] Of thine own cause.
 [02:01:54] Good madam, hear me speak,
 [02:01:56] And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 [02:01:59] Taint the condition of this present hour,
 [02:02:01] Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 [02:02:04] Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 [02:02:07] Set this device against Malvolio here,
 [02:02:11] Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 [02:02:12] We had conceived against him: Maria writ
 [02:02:16] The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
 [02:02:21] In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 [02:02:26] How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 [02:02:27] May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 [02:02:32] If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

[02:02:33] That have on both sides pass'd.
[02:02:36] Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!
[02:02:42] Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,
[02:02:47] and some have greatness thrown upon them.'
[02:02:51] I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir;
[02:02:56] but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'
[02:03:01] But do you remember?
[02:03:03] 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
[02:03:07] an you smile not, he's gagged.'
[02:03:10] and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
[02:03:18] I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[02:03:27] He hath been most notoriously abused.
[02:03:30] Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:
[02:03:34] He hath not told us of the captain yet:
[02:03:37] When that is known and golden time conveys,
[02:03:40] A solemn combination shall be made
[02:03:42] Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
[02:03:45] We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
[02:03:51] For so you shall be, while you are a man;
[02:03:54] But when in other habits you are seen,
[02:03:56] Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
[02:04:18] When that I was and a little tiny boy,
[02:04:22] With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
[02:04:27] A foolish thing was but a toy,
[02:04:32] For the rain it raineth every day.
[02:04:37] But when I came to man's estate,
[02:04:42] With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
[02:04:47] 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
[02:04:54] For the rain, it rain'th every day.
[02:05:00] It rain'th every day.
[02:05:05] But when I came, alas! to wive,
[02:05:10] With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
[02:05:15] By swaggering could I never thrive,
[02:05:20] For the rain, it rain'th every day.
[02:05:26] But when I came unto my beds,
[02:05:31] With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
[02:05:36] With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
[02:05:42] For the rain, it rain'th every day.
[02:05:48] It rain'th every day.
[02:05:54] A great while ago the world begun,
[02:06:00] With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
[02:06:06] But that's all one, our play is done,
[02:06:13] And we'll strive to please you every day.
[02:06:20] To please you every day.