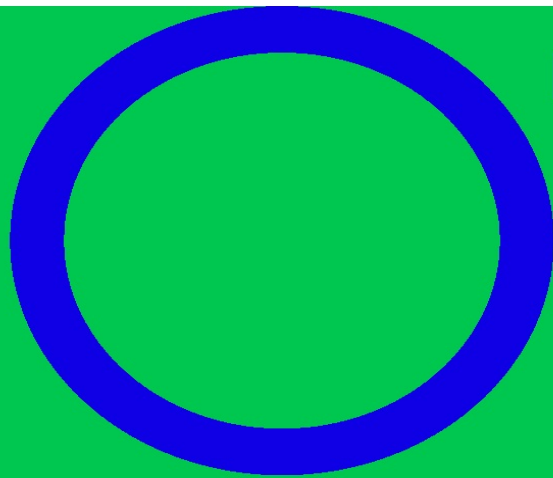


Twelfth Night

William Shakespeare



Project Gutenberg

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Twelfth Night

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Twelfth Night

Author: William Shakespeare

Release date: July 1, 2000 [eBook #2247]

Most recently updated: May 23, 2019

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TWELFTH
NIGHT ***

Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of

Henry the Sixt

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did

it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliché at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but

incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

Twelke Night, Or what you will

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke. If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price

Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Curio?

Cu. The Hart

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see Oliuia first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?
Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:

Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued

Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie

The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino

Vio. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor 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 murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the loue of faire Oliuia

Vio. What's shee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men

Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes

Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece 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 a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he

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

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without

booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly haue the gift of a graue

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrell that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? Castiliano vulgo: for here coms Sir Andrew Agueface. Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew

And. Blesse you faire Shrew

Mar. And you too sir

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance
Ma. My name is Mary sir

And. Good mistris Mary, accost

To, You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
her, woe her, assayle her

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst neuer draw sword agen

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand

An. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?
Ma. It's dry sir

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest Sir

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe? An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeeue that does harme to my wit

To. No question

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir Toby

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight? An. What is purquoy? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my nature

An. But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece wil not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me: the

Count himselfe here hard by, wooes her

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels sometimes altogether

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistris Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the starre of a Galliard

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder
Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee caper.
Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you
Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known
you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that
you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is he
inconstant sir, in his fauours

Val. No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. Cesario,
Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd

To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou haue audience

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord

Du. Deere Lad, beleeeue it;
For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man: Dianas lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblatiue a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my selfe am best
When least in companie: prosper well in this,

And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine

Vio. Ile do my best
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not
open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way of thy
excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this
world, needs to feare no colours

Ma. Make that good

Clo. He shall see none to feare

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y
saying was borne, of I feare no colours

Clo. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in
your foolerie

Clo. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: & those that are fooles, let them vse their talents

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you? Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if sir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eues flesh, as any in Illyria

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.
Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what saies Quinapalus, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady

Ol. Take the foole away

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides you grow dis-honest

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good Madona, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona

Ol. Make your prooffe

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your prooffe

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona

Ol. I know his soule is in heauen, foole

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen

Ol. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he not mend? Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole

Ol. How say you to that Maluolio? Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-loue Maluolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles. Enter Maria.

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

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir Toby Madam, your kinsman

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluolio; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Maluo.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, loue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake Pia-mater

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot

Clo. Good Sir Toby

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman. Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore

knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will you, or no

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he? Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.
Enter.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
Wee'l once more heare Orsinos Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage

Ol. Whence came you sir? Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that | I may proceede in my speech

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praise

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis
Poeticall

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I
heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach
rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not
mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that
time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a
dialogue

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer.
Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your
minde, I am a messenger

Ol. Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer,
when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your
office

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of
warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand:
my words are as full of peace, as matter

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?
Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd
from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as
secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any
others, prophanation

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In Orsinoes bosome

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

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

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face

Ol. Haue 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 shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done? Vio. Excellently done, if God did all

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,
If you will leade these graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euey particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & 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 diuell, you are faire: My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beautie

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his answer long ago

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not vnderstand it

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out Oliuia: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,
And let your feruour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie.

Exit

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?
Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, Maluolio.
Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice

Ol. Run after that same peeuish Messenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee Maluolio

Mal. Madam, I will.
Enter.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scaena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
I go with you

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer
me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper
yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may
beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your
loue, to lay any of them on you

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodorigo) my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd

Ant. Alas the day

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleeeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment

Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your seruant

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue 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 seeme sport, and I will go.
Enter.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse Oliuia?
Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since ariu'd but hither

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. Enter.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore Oliuia breath?
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t' vnty.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Deliculo surgere, thou know'st

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

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements? And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke Marian I say, a stoope of wine.
Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for

thy Lemon, hadst it? Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity: for Maluolios nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song

An. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a Clo. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song

An. I, I. I care not for good life

Clowne sings .
O Mistris mine where are you roming?
O stay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie sweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wise mans sonne doth know

An. Excellent good, ifaith

To. Good, good

Clo. What is loue, tis not heereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still vn Timer.
In delay there lies no plentie,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youths a stuffe will not endure

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight

To. A contagious breath

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that? And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, Thou Knaue

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrain'd
in't, to call thee knaue, Knight

An. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, Hold thy peace

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward Maluolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Maluolios a Peg-a-ramsie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall

To. O the twelfe day of December

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.
Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies 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? To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the

house: if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her,
she is very willing to bid you farewell

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye

Mal. This is much credit to you

To. Shall I bid him go

Clo. What and if you do?

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

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

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward?
Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be
no more Cakes and Ale? Clo. Yes by S[aint]. Anne, and
Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with
crums. A stope of Wine Maria

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any
thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for
this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your eares

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight

An. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason good enough

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best

perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke

To. What wilt thou do? Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice

An. I hau't in my nose too

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse

Mar. Asse, I doubt not

An. O twill be admirable

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell.

Exit

To. Good night Penthisilea

An. Before me she's a good wench

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me:
what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for
more money

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way
out

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th
end, call me Cut

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late
to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.
Now good Cesario, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did releue my passion much,

More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that
should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the lester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie
Oliuiaes Father tooke much delight in. He is about the
house

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?
Vio. About your yeeres my Lord

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirmе,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.
Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age

Clo. Are you ready Sir?
Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there

Du. There's for thy paines

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or
another

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor
make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a
very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea,
that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent

euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more Cesario,
Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir

Du. It cannot be so answer'd

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for Oliuia: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare

Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe Oliuia

Vio. I but I know

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue

Du. But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?

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

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haste: giue her this lewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly
Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
o' fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir Andrew?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.
Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of
India? Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Maluolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this
Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close in the
name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt,
that must be caught with tickling.

Exit

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she vses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't? To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue

To. Peace I say

Mal. To be Count Maluolio

To. Ah Rogue

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him

To. Peace, peace

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Strachy, married the yeoman of the wardrobe

An. Fie on him Iezabel

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagination blowes him

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her, sitting in my state

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet
gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left
Oliuia sleeping

To. Fire and Brimstone

Fa. O peace, peace

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after a
demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as
I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my kinsman Toby

To. Boltes and shackles

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start, make
out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my
watch, or play with my some rich Iewell: Toby approaches;
curtsies there to me

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll

To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine Toby, my Fortunes hauing cast
me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse

To. Out scab

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight

And. That's mee I warrant you

Mal. One sir Andrew

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes shee her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand

An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wishes: Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impressure

her Lucrece, with which she vses to seale: tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes?

The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee Maluolio?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a
Lucesse

knife:

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth
sway my life

Fa. A fustian riddle

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 a poyson has she drest him? To. And with
what wing the stallion checkes at it? Mal. I may command,
where I adore: Why shee may command me: I serue her,
she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie.
There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should
that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that
resemble something in me? Softly, M.O.A.I

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee
as ranke as a Fox

Mal. M. Maluolio, M. why that begins my name

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: A. should follow, but O. does

Fa. And O shall end, I hope

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry O

Mal. And then I. comes behind

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: If this fall into thy hand, reuolue. In my stars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to invre thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would

alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and
champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud,
I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will
wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the
very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination
iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady
loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late,
shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this
she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of
iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke
my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow
stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of
putting on. loue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a
postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If
thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy
smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still
smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. loue I thanke thee, I will
smile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Exit

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice

An. So could I too

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon

her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil see it follow me

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side

may be turn'd outward

Vio. Nay that's certaine: 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 names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason with them

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st 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 inuisible

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Oliuia's foole? Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady Oliuia has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris: I thinke I saw your wisdom there

Vio. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee

Clo. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vse

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

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: Cressida was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster 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 ouer-worne.

Exit

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,

The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.
Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman

Vio. And you sir

And. Dieu vou guard Monsieur

Vio. Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous
you should enter, if your trade be to her

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the
list of my voyage

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I
vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my
legs

To. I meane to go sir, to enter

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we
are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine
Odours on you

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne
most pregnant and vouchsafed eare

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em
all three already

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to
my hearing. Giue me your hand sir

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
Y'are seruant to the Count Orsino youth

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me

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

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer speake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares

Vio. Deere Lady

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th' vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake

Vio. I pittie you

Ol. That's a degree to loue

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe
That verie oft we pittie enemies

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West

Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:
Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?
Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you

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

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murtherous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue 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;
Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir Andrew?
And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that

And. As plaine as I see you now

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

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o'me

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
iudgement, and reason

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
Noah was a Saylor

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to
put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer: you
should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent
iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd the
youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand,
and this was baulkt: the double guilt of this opportunitie you
let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of
my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a
Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do redeeme it, by some
laudable attempt, either of valour or policie

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a
Politician

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt
him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and
assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can

more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then
report of valour

Fab. There is no way but this sir Andrew

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him? To. Go,
write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter
how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt
him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice,
it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy
sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for
the bedde of Ware in England, set 'em downe, go about it.
Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write
with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le
not deliuer't

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the
youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot
hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you
finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a
flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty. Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull Maluolio is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeeue such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in yellow stockings

To. And crosse garter'd? Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great fauour

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,

I will no further chide you

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite

Seb. My kinde Anthonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrent pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some seruice, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere

Seb. Do not then walke too open

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towe, there shall you haue me

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre

Ant. To th' Elephant

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and ciuill,
And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is Maluolio?

Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship
were best to haue some guard about you, if hee
come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits

Ol. Go call him hither.
Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now Maluolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse-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

Mal. Why how doest thou man? What is the matter with thee? Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you Maluolio?

Maluo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answeere Dawes

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady

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

Ol. What meanst thou by that Maluolio?

Mal. Some are borne great

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them

Ol. Heauen restore thee

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant still

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure

Ol. Ile come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cosine Toby, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.

Exit

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concurre directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how:

as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Maluolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well loue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile speake to him

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?
How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate:
go off

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him

Mal. Ah ha, does she so? To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Maluolio? How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankinde

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue.
My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say

Mal. How now mistris?
Mar. Oh Lord

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe
you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend
is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost y chuck?
Mal. Sir

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to
play at cherrie-pit with sathan Hang him foul Colliar

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette
him to pray

Mal. My prayers Minx

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things,
I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter.

Exit

To. Ist possible?
Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne

it as an improbable fiction

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the
deuice man

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre,
and taint

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede

Mar. The house will be the quieter

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My
Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry
it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very
pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on
him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and
crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see. Enter
Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's
vinegar and pepper in't

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read

To. Giue me.
Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow

Fa. Good, and valiant

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe
call
thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of y Law
To. Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses
thee kindly: but thou lyeest in thy throat, that is not the
matter
I challenge thee for

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy
chance to kill me

Fa. Good

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our
soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is
better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest
him, & thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot:
Ile giu't him

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in
some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer prooffe it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices. Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him

To. I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:

There's something in me that reproues my fault:
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe

Vio. With the same hauiour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes

Ol. Heere, weare this lewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you

Vio. I will acquit you

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.
Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee

Vio. And you sir

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but
thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter,
attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be

yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man

To. You'll finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall

Vio. I pray you sir what is he? To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatc'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't

Vio. I will retorne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you

Vio. This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe 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

To. I will doe so. Signiour Fabian, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

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

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he? Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it

is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant,
and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere
I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and
Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew
on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile
ride your horse as well as I ride you. Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded
him the youths a diuell

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, &
lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath
sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell,
and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of:
therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests
he will not hurt you

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make
me tell them how much I lacke of a man

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.
Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you

To. You sir? Why, what are you?
Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.
Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: heere come the Officers

To. Ile be with you anon

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and raines well

1.Off. This is the man, do thy Office

2.Off. Anthonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino An. You do mistake me sir

1.Off. No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well: Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head: Take him away, he knowes I know him well

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort

2.Off. Come sir away

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffe

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man

As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses
That I haue done for you

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood

Ant. Oh heauens themselues

2.Off. Come sir, I pray you go

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
heere,
I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion

1.Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou hast Sebastian done good feature, shame.
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunks, ore-flourish'd by the deuill

1.Off. The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come sir

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beleeeues himselfe, so do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward then a
Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in
necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship aske
Fabian

Fab. A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in it

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword
And. And I do not

Fab. Come, let's see the euent

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

Exit

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne

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

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou know'st not me

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse paiment

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wisemen that giue fooles money, get themselues a good report, after

fourteene yeares purchase. Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you

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

To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house
Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence

To. Come on sir, hold

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with
him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if there be
any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet it's no matter
for that

Seb. Let go thy hand

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong souldier
put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come on

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

To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or two of
this malapert blood from you. Enter Oliuia.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold

To. Madam

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere Cesario:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this vnciuill, and vniust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the streame?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:
Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me
Seb. Madam, I will

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make
him beleeeue thou art sir Topas the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile

call sir Toby the whilst

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good houskeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter. Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blesse thee M[aster]. Parson

Clo. Bonos dies sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King Gorbodacke, that that is, is: so I being M[aster]. Parson, am M[aster]. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is? To. To him sir Topas

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Maluolio the Lunaticke

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas goe to my Ladie

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M[aster]. Parson

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good sir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darknesse

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou that house is darke? Mal. As hell sir Topas

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as baricadoes, and the cleere stores 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 darke

Clo. Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the aegyptians in their fogge

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue his opinion

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas

Tob. My most exquisite sir Topas

Clo. Nay I am for all waters

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he sees thee not

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppeshot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does

Mal. Foole

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie

Mal. Foole

Clo. Alas why is she so?
Mal. Foole, I say

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha? Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't

Clo. M[aster]. Maluolio?
Mal. I good Foole

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?
Mall. Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits

Clo. Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere. Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: endeauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble

Mal. Sir Topas

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.
Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Marry Amen. I will sir, I will

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say

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

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper,
I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria

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

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and
light: and conuey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall
aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not
mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains
I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
I prethee be gone

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's Anthonio then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His councell now might do me golden seruice,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.
Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man

Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated roofe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most iealious, and too doubtfull soule
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter

Clo. Good M[aster]. Fabian, grant me another request

Fab. Any thing

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Oliuia, friends?
Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings

Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good
Fellow?

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

Du. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends

Clo. No sir, the worse

Du. How can that be? Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and
make an asse of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an
Ass: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my
selfe, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to
be as kisses, if your foure negatiues make your two
affirmatiues, why then the worse for my friends, and the
better for my foes

Du. Why this is excellent

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

Du. 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

Du. O you giue me ill counsell

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

Du. 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 olde
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
tripping measure, or the belles of S[aint]. Bennet sir, may
put you in minde, one, two, three

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee 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 bountie till I come agen. I go
sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my desire of
hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as you say sir, let
your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

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

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,

With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1. Offi. Orsino, this is that Anthonio
That tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the Tiger boord,
When your yong Nephew Titus lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him

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

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,

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 twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Townte?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No intrim, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein Oliuia may seeme seruiceable?
Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious Oliuia

Ol. What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke

Du. Still so cruell?
Ol. Still so constant Lord

Du. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spite.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue

Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

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

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father

Du. Come, away

Ol. Whether my Lord? Cesario, Husband, stay

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,
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 reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now

Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres

Du. 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 owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet

Vio. My Lord, I do protest

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.
Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently
to sir Toby

Ol. What's the matter?
And. H'as broke my head acrosse, and has giuen Sir
Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home

Ol. Who has done this sir Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesario: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell, incardinate

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

And. Odd's lifelings heere 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 speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
You drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.
Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir Toby halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't:
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunke sir Toby an houre agoe: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pauyn: I hate a drunken rogue

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir Toby, because we'll be drest together

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, &
a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.
Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere Anthonio,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Anthonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? 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 tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow

Seb. And so had mine

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and iumpe
That I am Viola, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:

All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at Maluolio's suite,
a Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.
Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne From my remembrance, clearly banisht his. How does he sirrah? Cl. Truly Madam, he holds Belzebub at the staues end as well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd

Ol. Open't, and read it

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. By the Lord Madam

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow Vox

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue eare

Ol. Read it you, sirrah

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you

please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out
of my iniury. The madly vs'd Maluolio

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame

Du. This sauours not much of distraction

Ol. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost

Du. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Masters Mistris

Ol. A sister, you are she.
Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now Maluolio?

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

Ol. Haue I Maluolio? No

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Maluolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
But out of question, tis Marias hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this deuice against Maluolio heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at sir Tobyes great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee? Clo.
Why some are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse, and
some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I was one sir, in
this Enterlude, one sir Topas sir, but that's all one: By the
Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam,
why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not
he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his
reuenges

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario come
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)

But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt.

Clowne sings . When that I was and a little tine boy, with
hey, ho, the winde and the raine: A foolish thing was but a
toy, for the raine it raineth euery day. But when I came to
mans estate, with hey ho, &c. Gainst Knaues and Theeues
men shut their gate, for the raine, &c. But when I came alas
to wiue, with hey ho, &c. By swaggering could I neuer
thriue, for the raine, &c. But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c. With tospottes still had drunken heades, for
the raine, &c. A great while ago the world begon, hey ho,
&c. But that's all one, our Play is done, and wee'l striue to
please you euery day.

FINIS. Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TWELFTH
NIGHT ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with

most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the

Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- • You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to

calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a

replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life. Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain

and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.