

# Twelfth Night, or What You Will

## 3.4

*Enter Olivia and Maria*

**OLIVIA** *(aside)*

I have sent after him, he says he'll come.  
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begged or  
borrowed.

I speak too loud.

*(To Maria)* Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil, 5  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.  
Where is Malvolio?

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

**OLIVIA**

Why, what's the matter? Does he rave? 10

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

**OLIVIA**

Go call him hither.

*Exit Maria*

I am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be. 15

*Enter Malvolio, cross-gartered and wearing yellow  
stockings, with Maria*

How now, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO** Sweet lady, ho, ho!

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO** Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some  
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what 20  
of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the  
very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all'.

**[OLIVIA]**

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

**MALVOLIO** Not black in my mind, though yellow in my

legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be 25  
executed. I think we do know the sweet roman hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO (*kissing his hand*) To bed? `Ay, sweetheart, and  
I'll come to thee.'

OLIVIA God comfort thee. Why dost thou smile so, and 30  
kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO At your request?±±yes, nightingales answer  
daws.

MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness 35  
before my lady?

MALVOLIO `Be not afraid of greatness'±±'twas well writ.

OLIVIA What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO `Some are born great'±±

OLIVIA Ha? 40

MALVOLIO `Some achieve greatness'±±

OLIVIA What sayst thou?

MALVOLIO `And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA Heaven restore thee.

MALVOLIO `Remember who commended thy yellow 45  
stockings'±±

OLIVIA `Thy yellow stockings'?

MALVOLIO `And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA `Cross-gartered'?

MALVOLIO `Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be 50  
so.'

OLIVIA Am I made?

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

OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter a Servant*

SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the Count 55  
Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back.  
He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA I'll come to him.

*Exit Servant*

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my  
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special 60  
care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the

half of my dowry.

*Exeunt Olivia and Maria, severally*

**MALVOLIO** O ho, do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may <sup>65</sup> appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she, 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity', and consequently sets down the <sup>70</sup> manner how, as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, 'let this fellow be looked to'. Fellow!±±not 'Malvolio', nor after <sup>75</sup> my degree, but 'fellow'. Why, everything adheres together that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance±±what can be said?±±nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my <sup>80</sup> hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria*

**SIR TOBY** Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him. <sup>85</sup>

**FABIAN** Here he is, here he is. *(To Malvolio)* How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

**MALVOLIO** Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

**MARIA** Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him. Did <sup>90</sup> not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

**MALVOLIO** Aha, does she so?

**SIR TOBY** Go to, go to. Peace, peace, we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How <sup>95</sup> is't with you? What, man, defy the devil. Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

**MALVOLIO** Do you know what you say?

**MARIA** La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes

it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitched. 100

**FABIAN** Carry his water to th' wise woman.

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

**MALVOLIO** How now, mistress? 105

**MARIA** O Lord!

**SIR TOBY** Prithee hold thy peace, this is not the way. Do  
you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

**FABIAN** No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend  
is rough, and will not be roughly used. 110

**SIR TOBY** Why how now, my bawcock? How dost thou,  
chuck?

**MALVOLIO** Sir!

**SIR TOBY** Ay, biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not  
for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, 115  
foul collier.

**MARIA** Get him to say his prayers. Good Sir Toby, get  
him to pray.

**MALVOLIO** My prayers, minx?

**MARIA** No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. 120

**MALVOLIO** Go hang yourselves, all. You are idle shallow  
things, I am not of your element. You shall know more  
hereafter.

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY** Is't possible?

**FABIAN** If this were played upon a stage, now, I could 125  
condemn it as an improbable fiction.

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

**MARIA** Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and  
taint. 130

**FABIAN** Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

**MARIA** The house will be the quieter.

**SIR TOBY** Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.  
My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We  
may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance till 135  
our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to  
have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the  
device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of

madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew with a paper*

**FABIAN** More matter for a May morning. 140

**SIR ANDREW** Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant  
there's vinegar and pepper in't.

**FABIAN** Is't so saucy?

**SIR ANDREW** Ay±±is't? I warrant him. Do but read.

**SIR TOBY** Give me. 145  
(*Reads*) `Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a  
scurvy fellow.'

**FABIAN** Good, and valiant.

**SIR TOBY** `Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why  
I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.' 150

**FABIAN** A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the  
law.

**SIR TOBY** `Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my  
sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat,  
that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' 155

**FABIAN** Very brief, and to exceeding good sense (*aside*)  
-less.

**SIR TOBY** `I will waylay thee going home, where if it be  
thy chance to kill me'±±

**FABIAN** Good. 160

**SIR TOBY** `Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

**FABIAN** Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law±±good.

**SIR TOBY** `Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one  
of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my  
hope is better, and so look to thyself. 165  
Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,  
Andrew Aguecheek.'  
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't  
him.

**MARIA** You may have very fit occasion for't. He is now 170  
in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by  
depart.

**SIR TOBY** Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner  
of the orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever thou  
seest him, draw, and as thou drawest, swear horrible, 175  
for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a  
swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood

more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

**SIR ANDREW** Nay, let me alone for swearing. 180

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY** Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding. His employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in 185 the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpoll. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman±±as I know his youth will aptly receive it±±into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, 190 and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter Olivia, and Viola as Cesario*

**FABIAN** Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

**SIR TOBY** I will meditate the while upon some horrid 195 message for a challenge.

*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria*

**OLIVIA**

I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out.  
There's something in me that reproves my fault,  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is 200  
That it but mocks reproof.

**VIOLA** With the same 'haviour  
That your passion bears goes on my master's griefs.

**OLIVIA** (*giving a jewel*)

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

205

**VIOLA**

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

**OLIVIA**

How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

**VIOLA** I will acquit you. 210

**OLIVIA**

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*Exit*

*Enter Sir Toby and Fabian*

**SIR TOBY** Gentleman, God save thee.

**VIOLA** And you, sir.

**SIR TOBY** That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what 215  
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know  
not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the  
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy  
tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is  
quick, skilful, and deadly. 220

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

**SIR TOBY** You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore,  
if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your 225  
guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth,  
strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

**VIOLA** I pray you, sir, what is he?

**SIR TOBY** He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and  
on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private 230  
brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and  
his incensement at this moment is so implacable that  
satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and  
sepulchre. Hob nob is his word, give't or take't.

**VIOLA** I will return again into the house and desire some 235  
conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of  
some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others,  
to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

**SIR TOBY** Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a  
very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give 240  
him his desire. Back you shall not to the house unless  
you undertake that with me which with as much safety  
you might answer him. Therefore on, or strip your  
sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain,  
or forswear to wear iron about you. 245

**VIOLA** This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

**SIR TOBY** I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. 250

*Exit*

**VIOLA** Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

**FABIAN** I know the knight is incensed against you even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more. 255

**VIOLA** I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

**FABIAN** Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him, I will make your peace with him if I can. 260

**VIOLA** I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight±±I care not who knows so much of my mettle. 265

*[Exeunt]*

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew*

**SIR TOBY** Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable, and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. 270

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

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

**SIR ANDREW** Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet. 275

**SIR TOBY** I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't±±this shall end without the perdition of souls. 280

*(Aside)* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Enter Fabian, and Viola as Cesario*



*[Aside to Fabian]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel,  
I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

**FABIAN** *(aside to Sir Toby)* He is as horribly conceited of  
him, and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his 285  
heels.

**SIR TOBY** *(to Viola)* There's no remedy, sir, he will fight  
with you for's oath' sake. Marry, he hath better  
bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now  
scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the 290  
supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt  
you.

**VIOLA** *(aside)* Pray God defend me. A little thing would  
make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

**FABIAN** *(to Sir Andrew)* Give ground if you see him furious. 295

**SIR TOBY** Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the  
gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout  
with you, he cannot by the duello avoid it, but he has  
promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he  
will not hurt you. Come on, to't. 300

**SIR ANDREW** Pray God he keep his oath.

*Enter Antonio*

**VIOLA**

I do assure you 'tis against my will.

*Sir Andrew and Viola draw their swords*

**ANTONIO** *(drawing his sword, to Sir Andrew)*

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me.  
If you offend him, I for him defy you. 305

**SIR TOBY** You, sir? Why, what are you?

**ANTONIO**

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

**SIR TOBY** *(drawing his sword)* Nay, if you be an undertaker,  
I am for you. 310

*Enter Officers*

**FABIAN** O, good Sir Toby, hold. Here come the officers.

**SIR TOBY** *(to Antonio)* I'll be with you anon.

**VIOLA** *(to Sir Andrew)* Pray, sir, put your sword up if you  
please.

**SIR ANDREW** Marry will I, sir, and for that I promised you 315

I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily,  
and reins well.

*Sir Andrew and Viola put up their swords*

**FIRST OFFICER** This is the man, do thy office.

**SECOND OFFICER** Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count  
Orsino. 320

**ANTONIO** You do mistake me, sir.

**FIRST OFFICER**

No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no seacap on your head.  
(*To Second Officer*) Take him away, he knows I know  
him well.

**ANTONIO**

I must obey. (*To Viola*) This comes with seeking you. 325  
But there's no remedy, I shall answer it.  
What will you do now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
Much more for what I cannot do for you  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed, 330  
But be of comfort.

**SECOND OFFICER** Come, sir, away.

**ANTONIO** (*to Viola*)

I must entreat of you some of that money.

**VIOLA** What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,  
And part being prompted by your present trouble, 335  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.  
I'll make division of my present with you.  
Hold, (*offering money*) there's half my coffer.

**ANTONIO**

Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you 340  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

**VIOLA** I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature. 345  
I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

**ANTONIO** O heavens themselves!

**SECOND OFFICER** Come, sir, I pray you go. 350

**ANTONIO**

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,  
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion. 355

**FIRST OFFICER**

What's that to us? The time goes by, away.

**ANTONIO**

But O, how vile an idol proves this god!  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.  
None can be called deformed but the unkind. 360  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'er-flourished by the devil.

**FIRST OFFICER**

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

**ANTONIO** Lead me on.

*Exit with Officers*

**VIOLA** (*aside*)

Methinks his words do from such passion fly 365  
That he believes himself. So do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

**SIR TOBY** Come hither, knight. Come hither, Fabian. We'll  
whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws. 370

*They stand aside*

**VIOLA**

He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate. O, if it prove, 375  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY** *(to Sir Andrew)* A very dishonest, paltry boy, and  
more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in  
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him;  
and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 380

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

**SIR ANDREW** 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

**SIR TOBY** Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

**SIR ANDREW** An I do not±±

*Exit*

**FABIAN** Come, let's see the event. 385

**SIR TOBY** I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

*Exeunt*