

Twelfth Night, or What You Will

3.1

*Enter Viola as Cesario and Feste the clown, with
[pipe and] tabor*

VIOLA Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

FESTE No such matter, sir. I do live by the church for I 5
do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a
beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy
tabor if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

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

VIOLA Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with
words may quickly make them wanton. 15

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

VIOLA Why, man?

FESTE Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with
that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed,
words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them. 20

VIOLA Thy reason, man?

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

VIOLA I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for 25
nothing.

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

VIOLA Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? 30

FESTE No indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she
will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are
as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings±±the
husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her

corrupter of words.

35

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

FESTE Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,
it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool
should be as oft with your master as with my mistress.
I think I saw your wisdom there. 40

VIOLA Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with
thee. (*Giving money*) Hold, there's expenses for thee.

FESTE Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee
a beard.

VIOLA By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, 45
though I would not have it grow on *my* chin. Is thy
lady within?

FESTE Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FESTE I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring 50
a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA (*giving money*) I understand you, sir, 'tis well
begged.

FESTE The matter I hope is not great, sir; begging but a
beggar±±Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. 55
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 over-worn.

Exit

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit. 60
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art,
For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

65

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

SIR TOBY Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.* 70

VIOLA *Et vous aussi, votre serviteur.*

SIR ANDREW I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

SIR TOBY Will you encounter the house? My niece is
desirous you should enter if your trade be to her.

VIOLA I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean she is the 75
list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

VIOLA My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
legs. 80

SIR TOBY I mean to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance.

Enter Olivia, and Maria, her gentlewoman

But we are prevented. (*To Olivia*) Most excellent accom-
plished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

SIR ANDREW (*to Sir Toby*) That youth's a rare courtier; 85
'rain odours'±±well.

VIOLA My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own
most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW (*to Sir Toby*) 'Odours', 'pregnant', and
'vouchsafed'±±I'll get 'em all three already. 90

OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my
hearing.

Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA
My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA What is your name? 95

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

OLIVIA
My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA
And he is yours, and his must needs be yours. 100
Your servant's servant is *your* servant, madam.

OLIVIA
For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than filled with me.

VIOLA
Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

OLIVIA O by your leave, I pray you. 105

I bade you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA Dear lady±±

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, 110
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning 115
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all th'unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom, 120
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again. 125
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

Clock strikes

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you; 130
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? 135

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Then think you right, I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be. 140

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA (*aside*)

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon 145

Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.

(*To Viola*) Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride, 150

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause.

But rather reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth, 155

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor never none

Shall mistress be of it save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam. Never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 160

OLIVIA

Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt [severally]