

Twelwe 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 Saylor.

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 behaiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleue 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 earlyer
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 them-
selues 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-gan-*
boys, 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 quarrel-
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-
ctors 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 Coystrill that will not
drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a
parish top. What wench?: 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 beleue 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. 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 Connt 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.

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 beleue 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 vnprofitd returne,

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

Du. O then, vnfold the passi}on 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.

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: be-
sides 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; 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.

as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to
proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

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

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.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guitlesse, 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;

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, Ioue 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*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears 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. 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. *Exit.*

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 beauty. 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 lon-
ger. 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 ouer-
ture 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, Di-
uinity; 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 wea-
ther.

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 euery 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 stainesse 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?

About 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. *Exit.*

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 di-
stemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recom-
pence 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 *Rodo-
rigo*) 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 Heanens had
beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, al-

ter'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 though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre believe 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. *Exit.*

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. *Exit.*

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 enemy 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. 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,

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 consanguinous? 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 v p.

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. 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 an ayword, 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 expresseure 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 deuce.

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 Iester 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,
Vnstead 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 complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeeres 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 vnfirmes,
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 ô 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 Iewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no deny. *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 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 behaiour 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 ex-
alted 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 imagi-
nation 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 impresse 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 Lucrese 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 Alphabetically 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 e- uery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol- lowes 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 in- vre 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 ste- ward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discourers 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 deuse, 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. Ioue, 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. There- fore in my presence still smile, deero my sweete, I prethee.* Ioue

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 pensi-
on of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuce.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such ano-
ther 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 dispo-
sition, 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 Ta-
bor, 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. 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. 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 Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine O-dours on you. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

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 murdrous 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 excel-
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd
the youth into dumbnesse: this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulkt: the double guilt of this oppor-
tunitie 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 re-
deeme 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:

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: 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. 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 beleue such impossible passages of grossnesse. 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 ieaousie, what might befall your rauell,
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 thankes,
And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant 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 you'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 Towne, 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 answere 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, ler 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 forth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankfull. 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 Ioue, 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^u chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I bidde, 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 deuce man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuce 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 deuce 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, whatsoever 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^e(Law

To. *Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lvest 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. Yon may haue verie fit occasion fot'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 t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply 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 behaiour 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 will 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 Iewell 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, skillfull, 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 returne 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 competent 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 Officer.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officer.

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.

Off. This is the man, do thy Office. *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

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 grieues mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort. 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,

Ist 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 kindneses

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.

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 Ioue;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

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 trunkes, ore-flourish'd by the deuill.

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 beleeuues himselfe, so do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue ttue,
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 coward-
ship 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 beleue, 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 fol-
ly: 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 Wise-
men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good re-
port, after foureteene 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^u 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 rellish 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 beleue 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. I am not tall enough to become the
function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
Student: The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blesse thee M. 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:

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 calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Maluo-*
lio 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. 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 bari-cadoes, 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, though 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 darknesse, 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*. *Exit*

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

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

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 thankfull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie a-bus'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. Advise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: endeavour 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. 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.

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

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,

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 councill 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 rooffe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most ielialous, 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. *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. Truely 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 Asse: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused: 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.

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. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officer.

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?

Offi. *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
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*emie. 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 Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrin*, 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 screws 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 spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:

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.

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 a-crosse, 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 Coxcombe. 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 agone: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pany: 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 euey 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 co-here 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 Ladie-ship. 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.

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 deuce against *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at sir *Toby*'s 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 great-

nesse, 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 Lotd 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 beades,

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.

