

Twelfth Night

RED = cut text

YELLOW = Something New

SCENE IV. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

OLIVIA

I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before
my lady?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great,'--

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stocking s,'--

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered!

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MALVOLIO

'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;!--

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit SERVANT

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

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

O, ho! **do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she: 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity.'** I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance--What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

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

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. **(Patronizingly)** How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? **(Evangelistic)** What, man! defy the devil!

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! *(Voo Doo)*

FABIAN

Carry his water to the wise woman.

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress!

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Prithee, hold thy peace; let me alone with him. **Ay, Biddy, come with me.** What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play **at cherry-pit** with Satan!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx!

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

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is't possible?

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

FABIAN

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

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

FABIAN

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me. *[Reads]* 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'Wonder not, in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

KRISTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat.'

DOMI

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense--less.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'--

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SHAKIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! Thy friend, **as thou usest him**, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.'

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard **and as soon as** thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

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SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FABIAN

Here he comes with your niece.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

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

Exit

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

He is knight; but he is a devil in private brawl: and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

VIOLA

I am no fighter. I have heard
of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sir, no; get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit

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VIOLA

Pray you, sirs, do you know of this matter?

KRISTIAN

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

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

DOMI

He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.

SHAKIA

Will you walk towards him? **I** will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for't.

Exeunt

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil. **I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.**

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Plague on't. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls (*aside*) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

To FABIAN

I have his horse to take up the quarrel:

I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN

He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[To VIOLA] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw

Enter ANTONIA

ANTONIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, sir! why, what are you?

ANTONIA

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

They draw

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Enter Officers

FABIAN

O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you,
I'll be as good as my word.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man; do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER

Antonia, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIA

You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANTONIA

I must obey.
(*To VIOLA*) This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse?

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIA

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANTONIA

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

VIOLA

I know of none. Nor know I you by voice or any
feature. I hate ingratitude more than lying, vainness,
babbling, drunkenness, or any taint of vice whose
strong corruption inhabits our frail blood.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIA

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

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

ANTONIA

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

FIRST OFFICER

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

ANTONIA

Lead me on.

Exit with Officers

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll
whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIOLA

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

Exit

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DOMI

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him;

SHAKIA

And for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

KRISTIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

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

KRISTIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

An I do not,--

SHAKIA

Come, let's see the event.

DOMI

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

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

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

FESTE

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

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, sir; hold.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him.

SEBASTIAN

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

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SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

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

SEBASTIAN

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

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and FESTE

MARIA

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

Exit

FESTE

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FESTE

Bonos dies, Sir Toby: **for, as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily
said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is,'
so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for,
what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?**

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO

[Within] Who calls there?

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

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

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Fie, thou dishonest Satan! Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FESTE

Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are.

FESTE

Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

FESTE

Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA (away from **MALVOLIO**)

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FESTE [Singing]

'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

'Alas, why is she so?'

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FESTE

'She loves another'--Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Alas, sir, be patient.

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Well-a-day that you were, sir

MALVOLIO

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

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FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE *[Singing]*

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

Exit

SCENE III. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

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

With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

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

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter FESTE and FABIAN

FABIAN

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FESTE

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Any thing.

FESTE

Do not desire to see this letter.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords

DUKE ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FESTE

Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO

I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Twelfth Night

RED = cut text

YELLOW = Something New

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

FESTE

No, sir, the worse.

DUKE ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me;
now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass.

DUKE ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

O, you give me ill counsel.

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

You can fool no more money out of me at this throw:
if you will let your lady know I am here to speak
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake
my bounty further.

FESTE

I go, sir; but I would not have you to think
that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness:
but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I
will awake it anon.

Exit

VIOLA

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

Enter ANTONIA and Officers

DUKE ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well;
A bawbling vessel was he Captain of,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER

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

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

ANTONIA

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

Twelfth Night

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YELLOW = Something New

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIA

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

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

DUKE ORSINO

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Madam!

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,--

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

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

OLIVIA

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

DUKE ORSINO

But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

*I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.*

VIOLA

And I - willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah!

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

Twelfth Night

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OLIVIA

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony 2 hours ago.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest--

OLIVIA

O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and Sir Toby too: for
the love of God, your help!

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for
a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

DUKE ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

Here he is! You broke my head **for nothing**.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

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

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FESTE

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more.

DUKE ORSINO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't.

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then he's a rogue: I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt FESTE, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW

Twelfth Night

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Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

ANTONIA

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Antonia, O my dear Antonia!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

SEBASTIAN

Fear'st thou that, Antonia?

ANTONIA

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

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

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

VIOLA

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

SEBASTIAN

A spirit I am indeed;
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

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

SEBASTIAN

O, that record is lively in my soul!

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

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

DUKE ORSINO

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
(*To VIOLA*) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear;
And those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

Twelfth Night

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YELLOW = Something New

OLIVIA

Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter FESTE with a letter, and FABIAN

OLIVIA

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

FESTE

Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end
as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a
letter to you; **I should have given't you to-day**

morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA

Open't, and read it.

FESTE

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers
the madman. (*Reads*) 'By the Lord, madam,'--

OLIVIA

How now! art thou mad?

FESTE

No, madam, I do but read madness: **an your ladyship**

will have it as it ought to be, you must allow You.

OLIVIA

Prithce, read i' thy right wits.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

(to **her SERVANTS**) Read it you, sirrah.

OLIVIA'S SERVANT #1

[*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it.

OLIVIA'S SERVANT #2

Though you have put me into darkness and given
your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship.

OLIVIA'S SERVANT #1

I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on.

OLIVIA'S SERVANT #2

Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little
unthought of and speak out of my injury.

BOTH SERVANTS

The madly-used Malvolio.'

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FESTE

Ay, madam.

DUKE ORSINO

This savours not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him deliver'd, **Fabian**; bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,

**One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.**

DUKE ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

To VIOLA

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
**So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,**
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

DUKE ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;

Twelfth Night

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Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this; well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you.
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLIVIA

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

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was
one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but
that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'
But do you remember?
And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO

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

Exeunt all, except FESTE

FESTE [*Sings*]

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, it raineth every day
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, it raineth every day
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, it raineth every day
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

Exit