

4.1 The Fool encounters Sebastian, whom he mistakes for Cesario. When Sir Andrew and Sir Toby attack Sebastian, the Fool fetches Olivia, who again declares her love—this time to a delighted Sebastian.

3. **Go to**: an expression of impatience  
 5. **held out**: kept up, maintained  
 5-9. **I . . . so**: These lines are said sarcastically.  
 10. **vent**: give expression to  
 14. **lubber**: oaf  
 15. **cockney**: sissy; **ungird**: remove  
 15-16. **strangeness**: distance (i.e., pretense that you and I are strangers)  
 18. **foolish Greek**: A "merry Greek" was a buffoon or jester.



A Fool.

From August Redel, *Apophtegmatata* . . . (n.d.).

140

## ACT 4

### Scene 1

*Enter Sebastian and "Feste, the Fool."*

FOOL Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

FOOL Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so. 5

SEBASTIAN I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me. 10

FOOL Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my folly? I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming? 15

SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's money for thee. *"Giving money."* If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 20

FOOL By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give Fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

28. **your dagger:** These words have suggested to some editors that Sebastian beats Andrew with the hilt of his dagger. If such is the case, Toby's command to Sebastian at line 39, "put up your iron," would mean "sheathe your dagger."

30. **straight:** straightway, immediately

34. **action of battery:** i.e., lawsuit accusing him of unlawfully beating me

39. **fleshed:** eager for battle; or, hardened to battle

45. **malapert:** impudent



Fortune. (2.4.92)

From George Wither, *A collection of emblems* . . . (1635).

142

*Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

ANDREW, *to Sebastian* Now, sir, have I met you again?  
There's for you. *He strikes Sebastian.*

25

SEBASTIAN, *returning the blow* Why, there's for thee,  
and there, and there. —Are all the people mad?

TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the  
house.

FOOL, *aside* This will I tell my lady straight. I would  
not be in some of your coats for twopence.

30

*He exits.*

TOBY, *seizing Sebastian* Come on, sir, hold!

ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to  
work with him. I'll have an action of battery against  
him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck  
him first, yet it's no matter for that.

35

SEBASTIAN, *to Toby* Let go thy hand!

TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young  
soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed.  
Come on.

40

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee.

*He pulls free and draws his sword.*

What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

TOBY What, what? Nay, then, I must have an ounce or  
two of this malapert blood from you.

45

*He draws his sword.*

*Enter Olivia.*

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

TOBY Madam.

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

53. **Rudesby**: ruffian  
 56. **extent**: assault  
 59. **botched up**: clumsily put together  
 61. **deny**: refuse; **Beshrew**: literally, curse (but the harshness of the word was lost through repeated use)  
 62. **started . . . thee**: i.e., made my heart (residing in you) leap with fear (There is a play on **heart** and "hart" and on **start** as "startle" and "rouse an animal from its hiding place.")  
 63. **What . . . this**: i.e., what does this mean? (literally, how does this taste?)  
 64. **Or . . . or**: either . . . or  
 65. **Let . . . steep**: i.e., let me continue in this dreamlike state **fancy**: imagination **sense**: senses, awareness of the waking world **Lethe**: the mythological river in the underworld that washes away one's memory of one's former life **steep**: immerse  
 67. **Would**: i.e., I wish

4.2 Under directions from Sir Toby, the Fool disguises himself as a parish priest and visits the imprisoned Malvolio. In his own person, the Fool agrees to fetch pen, paper, and a candle for the supposed madman.

2. **curate**: parish priest  
 3. **the whilst**: i.e., in the meantime  
 4. **dissemble**: disguise  
 5. **dissembled**: played the hypocrite

Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!— 50

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby, begone! *["Toby, Andrew, and Fabian exit."]*

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway 55

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go. 60

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

SEBASTIAN, *["aside"]*

What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; 65

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

70

*They exit.*

Scene 2

*Enter Maria and ["Feste, the Fool."]*

MARIA Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *["She exits."]*

FOOL Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. *["He puts on gown and beard."]* I am 5

7. **the function:** i.e., of a priest  
 9. **housekeeper:** hospitable person  
 11. **The competitors:** i.e., my colleagues  
 13. **Bonos dies:** good day (in bad Latin)  
 13-14. **the . . . Prague:** The Fool once again invents an authority to quote in his foolery.  
 15. **Gorboduc:** a legendary king of Britain  
 18. **To him:** i.e., begin your attack on Malvolio  
 21 SD. **Malvolio within:** This Folio direction indicates that Malvolio speaks from offstage or from behind a door or curtain.  
 27. **Out . . . fiend:** addressed to the devil that supposedly possesses Malvolio **hyperbolical:** i.e., ranting (literally, using hyperbole or exaggeration)  
 33. **dishonest:** dishonorable; lying  
 34. **modest:** moderate

not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. 10  
 The competitors enter.

*Enter Toby and Maria.*

TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

FOOL *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc "That that is, is," so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is "that" but "that" and "is" but "is"? 15

TOBY To him, Sir Topas.

FOOL, *disguising his voice* What ho, I say! Peace in this prison! 20

TOBY The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

*Malvolio within.*

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

FOOL Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady— 25

FOOL Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

TOBY, *aside* Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness— 30

FOOL Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark? 35

MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

38-39. **barricadoes**: barricades, barriers  
 39. **clerestories**: high windows  
 45. **puzzled**: confused  
 46. **the . . . fog**: In stories about Moses, one of the plagues visited by God on the Egyptians was "a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days" (Exodus 10.22).  
 50-51. **any constant question**: perhaps, any consistent line of questioning  
 52. **Pythagoras**: This ancient Greek philosopher taught the transmigration of souls. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (a book used frequently by Shakespeare) has a speech by Pythagoras urging humans not to kill animals because "Our souls survive . . . death; as they depart / Their local habitations in the flesh, / They enter new-found bodies that preserve them. / . . . the spirit takes its way / To different kinds of being as it chooses, / From beast to man, from man to beast." (Book 15, trans. Horace Gregory)  
 54. **haply**: perhaps  
 61. **allow . . . wits**: agree that you're sane; and **fear**: and (until) you shall fear  
 66. **I . . . waters**: perhaps, I can do anything  
 71-72. **delivered**: freed

FOOL Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the 'clerestories' toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction? 40

MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

FOOL Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog. 45

MALVOLIO I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question. 50

FOOL What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

MALVOLIO That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 55

FOOL What thinkst thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FOOL Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 60

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

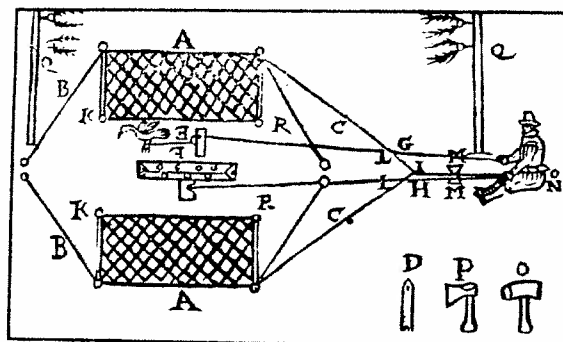
TOBY My most exquisite Sir Topas! 65

FOOL Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

TOBY To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with 70

74. **the upshot:** i.e., to its final conclusion  
 76. **Hey, Robin . . . :** a song the words for which are attributed to Thomas Wyatt  
 79. **perdy:** for sure (*par Dieu*, by God)  
 91. **fell you besides:** i.e., did you lose; **five wits:** five senses; or, according to Stephen Hawes in *The Pastime of Pleasure*, the five wits are common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory  
 94. **But:** i.e., only, no more than  
 96. **propertied me:** treated me like a lifeless object  
 98. **face:** bully  
 99. **Advise you:** i.e., be careful



A woodcock in a "gin." (2.5.85)  
 From Gervase Markham, *Hunger's prevention, or, The whole art of fowling . . .* (1655).

150

151

*Twelfth Night*

ACT 4. SC. 2

any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

75

*['Toby and Maria] exit.*

FOOL *['sings, in his own voice']*

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
 Tell me how thy lady does.*

MALVOLIO Fool!

FOOL *['sings']*

*My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MALVOLIO Fool!

80

FOOL *['sings']*

*Alas, why is she so?*

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FOOL *['sings']*

*She loves another—*

*Who calls, ha?*

MALVOLIO Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

85

FOOL Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool.

90

FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a Fool.

95

MALVOLIO They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL Advise you what you say. The minister is here.

*['In the voice of Sir Topas.']* Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

100

MALVOLIO Sir Topas!

105-6. **God buy you:** i.e., God be with you, good-bye

110. **shent:** rebuked

114. **Welladay that:** i.e., alas, if only

117. **advantage:** benefit, profit

118. **letter:** i.e., a letter

128. **the old Vice:** a comic character in earlier drama, whose props (dagger of **lath**, or wood) and antics are described in the lines of the song

133. **goodman:** a title indicating a low social rank



"Shall we make the welkin dance?" (2.3.58)  
From *Image du monde. The myrrour-dyscrypcyon of the  
worlde . . .* (1527).

FOOL, *as Sir Topas* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. *As Fool.* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir! God buy you, good Sir Topas. *As Sir Topas.* Marry, amen. *As Fool.* I will, sir, I will. 105

MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!

FOOL Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you. 110

MALVOLIO Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL Welladay that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 115

FOOL I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit? 120

MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, begone. 125

FOOL *sings*

*I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,*

*I'll be with you again,*

*In a trice, like to the old Vice,*

*Your need to sustain.*

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,* 130

*Cries "aha!" to the devil;*

*Like a mad lad, "Pare thy nails, dad!"*

*Adieu, goodman devil."*

*He exits.*

4.3 While Sebastian is sure that neither he nor Olivia is insane, he is amazed by the wonder of his new situation. When Olivia asks him to enter into a formal betrothal with her, he readily agrees.

3. **wonder**: a state of mind caused by experiencing the wonderful or miraculous

6. **there he was**: i.e., he had been there; **credit**: report

7. **range**: roam, wander around

9. **my soul . . . sense**: i.e., my reason and my senses agree in arguing

12. **Instance**: example; **discourse**: reasoning

15. **trust**: belief

17. **sway**: rule

19. **Take . . . dispatch**: i.e., "take affairs" (undertake business matters) and "give back their dispatch" (complete them promptly)

22. **deceivable**: deceptive

25. **chantry**: chapel; **by**: nearby

27. **Plight . . . faith**: i.e., assure me of your fidelity (through a betrothal)

28. **jealous**: anxious; **doubtful**: filled with doubts, insecure

29. **He**: i.e., the priest

Scene 3

*Enter Sebastian.*

[SEBASTIAN]

This is the air; that is the glorious sun.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't.

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

I could not find him at the Elephant.

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service.

For though my soul disputes well with my sense

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes

And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad—

Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,

She could not sway her house, command her

followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing

As I perceive she does. There's something in 't

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter Olivia and [a] Priest.*

OLIVIA, [to Sebastian]

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man

Into the chantry by. There, before him

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith,

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace. He shall conceal it

5

10

15

20

25



30. **Whiles:** until; **come to note:** become known  
 31. **What time:** at which time; **our . . . keep:** i.e., celebrate our marriage  
 32. **birth:** social rank  
 37. **fairly note:** look favorably on; or, show that they approve



Dancing the galliard. (1.3.117)  
 From Fabritio Caroso, *Il ballarino* . . . (1581).

156

157

*Twelfth Night*

ACT 4. SC. 3

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, 30  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man and go with you  
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so 35  
 shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine.

*They exit.*