Fairies supposed to be harmless.
Witches & ghosts ridiculed or
pursued with vengeance.

Inavan: source of sweet
leaves, mentioned in the Cornet...

Erroneous in level.

(1541 + 1592) are two keys.
Inavan: plate of these medals. Libro
level to level, transcribed into
several languages: by
Cavendish, in Italy in 1590.
Shakespeare, with aid of his training
might have transcribed these, or heard story
Cavendish, Italy. This translated by
Cavendish, into English:

Sawyer's case made good sense.
V4XX

A

Puritans

Puritans

He calls for He called to keep step further proceeding due to fact that in Catholic way of her son after his need would have been treated better... this blames again Shakespearean Catholic poetic ideal.

3) "Shakespeare's Catholic Science" medical - probably influenced by art... admiration of woman would testify this.
The Elizabethan Christmas

(Nicolaus Barbellion - 1626)

Festive merriment before Christmas...
Clown: "Come away, come away, death"

Twelfth Night Act II Scene 4
Booklovers Edition

Twelfth Night

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

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New York
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By
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
TWELFTH NIGHT;
Or, WHAT YOU WILL

Preface.

The First Edition. Twelfth Night; or, What You Will, was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255-275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of 'Dramatis Personae' was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

The Date of Composition. John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January 1601(-2) to April, 1603, entered in his Diary, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harleian 5353),* the following statement:

"Feb. 2, 1601(-2).—At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that Twelfth Night is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must

* Cp. The Diary of John Manningham, ed. by John Bruce (Camden Society, 1869).
needs be gone,' from the Book of Ayres, by Robert Jones, first published in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601-2.

**Title of the Play.** According to Halliwell-Phillipps, Twelfth Night was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's servants,' before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601-2: possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by 'its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment.' Its second name, 'Or What You Will,' was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as 'As You Like It'; it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.*

**The Sources of the Plot.** (i.) There are at least two Italian plays called Gl'Inganni (The Cheats), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of Twelfth Night; one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's 'Cesario.' (ii.) A third play, however, entitled Gl'Ingannati (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to Twelfth Night; in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio*, oc-

* Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.
curs the name 'Malevolfi,' which is at least suggestive of the name 'Malvolio.' (iii.) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV. Hist. vii.); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarie Profession* (1581), where it is styled 'The History of Apollonius and Silla'; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*; Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part i, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of 'Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull,' no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

**Backward Links.** *Twelfth Night*, probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well*, suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays:—e.g. (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*; (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors*; (3) the whole play is in fact a 'Comedy of Errors' arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice*,

\[
\text{like the sweet sound}
\]
\[
\text{That breathes upon a bank of violets,}
\text{Stealing and giving odour};
\]

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II. iv. 113-121) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii. 14-18); (7) finally, Sir Andre is a sort of elder brother of Cousin Slender; and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.
Duration of Action. The Action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sebastian and Viola, twins, are separated by shipwreck and each believes the other lost. Viola is cast ashore on the coast of Illyria. She thereupon dons male attire and obtains service as page with the Duke Orsino, who has been vainly suing for the hand of Olivia, a native lady. The Duke is pleased with the appearance of his new page and sends Viola to pay court for him to Olivia, which she does with so much gracefulness and eloquence that the lady becomes enamoured of the supposed youth instead of the master.

II. Olivia sends favours and messages to Viola in which, naturally, the latter takes no interest. Viola, in turn, has conceived a passion for the Duke, which she is compelled to hide.

Olivia's steward, Malvolio, is so priggish and conceited that others of her household contrive a practical joke against him, sending him an anonymous love-letter which he is given to believe is from Olivia herself.

III. Malvolio follows instructions contained in the letter, and behaves so ridiculously that his mistress believes him demented. Meanwhile Olivia's love for Viola becomes so intense that she sues openly to the fictitious page, much to the latter's distress. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor of Olivia's, is displeased at the favours shown the page, and in a spirit of bravado challenges Viola. Though both are eager to avoid the conflict, it is only averted by the arrival of officers.
IV. Sebastian, Viola’s brother, who was also cast up by the sea, comes to Illyria. He looks so much like his sister—especially since she is in men’s garments—that Sir Andrew mistakes him for the page and renew’s the fight. This time he does not encounter a woman’s shrinking spirit or weak arm, and he is soundly belaboured. Soon after, Olivia also meets Sebastian, supposes him to be Viola and reiterates her devotion. The delighted Sebastian returns love for love and they are secretly espoused before a priest.

V. Olivia encounters Viola in company with the Duke and greets her by the title of husband. The bewildered page disavows the title, but the priest who performed the ceremony vouches for it. The Duke is much disgruntled that his favourite page should so abuse his confidence. Viola is meeting with general disfavour, when her brother Sebastian arrives on the scene, and the two who had thought each other dead are reunited. Olivia discovers that she has espoused the brother, after having wooed the sister, while the Duke finds that his attachment for his page becomes love when Viola resumes her feminine attire.

The secret of Malvolio’s dementia is revealed, and he is released from the confinement in which he has been held.

McSpadden: Shakespearian Synopses.

II.

Viola.

As the innate dignity of Perdita pierces through her rustic disguise, so the exquisite refinement of Viola triumphs over her masculine attire. Viola is, perhaps, in a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring; she is “deep-learned in the lore of love”—at least theo-
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Retically—and speaks as masterly on the subject as Perdita does of flowers.

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine) it is shortly this: She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria: she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady, having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother.

If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola’s destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene) that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola’s imagination; and, when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way de-
tract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "she never told her love."

Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies: but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

Viola then is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade:—

"And on her cheek is ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

... The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire—her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.
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Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page, takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment, that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one; she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants—but not like Portia, "queen o'er herself." She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion; yet she apologizes for herself:

"I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
    And laid mine honour too unchary out;
    There's something in me that reproves my fault;
    But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
    That it but mocks reproof!"

And in the midst of her self-abandonment never allows us to contemn, even while we pity her:

"What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
    That honour, sav'd may upon asking give?"

The distance of rank which separates the Countess from the youthful page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing" with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest, not a subject of reproof. Twelfth Night is a genuine comedy—a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society men and women are divided into castes and classes, and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment and the broad-
est effects of humour, the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity, in short, to bring before us in the same scene Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakspeare.

Mrs. Jameson: Characteristics of Women.

III.

Malvolio.

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality; for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged
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Comments

to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man.

But the play does not let Malvolio drop softly on his feet. There is a faint grudge provoked by the ill-tempered quality of his conceit, and Shakspeare indicates this trait of our nature. The Clown, who remembers how the steward used to twit Olivia's contentment at his sallies, and to deprecate it in a lofty way, now mimics his phrases and manner to sting him with a last fluttering dart. Malvolio's pride is already too deeply wounded, for he has indeed been "notoriously abused." There is no relenting in such a man on account of the fun, for that is a crime in the eyes of a Puritan, to be punished for God's sake. His temper acquires sombreness from his belief that total depravity is a good doctrine if you can only live up to it. But when this crime of fun is perpetrated against the anointed self-esteem of the Puritan himself, it is plain he will be revenged on the whole pack of them unless they proceed to make a sop of deference to touch his hurt with, and a pipe out of his own egotism for sounding a truce.

Shakspeare delighted to mark the transition of a virtue to a vice; that elusive moment, as of a point of passage from one species to another, discovered and put into a flash from the light of humor. Malvolio's grave and self-respecting temperament is an excellence. No decent man thinks meanly of himself, and the indecent ones cannot afford the disparagement. The pretence of it is a warning to us to expect mischief, a notice put up, "This is a private way; dangerous passing."

Weiss: Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.
The Clown in this play, who, I am inclined to think, should bear his name all through by as good a right as Touchstone, is a remarkable creation, and very essential to the knitting and coherence of the general play. His musical talent is most diversified; he gives as readily and with equal effect the tender love song suited to the dreamy and poetical being of the Duke, or the noisy catch that shakes the rafters and calls up Malvolio at midnight. Thus catholic in his artistic range, he has a not less wide intellectual scope. He plumbs the depth accurately of his mistress’s exhausted sorrow, penetrates the destiny of Maria and Sir Toby’s weak pia mater, holds up a mirror to the opalescent humours of the Duke, and takes remarkably good care of his own economical resources, by asking on every occasion when he is safe to obtain—yet free from slyness withal, genial and enjoyable, as he is free of speech. Still, apart from a certain degree of loyalty to his mistress, he knows the world too well—this it is to be wise and to suffer for it, to remain very long in society of the same tone, or to feel much sympathy for anybody, or consequently to get much in return. With no great interest in the practical jests and bear-baitings that are rise around him, he does not refuse, however, to gratify his pique of profession, by lending a helping hand in duping the churlish steward.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Of all Shakspeare’s clowns, he is the best endowed with a many-sided mirth, as indeed he should be to pass lightly through the mingled romance and roystering of the play and favor all its moods. The sentiment of the Duke is as inebriated as the revelling which Malvolio rebukes. Olivia’s protracted grief for her brother is carefully cos-
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seted by her, as if on purpose to give the Clown an opportunity.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?
Oliv. Good fool, for my brother’s death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother’s soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

All the characters, noble and common, have some weakness which he intuitively rallies. The charm of the comedy lies in these unsubstantial moods of the chief personages which consort with the more substantial whims and appetites of the others. The only sobriety is vested in the Clown; for all his freaks have a consistent disposition. So the lovely poetry of the mock mourners alternates with the tipsy prose of the genuine fleshly fellows. Their hearty caterwauling penetrates to Olivia’s fond seclusion, and breaks up her brooding. Feste is everywhere at home. When he plays the curate’s part, Malvolio beseechingly cries, “Sir Topas, Sir Topas!” The Clown says aside, “Nay, I am for all waters”—that is, for topaz, diamond, gems of the first water, all many-colored facets, I’ll reflect. And he does so in this conversation which he holds with Malvolio, who says, “I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.” Then Feste airs his learning: “What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?” and makes his question lead up to a sharp retort, when Malvolio answers, “That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird”; for then Feste says, “Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.” For it was a country notion that the woodcock was the foolishest of birds; so he translates Malvolio’s grandam into one, and leaves him to inherit her absence of wits. And Malvolio was so devoured by mortification and anxiety that he
TWELFTH NIGHT:

does not notice when Feste cannot restrain his burlesque
knack, but makes the pretended curate say that
Malvolio’s cell “hath bay-windows, transparent as barri-
cadoes, and the clearstores toward the south-north are
as lustrous as ebony.”

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke is treated without any disposition to ac-
ccentuate the ludicrous aspect of his character and for-
tunes. He is among the figures which suggest that
Shakespeare was attracted by the methods of Jonson.
Luxurious emotions are the elements in which he lives;
they run to seed in him like a “Humour.” His opening
words, “If music be the food of love, play on,” incisively
denote him. His love is not a master who subdues all his
faculties and energies to its service, but an exquisite
companion whom he dotes on and dallies with. He has
no doubt a choice and graceful mind, and this saves him
from ridicule, though hardly from contempt; but it
serves rather to extract and formulate the finest essence
of each passing moment than to draw obvious practical
conclusions from facts. Hence the Clown—no inapt ob-
server—admirably prescribes for him a doublet of
changeable taffeta, “for thy mind is a very opal”; his
speech flushes with the warmth and brilliance of each
passing mood. He is sick of self-love, and his persistent
courtship of Olivia rests upon a fatuous faith in his own
prevailing fascination; but his egoism is amiable and
effusive, and he enters easily into tender relations with
his subordinates. Apolonius, in Rich’s tale, has no kind-
ness for his serving-man; but the charm of Cesario has
conquered the sensitive Duke long before the climax,
and the discovery of his sex transforms it without effort
into love. This change might seem to involve a modifi-
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cation of the climax of Rich's story, where Apolonius vows his man's death to avenge his lady's honour (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, i. 408). In Shakespeare's hands, however, the incident adds a piquant trait to the Duke's character. His tenderness for the lad he dooms converts the act into a sacrifice, and invests it with a tragic significance full of relish to his artistic sense.

HERFORD: The Eversley Shakespeare.

VI.

Olivia.

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguised Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain
confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (iii. 4)—

"Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
If sad and merry madness equal be."

**Brandes: William Shakespeare.**

**VII.**

**Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.**

Of Sir Toby himself—that most whimsical, madcap, trollicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion—it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the aspiring, lackadaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him, he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.

**Hudson: The Works of Shakespeare.**
VIII.

The Characters Contrasted.

Viola is in so far the heroine of the piece, as the whole play originates with and is kept in motion by her and her disguise. And yet her character is given in light touches and delicate colours, and is composed of but a few simple elements. It consists, so to say, only in the apparent contradiction between a tender, gentle, sensitive, longing heart, which, being "deeply skilled in the science of love," retires in maidenly shyness within itself, and a bold, witty and imaginative mind that whispers to her all kinds of mischievous ideas, which she involuntarily follows from her innate pleasure in romance and in what is fantastic. She thereby falls into situations which cause her anxiety and embarrassment, because, on the other hand, she has not the courage or the practical cleverness possessed by Portia (in The Merchant of Venice), whose mind is somewhat akin to her own. To solve harmoniously this apparent contradiction, which places the two elements of the comic—fancy and intrigue—in close juxtaposition, and to form a true and life-like character out of these heterogeneous elements, is a task that Shakspeare leaves to the talent of the actors. In pieces like this and similar ones, he cannot well do otherwise; he has to content himself with giving mere hints of the characters, he has, so to say, but to touch the light pollen of the characterisation; a deeper development and deeper motives would obstruct and retard the rapid, easy, graceful movement of the action.

The other characters, the musical and dreamy Duke, who suns himself in his own love, and spends his time in brooding over his own sorrows;—Olivia, in her girl-lish self-will, hard to please yet so easy to win over, so serious, strict, and yet so graceful, who is so cold, so shy, so virtuously reserved before she is in love, and so inconsiderate in her desires, so devoted after her love is
aroused by contradiction, and has burst forth into a bright flame;—Antonio, with his fantastic friendship for Sebastian, and Sebastian with his healthy, vigorous, youthful nature, taking with one snatch that which the Duke has in vain endeavoured to obtain by entreaties, lamentations and sighs;—the roguish, ingenious Maria, and her clever helper’s help Fabian—all these characters are sketched in such fine outlines, the transparent colours and delicate lights and shades of which are so harmoniously blended with one another that, only in this manner, and in no other, could they be the agents of such a light, airy, hazy and yet deeply significant composition. The most carefully worked out contrast is that between the Fool by profession and the involuntary fools, Malvolio, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby. While the latter, in their own conceit and foolishness, unconsciously draw the cap and bells over their own ears, the former, in his self-adopted mental garb of motley colours, moves with inimitable adroitness, and pins the lappets of his wit to the back of all the other characters. The meaning of the poem is, so to say, centred in him. He alone, in full consciousness, contemplates life as a merry Twelfth Night, in which every one has, in fact, only to play his allotted part to the greatest possible amusement of himself and others.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare’s Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Charms of this Comedy.

Of all Shakespeare’s comedies, perhaps *Twelfth Night* is the most richly woven with various hues of love, serious and mock-heroic. The amorous threads take warmer shifting colours from their neighbourhood to the unmitigated remorseless merry-making of the harum-scarum old wag Sir Toby and his sparkling captain
in mischief, the "most excellent devil of wit," Maria. Beside their loud conviviality and pitiless fun the languishing sentiment of the cultivated love-lorn Duke stands out seven times refined, and goes with exquisite touch to the innermost sensibilities.

MINTO: Characteristics of English Poets.

Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the Clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "flee the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except The Merry Wives, there's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatened with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in As You Like It, "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than Much Ado and As You Like It. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love.

The self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and Clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it's not till we look past them that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life.

FURNIVALL: The Leopold Shakspere.
Comments

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespear's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasanty. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.

HAZLITT: Characters of Shakespear's Plays.

Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, and, above all, Viola, as they live in the comedy are Shakespearian to the heart. The framework of the play is essentially serious, a beautiful vein of poetic feeling runs through it, and, intermingled with these, the most unforced and uproarious fun. In inventiveness in the comic type and in freedom in handling it, as well as in grouping of diverse materials and fusing them into a harmonious and captivating whole, this comedy was never surpassed by the dramatist. He parted with the muse of comedy at the very moment when he had mastered the art of touching the weaknesses, follies, and minor sins of men with a touch which was keen with the wisdom of a great knowledge of the world, and gentle with the kindness of one who loved his kind for what they had lost rather than for what they had won.

Twelfth Night;
or, What You Will.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Curio,
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.
Fabian, servants to Olivia
Feste, a clown,

Olivia.
Viola.
Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene: A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.
Twelfth Night;
Or, What You Will.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I. An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

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Act I. Sc. ii.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

Viola arrives at Illyria - believes brother dead
The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola arrives at Illyria and believes her brother is dead.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  
Act I. Sc. ii.

_Vio._ And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium.  
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

_Cap._ It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

_Vio._ O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

_Cap._ True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you and those poor number saved with you,  
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,  
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

_Vio._ For saying so, there's gold:  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Where to thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

_Cap._ Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

_Vio._ Who governs here?

_Cap._ A noble Duke, in nature as in name.

_Vio._ What is his name?

_Cap._ Orsino.

_Vio._ Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.

_Cap._ And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Act I. Sc. ii. 

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. 

[Exeunt.]
Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.
Act I. Sc. iii.     TWELFTH NIGHT;

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides 30
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among
the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-
stractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my
throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a
coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,
wench! Castilian vulgo; for here comes Sir
Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.
Mar. And you too, sir.
Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Sir And. What's that?
Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.
Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better ac-
quaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her,
board her, woo her, assail her.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  

Act I. Sc. iii.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? 60

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen,

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here’s my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, ‘thought is free’: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what’s your metaphor?

Mar. It’s dry, sir. (Dry hand, age)

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what’s your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers’ ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit. maid

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I’d forswear it. I’ll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
Act I. Sc. iii.  TWELFTH NIGHT:

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?
Sir And. What is ‘pourquoi’? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?
Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does’t not?
Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.
Sir And. Faith, I’ll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it’s four to one she ’ll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She ’ll none o’ the count: she ’ll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear ’t. Tut, there’s life in ’t, man.

Sir And. I’ll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o’ the strangest mind i’ the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?
Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mal's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.
The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence,
Act I. Sc. iv.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;

that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  

And all is semblative a woman’s part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 
To call his fortunes thine. 

Vio. 
I’ll do my best 
To woo your lady: [Aside] yet, a barful strife 
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt. 

Scene V. 

Olivia’s house. 

Enter Maria and Clown. 

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or  
I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may  
enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang  
thee for thy absence. 

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this  
world needs to fear no colours. 

Mar. Make that good. 

Clo. He shall see none to fear. 

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where  
that saying was born, of ‘I fear no colours.’ 

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary? 

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say  
in your foolery. 

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and  
those that are fools, let them use their talents. 

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-
sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue
that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty’s a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucul-lus non facit monachum*; that’s as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I’ll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother’s death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother’s soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be so sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he’s out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools’ zanies.

Oli. Q, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: ’tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

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but madman: fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go look after him.
Act I. Sc. v.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[Exit.
OR. WHAT YOU WILL  

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your
praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exeunt Maria, and Attendants.]
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
Act I. Sc. v.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; 270
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee’d post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master’s, be Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.' I’ll be sworn thou art; Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft! Unless the master were the man. How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections With an invisible and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, The county’s man: he left this ring behind him, Would I or not: tell him I’ll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I’ll give him reasons for ’t: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; 320
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[Exit.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for
some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.
Act II. Sc. ii.  TWELFTH NIGHT:

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, that methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
OR, WHAT YOU WILL         Act II. Sc. iii.

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women’s waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master’s love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit.

Scene III.

Olivia’s house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after
midnight is to be up betimes; and ‘diluculo
surgere,’ thou know’st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know,
to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled
can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed
then, is early: so that to go to bed after mid-
night is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life
consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather
consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou’rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and
drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

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Act II. Sc. iii.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.
Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?
Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitius, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?
Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidon are no bottle-ale houses.
Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.
Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—
Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.
Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.
Clo. [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

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**OR, WHAT YOU WILL**

**Act II. Sc. iii.**

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i', faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* [Sings]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter; What 's to come is still unsure: In delay there lies no plenty; Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

*Clo.* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins. 'Hold thy peace.'

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [Catch sung.

**Enter Maria.**

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio
and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [Sings] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and 100 your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iii.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Act II. Sc. iii. TWELFTH NIGHT;

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count’s was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull 140 him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for ’t, but I have 150 reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my re-
venge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.
Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.
Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.
Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt 170 drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.
Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.
Mar. Ass, I doubt not.
Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!
Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the 180 letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.
Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.
Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.
Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?
Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul 190 way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exeunt.]
Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends, Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia’s father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio. Music plays.

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon ’t, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay’d upon some favour that it loves: Hath it not, boy?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iv.

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Act II. Sc. iv.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;  

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.  

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.  

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.  

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.  

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.  

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.  

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.  

[Exit.}
Duke. Let all the rest give place.  

[Curio and Attendants retire.  

Once more, Cesario,  

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.  

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?  

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.  

Vio. Sooth, but you must.  

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?  

Duke. There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.  

Vio. Ay, but I know,—  

Duke. What dost thou know?  

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
Act II. Sc. v.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

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

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

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

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

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

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. v.

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my jewel of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune: all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!
Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!—
Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how im-
agination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sit-
ting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and
after a demure travel of regard, telling them I
know my place as I would they should do theirs,
to ask for my kinsman Toby,—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and per-
chance wind up my watch, or play with my—
some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies
there to me,—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,
yet peace.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

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

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o’ the lips then.

MAL. Saying, ‘Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,—

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. ‘You must amend your drunkenness.’

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. ‘Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,—

SIR AND. That’s me, I warrant you.

MAL. ‘One Sir Andrew,’—

SIR AND. I know ’twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[Finding up the letter.

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

MAL. By my life, this is my lady’s hand; these be her very C’s, her U’s, and her T’s; and thus makes she her great P’s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her C’s, her U’s, and her T’s: why that?

MAL. [reads] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lu crece, with which she uses to seal: ’tis my lady. To whom should this be?
Act II. Sc. v.

**Fab.** This wins him, liver and all.

**Mal. [reads]**

Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know.

'Th No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

**Sir To.** Marry, hang thee, brock!

**Mal. [Reads]**

I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

**Fab.** A fustian riddle!

**Sir To.** Excellent wench, say I.

**Mal.** 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

**Fab.** What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

**Sir To.** And with what wing the stamfer checks at it!

**Mal.** 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—

**Sir To.** O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

**Fab.** Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

**Mal.** M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

**Fab.** Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  Act II. Sc. v.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the 130 sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would 140 bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[Reads] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite 150 with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.
Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [Reads] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I 180 prithee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit. Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,— Sir And. So could I too. Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest. Sir And. Nor I neither. Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. 190

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. i.

Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I 'll make one too.  

[Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman!
Act III. Sc. i.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly.
she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband’s the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino’s.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold, there’s expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I’ll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; ’tis well begged.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say ‘element,’ but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit; He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time.
Act III. Sc. i.  TWELFTH NIGHT;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to 80
her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the
list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste
my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.

But we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain
odours'; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own
most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. i.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed':
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and 100
Maria.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake

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Act III. Sc. i. 

TWELFTH NIGHT;

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
Their lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. ii.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidswood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide,
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed
upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me
that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.
Act III. Sc. iii.  

TWELFTH NIGHT:

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He’s in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i’ the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as ’tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he’ll smile and take ’t for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Act III. Sc. iv.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
While you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?  

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud.  
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:  
Where is Malvolio?

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

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

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

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Act III. Sc. iv.  

TWELFTH NIGHT;  

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites
me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance —What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

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

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?
Act III. Sc. iv.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is ’t with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not be-110 witched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I ’ll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! ’tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow
things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.
Act III. Sc. iv.  

TWELFTH NIGHT:

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [Reads] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [Reads] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I’ll give ’t him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for ’t: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

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OR, WHAT YOU WILL  

Act III. Sc. iv.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. 

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

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

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too uncharily out:  
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears  
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

_Vio._ Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

_Oli._ How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

_Vio._ I will acquit you.

_Oli._ Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

_Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian._

_Sir To._ Gentleman, God save thee.

_Vio._ And you, sir.

_Sir To._ That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't:
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done
him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of
despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the
orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy
preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful
and deadly.

_Vio._ You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any
quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free
and clear from any image of offence done to any
man.

_Sir To._ You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake
you to your guard; for your opposite hath in
him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can
furnish man withal.

_Vio._ I pray you, sir, what is he?

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

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the
most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

_Vio._ I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

_[Exeunt._

_Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew._

_Sir To._ Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

_Sir And._ Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

_Sir To._ Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

_Sir And._ Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

_Sir To._ I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

_Re-enter Fabian and Viola._

_[To Fab.]_ I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.
Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Vio.] There’s no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for ’s oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [aside] Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there ’s no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour’s sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to ’t.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, ’tis against my will. [They draw.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?
Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [They draw.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
Sir To. I ’ll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [To Vio.] This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is 't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vanity, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

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

First Off. What's that to us! The time goes by: away!

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

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Act IV. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in 410
leaving his friend here in necessity and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

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

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. 420

[Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent
for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. i.

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know’st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There’s money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years’ purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there’s for you.

Seb. Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I’ll throw your dagger o’er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I’ll go another way
to work with him; I'1l have an action of bat-
tery against him, if there be any law in Illyria:
though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for
that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,
my young soldier, put up your iron: you are
well fleshe4; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 60
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

Scene II.
Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I’ll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Clo. Well, I’ll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in’t; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wit-tily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, ‘That that is is’; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is ‘that’ but ‘that,’ and ‘is’ but ‘is’?
Act IV. Sc. ii. TWELFTH NIGHT:

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [within] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricades, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

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

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

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

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the up-shot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Clo. [Singing] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—
Act IV. Sc. ii. TWELFTH NIGHT;

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

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

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—


Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set
down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

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

Mai. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

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

Mai. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clown. [Singing] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  

ACT FIFTH.  

Scene I.  

Before Olivia's house.  

Enter Clown and Fabian.  

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.  
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.  
Fab. Any thing.  
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.  
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.  

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.  

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?  
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.  
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?  
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.  
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.  
Clo. No, sir, the worse.  
Duke. How can that be?  
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.  
Duke. Why, this is excellent.
Act V. Sc. i.  TWELFTH NIGHT;

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.
Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.
Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.
Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.

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

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful gapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phænix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board:
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

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

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratitude boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

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

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

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

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

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

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars,
My soul the faithfull’st offerings hath breathed out
That e’er devotion tender’d! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master’s spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I ’ll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven’s heart within a dove.

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

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e’er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.
Come, away!

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Husband!

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Her husband, sirrah!

No, my lord, not I.

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL  Act V. Sc. i.

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

_Vio._ My lord, I do protest—
_Oli._ O, do not swear!
    Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. 170

_Enter Sir Andrew._

_Sir And._ For the love of God, a surgeon!  Send one
    presently to Sir Toby.
_Oli._ What's the matter?
_Sir And._ He has broke my head across and has given
    Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
    God, your help!  I had rather than forty pound
    I were at home.
_Oli._ Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
_Sir And._ The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we
    took him for a coward, but he's the very devil 180
    incardinate.

_Duke._ My gentleman, Cesario?
_Sir And._ 'Od's lifelings, here he is!  You broke my
    head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
    on to do 't by Sir Toby.

_Vio._ Why do you speak to me?  I never hurt you:
    You drew your sword upon me without cause;
    But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
_Sir And._ If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
    hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody 190
    coxcomb.

_Enter Sir Toby and Clown._

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you other gates than he did.
Act V. Sc. i. — TWELFTH NIGHT;

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures 200 pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit and two persons, A natural perspective, that is and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Scb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Scb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
Act V. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle heip
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Scb. [To Olivia] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian.

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little un-thought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?
Act V. Sc. i.  TWELFTH NIGHT;

Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. 320
[To Viola] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.


Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. 330
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convenes,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt all, except Clown.

Clo. [Sings]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
    With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
    For the rain, &c. 400

But when I came unto my beds,
    With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
    For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
    With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
    And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.
Glossary.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 120.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 20.
A degree, one step; III. i. 130.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 84.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 162.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 83.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 98.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 153.
Agone, ago; V. i. 198.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 96.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
Anatomy, body; used contemptuously; III. ii. 65.
And; used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 389.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 320.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 281.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 10.
As yet, still; V. i. 265.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 239.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 124.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 369.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"); Daniel. "a woeful"); I. iv. 41.

Barren, dull; I. v. 85.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 39.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 53.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 123.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 185.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 184.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 61.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 90.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 188.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 260.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 101.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 126.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 95.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 303.
Blent = blended; I. v. 248.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 239.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 45.
Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 128.
Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 46.
Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 29.
Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 56.
Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 64.
Branched, "adorned with needle-work, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 49.
Breach, surf; II. i. 22.
Breast, voice; II. iii. 20.
Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.
Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 106.
Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 31.
Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 190.
But = than; I. iv. 13.
Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; bar, place where they were served out; I. iii. 71.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 329.

Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 81.
Cantons = cantos; I. v. 280.
Case, body, skin; V. i. 164.
Castiliano vulgo; "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 44.
Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 77.
Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 18.
Chain, the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 124.
Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.
Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 116; III. i. 69.
Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 127.
Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 124.
Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.
Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 208.
Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.
Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 101.
Glossary

Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 211.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; cp. the proverb: "like will to like, guoth the devil to the collier"; III. iv. 128.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy; I. v. 6.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 232.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 187.

Compare, comparison; II. iv. 103.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 26.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 181.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 316.

Conclusions to be as kisses, i.e. "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); v. i. 20.

Conduct, guard, escort; III. iv. 260.

Consequently, subsequently; III. iv. 77.

Consideration; "on carpet c." = "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 254.

Constant, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 51.

Convents, is convenient; V. i. 382.

TWELFTH NIGHT:

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 130.

Couplet, couple; III. iv. 401.

Coxcomb, head; V. i. 175.

Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 41.

Cosiers, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 92.

Credit, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

Cross-gartered; alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 156.

Specimens of cross-gartering.

(a) and (b) Front and back views of a gentleman's knee, from an early XVth century tapestry.

(c) Tartar cross-gartering. From a book on costume, published at Antwerp, 1582.

Crowner, coroner; I. v. 137.

Cruelty, cruel one; II. iv. 82.

Cubiculo (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apart- ment; III. ii. 54.
“Cucullus non facit monachum” = a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 57.
Cunning, skilful; I. v. 249.
Curst, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 43.
Cut, a docked horse; II. iii. 193.
Cypress; probably “a coffin of cypresswood”; (others explain it as a shroud of cypress; Cotgrave mentions white cipres); II. iv. 53.
Cypress, crape (v. Note); III. i. 128.

Dally, play, trifle; III. i. 16.
Day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 50.
Deadly, death-like; I. v. 275.
Dear, heartfelt; V. i. 70.
Deceivable, delusive; IV. iii. 21.
Dedication, devotedness; V. i. 81.
Deliver’d, set at liberty; V. i. 315.
Denay, denial; II. iv. 126.
Deny, refuse; IV. i. 61.
Desperate, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 63.
Despite, malice; III. iv. 239.
Determinate, fixed; II. i. 10.
Dexteriously, dexterously; I. v. 61.
Diluculo surgere (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.
Dimension, bodily shape; I. v. 271; V. i. 237.
Discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.
Dismount, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 240.

Disorders, misconduct; II. iii. 100.
Dissemble, disguise; IV. ii. 5.
Distemper, make ill-humoured; II. i. 5.
Distempered, diseased; I. v. 93.
Dry, insipid; I. v. 44.

Egyptian thief; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of Theagenes and Chariclea (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 117.
Element, sky and air, I. i. 26; sphere, III. i. 63. The four elements, i.e. fire, air, water, earth, II. iii. 10. (See illustration.)

From the Myrour and Dyscrypcon of the Worlde, with many Mer-vayles (c. 1525).
Elephant, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.
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<td>Fellow, companion; III. iv. 82.</td>
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<td>Encounter, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 79.</td>
<td>Firago, corruption of virago; III. iv. 296.</td>
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<td>Endeavour thyself, try; IV. ii. 100.</td>
<td>Fire-new, brand-new; III. ii. 21.</td>
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<td>Enlarge, release; V. i. 278.</td>
<td>Fit, becoming, suitable; III. i. 72.</td>
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<td>Entertainment, treatment; I. v. 225.</td>
<td>Flatter with, encourage with hopes; I. v. 313.</td>
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<td>Estimable wonder, admiring judgment; II. i. 27.</td>
<td>Fleshed, &quot;made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only&quot;; IV. i. 43.</td>
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<td>Except, before excepted, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.</td>
<td>Fond, dote; II. ii. 35.</td>
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<td>Expenses, a tip, douceur; III. i. 48.</td>
<td>Forgive, excuse; I. v. 200.</td>
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<td>Expressure, expression; II. iii. 164.</td>
<td>For that, because; III. i. 161.</td>
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<td>Extent, conduct, behaviour; IV. i. 56.</td>
<td>Fourteen years’ purchase, i.e. “at a high rate,” the current price in Shakespeare’s time being twelve years’ purchase; IV. i. 24.</td>
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<td>Extracting (later Folios “ex-acting”), “drawing other thoughts from my mind”; V. i. 281.</td>
<td>Fraught, freight; V. i. 60.</td>
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<td>Extravagancy, vagrancy; II. ii. 11.</td>
<td>Free, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; cp. “fair and free”); II. iv. 46.</td>
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<td>Fadge, prosper; II. ii. 34.</td>
<td>Fresh in murmur, begun to be rumoured; I. ii. 32.</td>
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<td>Fall, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.</td>
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<td>Fancy, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 388.</td>
<td>From; “f. Candy,” i.e. “on her voyage from Candy”; V. i. 60.</td>
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<td>Fantastical, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.</td>
<td>Fulsome, gross, distasteful; V. i. 108.</td>
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<td>‘Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone,’ etc.; altered from Corydon’s Farewell to Phillis (Percy’s Reliques); II. iii. 105.</td>
<td>Galliard, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.</td>
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<td>Favour, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 352.</td>
<td>Gaskins, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.</td>
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<td>Feature, external form, body; III. iv. 389.</td>
<td>Gecko, dupe; V. i. 343.</td>
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<td>Feelingly, exactly; II. iii. 165.</td>
<td>Gentleness, kindness, goodwill; II. i. 44.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Galliard, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.</td>
<td>Giddily, negligently; II. iv. 86.</td>
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<td>Gaskins, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.</td>
<td>Gin, snare; II. v. 85.</td>
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</table>
Ginger, a favourite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 121.

Goes even, agrees, tallies; V. i. 239.

Good life, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 37-39.

Goodman, (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 135.

Grace, virtue; V. i. 31.

Gracious, full of graces; I. v. 272.

Grain; "in grain," natural; I. v. 247.

Gratillity; clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 27.

Greek; "foolish Greek," i.e. jester, merrymaker (cp. "Matthew Merrygreek" in Ralph Roister Doister); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 19.

Grize, step, degree; III. i. 131.

Grizzle, a tinge of grey (perhaps a grisly beard); V. i. 164.

Gust = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 32.

Haggard, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 69.

Hale, draw; III. ii. 62.

Haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 54.

Having, possessions; III. iv. 368.

Heat, course; I. i. 26.

"Hey Robin, jolly Robin," etc., an old ballad (to be found in the Reliques, Percy); IV. ii. 76-7.

High = highly; I. i. 15.

Hob nob, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 258.

"Hold thy peace, thou knave," and old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 66.

Honesty, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 89.

Horrible, horribly; III. iv. 192.

Hull, float; I. v. 212.

Humour of state, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 54.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. v. 65.

Impeticos. to impocket or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 27.

Importance, importunity; V. i. 363.

Impressure, impression; II. v. 95.

Incensement: exasperation; III. iv. 256.

Incredulous, incredible; III. iv. 86.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 76.

Interchange, interchangeability; V. i. 158.

Into, unto; V. i. 83.
Glossary

Jealousy, apprehension; III. iii. 8.

Jets, struts; II. v. 34.

Jewel, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 224.

Jezebel, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 43.

Joiner, joining; V. i. 156.

Jump, tally; V. i. 252.

Kickshawses = kickshaws; I. iii. 117.

Kindness, tenderness; II. i. 40.

Lapsed, surprised; III. iii. 36.

Late, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 41.

Leasing, lying; I. v. 100.

Leman, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.

Lenten, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.

Leths, hinders; V. i. 249.

Lies, dwells; III. i. 8.

Lighter, inferior in position; V. i. 339.

Limed, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 80.

List, boundary, limit; III. i. 83.

Little, a little; V. i. 170.

Liver, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 100; III. ii. 20.

Love-broker, agent between lovers; III. ii. 37.

Lowly, mean, base; III. i. 106.

Lucrece; "her L.," i.e. her seal; cp. the following illustration with head of Lucrece; II. v. 96.

Lullaby, "good night"; V. i. 44.

Maidenhead = maidenhood; I. v. 226.

MALAPERT, saucy, forward; IV. i. 47.

Malignancy, malevolence; II. i. 4.

Maugre, in spite of; III. i. 158.

Meddle, fight; III. iv. 271.

Metal (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India"; = "my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the Urtica marina, a plant of itching properties); II. v. 15.

Minion, favourite, darling; V. i. 124.

Minx, a pert woman; III. iv. 131.

Miscarry, be lost, die; III. iv. 68.

Misprison, misapprehension; I. v. 56.

Mistress Mall; possibly "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in Much Ado; I. iii. 128.

Mollification; "some m. for your giant," i.e. "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 213.

Monster, unnatural creature; II. ii. 35.
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<td>From the title-page of Middleton and Decker’s comedy, <em>The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-purse</em> (1611).</td>
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<td><strong>Mortal,</strong> deadly; III. iv. 281.</td>
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<td><strong>Mouse,</strong> a term of endearment; I. v. 64.</td>
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<td><strong>Nayword,</strong> by-word; II. iii. 141.</td>
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<td><strong>Nicely,</strong> lately; V. i. 154.</td>
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<td><strong>Opposite,</strong> hostile; II. v. 150.</td>
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<td><strong>Orbe,</strong> earth; III. i. 42.</td>
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<td>“<strong>O, the twelfth day of December,</strong>” the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86.</td>
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<td><strong>Over-swear,</strong> repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269.</td>
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<td><strong>Owe</strong> = own; I. v. 320.</td>
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<td><strong>Parish-top;</strong> alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.</td>
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<td><strong>Part,</strong> in part, partly; III. iv. 366.</td>
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<td><strong>Passages,</strong> acts; III. ii. 75.</td>
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<td><strong>Pass upon</strong> (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.</td>
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<td><strong>Pedant,</strong> schoolmaster; III. ii. 78.</td>
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<td><strong>Peevish,</strong> silly, wilful; I. v. 310.</td>
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<td>“<strong>Peg-a-Ramsay,</strong>” the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.</td>
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<td><strong>Penthesilea,</strong> the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.</td>
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**On** = at; II. ii. 3. |
**Opal,** a precious stone supposed to change its colours; II. iv. 76. |
**Open,** openly; III. iii. 37. |
**Opposite,** opponent; III. ii. 66. III. iv. 249. |
**Orbe,** earth; III. i. 42. |
**Orbe’d continent,** the sun; V. i. 271. |
**Other gates,** in another way; V. i. 194. |
“**O, the twelfth day of December,**” the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86. |
**Over-swear,** repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269. |
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*Parish-top;* alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.

*Part,* in part, partly; III. iv. 366.

*Passages,* acts; III. ii. 75.

*Pass upon* (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.

*Pedant,* schoolmaster; III. ii. 78.

*Peevish,* silly, wilful; I. v. 310.

“*Peg-a-Ramsay,*” the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.

*Penthesilea,* the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.
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*Perchance*, by chance; I. ii. 6.

*Perdy*, a corruption of *par Dieu*; IV. ii. 79.

*Perpend*, attend, listen; V. i. 299.

*Personage*, personal appearance; I. v. 160.

*Perspective*, deception; V. i. 217.

*Pilchard*, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 38.

*Pipe*, voice; I. iv. 32.

"Please one, and please all."
The title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers’ Registers in Jan. 18, 1591-92; printed in Staunton’s Shakespeare); III. iv. 25.

*Pluck on*, excite; V. i. 366.

*Point-devise*, exactly; II. v. 165.

*Points*, suspenders; I. v. 23.

From a MS. (6976 Paris National Library of The Four Sons of Aymon. The figure (of a man partially stripped for execution) shows how the “points” secured the hose to the upper garment.

*Possess us*, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 144.

*Post*, messenger; I. v. 294.

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*Practice*, plot; V. i. 352.

*Praise* = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of praise); I. v. 259.

*Pranks*, adorns; II. iv. 88.

*Pregnant*, clever, expert; II. ii. 29; III. i. 97.

*Present*, i.e. present wealth; III. iv. 369.

*Presently*, immediately; III. iv. 213.

*Prevented*, anticipated; III. i. 90.

*Private*, privacy; III. iv. 97.

*Probation*, examination; II. v. 131.

*Proof*; “vulgar p.” common experience; III. i. 131.

*Proper*, handsome; III. i. 140; own; V. i. 319.

*Proper-false*, “well-looking and deceitful”; II. ii. 30.

*Propertied*, taken possession of; IV. ii. 95.

*Propriety*, individuality, thyself; V. i. 146.

*Pure*, purely; V. i. 82.

*Question*; “in contempt of q.” past question; II. v. 90.

*Quick*, living, lively; I. i. 9.

*Quinapalus*, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 35.

*Quirk*, humour, caprice; III. iv. 264.

*Receiving*, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 127.

*Recollected*, variously interpreted to mean (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; “recollected terms” perhaps
Glossary

popular refrains (? “terms” = “turns” or “tunes”); II. iv. 5.
Record, memory; V. i. 246.
Recover, win; II. iii. 190.
Regard, look, glance; V. i. 212.
Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 347.
Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.
Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.
Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 282.
Round, plain; II. iii. 97.
Rub with crumbs, to clean; II. iii. 123.
Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 32.
Rudesby, blusterer; IV. i. 54.
Rute, behaviour; II. iii. 127.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 196.
Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.
Saint Bennet, probably St. Bennet’s, Paul’s Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 38.
Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 77.
Scout, watch; III. iv. 189.
Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of “exclusive,” “absolute”); I. i. 39.
Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 34.
“Shake your ears,” an expression of contempt, “grumble at your pleasure”; II. iii. 129.
She, woman; I. v. 250.
Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 5.
Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 108.

Sheriff’s post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 152.
Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 166.
Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.
Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 79; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.
Skillless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.
Skills, matters; V. i. 288.
‘Slid, a corruption of “by God’s lid”; III. iv. 415.
‘Slight, a corruption of “God’s light”; II. v. 35; III. ii. 12.
Sneck up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 96.
Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 184; III. iv. 301.
Sound, clear; I. iv. 33.
Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 125.
Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.
Spoke, said; I. iv. 20.
Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 162.
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Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 164.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 116.
State—condition, fortune; I. v. 288; V. i. 63.
State, chair of State; II. v. 47.
Stitches, a sharp pain; III. ii. 71.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 138.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 48.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 124.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 173.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 212.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 16.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 146.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 297.
Substractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 36.
Suited, clad; V. i. 234.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 322.

Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 212.
Swarths, swaths; II. iii. 155.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 43.

Tabor, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
Taffeta, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 75.
Tainting of, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 137.
Take up, acknowledge; V. i. 147.
Tall, used ironically; I. iii. 20.
Tang, twang; II. v. 152.
Taste, put to use, try; III. i. 84.
Taxation, tax, demand; I. v. 219.
Tender, hold dear; V. i. 125.
Terms, words, "recollected terms," vide; II. iv. 5.
Testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.
"There dwelt a man in Babylon," a line from the old ballad of Susanna (cp. Romeo and Juliet, II. iv. 151); II. iii. 81.
"Three merry men be we," a fragment of an old song;

Sir Toby

Three merry men, and three merry men, and

three merry men be we, I in the wood and

thou on the ground, And Jack sleeps in the tree.

From Naylor's Shakespeare and Music.
frequently quoted by the dramatists (cp. Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 78.

*Throw*, a throw with the dice, hence “cast, or venture”; V. i. 41.

*Tillyvally*, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 80.

*Time-pleaser*, timeserver, flatterer; II. iii. 153.

*Tinkers*, menders of old brass; “proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians”; II. iii. 90.

*Trade*, business; III. i. 80.

*Travel of regard*, looking about; II. v. 55.

*Tray-trip*, a game like backgammon; II. v. 193.

*Trouble*; “your tr.” the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 34.

*Trunks*, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare’s time; III. iv. 393.

*Tuck*, rapier; III. iv. 240.

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**Glossary**

*Unprizable*, invaluable; V. i. 54.

*Unprofited*, profitless; I. iv. 22.

*Upon*, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 361.

*Use*, usury; III. i. 55.

*Validity*, value; I. i. 12.

*Venerable*, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 386.

*Vice*, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 128.

*Viol-de-gamboys*; Sir Toby’s blunder for *viol da gamba*, a bass-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 25.

*Vouchsafed,* vouch-safing; III. i. 96.

*Wainropes*, waggon-ropes; III. ii. 62.

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**Ware**; “Bed of Ware”; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen’s Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 49. (See illustration.)

*Was*, had been; IV. iii. 6.

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_Waters_; “I am for all waters,” i.e. “I can turn my hand to anything: like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters”; IV. ii. 66.
_Weaver_; alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.
_Weeds_, garments; V. i. 255.

"Westward-ho!" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 141.
_What_, at which; IV. iii. 30.
_What’s she_ = who is she; I. ii. 35.
_Whiles_ = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.

_Weaver_; alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.

_Welkin_, sky; II. iii. 58; III. i. 63.
_Well-a-day_, an exclamation expressive of grief; “welaway,” alas! IV. ii. 112.
_Were best_, had better; III. iv. 12.
_Were better_, had better; II. ii. 27.

Whipstock, whip-handle; II. iii. 28.
_Windy_, safe; III. iv. 177.
_With_, by; I. v. 86.
_Wits_; “five wits,” viz., “common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory”; IV. ii. 90.
_Woodcock_, a bird popularly

The Great Bed, at Ware.
supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 85; IV. ii. 61.

*Worth*, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

*Yare*, ready, active; III. iv. 240. ‘*Yeoman of the wardrobe,*’ a regular title of office in Shakespeare’s time; II. v. 42.

*Zanies*; “subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown”; I. v. 91.
TWELFTH NIGHT;

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. 'sound'; so the Folios; Pope changed it to 'south', and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, “Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?”

I. i. 22. ‘like fell and cruel hounds’; referring to the story of Actæon.

I. i. 38. ‘all supplied, and fill’d’; the comma after ‘supplied’ is not in the Folio; its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket ‘her sweet perfections’ in the next line; making them appositional to ‘thrones.’

I. i. 15. ‘Arion on the dolphin’s back’; the Folios misprint...
'Orion' for 'Arion.' Cp. the famous passage—"Oberon's Vision"—in Midsummer-Night's Dream.
I. iii. 70-71. 'bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink'; "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).
I. iii. 96. 'Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair'; Sir Toby evidently plays upon 'tongues' and 'tongs' (i.e. curling-tongs).
I. iii. 120. 'an old man'; Theobald proposed to read 'a noble man,' taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains 'an old man' as 'a man of experience'; "the word old," he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."
I. iii. 141. 'That's sides and heart'; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.
I. iv. 3. 'three days'; Mr. Daniel points out in his 'Time Analysis' that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 102, 'Three months this youth hath tended upon me.'
II. i. 17. 'Messaline'; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.
II. iii. 17. 'the picture of "we three"'; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, 'We three loggerheads be,' the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).
II. iii. 23-25. 'Pigrogromitus . . . of Quebus,' etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these 'freaks of nomenclature' the direct influence of Rabelais (cp. A Study of Shakespeare, pp. 155, 156).
II. iii. 40. 'O mistress mine,' etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's Consort Lessons, 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's Twelfth Night was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, 'O mistress mine,' was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time).
II. iii. 117. 'Out o' tune, sir: ye lie'; Theobald proposed 'time, sir?' which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to
the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring ‘no, no, no, you dare not’ (i.e. dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words ‘Art any more than a steward,’ addressed to Malvolio.

II. v. 41. ‘the lady of the Strachy’; this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV. ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named Strachy (1596-99), and that the difficult Strachy was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest ‘Strozzi,’ ‘Stracci,’ ‘Stratarch.’ Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster’s Duchess of Malfy.

II. v. 65, 66. ‘with cars’; so Folio 1; the later Folios, ‘with cares’; Johnson, ‘with carts’; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares ‘A team of horse shall not pluck that from me’ (Two Gentlemen, III. i. 265); Hanmer’s suggestion ‘by th’ ears’ has been generally adopted.

II. v. 155. ‘yellow stockings’; these were much worn in Shakespeare’s time, and have still survived to our own day in the yellow stockings worn by the ‘Blue Coat boys.’

III. i. 54. ‘these,’ i.e. these coins which Viola has given him.

III. i. 60. ‘Cressida was a beggar’; ‘according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.’

III. i. 69. ‘And, like the haggard, check at every feather’; so the Folios; Johnson proposed ‘not’ for ‘and,’ and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; ‘to check’ is “a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight”; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be ‘that he must catch at every opportunity,’ but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson’s ‘not.’

III. i. 73. ‘wise men, folly-fall’n, quite taint their wit’; Folio 1, ‘wisemens folly falne’; Hanmer and Warburton, ‘wise men’s folly shown’; the text is Theobald’s, and is generally adopted.

III. i. 128. ‘a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart’; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the ‘cypress’ is not its blackness but its transparency. Cp. ‘The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John’—
"Cypress over her face,  
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush  
All in a comely grace."

'Bosom' must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of 'the bosom of the dress' which conceals the body. Olivia says, 'you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher.'

III. ii. 26. 'sailed into the north,' etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (Cp. C. H. Coote's paper on 'the new map,' I. 83. New Shakespeare Society Publications, 1878).

III. ii. 68. 'youngest wren of nine'; Folio, 'mine,' emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.

III. ii. 83. 'the new map with the augmentation of the Indies'; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his Literature of Europe, calls 'the best map of the 16th century'; it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's Voyages (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a

Part (showing Borneo, Celebes, etc.) of a map of the Indies in Linschoten's Discours of Voyages into the E. and W. Indies (1598).
Notes

TWELFTH NIGHT;

separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Mol-lineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (Cp. Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society, 1877-79).

III. iii. 15. 'And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns.' The Cambridge editors indicate by dots that some word has dropped out between 'ever' and 'oft.' Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald's suggestion has been adopted; the Old Spelling Shakespeare reads

'And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . .'

'ever oft' in the sense of 'with perpetual frequency.'

IV. i. 14-15. 'I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney'; so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change 'world' into 'word' (i.e. with reference to 'vent'): others read 'this great lubbery world'; Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, 'I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney.' This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.

IV. ii. 14. 'the old hermit of Prague'; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the hermit of Camaldoli in Tuscany."

IV. ii. 40. 'clearstories'; Folio 1, 'cleere stores'; Folio 2, 'cleare stones'; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: 'clerestory' is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

IV. ii. 135. 'goodman devil'; Folio 1, 'good man diuell'; Rowe's 'goodman Drivel,' seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads 'good man Direll.'

V. i. 113. 'My soul the faithfull' st offerings hath breathed out'; the Folios 'haue,' corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object ('faithfull' st offerings') preceding the verb.

V. i. 200-1. 'a passy measures pavin'; Folio 1, 'panyn'; Folio 2, 'Pavin'; various emendations have been suggested, but there is little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. 'Passy measures' is a corruption of the Italian 'passamezzo,' which
word Florio explains as 'a passa-measure in dancing, a cinque pace'; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. 'Pavin' was a grave Spanish dance. Cp. Naylor's Shakespeare and Music, 201 ff. According to Halliwell, the passy measures pavin is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:

"The passinge measure Pavyon—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that 'the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb.'

V. i. 362. 'against.' Tyrwhitt's conjecture 'in' has a good deal in its favour; 'against' may have been caught from line 360.
Twelfth Night;

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

Act First.

Scene I.

[Duke.] Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich, from which," he says, "a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out," further remarks: "A certain duke, named Apolinarius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus, the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople, she inquired out the residence of Apolinarius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers, and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust."

5-7. like the sweet sound, etc. —Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:—

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

134
22, 23. like fell and cruel hounds, etc.:—Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Bacon's, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had seen and here recalled Daniel's 5th Sonnet:—

"Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
All unawares a goddesse chaste I finde,
(Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.

My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death," etc.

Daniel in turn may have drawn upon Whitney's Emblems, 1586:—

"those whoe do pursue
Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
And as his howndes, so theire affects base
Shall them devoure, and all theire deedes deface."

Whitney may have recurred to Adlington's dedication to his translation of the Golden Ass of Apuleius: "For by the fable of Actæon, . . . may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."

30. season:—The Poet elsewhere uses season in this sense. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, II. iii. 69-72:—

"Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love!"
Notes

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Scene II.

15. Arion:—Rolfe says: "The allusion is to the classical story of the minstrel Arion, who, when the sailors were about to murder him for his money, asked leave to play a 'swan-song' before he died, after which he threw himself into the sea, and was borne safely to land by one of the dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his music." Halliwell observes that the simile was familiar to the Poet and his audience, both from the classical story and from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day.

28, 29. I have heard, etc.:—"One of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art," says Clarke. "By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word bachelor we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest."

56. as an eunuch:—This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a page, not as an eunuch.

Scene V.

166. shrewishly:—"It is worthy of note," says Clarke, "not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct."

213. Some mollification for your giant:—Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant; an ironical allusion to Maria's smallness of stature.

270. In voices well divulged:—Perhaps well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time; or the meaning may be well voiced or spoken of by others.

304. Unless the master were the man:—Malone interprets this passage as follows: "Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far and disgrace
myself.” Steevens says she may mean, “this is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man.” Clarke explains it: “Unless the master’s love for me were felt by the man.”

319. Mine eye, etc.:—She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she may not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

321. be this so:—Hudson in his “abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich,” thus continues the argument: “At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself; nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But ’twas not long till Silla’s sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, ‘Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.’”

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

35. murder me:—It may be that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in The Pirate: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce, the pedler, says to him, “Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?” Sir Walter suggests
in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the
islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish
alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that
there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods;
which of course could not well be if any of the owners survived.
This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and
"was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of
the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."

Scene II.

13. *She took the ring* :—Clarke says that "Viola, perceiving that
Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she
sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the ver-
sion given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the
Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive
for refusing to take it now herself."

21. *her eyes had lost her tongue* :—That is, says Hudson, "her
eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue,
and let it run as if it were divided from her judgement."

Scene III.

10-12. *the four elements*, etc.:—In ridicule of the medical theory
of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just tempera-
ment of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees
with Sir Andrew:—

"Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

52. *Sweet and twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of
endearment.

58. *make the welkin dance* :—That is, drink till the sky seems
to turn round.

59, 60. *draw three souls*, etc.:—Shakespeare represents weavers
much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the
catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of
a weaver *thrice over*, a tumid way of saying that it would give this
warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another
man. Warburton deemed this passage an allusion to the three
souls of the Peripatetic philosophy. This inspired Coleridge to
remark: "O genuine and inimitable (at least I hope so) Warburton! This note of thine, if but one in five millions, would be half a one too much."

86. *O, the twelfth day*, etc.:—With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in 2 Henry IV., where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O, the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwell a man in Babylon*, which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Peg-a-Ramsay*, or *Peggy Ramsay*, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

**Scene IV.**

26-39. *What kind of woman*, etc.:—In common with others, Brandes sees in this passage a revelation of the Poet's unhappiness consequent upon his own marriage. Says Brandes: "Ordinary knowledge of the world is sufficient to suggest that his association with a village girl eight years older than himself could not satisfy him or fill his life. The study of his works confirms this conjecture. It would, of course, be unreasonable to attribute conscious and deliberate autobiographical import to speeches torn from their context in different plays; but there are none the less several passages in his dramas which may fairly be taken as indicating that he regarded his marriage in the light of a youthful folly." Whereupon Brandes quotes this passage. And Elze, agreeing with this view, asks: "Is it possible not to recognize this to be the Poet's grief at his own unfortunate marriage?" He adds: "It is obviously wisdom that has sprung from sorrow." Mabie, however, like Halliwell and others, views the matter differently. "The tradition that he was an unhappy husband is based entirely on the assumption that, while his family remained in Stratford, for twelve years he was almost continuously absent in London, and that he seems to speak with deep feeling about the disastrous effects of too great intimacy before marriage, and of the importance of a woman's marrying a man older than herself.
This is, however," continues Mabie, "pure inference, and it is perilous to draw inferences of this kind from phrases which a dramatist puts into the mouths of men and women who are interpreting, not their author's convictions and feelings, but a phase of character, a profound human experience, or the play of that irony which every playwright from Æschylus to Ibsen has felt deeply. The dramatist reveals his personality as distinctly as does the lyric poet, but not in the same way. Shakespeare's view of life, his conception of human destiny, his attitude toward society, his ideals of character, are to be found, not in detached passages framed and coloured by dramatic necessities, but in the large and consistent conception of life which underlies the entire body of his work."

Scene V.

72. Saying, etc.:—"Malvolio the count," says Lloyd, "promises unbecoming reminiscence of Malvolio the steward; and Olivia, 'left in a day-bed sleeping,' is forgotten for the enjoyment of the branched gown, the state, the rich jewel, and the opportunity of being surly with servants, and snubbing his old enemy, and now his kinsman, Toby."

82. 'One Sir Andrew':—It may be worthy of remark that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his humour of state, bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in The Arabian Nights. Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of The Arabian Nights had appeared. In The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

161. The Fortunate-Unhappy:—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and "most excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our
merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanced plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

23, 24. words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them:—This is believed to be an allusion to the order of the Privy Council in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called The Bankside, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex," the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This, of course, was little short of entire suppression of the playhouses. Words were disgraced by bonds inasmuch as imprisonment was the penalty for violation of the order.

Scene II.

46. if thou thou'st him:—This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive thouing of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to
thou Sir Walter, unless there were some preëxisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was may be seen by the following passage from The Rule of St. Bridget: "None of hyghenesse schal thou another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of Guesses at Truth has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this thou and thee was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, What, you ill-bred clown, do you thou me!"

Scene III.

[Enter Sebastian and Antonio.] We find the twin-brother Sebastian to have conciliated as unconsciously as effectually the affectionate friendship of the generous nature of Antonio. This Scene interests us in Sebastian on his own account, but even more by indicating the sympathy of his nature with that of Viola—it prepares us to witness and take pleasure in his accidental succession to her favour with Olivia.

Scene IV.

59. midsummer madness:—"'Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

254. on carpet consideration:—The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

397. so do not I:—That is, "I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."
ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

20. There's money for thee:—Lloyd notes this parallel: "Viola in the first Scene, her shipwreck notwithstanding, and from funds which we do not impeach poetical omnipotence by inquiring into, pays the Captain bounteously for cheering hopes, 'for saying so there's gold.' The incident has its use in removing from her from the first the unpleasant associations of necessity, and leaving us at ease in the freedom of her actions and inclinations; but it also enables us to recognize in the 'open hand' of Sebastian, when he gives money to the troublesome Clown, the expression of twin disposition with his sister."

Scene II.

24, 25. Malvolio the lunatic:—"The Malvolio of the madhouse," says Herford, "is a figure some degrees less comic than the Malvolio of the garden-scene, and his indignant yet tempered protest, when released, insensibly excites in the modern reader a sympathy which removes him for the moment from the region of comedy altogether."

61. woodcock:—The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

98. the minister is here:—The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.

128. vice:—The vice was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and carried a dagger or lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines which close this Scene are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of that ancient theatrical personification, the vice.
Scene III.

1. Hudson thus continues his “abstract” of Barnaby Rich: “Meanwhile Silla’s brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke’s hope.”

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

20. conclusions to be as kisses:—Warburton thought this should read, “conclusion to be asked, is”; upon which Coleridge remarks: “Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered ‘No!’ and the inviting ‘Don’t!’ with which the maiden’s kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative.”

158. interchanging of your rings:—In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

164. on thy case?—The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary’s Present State of England, 1626: “Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the cases are far better than the bodies.”
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

269-272. And all those sayings, etc.:—It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia; complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

326. Your master's mistress:—Hudson concludes his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom."

362. Maria writ the letter, etc.:—"Now Maria writ the letter," says Daniel, "at the 'importance' of her own love of mischief; the plot originated entirely with her, though Sir Toby and the rest eagerly joined in it. And when could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to."

389-408. When that I, etc.:—"It is to be regretted, perhaps," says Staunton, "that this 'nonsensical ditty,' as Steevens terms it, has not long since been degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden, or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which the performer indulged in hideous grimace and a grotesque sort of 'Jump Jim Crow' dance." Weiss, however, finds it somewhat of more significance: "When the play is over, the
Duke plighted to his page, Olivia rightly married to the wrong man, and the whole romantic ravel of sentiment begins to be attached to the serious conditions of life, Feste is left alone upon the stage. Then he sings a song which conveys to us his feeling of the world's impartiality: all things proceed according to law; nobody is humoured; people must abide the consequences of their actions, 'for the rain it raineth every day.' A 'little tiny boy' may have his toy; but a man must guard against knavery and thieving: marriage itself cannot be sweetened by swaggering; whoso drinks with 'toss-pots' will get a 'drunken head': it is a very old world, and began so long ago that no change in its habits can be looked for. The grave insinuation of this song is touched with the vague, soft bloom of the play. As the noises of the land come over sea well-tempered to the ears of islanders, so the world's fierce, implacable roar reaches us in the song, sifted through an air that hangs full of the Duke's dreams, of Viola's pensive love, of the hours which music flattered. The note is hardly more presageful than the cricket's stir in the late silence of a summer. How gracious hath Shakespeare been to mankind in this play! He could not do otherwise than leave Feste all alone to pronounce its benediction; for his heart was a nest of songs whence they rose to whistle with the air of wisdom. Alas for the poor fool in Lear who sang to drown the cries from a violated nest!
Questions on Twelfth Night.

1. What position in the time-scheme of Shakespeare's comedies does this one occupy?
2. Give the meaning of the play.
3. What characters of this play and what parts of the action were original with Shakespeare?
4. What resemblances in parts does this comedy bear to earlier ones of Shakespeare?

ACT FIRST.

5. In what way does the opening passage indicate the theme and the atmosphere of the play?
6. Indicate your impression of the Duke, derived from his opening speech. In what sense does Shakespeare here and elsewhere use the word fancy?
7. To what kind of a life had Olivia devoted herself previous to the opening of the play?
8. Is such word-play as Illyria-Elysium common in Shakespeare?
9. How is Sebastian introduced into the play, and what feeling is conveyed as to his fate? What is indicated by the degree of attention given to him?
10. What two facts does Viola furnish about Orsino? How do these facts assist the moral credibility of the plot?
11. What design has Viola evidently formed as indicated in Sc. ii. 42 et seq.?
12. Does the question of means of maintenance enter into Viola's thought of her future?
13. Do Sir Toby and Maria declare themselves as lovers in Sc. iii.? How is Sir Andrew's part in the action made clear to the spectator?
14. What mental qualities does Sir Andrew exhibit in his scene with Sir Toby and Maria?
Questions

15. Why did the Duke not woo for himself? What directions concerning her mission does he give Viola?
16. What manner of life does the Duke affect?
17. Interpret (Sc. v.) God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
18. In what danger of his position does the Clown stand at the opening of the comedy? How does he reestablish himself in Olivia's favour? What is his comment on her mourning?
19. What is Malvolio's opinion of Feste? Account for his spleen.
20. How does Olivia retort upon Malvolio?
21. What parleying occurs before Viola is introduced to Olivia? How was the scene between Olivia and Sir Toby foreshadowed?
22. Consider Malvolio's way of reporting the persistence of the Duke's messenger in the light of his opinion of professional fools. Does he here make himself one of the fools' sanies?
23. What touch of humour does Viola give to her reply when asked if she is a comedian?
24. In her interview with Olivia, how does Viola in effect say all that the Duke would have her say, and yet avoid the banality of repeating his love-speech?
25. Compare the situations in Twelfth Night and As You Like It of a woman falling in love with a disguised woman; from the point of view of Olivia and Phebe what was there in the situation to interest Shakespeare?
26. Review the causes for the action that the first Act has laid down.

ACT SECOND.

27. What element of the plot was not introduced in the first Act?
28. What tribute to Viola does Sebastian offer that would disprove any possible theory that Viola used artifice in attracting Olivia's attention, and thus assisting her own case with the Duke?
29. Explain the friendship of Antonio and Sebastian.
30. How does Viola discover that Olivia has fallen in love with her? In her review of the facts what conclusion does she reach? Imagine Helena so placed; how would she have decided?
31. Compare Sir Andrew's and Malvolio's attitude towards the Clown. What traits are put to Sir Andrew's advantage? How does Sir Andrew compare his own and Sir Toby's fooling?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Questions

32. In selecting the song for the Clown to sing, why was the choice made of a love-song?

33. How is the antagonism of Malvolio foreshadowed? How is Malvolio's lack of imagination indicated by Sir Toby?

34. Was Malvolio a Puritan? What was the reason for Maria's special animus against him?

35. What attitude as lovers do the men of the under plot take in common?

36. What conviction does the Duke hold of his own constancy? How does Feste comment on the fact of it later?

37. What is the Duke's comment on marriage? How has it been interpreted as a personal confession of the Poet? In holding the view that Shakespeare embodied a personal opinion, is there any antagonism to the canon of dramatic art that demands objectivity?

38. Does the situation and veiled confession of Viola controvert the assertion of Orsino (iv. 95 et seq.) as to woman's love?

39. Is there a noticeable increase in intensity of passion in the Duke as he dismisses Viola on the second quest?

40. Why is Fabian made the third auditor, instead of the fool, as Maria had promised? What grievance had Fabian against Malvolio?

41. How does this scene resemble the one in All's Well that Ends Well when Parolles is put to his questions?

42. What are Malvolio's ambitions? What had evidently been Olivia's attitude towards him previously?

43. Who of the listeners takes the most unalloyed joy in the absurd exhibition of Malvolio? Is there any purpose in bringing one in to see the thing from the motive of pure love of fun?

44. What quality does Malvolio chiefly lack? Where is this shown ironically?

ACT THIRD.

45. What are Viola's comments on the office of the fool? Does the passage between Viola and the Clown contribute anything to the progress of the plot?

46. How is the device of the ring that Olivia sent after Viola disposed of?

47. To what artifice does Olivia resort for securing the continued visits of Viola? Contrast the intellectual sincerity of the
Questions

two women, having in view the increased difficulties of Viola's position.

48. What is the reason of Sir Andrew's discouragement over his wooing of Olivia? How is this motive made to furnish one of the comic episodes of the play? How is assurance made that the episode will be comic?

49. How is postponement effected to bring on the Malvolio episode previously prepared for?

50. How is expectation as a dramatic effect wrought to a high pitch?

51. What is the purpose of the stay in the action that gives place to Sc. iii.?

52. What elements of this Scene contribute to the complication?

53. How is the occasion for the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew provided?

54. What dramatic necessity requires that the scene of Malvolio's fatuousness before Olivia be played during the absence of the knights?

55. What subtle analysis of Malvolio's infatuation does Sir Toby make? How is the practical joke continued?

56. Show how the complication of the drama is completed at the duel scene. Without providential interference, could Viola have extricated herself from the situation?

57. What is the dramatic purpose of Antonio's mistake in supposing Viola to be Sebastian?

58. What is foreshadowed in Sir Andrew's sudden revival of valour?

ACT FOURTH.

59. Does the Clown seem merely avaricious, or is there some apprehensiveness and provision for the future in his thought?

60. What purpose do you see in Shakespeare's not bringing the fool into the comic scenes of the third Act?

61. Do the mystifications of Sebastian partake of the nature of elements in the resolution?

62. Why does Feste dress the part of the parson, since Malvolio, whom he is to deceive, is out of sight?

63. What satire is intended in the dialogue between Malvolio and Feste disguised as Sir Topas?

64. In what way is the practical joke upon Malvolio brought to an end?
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Questions

65. Does Shakespeare, in the soliloquy that Sebastian utters in Sc. iii., covertly insinuate that love is a kind of madness, even though the particular acts that bear such a stamp in the eyes of Sebastian are understood by the spectators to be within reason? What interpretation do you put upon Sebastian’s readiness to plight troth with Olivia?

ACT FIFTH.

66. What is the effect of the two accusations put upon Viola by Antonio and by Olivia, and of her rejection by the Duke?

67. Do not Malvolio’s words in the second Act, ’Tis but fortune; all is fortune, furnish the key to the resolutions in this play?

68. What is effected by the comic interlude where the two knights appear with broken heads?

69. Is the scene of recognition convincing, considering that the brother and sister had been separated but three months?

70. Why is it that the resolution of many of Shakespeare’s comedies presents situations of little interest?

71. Does Malvolio end his dramatic life without conversion?

72. Comment on the suitability of the concluding song to the temper of the play.

73. Are any of Shakespeare’s other masquerading maidens involved in such funny consequential situations as Viola?

74. Comment on the sense of humour which helps her out in her encounters with the women of the play.

75. Describe the three kinds of lovers that beset Olivia. Why does Sir Andrew never come into audience with her?

76. Indicate some points of Sir Toby’s character. What fitness was there in the match between him and Maria? Comment on Maria’s intellectual qualities.

77. What kinship exists between Sir Andrew, Shallow, and Slender?

78. What was Shakespeare’s purpose in dividing the fun-making function between Fabian and the Clown? What is Fabian’s dominant trait?

79. Comment on some of the following points in the Clown’s character: his knowledge of the world and insight into the true characters of those about him; his refinement; his love of fun;
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his prudence; his melancholy. What of his personal detachment from the action of the play?

80. Malvolio presents what Puritan qualities of the time? How is the Puritan prohibition of bear-baiting dealt with through him? As a lover, what makes him absurd? How near to him do lovers of the type of Benedick approach?

81. What view of love and marriage is subsumed in this play?

82. Hazlitt, in his essay on this play, distinguishes three kinds of comedy; namely, comedy of artificial life, comedy of sentiment, and comedy of nature. To which of these would you assign Twelfth Night?
Romantic love

The "question" of love

The theme of two stories