

Twelfth Night, or What You Will

1.5

Enter Maria, and Feste, the clown

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

FESTE Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours. 5

MARIA Make that good.

FESTE He shall see none to fear.

MARIA A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours'.

FESTE Where, good Mistress Mary? 10

MARIA In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

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

MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent, 15
or to be turned away±±is not that as good as a hanging to you?

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

MARIA You are resolute then? 20

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

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

FESTE Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking thou wert as witty a 25
piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit

Enter Olivia, with Malvolio and attendants

FESTE *[aside]* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very 30
oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?±±`Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' *(To Olivia)* God bless thee,

lady.

OLIVIA (to attendants) Take the fool away. 35

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

OLIVIA Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you.

Besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTE Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel
will amend, for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool 40
not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he
mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the
botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but
patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with
sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If
that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not,
what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity,
so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool,
therefore I say again, take her away.

45

OLIVIA Sir, I bade them take away you. 50

FESTE Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *`Cucullus
non facit monachum'*±±that's as much to say as I wear
not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave
to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA Can you do it? 55

FESTE Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA Make your proof.

FESTE I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my
mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll bide your 60
proof.

FESTE Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA I know his soul is in heaven, fool. 65

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

OLIVIA What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he
not mend? 70

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

FESTE God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly. Sir Toby will be sworn that I am 75 no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with 80 an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies. 85

OLIVIA O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for birdbolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but 90 rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

FESTE Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

Enter Maria

MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman 95 much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay? 100

MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him. Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home±±what you will to dismiss it. 105

Exit Malvolio

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

FESTE Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, for±±here he comes±± 110

Enter Sir Toby

one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

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

SIR TOBY A gentleman.

OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman? 115

SIR TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here. (*He belches*) A plague o' these pickle herring! (*To Feste*) How now, sot?

FESTE Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy? 120

SIR TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY Let him be the devil an he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, fool? 125

FESTE Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman±±one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned. Go look after him. 130

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

Exit

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO Madam, yon young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick±±he takes on him 135 to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep±±he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial. 140

OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.

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

OLIVIA What kind o' man is he? 145

MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA What manner of man?

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

OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he? 150

MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly. One 155 would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit

Enter Maria

OLIVIA Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 160

Enter Viola as Cesario

VIOLA The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will.
Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.
nb±±I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my 165 speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very 'countable, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA Whence came you, sir? 170

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

OLIVIA Are you a comedian? 175

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

OLIVIA If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA Most certain if you are she you do usurp yourself, 180 for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech

in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA Come to what is important in't, I forgive you the 185
praise.

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

OLIVIA It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep
it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed
your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear 190
you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason,
be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make
one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. 195
(*To Olivia*) Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.
Tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

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

VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of 200
war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my
hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would
you?

VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I 205
learned from my entertainment. What I am and what
I would are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears,
divinity; to any others', profanation.

OLIVIA (*to Maria [and attendants]*) Give us the place alone,
we will hear this divinity. 210

Exeunt Maria [and attendants]

Now sir, what is your text?

VIOLA Most sweet lady±±

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

VIOLA In Orsino's bosom. 215

OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face. 220

OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to

negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text.
But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

She unveils

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not
well done? 225

VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.

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

VIOLA

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

230

OLIVIA O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried
and every particle and utensil labelled to my will, as, 235
item, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with
lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud,
But if you were the devil, you are fair. 240
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompensed though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 245

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature 250
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense, 255
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA Why, what would you?

VIOLA
Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house,
Write loyal cantons of contemneÁd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night; 260
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out `Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me. 265

OLIVIA You might do much.
What is your parentage?

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

OLIVIA Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more, 270
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. (*Offering a purse*) Spend
this for me.

VIOLA
I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense. 275
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.
Exit

OLIVIA `What is your parentage?'
`Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. 280
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast. Soft, soft±±
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague? 285
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger 290
The County's man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow, 295
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO Madam, I will.

Exit at one door

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe. 300
What is decreed must be; and be this so.

Exit at another door