

**SIDE 1 – TOBY/MARIA**

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

**MARIA**

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, let her except, before excepted.

**MARIA**

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

**MARIA**

That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

**MARIA**

Ay, he.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

**MARIA**

What's that to the purpose?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

**MARIA**

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

**MARIA**

He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that  
he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that  
he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he  
hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent  
he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors  
that say so of him. Who are they?

**MARIA**

They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to  
her as long as there is a passage in my throat and  
drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill  
that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn  
o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench!  
Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

## **SIDE 2 – MALVOLIO/OLIVIA**

### **MALVOLIO**

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him 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.

### **OLIVIA**

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

### **MALVOLIO**

Has 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?

### **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?

### **MALVOLIO**

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a cooling 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 would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

### **OLIVIA**

Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

### **MALVOLIO**

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

### **SIDE 3 – ORSINO/VIOLA**

#### **DUKE ORSINO**

Let all the rest give place.

*CURIO and Attendants retire*

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

#### **VIOLA**

But if she cannot love you, sir?

#### **DUKE ORSINO**

I cannot be so answer'd.

#### **VIOLA**

Sooth, but you must.  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

#### **DUKE ORSINO**

There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

#### **VIOLA**

Ay, but I know--

#### **DUKE ORSINO**

What dost thou know?

#### **VIOLA**

Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

**DUKE ORSINO**

And what's her history?

**VIOLA**

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

**DUKE ORSINO**

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA**

I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

**DUKE ORSINO**

Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

## **SIDE 4 – VIOLA/CLOWN**

**VIOLA**

Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?

**Clown**

No, sir, I live by the church.

**VIOLA**

Art thou a churchman?

**Clown**

No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I 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 tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

**Clown**

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril 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.

**Clown**

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

**VIOLA**

Why, man?

**Clown**

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.

**VIOLA**

Thy reason, man?

**Clown**

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 nothing.

**Clown**

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.

## **SIDE 5 – ANDREW/TOBY/FABIAN**

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

### **SIR ANDREW**

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

### **FABIAN**

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

### **SIR ANDREW**

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

### **SIR ANDREW**

As plain as I see you now.

### **FABIAN**

This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

### **SIR ANDREW**

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

### **FABIAN**

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

### **SIR ANDREW**

An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate:

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

**FABIAN**

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief;  
it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full  
of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink:  
if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be  
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of  
paper, although the sheet were big enough for the  
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it.  
Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou  
write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.



## **SIDE 6 – MALVOLIO/OLIVIA**

### **MALVOLIO**

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### **OLIVIA**

Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

### **MALVOLIO**

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

*Exit*

## **SIDE 7 – OLIVIA/VIOLA**

### **OLIVIA**

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.  
My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!

### **OLIVIA**

How does he love me?

### **VIOLA**

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

### **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, learn'd and valiant;  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
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 suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
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 contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
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!

### **OLIVIA**

You might do much.

## **SIDE 8 – ORSINO**

### **DUKE ORSINO**

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

## SIDE 9 – OLIVIA

### OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

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?

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!

## **SIDE 10 – TOBY/ANDREW/MARIA**

### **MARIA**

Go shake your ears.

### **SIR ANDREW**

'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

### **MARIA**

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

### **MARIA**

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

### **SIR ANDREW**

O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

### **SIR ANDREW**

I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

### **MARIA**

The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

### **SIR TOBY BELCH**

What wilt thou do?

### **MARIA**

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Excellent! I smell a device.

**SIR ANDREW**

I have't in my nose too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

**MARIA**

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

**SIR ANDREW**

And your horse now would make him an ass.

**MARIA**

Ass, I doubt not.

**SIR ANDREW**

O, 'twill be admirable!

**MARIA**

Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.