

5.1 Orsino, at Olivia's estate, sends the Fool to bring Olivia to him. Antonio is brought in by officers and he tells the incredulous Orsino about Cesario's treacherous behavior. At Olivia's entrance, Orsino expresses his anger that Cesario has become Olivia's darling. Cesario's expressions of love for Orsino lead Olivia to send for the "holy father," who confirms Olivia's claim that she is formally betrothed to Cesario. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby enter with bloody heads, which they blame on Cesario. Sebastian's entry at this moment untangles a series of knots: Sebastian addresses Olivia with love, greets Antonio warmly, and recognizes Cesario as the image of himself. When Cesario admits to being Sebastian's sister Viola, Orsino asks Viola to become his wife. On the day that Sebastian marries Olivia, Viola will marry Orsino.

18. **abused:** deceived

18-20. **conclusions . . . affirmatives:** possibly an allusion to a sonnet by Sir Philip Sidney, in which the lady's twice saying "no" is taken as a "yes" because, in grammar, two negatives make an affirmative

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter [Feste, the Fool] and Fabian.

FABIAN Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

FOOL Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN Anything.

FOOL Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again. 5

Enter [Orsino,] Viola, Curio, and Lords.

ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FOOL Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends. 10

ORSINO

Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

FOOL No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO How can that be?

FOOL Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. 15

Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused. So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two

26. **double-dealing**: (1) giving twice; (2) duplicity
 29. **grace**: virtue (with a pun on the phrase—"your Grace"—with which the duke is normally addressed)
 30. **obey it**: i.e., obey the Fool's ill counsel
 33. **Primo, secundo, tertio**: first, second, third (perhaps an allusion to a children's game, or play)
 34. **triplex**: triple time in music (i.e., a three-beat rhythm)
 35. **tripping**: quick and light
 35. **Saint Bennet**: i.e., the church of St. Benedict
 37. **fool**: beg through clever wordplay
 38. **throw**: i.e., time (literally, throw of the dice)
 43. **desire of having**: i.e., wish to possess
 45. **anon**: very soon
 49. **Vulcan**: Roman god of war and blacksmith to the gods
 50. **baubling**: tiny, insignificant



Vulcan. (5.1.49)
 From Johann Basilius Heroldt, *Heydenwelt* . . . (1554).

162

- affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 20
 ORSINO Why, this is excellent.
 FOOL By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be one of my friends.
 ORSINO, *giving a coin*
 Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold. 25
 FOOL But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
 ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.
 FOOL Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. 30
 ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. *He gives a coin.*
 FOOL *Primo, secundo, tertio* is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three. 35
 ORSINO You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 40
 FOOL Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap. I will awake it anon. *He exits.* 45

Enter Antonio and Officers.

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well.
 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
 A baubling vessel was he captain of, 50

51. **For . . . unprizable:** i.e., worthless because of its shallow draught and its small bulk
52. **With which:** i.e., with which worthless vessel; **scatheful:** harmful
53. **bottom:** ship
54. **very:** even; **tongue of loss:** i.e., voices of those whom he defeated
55. **Cried:** called out
57. **fraught:** freight, that which the ship carries; **Candy:** Candia (capital of Crete)
60. **desperate of:** i.e., as if unconcerned with; **state:** i.e., his situation
61. **brabble:** brawl
62. **drew . . . side:** i.e., drew his sword to defend me
63. **put . . . me:** talked to me strangely
64. **distraction:** madness
67. **dear:** dire
73. **base and ground:** evidence
77. **wrack:** piece of wreckage
79. **retention:** holding back
80. **All . . . dedication:** i.e., dedicating all (my love) to him
81. **pure:** purely, simply
82. **adverse:** hostile

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
 With which such scatheful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet
 That very envy and the tongue of loss
 Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter? 55

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy,
 And this is he that did the *Tiger* board
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, 60
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.
 I know not what 'twas but distraction.

ORSINO

Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief, 65
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give 70
 me.

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side 75
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was.
 His life I gave him and did thereto add
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication. For his sake 80
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset;

85. **Not meaning to:** i.e., choosing not to
 86. **face . . . out:** shamelessly exclude . . . from
 88. **While . . . wink:** i.e., in the time it takes to blink one's eyes
 89. **recommended:** consigned, given
 94. **No int'rim:** without interruption
 102. **What . . . that:** i.e., what does my lord wish, except for that
 104. **keep promise with:** i.e., keep your promise to
 110. **fat, fulsome:** disgusting



Woman with a distaff. (1.3.100)
 From Johann Engel, *Astrolabium* (1488).

Where, being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) 85
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance
 And grew a twenty years' removed thing
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before. 90

VIOLA How can this be?

ORSINO, ^{to Antonio} When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,
 No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company. 95

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on
 earth!—
 But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are madness.
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me—
 But more of that anon. ^{To an Officer.} Take him 100
 aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA Madam? 105

ORSINO Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear 110
 As howling after music.

113. **constant**: steadfast, immovable
 114. **uncivil**: cruel
 115. **ingrate**: ungrateful; **unauspicious**: inauspicious, unfavorable
 117. **tendered**: offered
 120. **th' Egyptian thief**: an allusion to a novel by Heliodorus, in which the robber chief, threatened with death, tries to kill the woman he loves to prevent her being taken by another
 122. **savors nobly**: i.e., smacks of nobility
 123. **to nonregardance cast**: i.e., fail to take notice of
 124. **that**: i.e., since
 125. **screws**: twists
 126. **Live you**: i.e., continue to live as
 127. **minion**: darling
 128. **tender**: regard, esteem
 135. **jocund, apt**: jocundly, aptly (i.e., happily, readily)
 136. **do you rest**: i.e., give you peace
 141. **you witnesses above**: i.e., you heavenly powers
 142. **tainting**: corrupting, injuring

168

169

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithful'st off'rings have breathed out
 That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

115

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
 Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
 That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:
 Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your favor,
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
 Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.—
 Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in
 mischief.

120

125

130

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

135

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife.
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life for tainting of my love.

140

143. **beguiled**: cheated, deceived
 151. **sirrah**: a term of address that, here, emphasizes the speaker's authority
 153. **baseness**: contemptibleness, ignobleness
 154. **strangle thy propriety**: i.e., conceal what you are; or, perhaps, hide the fact that I belong to you
 156. **that**: that which (i.e., my husband)
 157. **that thou fear'st**: i.e., Orsino **that**: that which
 160. **unfold**: disclose
 163. **newly**: recently
 165. **joinder**: joining
 166. **close**: union



Lucrece. (2.5.95)
 From Silvestro Pietrasanta, *Symbola heroica* . . . (1682).

170

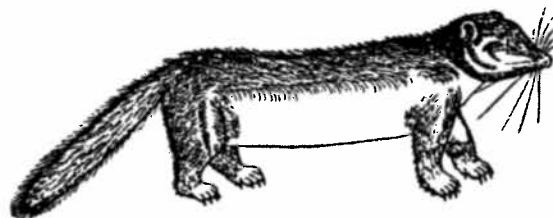
171

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

- OLIVIA
 Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!
- VIOLA
 Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
- OLIVIA
 Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?— 145
 Call forth the holy father. *[An Attendant exits.]*
- ORSINO, *[to Viola]* Come, away!
- OLIVIA
 Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
- ORSINO
 Husband?
- OLIVIA Ay, husband. Can he that deny? 150
- ORSINO
 Her husband, sirrah?
- VIOLA No, my lord, not I.
- OLIVIA
 Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
 Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up. 155
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.
- Enter Priest.*
- O, welcome, father.
- Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
 Here to unfold (though lately we intended 160
 To keep in darkness what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
 Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
- PRIEST
 A contract of eternal bond of love,
 Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands, 165
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
 And all the ceremony of this compact

169. **Sealed . . . function:** ratified by me in my role as priest
 173. **dissembling:** hypocritical
 174. **a grizzle:** gray hair; **case:** skin
 175. **craft:** craftiness
 176. **trip:** wrestling move in which one trips one's opponent
 181. **Hold little:** i.e., keep a bit of
 183. **presently:** immediately
 185. **Has . . . across:** i.e., he has cut my head
 186. **coxcomb:** i.e., head
 191-92. **incardinate:** a mistake for "incarnate"
 194. **'Od's lifelings:** by God's little lives
 199. **bespake . . . fair:** addressed . . . courteously



The dormouse. (3.2.18)
 From Edward Topsell, *The historie of foure-footed beastes* . . . (1607).

Sealed in my function, by my testimony;
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave 170

I have traveled but two hours.

ORSINO ^[to Viola]

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
 When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow 175
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA

O, do not swear. 180
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA What's the matter?

ANDREW Has broke my head across, and has given Sir 185
 Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,
 your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took 190
 him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

ORSINO My gentleman Cesario?

ANDREW 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my 195
 head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
 You drew your sword upon me without cause,
 But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

201. **set nothing by:** think nothing of
 202. **halting:** limping
 203. **in drink:** drunk
 204. **othergates:** otherwise
 206. **That's all one:** i.e., it doesn't matter
 209. **set:** perhaps, closed; or, fixed; or, sunk out of sight
 210. **passy-measures pavin:** perhaps a comment on the surgeon's slowness (A **pavin** is a stately dance, and the Italian word *passamezzo* means a slow tune.)
 215. **dressed:** i.e., have our wounds dressed
 216. **coxcomb:** fool; literally, the cap worn by a Fool (See page 176.)
 220. **the . . . blood:** i.e., my own brother
 221. **with wit and safety:** i.e., with reasonable regard for my safety
 222. **throw . . . me:** look at me strangely (or, perhaps, coldly)
 225. **so late ago:** so recently
 226. **habit:** outfit
 227. **A . . . perspective:** i.e., an optical illusion created naturally, without mirrors or other optical devices (**perspectives**)

ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. 200

Enter Toby and 'Feste, the Fool.'

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is 't with you? 205

TOBY That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end on 't. 'To Fool.' Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

TOBY Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue. 210

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together. 215

TOBY Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

'Toby, Andrew, Fool, and Fabian exit.'

Enter Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,
 But, had it been the brother of my blood, 220
 I must have done no less with wit and safety.
 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
 I do perceive it hath offended you.
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
 We made each other but so late ago. 225

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
 A natural perspective, that is and is not!

229. **racked:** The **rack** was an instrument of torture that tore the body apart. (See page 180.)

232. **Fear'st thou:** i.e., are you in doubt about
238-39. **Nor . . . everywhere:** i.e., nor do I have the power to be omnipresent, like a god

241. **Of charity:** i.e., out of kindness (i.e., please tell me)

245. **sulted:** dressed

246. **suit:** clothing

249-50. **am . . . participate:** i.e., am the same flesh-and-blood creature that I've been from my birth **dimension:** bodily form **grossly:** materially **clad:** dressed **participate:** possess

251. **as . . . even:** i.e., since everything else fits together



A fool wearing a coxcomb. (5.1.216)
From George Wither, *A collection of emblemes . . .* (1635).

176

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

230

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

235

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN, *[looking at Viola]*

Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

240

VIOLA

Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too.
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

245

SEBASTIAN

A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola."

250

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN And so had mine.

255

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

258. **record**: memory (accent on second syllable)
 261. **lets**: hinders
 262. **But . . . attire**: except for the male clothing I have appropriated
 264. **cohere, jump**: agree
 267. **maiden weeds**: woman's clothing; **gentle**: kind, courteous
 271. **mistook**: mistaken
 272. **nature . . . that**: i.e., nature caused your desire, mistakenly directed to Viola, to swerve to me (The **bias** is the curve that brings the ball to the desired point in the game of bowls. See page 182.)
 275. **maid and man**: i.e., a man who is a virgin
 277. **the glass seems true**: i.e., the **perspective** glass seems to be representing the truth rather than a distortion
 278. **wrack**: wreck, shipwreck; or, that which has washed up from the shipwreck
 280. **like to me**: i.e., as much as you love me
 281. **overswear**: i.e., swear over again
 283. **that orbèd continent**: i.e., the sun (A **continent** is a container; the sun is pictured as containing fire.)

SEBASTIAN

O, that record is lively in my soul!
 He finished indeed his mortal act
 That day that made my sister thirteen years.

260

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
 But this my masculine usurped attire,
 Do not embrace me till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
 That I am Viola; which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
 I was preserved to serve this noble count.
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady and this lord.

265

270

SEBASTIAN, *to Olivia*

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
 But nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid.
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:
 You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

275

ORSINO, *to Olivia*

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

280

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear,
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul
 As doth that orbèd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.

ORSINO

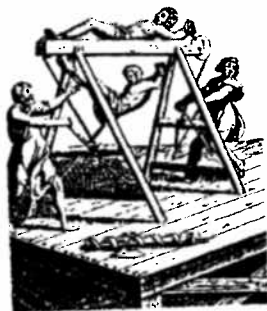
Give me thy hand,
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

285

VIOLA

The Captain that did bring me first on shore

288. **upon some action:** as a result of legal action
 289. **in durance:** imprisoned
 291. **He . . . him:** i.e., Malvolio shall free the captain
 293. **remember me:** i.e., remember
 294. **much distract:** quite mad
 295. **extracting frenzy:** a temporary insanity that drew everything from my mind (except thoughts of Cesario)
 296. **his:** i.e., Malvolio's "frenzy"
 298-99. **he . . . end:** i.e., he keeps the devil at a distance
 300-1. **today morning:** i.e., this morning
 302. **skills not much:** makes little difference
 305. **delivers:** reads the words of
 310. **allow vox:** permit me to use the appropriate "voice"
 313. **thus:** i.e., like a madman; **perpend:** ponder, consider



Men being "racked." (5.1.229)
 From Girolamo Maggi, *De tintinnabulis liber . . . Accedit . . . De equuleo liber . . .* (1689).

Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,
 Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman and follower of my lady's. 290

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him.

Enter 'Feste, the Fool' with a letter, and Fabian.

Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. 295
 A most extracting frenzy of mine own
 From my remembrance clearly banished his.
 'To the Fool.' How does he, sirrah?

FOOL Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's
 end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here 300
 writ a letter to you. I should have given 't you today
 morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gos-
 pels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA Open 't and read it.

FOOL Look then to be well edified, when the Fool
 delivers the madman. 'He reads.' By the Lord, 305
 madam—

OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?

FOOL No, madam, I do but read madness. An your
 Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must 310
 allow vox.

OLIVIA Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FOOL So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to
 read thus. Therefore, perpend, my princess, and
 give ear.

OLIVIA, 'giving letter to Fabian' Read it you, sirrah. 315

FABIAN (reads) By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
 the world shall know it. Though you have put me into
 darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over
 me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your
 Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to 320

321. **the which:** i.e., your own letter
 329. **delivered:** released
 330-32. **so . . . wife:** i.e., if you are willing, once we've thought more about these things, to think as well of me as a sister-in-law as you were thinking of me as a wife
 333. **crown . . . on 't:** i.e., celebrate the alliance that will make us kin (i.e., you can marry Viola at the same time I marry Sebastian)
 335. **at my proper cost:** i.e., at my expense
 336. **apt:** ready
 337. **quits:** releases
 339. **mettle:** nature
 340. **breeding:** upbringing



The game of bowls. (5.1.272)
 From *Le centre de l'amour* (1650).

182

183

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

The madly used Malvolio. 325

OLIVIA Did he write this?

FOOL Ay, madam.

ORSINO

This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.

«Fabian exits.»

«To Orsino.» My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, 330

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost. 335

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

«To Viola.» Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, 340
 And since you called me "master" for so long,
 Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA, *«to Viola»* A sister! You are she.

Enter Malvolio «and Fabian.»

ORSINO

Is this the madman? 345

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same. —

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me

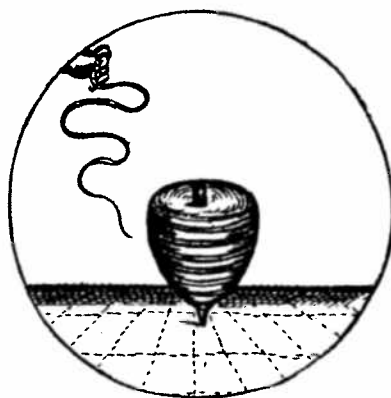
wrong,

Notorious wrong. 350

353. **hand:** handwriting
 354. **from it:** differently (from the way you wrote in the letter)
 355. **invention:** composition
 357. **in . . . honor:** i.e., with the moderation that should go with honor
 358. **lights:** perhaps, signs
 361. **lighter:** lesser
 362. **acting this:** i.e., doing what you said
 363. **suffered:** allowed
 365. **geck, gull:** dupe
 366. **invention:** i.e., plotting, scheming; **played on:** victimized
 368. **the character:** my handwriting
 371. **cam'st:** i.e., you came
 372-73. **forms . . . were presupposed / Upon:** i.e., style . . . was prescribed for
 374. **This . . . thee:** i.e., this plot has maliciously tricked you
 375. **authors:** inventors
 381. **wondered at:** See note to 4.3.3.
 384-85. **Upon . . . him:** i.e., because of some rude and ill-mannered characteristics of his that made us dislike him

- OLIVIA Have I, Malvolio? No.
 MALVOLIO, ^{handing her a paper}
 Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand.
 Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
 Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention. 355
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favor?
 Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown 360
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck and gull 365
 That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.
- OLIVIA
 Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though I confess much like the character.
 But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. 370
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.
 This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee. 375
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.
- FABIAN Good madam, hear me speak,
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour, 380
 Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him. Maria writ 385

386. **importance:** importuning, urgent request
 388. **It was followed:** i.e., the plot was carried out
 389. **pluck on:** induce
 392. **baffled thee:** put you to shame
 395. **Interlude:** comedy
 399. **whirligig:** continual whirling
 405. **convents:** perhaps, is convenient for all
 409. **so you shall be:** i.e., that's what I'll call you
 410. **habits:** clothes
 411. **mistress:** (1) the woman he loves; (2) the person he obeys; **fancy's:** love's
 414. **toy:** trifle



A top. (1.3.42)
 From Giovanni Ferro, *Teatro imprese* . . . (1623).

186

187

Twelfth Night

ACT 5. SC. 1

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was followed
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weighed
 That have on both sides passed.

390

OLIVIA, *to Malvolio*

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FOOL Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but that's all one. "By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad"—but, do you remember "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

395

400

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you! *He exits.*

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace. *Some exit.*
 He hath not told us of the Captain yet.
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come,
 For so you shall be while you are a man.
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

405

410

All but the Fool exit.

FOOL *sings*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

415

416. **came . . . estate:** i.e., grew up to be a man
 426. **tossports:** drunkards (The meaning of this stanza continues to be debated.)
 430. **that's all one:** i.e., none of that matters



"Arion on the dolphin's back." (1.2.16)
 From Sigmund, freiherr von Herberstein, *Rerum Moscoviticarum
 commentarij . . . Russiae . . . descriptio . . .* (1556).

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

420

But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With tosspots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

425

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

430

[He exits.]