

TWELFTH NIGHT

PR 2837

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Copy 1

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

A Comedy in Five Acts

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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TWELFTH NIGHT

May 18 1907
10595

Shakespeare

CHARACTERS.

Globe Theatre, Boston, Hollis St. Theatre, Boston,
Thurs., Feb. 19, 1880. Wed., Dec. 5, 1888.

DUKE ORSINO.	F. W. Sanger.	Robert Taber.
VALENTINE.	Edwin Cleary.	Dodson Mitchell.
CURIO.	R. Smith.	E. Moore.
SIR TOBY BELCH.	H. A. Weaver, Sr.	Wm. F. Owen.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.	Charles H. Bradshaw.	F. J. Currier.
SEBASTIAN.	W. G. Reynier.	S. E. Springer.
ANTONIO.	L. F. Rand.	Horace Miller.
MALVOLIO.	Edward Compton.	Charles Barron.
CLOWN.	M. L. Leffingwell.	James Cooper.
FABIAN.	W. A. Eyttinge.	Albert Bruning.
SEA CAPTAIN.	J. H. Miller.	Frank Colfax.
FRIAR.	H. A. Weaver, Jr.	
VIOLA.	Adelaide Neilson.	Julia Marlowe.
OLIVIA.	Josephine Bailey.	Mary Shaw.
MARIA.	Lizzie Goode.	Emma Hinckley.

Sailors, Courtiers, Musicians, etc., *ad libitum.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

- ACT I. SCENE 1. A sea-coast (in three).
- " 2. Before Olivia's house (in one).
- " 3. Orsino's palace (in two).
- " 4. Olivia's house (full stage).
- " 5. Before Olivia's house (in one).
- ACT II. SCENE 1. Olivia's cellar (full stage).
- " 2. A street (in one).
- " 3. Orsino's palace (in two).
- ACT III. Olivia's garden (full stage).
- ACT IV. Olivia's garden (full stage).
- ACT V. SCENE 1. Before Olivia's house (in one).
- " 2. Olivia's garden (full stage).



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INTRODUCTION.

“Twelfth Night” did not appear in print during the lifetime of its author. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, as evidenced by the entry of November 8 in the Stationers’ Register in that year. The absence of a quarto edition is little to be regretted, however, as the text of the play thus produced is exceptionally free from corruptions, its few errors being merely typographical. The best evidence of the date of composition of “Twelfth Night” is afforded by the Diary of one John Manningham, at that time a student in the Middle Temple. In this there is found an entry under date of February 2, 1601, as follows: “At our feast we had a play called ‘Twelue Night, or What You Will,’ much like The Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the Steward beleeve his Lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him beleue they took him to be mad.” How much earlier than this date it was written and produced can only be conjectured, but it can scarcely be believed that the Benchers would have selected for their Candlemas festivity a wholly untried play. It is probable that it was originally performed by the Lord Chamberlain’s Company, and that Shakespeare, at that time a member of this body, played a part in it; but of this there is no evidence. That the play had an established value from some cause or other is amply shown by the circumstance that the lawyers paid for the production given before them the then liberal sum of ten pounds. On the authority of Halliwell, “Twelfth Night” was performed before James I. on Easter Monday, 1618, and again at Candlemas, 1623, by the King’s Servants, under the title of “Malvolio.” It was certainly also acted occasionally after the Restoration of Charles I. In the preface of a comedy entitled “Love Betray’d, or The Agreeable Disappointment,” by Charles Burnaby, it abundantly appears that this piece was merely an adaptation of “Twelfth Night,” following the license accorded by custom in those times to dramatists in dealing with Shakespeare.

Several possible sources of the plot of "Twelfth Night" have been suggested: The *Amphitruo*, or the *Menaechmi* of Plautus; a novel of Bandello, the Thirty-Sixth of his Collection; a French translation of this Italian text, if the original is presumed to have been inaccessible to Shakespeare, by one Belleforest; and a story of Barnabe Riche called *Apolonius and Silla*, in which it unmistakably appears that he was a student of the Belleforest translation. The resemblance of the play to these antecedent tales is but slight, and the suspicion that any one of them may have been fundamental to it rests slenderly upon the theory that Shakespeare was incapable of inventing a plot, and the fact that he seldom or never took the trouble to do so. Bandello's novel was squarely founded upon a highly popular play, written and acted in Siena in 1531, and called "Gl' Ingannati." An adaptation of this is preserved in manuscript at Lambeth Palace under the title of "Laelia." It is in Latin, a language with which, on the testimony of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare was acquainted to a "small extent." This was acted at Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1590 and again in 1598, It is thus quite possible and certainly likely that if the poet filched his fable at all, he did so easily in England at his own door and with the least possible trouble. It is needless to say that the poetry of the play is entirely the invention of Shakespeare, as is also the whole comic plot with its delightful supporters, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio and Maria. Mr. Knight has expended a great deal of ingenuity in an effort to reconcile the warring facts that, while Olivia, Orsino and their immediate *entourage* are Italians, the alcoholic twins, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, are as English as their names; but this seems a mere waste of time. The play is an embodiment of the spirit of Twelfth Night, a season devoted to merriment and good cheer, and should be approached in the same irresponsible mood that its author implied in the subordinate title—"What You Will." Let us co-operate with the irreverent George Bernard Shaw in resisting a tendency to take Shakespeare, drunk with animal spirits, with the same meticulous seriousness that we bring to the poet at his gravest and greatest. The orbit of his mind is a vast one and must be viewed from many and various standpoints. Unless approached in an accommodating spirit the chronology of the play offers certain difficulties. The duration of its action covers three days only, but its effect upon the mind of the spectator is much more spacious.

Samuel Pepys, writing on September 11, 1661, records: "Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields observed at the Opera a new play 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there, and the King there; so I, against

my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it." Again, on January 6, 1662: "After dinner to the Duke's House, and there saw 'Twelfth Night' acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not related at all to the name or day." Once more, on January 20, 1688: "To the Duke of York's house and saw 'Twelfth Night,' as it is now revived; but I think one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage." Downes (1662), the pioneer historian of the stage, writing with the same or at least contemporaneous performances of the play in mind, uses it more justly, pronouncing it to have had a "mighty success by its well performance . . . all the parts being justly acted crowned the play." Johnson (1765) found it "exquisitely humorous," but was ungrateful enough to add that "it exhibits no just picture of life." Later writers, from Hazlitt to William Winter, have unanimously cast their votes in flat opposition to that of the first recorded critic of the play, the foolish Pepys, whose usual point of view was curiously like that of the typical modern theatre-goer, nothing in the acted drama having been found endurable by him unless accompanied by sounding rhetoric, horse-play, the mechanical achievements of the stage carpenter and scenic artist, or the seductions of singing, dancing and pretty women. The great magnet of the piece was to its earliest auditors, as it still is when it is presented *qua* play and not as the mere stalking-horse of some Viola or other, the abused Malvolio. Leonard Digges, in his verses descriptive of this most attractive of the Shakespeare comedies, expresses this contemporary conception of the play, as follows.

"The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull."

And Charles I., fully sharing this idea, is said to have habitually referred to the piece under the title of "Malvolio." The rivalry between the characters of Malvolio and Viola for the first place in the action is curiously illustrated by the fact that their opposition is said to have led to the separation of two players of recent times, once associated both matrimonially and artistically, the lady's desire to shine as Viola and her husband's disinclination to the part of the Steward having, it is understood, begun the breach between them. Fleay expresses the opinion that "Twelfth Night" offered to its contemporary audiences, among other alluring traits, certain items of personal caricature, Sir Toby having been intended as a portrait of Ben Jonson and Malvolio of John Marston. However this may have been, Malvolio is assuredly

adumbrated in the character of Malevole in the latter's play, "The Malcontent." These little amenities serve to draw the centuries together and to bring us nearer to the play and its meaning. That a good deal of this literary cudgelling went on among the robust Elizabethans there is abundant evidence. But caricature is short-lived, and so it has come about that "Twelfth Night" has come to be in the modern theatre a mere device for demonstrating the charms and occasionally the talents of some popular Viola or other.

The Sir Toby that failed to please Pepys was no less actor than the great Betterton, and the Viola of that unappreciated cast, the first woman, undoubtedly, that ever played the part, was Mrs. Saunderson, whom he afterwards married. It was more than seventy years later that the next recorded performance of the play took place, when Mrs. Pritchard revived this comedy at Drury Lane, appearing on January 15, 1741, as Viola, to the Malvolio of Macklin and the Olivia of Kitty Clive. A few years later, on April 15, 1746, the great Peg Woffington offered herself in this character at the same house, again to Macklin's Malvolio. The Viola of Miss Plym, first seen on October 19, 1763, is only remembered by the irrelevant circumstance that one of the two sentinels posted, according to the custom of the time, on either side of the stage during the performance, was so far overcome by the humor of William O'Brien, the Sir Andrew Aguecheek of the cast, that he fell on the floor and rolled about in an uncontrollable paroxysm of laughter. Eight years later "Twelfth Night" was revived at Drury Lane by Miss Younge (Miss Pope), who appeared as Viola on December 10, 1771, and was closely followed in the part by her rival, Mrs. Yates, on March 31, 1772, at Covent Garden, the first performance of the play at this theatre. On March 17, 1777, only two months after the death of her handsome husband, Mrs. Barry essayed the character, followed on August 15, 1782, by Mrs. Bulkeley, and at Covent Garden, May 7, 1783, by "Perdita" Robinson. Then came the inimitable Dora Jordan, November 11, 1785, at Drury Lane, with Bensley as Malvolio and Dodd, greatest of all Sir Andrews, among her support. To her supremacy in the part Charles Lamb, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and others bring expert testimony in rich abundance. It is very clear from their accounts that she was greatly admired, and partly discernible why. Viola was this lady's first serious part in London, and her success in it appears to have discouraged all competitors, since for sixteen years, until the unimportant appearance of Mrs. H. Johnston at Covent Garden, June 9, 1801, no new Viola appeared in London.

On January 5, 1811, Charles Kemble produced an "alteration" of the piece at Covent Garden, with Mrs. S. Booth as Viola. On January 6, 1813, Miss Davison acted the part at Drury Lane; on November 8, 1820, Maria Tree appeared at Covent Garden in a musical adaptation of "Twelfth Night," by Reynolds, frankly described by Genest as a "wretched piece of business." It was on this inauspicious occasion that Ellen Tree, then a girl of eighteen, made her debut in the part of Olivia. Twenty-seven years later, September 28, 1850, as Mrs. Charles Kean, she appeared as Viola at the opening performance of her husband's theatre—the Princess. Charlotte Cushman played Viola at the Haymarket in 1846, to her sister's Olivia. Laura Addison was Phelps' Viola at Sadler's Wells on January 26, 1848, and Mrs. Charles Young on January 14, 1857. In the last half century Violas have been Vallombrosan in number in England, and cannot be even reckoned within the limits of a Preface; but from their number must be chosen for special honor that of Miss Ellen Terry, who appeared in the character at the Lyceum Theatre, to the Malvolio of Sir Henry Irving, on July 8, 1884, and, greatest of all, that of Adelaide Neilson, whose first American appearance in the part was at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, May 7, 1877.

The first Viola in America was that of Miss Elizabeth Harrison, who played the part at the Boston Theatre, Federal St., May 5, 1794. The next was Mrs. Johnson, at the Park Theatre, New York, June 11, 1804, for the benefit of the popular Mr. Hallam. Honor to these early players, for it was about all they got in return for hard work and good deserts. Hallam, the Clown of this cast, got twenty-five dollars a week for probably far better acting than is much more highly paid to-day; while Hogg, the Fabian; drew only fourteen dollars weekly from the treasury. Indeed, at the opening of the century fifty dollars a week is recorded as the largest salary ever paid to an actor in this country.

Prices of admission at the Park Theatre in 1804 were \$1.00, 50 cents and 25 cents, and the house held on an average \$700. Dunlap speaks of receipts of \$1245 as being the high-water mark for a single performance in 1803, and this was bestowed upon what he candidly describes as "vile trash." Times do not appear to have very greatly changed. Mrs. Henry played Viola at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1825, but until the Burton productions of March 29, 1852, at Burton's Theatre, New York, and of January 17, 1858, at Tripler Hall, in the same city, the play was dormant in America so far as any notable revivals were concerned. Lizzie Weston was the Viola of the first Burton cast and,

as Lizzie W. Davenport, of the second as well; but the greatest strength was in the Sir Toby of W. E. Burton and in the Malvolios of W. R. Blake and Charles Fisher.

In the 1852 cast J. Lester, otherwise Lester Wallack, was the Sir Andrew Aguecheek; in the 1858 cast Charles J. Mathews played that part, and Lawrence P. Barrett appeared as Sebastian, the heroine's brother. Sebastian has always been a difficulty in stage productions of this play because of the close resemblance demanded between Viola and her brother. Dora Jordan solved the problem by having her own brother, Mr. Bland, play the part, while W. Murray, Mrs. Henry Siddons' brother, later employed to the advantage of the play a similar natural resemblance. The custom of the German stage has always been for the same player to enact both parts, a mute "double" serving to end the play by dint of some slight shuffling of the text. In 1869 Miss Kate Terry first played both parts in this fashion on the English stage. Later Violas in the United States were Clara Fisher (Mrs. Maeder), Julia Bennett Barrows, the latter greatly esteemed as an actress by Edwin Forrest, Mrs. Mary Shaw, Mrs. Hoey, who appeared at Wallack's Lyceum, New York, May 24, 1856, to the Sir Toby Belch of John Brougham, and Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who first appeared in the part in America in New York, October 4, 1869. A year later, on December 12, 1870, Miss Agnes Ethel was seen in the character at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, to the notable Malvolio of William Davidge. Cissie Loftus has also been seen as Viola, Robson and Crane have adventured the parts of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and Harry Dixey that of Malvolio.

In recent years five Violas have appealed to American theatre-goers with notable success — one Irish, one English, one Polish and two of native birth. Ada Rehan, who began life as Ada Crehan, and was rechristened by a typographical error, was first seen in this character at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 21, 1893. Miss Julia Marlowe's first appearance in the play of "Twelfth Night" was in the part of Maria in support of Josephine Reilley, a popular Viola in the West. Viola was Miss Marlowe's third Shakespearean character, and was first played by her December 14, 1887, at the Star Theatre, New York. Mme. Helena Modjeska first appeared in the part at the Union Square Theatre, New York, November 4, 1877. Miss Marie Wainwright was one of the six Juliets that supported the Romeo of Mr. George Rignold, a seductive actor of the recent past, at Booth's Theatre, May 30, 1877, having made her debut in this part at the same theatre on the 17th. She first appeared as Viola at Tompkins' Fifth Avenue Theatre,

New York, December 16, 1889. The more recent performance of Miss Viola Allen is still accessible to the theatre-goer of the day.

"Twelfth Night" is not among the Shakespearean plays that have attracted foreign taste and admiration, for reasons that are not far to seek, though the play has been acted in Germany to some slight vogue perhaps as an incident merely of its author's general popularity in that country. In France it has appeared successfully under the title "Conte d'Avril," a comedy in four acts, in verse, by Augusta Dorchain, produced at the Odeon, Paris, September 22, 1885. The Viola was Mme. Baret, the Malvolio, Kereval. Sir Toby appeared in this version under the alias Quinapolus. To opera librettists "Twelfth Night" has made quite naturally an exceptional appeal. The following works exist taken from this source: "Cesario." Three acts. Music by Steinkuhler. Dusseldorf, 1848. "Cesario." Three acts. Music by W. Taubert. Libretto by E. Taubert. Berlin, November 13, 1874. "Viola." Three acts. Music by Karl Weiss. Prague, January 17, 1892. "Viola." Book by Genee. Music by A. Arensen. Hamburg, March 16, 1893. "Viola." Music by R. Heuberger; not yet produced. Smetana of Bohemia was at work on an opera of this title from this source when he was seized with madness.

F. E. CHASE.

April 30, 1907.



TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

Scene I. — *The sea-coast. Scene in three.*

LIGHTS down.

Enter VIOLA, a SEA CAPTAIN, and two SAILORS, L. 3 E., carrying a trunk. The latter cross behind and stand during scene near R. 2 E.

VIOLA (*to C., leaning on CAPTAIN'S arm*). What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned — what think you, sailors?

CAPT. (R. C.). It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA. Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance may he be. (*Goes up and looks off L. 3 E.*)

CAPT. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA (*back to C.*). For saying so, there's gold. (*Gives him money.*)

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Knows't thou this country ?

CAPT. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born
 Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA. Who governs here ?

CAPT. A noble Duke, in nature as in name — Orsino.

VIOLA. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him.
 He was a bachelor then.

CAPT. And so is now. Or was so very late.
 For but a month ago I went from hence,
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur, as, you know,
 What great ones do the less will prattle of,
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia —
 A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count
 That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died ; for whose dear love
 They say she hath adjured the company
 And sight of men.

VIOLA. Oh, that I served that lady !
 And might not be delivered to the world
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is ! (*Turns pensively down R. C., turning from
 R. to L.*)

CAPT. That were hard to compass ;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the Duke's.

READY change.

VIOLA. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character. (*To c.*)
 I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke ;
 Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
 Of gentle breeding, and my name Cesario.

That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drowned brother,
 Will furnish man's apparel to my need.
 It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit,
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPT. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

VIOLA. I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt, R. 2 E., *leaning on* CAPTAIN; SAILORS *follow*.

CHANGE set.

Scene II. *Before* OLIVIA'S house. *Scene in one.*

LIGHTS full up.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA, R. I E.

SIR TOBY (C., *sullenly snapping a riding whip*). What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA (R. C.). By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR T. Why, let her except before excepted.

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

SIR T. 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. (*Goes L.*)

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. (SIR TOBY *protests in pantomime*.) 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 T. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek? (*Returns L. C.*)

MARIA. Ay, he.

SIR T. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA. What's that to the purpose?

SIR T. 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 T. 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, all most 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 T. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

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

SIR T. 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 coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top !

SIR ANDREW (*outside*). Sir Toby Belch ! Sir Toby Belch !

SIR T. Castiliano vulgo ! for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW, L. I E.

SIR A. Sir Toby Belch, how now ! Sir Toby Belch !

SIR T. (C.). Sweet Sir Andrew ! (*Slaps him on back.*)

SIR A. Bless you, fair shrew. (*Bowing low to MARIA, hat off.*)

MARIA (*curtseys*). And you too, sir.

SIR T. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost ! (*Nudging him.*)

SIR A. What's that ?

SIR T. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR A. (*crosses to C. ; SIR TOBY to L. C.*). Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. (*Bowing again low.*)

MARIA (R. C.). My name is Mary, sir. (*Curtseys.*)

SIR A. Good Mistress Mary Accost — (*SIR TOBY encourages him.*)

SIR T. You mistake, knight ; accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her

SIR A. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost ?

MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen. (*Crosses to L., laughing.*)

SIR T. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again. (*Pulling him over.*)

SIR A. (C.). An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA (L. C.). Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR A. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MARIA (*takes his hand, smiling over to SIR TOBY*). Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you bring your hand to the but-tery bar and let it drink.

SIR A. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

SIR A. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA. A dry jest, sir.

SIR A. Are you full of them?

MARIA. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends; marry (*slaps his hand as she lets it go*), now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit, laughing, L. I E.

SIR T. (R. C., *laughing*). Oh, knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down?

SIR A. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR T. No question.

SIR A. An I thought that I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR T. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

SIR A. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear baiting. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

SIR T. Then had'st thou an excellent head of hair.

SIR A. Why, would that have mended my hair? (*Brushing it with his hand.*)

SIR T. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR A. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR T. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

SIR A. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Duke himself, here hard by, woos her.

SIR T. She'll none o' the Duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man. (*Both hands on SIR ANDREW'S shoulders.*)

SIR A. I'll stay a month longer. (*Shaking him warmly by the hands.*) I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. (*Rubbing his hands gleefully.*)

SIR T. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

SIR A. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

READY change.

SIR T. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR A. 'Faith, I can cut a caper. (*Dances.*)

SIR T. And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR A. And I think I have the back trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. (*Pose.*)

SIR T. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR A. (*highly flattered*). Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR T. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR A. Taurus? That's sides and heart.

SIR T. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. (*Poking at his legs; SIR ANDREW dances and retreats laughing.*) Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher — ha! ha! — excellent!

Exeunt, L. I E.

CHANGE set.

Scene III. — *A room in the DUKE ORSINO's palace. Scene in two.*

(*Discovered, the DUKE, seated on couch, L. C., attended by CURIO and GENTLEMEN, standing R. C.*)

MUSIC at rise off R.

LIGHTS full up.

DUKE. 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.
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.
Enough — no more ! (CURIO goes up C., looking off R., and signals.)

MUSIC stops.

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

CURIO (*coming R. C.*). Will you go hunt, my lord ?

DUKE. What, Curio ?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE, C. *from R.*

How now ? What news from her ?

VALENTINE. So please, my lord, I might not be admitted ;
But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine. All this, to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her? Who saw Cesario, ho?

(VALENTINE *up to C. arch; signals off L.; drops R. of C.*)

Enter VIOLA, C. *from L.*

VIOLA (C., *doffing cap*). On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof. (*All COURTIERS bow, go up and exeunt, C. to L.*) Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE (*seated L. C.*). Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitful return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

DUKE. Oh, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

READY change.

VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE (*rising; goes C.*). Dear lad, believe it (*his hand on her left shoulder*);
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair. (*She drops R. C.*) Go! (*Goes to c. arch.*)
 Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Exit DUKE, C. to L.

VIOLA. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady. Yet — a barful strife! —
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exit, R. 2 E. **CHANGE** set.

Scene IV. — *A room in OLIVIA'S house. Full stage.*

Enter CLOWN and MARIA, C. from R. *She has him by the ear.*

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. (*Releasing him; he drops R. C.*) My lady will hang thee for thy absence. (*Goes up C., looking off L.*)

CLOWN. Let her hang me! Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

MARIA (*drops C.; then crosses*). Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit, L. 3 E.

CLOWN. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very 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. (*Goes L. C., turning.*)

Enter OLIVIA, C. from L., *preceded by MALVOLIO, backing and bowing, and two LADIES.*

MALVOLIO. God bless thee, lady.

OLIVIA. Take the fool away. (*Crosses and sits on bench R.; MALVOLIO R. C., up.*)

CLOWN (*turning*). Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

CLOWN. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

OLI. Can you do it?

CLOWN. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLI. Make your proof.

CLOWN (*comes c.*). I must catechise you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me. (*Folding his arms.*)

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. (*Motions to LADY, R., who drops down R. and fans her.*)

CLOWN. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

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

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly. Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool. (*Sits on edge of table, L. c.*)

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordi-

nary fool that has no more brain than a stone. (CLOWN *slides off table disconcerted.*) 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 to be no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. Oh, 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 bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN (*runs across and takes fan from LADY and fans OLIVIA, lying at her feet.*) Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA, *c. from L.*

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you. (*Gets c.*)

OLI. From the Duke Orsino, is it?

MARIA. I know not, madam.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay!

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam; your kinsman.

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! (**Exit** MARIA, *c. to L.*) Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home — what you will to dismiss it. (**Exit** MALVOLIO, *c. to L., bowing.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

SIR T. (*outside, L.*). Where is she? Where is she?

CLOWN. Whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*. (*Drops L. c.*)

Enter SIR TOBY, *c. from L.*

OLI. By mine honor, half drunk! What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR T. (*c.*). A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR T. 'Tis a gentleman here. (CLOWN goes to him on L., supporting him.) How now, sot?

CLOWN. Good Sir Toby —

OLI. Cousin, cousin! how have you come so early by this lethargy? (CLOWN jingles bauble; SIR TOBY strikes it aside.)

SIR T. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR T. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. (Throws off CLOWN.) Give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. (Hiccoughs.) A plague o' these pickle-herrings.

Exit, R. 2 E. CLOWN follows him laughing to L. C.; turns.

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN (C.). Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him and the third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink — he's drowned. Go, look after him.

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

Exit, R. 2 E.

Enter MALVOLIO, C. from L., bowing.

MAL. 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 fore-knowledge of that, too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

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

OLI. What kind of man is he?

MAL. Why, of man kind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. 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. It is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. (*at door*). Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit, C. to L.

Enter MARIA, C. from L.

OLI. Give me my veil.
Come, throw it o'er my face; (*MARIA does so; goes up C. and beckons off L. to VIOLA, then drops to table, L. C.*)
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, C. from L.

VIOLA. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me, I shall answer for her — your will!

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty — (*Looking about.*) 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 speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

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.

OLI. Are you a comedian?

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?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself I am.

VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; 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.

OLI. Come to what is important in't; I forgive you the praise.

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

OLI. 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 you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA (L. C.). Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. (*Points off L.*)

VIOLA (C.). No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLI. Speak your office.

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

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

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

OLI. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.

(LADIES *go up and out*, C. to L. MARIA, *at OLIVIA'S order*, *tosses her head at VIOLA and exits*, L. 2 E.)

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady —

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

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

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

OLI. Oh, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. 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. Look you (*rising*), sir, such a one I was this present; is't not well done? (*Unveiling.*)

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. '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 cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. Oh, 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, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray 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.
My lord and master loves you; oh, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLI. (*goes nearer*). How does he love me?

VIOLA. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. (*Pause*;
OLIVIA *recovers herself.*)

OLI. Your lord does know my mind; 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.

OLI. 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;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, Olivia! Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLI. (*after a pause*). You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. (*Back to audience.*)

I am a gentleman.

OLI. (*sighs*). Get you to your lord. (*Turning away, R.*)
I cannot love him; let him send no more —

(*VIOLA goes up C., turning from L. to R.; OLIVIA turning suddenly.*)

Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains — spend this for me. (*Goes to her, C., offering purse.*)

VIOLA. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense. (*Lets purse fall.*)
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit, C. to L.

OLI. (*after pause, goes to C. door; looking after VIOLA*).
What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. (*Comes down.*)
I am a gentleman." (*Picks up purse.*) I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, action and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast — soft! soft!
(*Crossing R. C.*)

Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague. (*Goes L. C.*)
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! (*Strikes bell on table, L.*)

READY change.

Enter MALVOLIO, C. from L., bowing.

MAL. (C.). Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. (*going to him*). Run after that same peevish messenger, Orsino'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. (*Gives him ring.*)

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for't. (*To R. C., turning.*) Hie thee, Malvolio.

MAL. Madam, I will.

Exit, C. to L.

OLI. I do I know not what; and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. (*Goes up C.*) Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe; What is decreed must be, and be this so!

Exit C. to L., quickly.

CHANGE set.

Scene V. — *Before OLIVIA'S house. Set in one.*

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO following, L. I E. As VIOLA, entering first, reaches C., MALVOLIO calls outside, "Sir, sir! young gentleman!" VIOLA pauses C.

MAL. Sir, sir! — young gentleman! (*Entering.*) Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA (*slowly moves to L. C.*). Even now, sir.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself. (*Holding it out.*) She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. (*VIOLA starts to go.*) And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. (*Places ring on the end of his staff and so offers it.*)

VIOLA. She took the ring of me? I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned. (*Throws the ring on the ground.*) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit, L. I E.

WARN curtain.

VIOLA (*takes up the ring*). I left no ring with her; what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
 She made good view of me; indeed, so much
 That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
 I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady! she were better love a dream.
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman — now, alas! the day! —
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

RING curtain.

Oh, time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

Exit, R. I E.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene I. — *A room in OLIVIA'S house. Full stage.*

SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW discovered at table L., drinking and smoking. Large bowl on table with ladle. SIR TOBY R. of table, SIR ANDREW, L. SIR TOBY is filling his glass with ladle as scene opens. Two candles on table, one lighted.

SIR T. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st —

SIR A. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR T. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. (*Drinks.*) To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR A. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. (*Drinks.*)

SIR T. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. (*Drinks.*) Marian, I say! a stoup of wine! (*Pounding table with empty tankard.*)

(*The CLOWN sings without, "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy lady does?"*)

SIR A. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN, C. from R. He jumps on chair C., back of table, and sits on back.

CLOWN. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three? (*Puts hands to ears and wags them; all laugh.*)

SIR T. Welcome, ass; now let's have a catch.

SIR A. By my troth! the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very

gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest Pigrogromitus of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it?

CLOWN. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. (*Laugh.*) My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses. (*Laugh.*)

SIR A. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR T. Come on; shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR A. An you love me, let's do't; I am a dog at a catch.

CLOWN. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well. (*Laugh.*)

SIR A. Begin, fool. It begins (*sings*), "Hold thy peace."

CLOWN. I shall never begin if I hold my peace. (*All laugh.*)

SIR A. Good, i'faith! Come, begin. (*All three sing catch.*)

Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry.

Enter MARIA, C. *from L., coming C.*

MARIA (*speaking low*). What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR T. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians. (SIR TOBY offers her a drink from his tankard, which she takes in both hands for the purpose.) Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay. (*Sings.*) "And three merry men be we."

SIR A. (*sings*). "And three merry men be we."

SIR T. Am I not consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! (*Sings.*) "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

SIR A. (*sings*). "Lady" —

CLOWN. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR A. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so I do too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. (*Sings.*) "Lady" — (*All laugh.*)

SIR T. Let us have another. (*All rise but MARIA, who tries to stop them.*)

Which is the properest day to drink,
Saturday — Sunday — Monday?

MARIA. For the love of God, peace! (*As they dance to c. she goes to c. door and looks off l.*)

Enter MALVOLIO, C. from L., in a gown and cap, with a candle.
They dance round him in a circle for a turn, then separate,
SIR TOBY and CLOWN to L. C., SIR ANDREW, R. C., MARIA
up L. *Pause.*

MAL. My masters, are you mad, or what are you?

SIR A. (*sings*). "Monday" —

MAL. Have you no wit, manners nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? (*SIR ANDREW, dazed, staggers to c. MALVOLIO raises candle and surveys him sternly. He goes up r.*) Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house?

SIR T. (*sings*). "Saturday."

MAL. Is there no respect of place, persons nor time in you?

(*MARIA, behind table, plucks at TOBY'S sleeve.*)

SIR T. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an' it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR T. (*sings*). "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." (*Turns and falls L. c.*)

MARIA (*l. of him*). Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN (*sings*). "His eyes do show his days are almost done." (*Holding SIR TOBY up.*)

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR T. (*sings*). "But I will never die." (*Falls on the floor, L. c.*)

CLOWN (*sings*). "Sir Toby, there you lie." (*Sits astride of him.*)

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR T. (*as CLOWN helps him up*). "Ye lie." Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous

there shall be no more cakes and ale? (*Snapping his fingers at MALVOLIO.*)

CLOWN. Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth, too. (*Holding SIR TOBY L. of him.*)

SIR T. (*turns suddenly, nearly falling.*) Thou'rt i'the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria! (*Sits chair R. of table; CLOWN on edge of table.*)

MAL. Mistress Mary (*MARIA comes forward and curtseys*), if you prized my lady's favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. (*Turns up stage, meeting SIR ANDREW; waves him off.*)

Exit MALVOLIO, C. to L., hands to ears as all sing.

MARIA (*follows him up, mocking him*). Go shake your ears. (*To back of table, C.*)

SIR A. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. (*Sits L. of table.*)

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

MARIA (*sits on edge of table*). Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my 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 T. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MARIA. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

SIR A. Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR T. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight? (*Pours contents of bowl in his tankard.*)

SIR A. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. (*Laugh.*)

MARIA. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground 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 T. What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, 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 T. (*kisses his hand to her*). Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR A. I have't in my nose, too.

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

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR A. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR A. Oh, 'twill be admirable! (*Rises feebly and kisses both hands to her. SIR TOBY turns and discovers him.*)

MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night to-bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. (*Taking her candle from table, exits, c. to L., laughing.*)

SIR T. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR A. Before me, she's a good wench.

READY change.

SIR T. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

SIR A. I was adored once, too.

SIR T. Let's to bed, knight. Thou had'st need send for more money.

(*Rises, taking the unlighted candle, and staggers R. C. SIR ANDREW feebly rises and gets L. C. by aid of the table, taking lighted candle. SIR TOBY, discovering that his candle is out, motions to SIR ANDREW to give him a light. They approach cautiously for that purpose, miss, and change places. They approach again; when they meet C., SIR ANDREW'S candle is extinguished trying to light the other. At this they lock arms, first facing different ways. Business ad libitum during dialogue to close of scene.*)

SIR A. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR T. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

SIR A. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR T. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. (*They lock arms, staggering.*) Come, knight — come, knight.

Exeunt C. to L. *Business of falling.*

CHANGE set.

Scene II. — *A street. Scene in one.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO, L. I E. SEBASTIAN *down stage, his arm around ANTONIO'S shoulder; to C.*

SEBASTIAN. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you. (*At c.*)

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. (*grasping his hand*). My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. (*turns L. from him*). No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. (*Pause; then turns back, his R. hand on ANTONIO'S L. shoulder.*) But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of

me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. (ANTONIO *shows surprise and recognition.*) My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

ANT. Alas, the day! (*Hands clasped.*)

SEB A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. (*Covers face with L. hand, his R. seeking ANTONIO'S. Crosses L., turns; change of manner*) What is to do? Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANT. (C.). To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEB. (L. C.). I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.

(*Crossing R.; looks off.*)

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANT. 'Would you'd pardon me.

I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst Orsino's galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

READY change.

SEB (*comes c.*). Do not, then, walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

(*Gives it.*)

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me. (*Crosses*

L.; *stops as SEBASTIAN speaks.*)

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. (L. C.). Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for
An hour. (*Goes R.*; ANTONIO *at L. I E.*)

ANT. To the Elephant.

SEB. I do remember.

Exeunt, SEBASTIAN, R., ANTONIO, L. I E.

CHANGE set.

Scene III. — *A hall in DUKE ORSINO'S palace. Scene in two.*

(*Discover two LORDS together, R. C. VALENTINE enters, C. from L., signifying the approach of the DUKE. All turn and bow as DUKE and VIOLA enter, C. from L. DUKE to C., VALENTINE to the two LORDS, R. C., VIOLA up L.*)

DUKE (*sitting L. on couch*). Come hither, boy. If ever
thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy? (*Motions that she sit on R. couch, which she does.*)

VIOLA. A little, by your favor.

DUKE. What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfair —
Mere longing wavering — sooner lost and won
Than women's are.

VIOLA. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE (*touching her hand*). Then let thy love be younger
than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA (*rises*). And so they are ! Alas ! that they are so,
 To die even when they to perfection grow.

DUKE. Once more, Cesario,
 Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty. (*She comes c.*)
 Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestowed 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. I cannot be so answered.

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

DUKE. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart. (*Rises and crosses R. c.*) Make
 no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia. (*Turning, back to audience.*)

VIOLA. Ay, but I know —

DUKE. 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 woman,
 I should your lordship.

DUKE (*R. c.*). And what's her history ?

WARN curtain.

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. 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. (*Aside.*) And yet I know not.
(*Goes L., turning.*)

Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme. (*VIOLA up c.*)
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. (*He joins VIOLA up c.*)

Say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

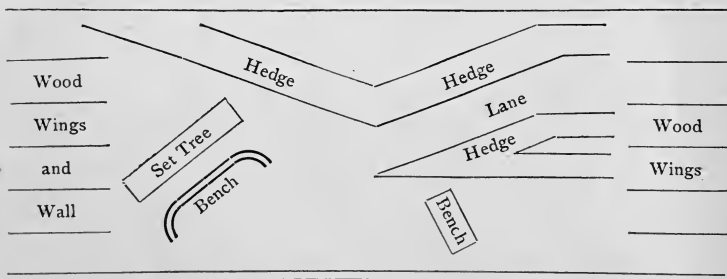
Exit DUKE, *c. to r.* VIOLA *looks at ring and falls weeping on couch.*

RING curtain.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene. — OLIVIA'S garden. *Full stage, as in diagram.*



Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW *and* FABIAN, *through lane, L.*

SIR T. Come thy ways, Signor Fabian.

FABIAN (*c.*). Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this

sport let me be boiled to death with melancholy. (SIR TOBY sits R.; SIR ANDREW drops L. C.)

SIR T. (R. C.). Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR T. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue — shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR A. (L. C.). An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA, *with a letter, through lane, L.*

SIR T. Here comes the little villain! How now, my metal of India?

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box tree — Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i'the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Come, in the name of jesting! (*The men hide themselves behind set tree, R.*) Lie thou there (*throws down a letter*), for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit, through lane, L.

Enter, during above, MALVOLIO, L. I E., crosses stage, posing as he goes; and exits R. I E. *After he has disappeared, the four who have retired up come out laughing. This is suddenly checked by MARIA, who signs that MALVOLIO is returning. All hide again, and MARIA throws letter C. to L. and exits.* SIR ANDREW, R., *back*, SIR TOBY, C., *back*, and FABIAN, L., *back, hiding, as MALVOLIO re-enters, R. I E.*

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? (*Sits on bench L.*)

SIR T. Here's an over-weening rogue!

FAB. Oh, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR A. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue! (*Puts his head out; they suppress him.*)

SIR T. Peace, I say!

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR T. Ah, rogue!

SIR A. Pistol him! pistol him! (*Repeat business.*)

SIR T. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR A. Fie on him, Jazebel! (*Repeat business.*)

FAB. Oh, peace! Now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state —

SIR T. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown — having come from a day-bed where I have left Olivia sleeping —

SIR T. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. Oh, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs — to ask for my kinsman Toby!

SIR T. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. Oh, peace, peace, peace! now, now!

MAL. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him. I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches — courtesies there to me.

SIR T. Shall this fellow live? (*Forcing his way forward.*)

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cords, yet peace. (*Pulls him back.*)

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control —

SIR T. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then? (*Shakes his fist at MALVOLIO.*)

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."

SIR T. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR T. Out, scab! (*Rushes out; both the others pull him back.*)

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of her plot.

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight" —

SIR A. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One Sir Andrew." (*As if dismissing him, turns to L. on bench, crossing his leg.*)

SIR A. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. (*sees letter, takes out glass, rubs it with handkerchief, rises, and is about to take up letter.*) What employment have we here?

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

(*MAL. takes up the letter. As he stoops to do so, the three up stage look out. He pauses, as if hearing them, looks L. and R., then up stage. They dodge. As he turns they all re-appear again. He pauses, again looks R. and L., and finally lifts letter.*)

SIR T. Oh, peace! an' the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

MAL. (*blows dust from letter.*) By my life, this is my lady's hand! These be her very *C's*, her *U's* and her *T's*, and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.

SIR A. Her *C's*, her *U's* and her *T's*! Why that —

MAL. (*reads.*) "To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes." Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft — and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady; to whom should this be? (*Opens the letter.*)

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. (*reads.*) "Jove knows I love;

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered!

"No man must know." — If this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR T. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. (*reads*). "I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

FAB. A fustian riddle!

SIR T. Excellent wench, say I!

MAL. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." (*Business with glass.*) Nay, but first let me see — let me see — let me see. (*Gets a little L. C.*)

FAB. What dish o'poison has she dressed him!

SIR T. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

MAL. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this; and the end — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly! *M, O, A, I.* (*Turns and walks R. C. They duck as he passes.*)

SIR T. Oh, ay! make up that — he is now at a cold scent.

MAL. *M* — Malvolio! — *M* — why that begins my name. (*Gets C.*)

FAB. Did I not say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. *M* — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation. *A* should follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* shall end, I hope.

SIR T. Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry *O*!

MAL. And then *I* comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. (*business with glass*). *M, O, A, I!* This simulation is not as the former — and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft — here follows prose. (*Reads.*) "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness! Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. To inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished

to see thee ever cross-gartered! I say, remember. Go to! — thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee. The Fortunate Unhappy."

(*Moves L. C., then R. C.*)

Daylight and champagne discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud. I will read politic authors. I will baffle Sir Toby. I will wash off gross acquaintance. I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered! And in this (*touching letter*) she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! (*Going L. and kissing letter, his eye lights on postscript.*) Here is yet a postscript. (*Reads.*) "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. (*At this the heads behind him that have gradually been thrust out are suddenly drawn back again.*) Thy smiles become thee well; therefore, in my presence, still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee!" Jove, I thank thee! I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. I will smile, ho, ho! Smile, ho, ho! Always smile, ho, ho!

Exit, L. I E. *They advance from behind the trees after a pause.*

OMNES (*laughing and holding sides*). Ha! ha! ha!

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR T. (*slapping his knee*). I could marry the wench for this device.

SIR A. So could I too. (*Imitates.*)

SIR T. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest. (*Repeat.*)

SIR A. Nor I neither. (*Same.*)

SIR T. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. (FABIAN *up*.)

Enter MARIA, L., *crossing* FABIAN, *who drops down* L.

SIR T. (*kneels to her*). Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

SIR A. Or o'mine either? (*Imitates.*)

SIR T. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

SIR A. I'faith, or I either? (*Both rise.*)

SIR T. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him? (*All laugh.*)

SIR T. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings (*laugh*), and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests (*laugh*; SIR ANDREW *has a stitch in his side; business*); and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR T. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit! (*Puts his arm about her and kisses her.*)

SIR A. I'll make one too. (*Imitates; MARIA slaps him and runs up to SIR TOBY.*)

Exeunt SIR TOBY, MARIA *and* FABIAN *through lane* L., SIR ANDREW *running after*.

Enter CLOWN, R. I E., *playing on a tabor, meeting* VIOLA, *who enters* L. I E.

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music; dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLOWN. No, sir; I live by the church. (*Sits bench* R.)

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 (*with* R. *knee on* L. *of bench*). I warrant thou art a

merry fellow and carest for nothing. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings — the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun — it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress; I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. (*Crosses to c.*) Hold, there's expenses for thee. (*Gives money to CLOWN, who jumps up and goes to her.*)

CLOWN (c.). Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! (*Counts money.*)

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one (*aside*), though I would not have it grow on my chin. (*Aloud.*) Is thy lady within?

CLOWN. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLOWN. I would play Lord Pandaras of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA. I understand you, sir. (*Gives him more money.*) 'Tis well begged.

CLOWN. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin — I might say element, but the word is overworn.

Exit, R.

VIOLA (*follows him up stage to c.*). This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons and the time,
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eye. (*Drops to L. C.*) This is a practice
 As full of labor as a wise man's art.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW from R. up.

SIR T. Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR T. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR T. Taste your legs, sir — put them to motion.

VIOLA. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR T. I mean to go, sir; to enter.

VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented. (SIR TOBY joins SIR ANDREW at R. C. as OLIVIA and MARIA enter from R. up.) Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

(OLIVIA, to C., slightly bows; MARIA stands L.)

SIR A. (R. C., R. of SIR TOBY). That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odors" — well!

VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR A. "Odors, pregnant and vouchsafed!" I'll get 'em all three ready.

OLI. (C.) Leave me to my hearing.

(SIR TOBY and MARIA exeunt L., by lane.)

SIR A. (*lingering*). "Odors — pregnant — vouchsafed!"

(OLIVIA looks sternly at him and stamps her foot; he runs after the others in alarm, crying, "Sir Toby! Sir Toby!")

OLI. (*sits on bench, R., and fans herself*). Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA (R. C., goes to her and kneels). My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name? (*Checks an impulse to caress the bowed head.*)

VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth?

VIOLA. And he is yours, and he must needs be yours.
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

VIOLA. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLI. Oh, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA. Dear lady — (*Rises and steps back to c.*)

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours; what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart; so let me hear you speak.

VIOLA. I pity you.

OLI. (*rising and making movement toward her*). That's a
degree to love.

VIOLA (*recoiling*). No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies. (*Pause.*)

OLI. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.
Oh, world, how apt the poor are to be proud! (*Crosses to L. C.;*

VIOLA to R. C., as clock strikes.)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. (*Returning c.*)
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west. (*Pointing L.*)

VIOLA. Then westward ho! (*Crosses to lane, L., bowing.*)

Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay. (*VIOLA pauses.*)

I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you are. (*A step down.*)

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!

WARN curtain.

VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool. (*Up L. again.*)

OLI. Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. (*Goes to her;*

VIOLA gently repels her.)

VIOLA. By innocence, I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it save I alone.
And so, adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Exit, L. OLIVIA *goes to lane and looks after her as*

RING curtain.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Scene. — OLIVIA'S garden. *Full stage.*

(*Discover SIR ANDREW and SIR TOBY seated on bench R.; FABIAN lying on stage C.*)

SIR A. (*rising, to C., putting his hat on*). No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR T. (*winks at FABIAN*). Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR A. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Duke's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't this moment in the garden. (*Back to them.*)

SIR T. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that. (*Winks again at FABIAN.*)

SIR A. (*turning to them*). As plain as I see you now.

FAB. (*rises*). This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR A. (*angered*). 'Slight! Will you make an ass o'me?

FAB. (*goes L., slapping him on the back*). I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR T. (*laughs*). And they have been grand jury men since before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart (*taps him on chest with back of hand*) and brimstone in your liver! (*Repeat.*) You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. (*Repeat; SIR ANDREW dodges.*) This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked; 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 valor or policy.

SIR A. An' it be any way it must be with valor, for policy I hate.

SIR T. (*rises and goes to L., hand on shoulder*). Why, then,

build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the Duke'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 valor.

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR A. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR T. 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 license 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.

(SIR ANDREW *braces up and exits*, R. I E. *Others laugh.*)

FAB. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR T. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it?

SIR T. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. (*Both laugh.*)

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR T. (R. C). Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA, L., *through lane*; FABIAN *to* L. C.

MARIA (C). If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me! Yon gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado. He's in yellow stockings. (*All laugh.*)

SIR T. And cross-gartered? (*Laugh again.*)

MARIA. Most villainously. He does obey every point of

the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in a map! You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. (*They start to go up.*)

SIR T. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

MARIA (L. C., *looking off R.*). Hush! My lady!

(*The two men cross to R, and exeunt R. I E.*)

Enter OLIVIA from R. U. E. MARIA bows to her as she goes C.

OLI. (C.). Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. (*Crosses to L.C.*) Where is Malvolio?

MARIA (*a step to C.*). He's coming, madam; But in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLI. What, what's the matter? Does he rave?

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 his wits.

OLI. Go, call him hither. (*MARIA starts to go L., but seeing MALVOLIO coming, stops and turns, smothering laughter.*) I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be. (*Sits L. C.*)

Enter MALVOLIO, through lane L., in yellow stockings and cross-gartered.

How now, Malvolio? (*In surprise.*)

MAL. Sweet lady, ho! ho! (*Smiles fantastically and poses.*)

OLI. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering! But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and please all. Ho! ho!

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

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs!

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

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! Ay, sweetheart (*OLIVIA rises, alarmed, and makes turn to L. C.*)! and I'll come to thee.

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

MARIA (*coming forward*). How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. (*scornfully*). At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

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

MAL. (*ignoring her*). "Be not afraid of greatness" — 'twas well writ.

(*OLIVIA recoils, dropping flowers.*)

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great" —

(*OLIVIA goes up L. of bench.*)

OLI. Ha?

MAL. "Some achieve greatness" —

(*OLIVIA crosses behind bench.*)

OLI. What say'st thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLI. (*R. C.*). Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings!" —

OLI. (*recoiling*). My yellow stockings?

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLI. (*repeat*). Cross-gartered?

MAL. "Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so!" —
(*Picks up flowers she has dropped.*)

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still." (*Poses.*)

OLI. (*clings to MARIA, R. C.*). Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN, R. I E.

FAB. Madam — (*breaks off as he sees MALVOLIO, and smotherers laughter; he and MARIA, facing up stage, both convulsed; then struggling to speak*) the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? (*To MARIA, looking at MALVOLIO.*) Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exit OLIVIA, R. U. E. MARIA drops to FABIAN, R C., nudging him. Exeunt, R. I E., laughing.

MAL. (C.). Oh, 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 appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. I have limed her! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to!" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow! Why, everything adheres together. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. (*Gets L. C.*)

SIR T. (*without, R.*). Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him!

Enter FABIAN, SIR TOBY and MARIA, R. I E.

FAB. (R. C.). Here he is, here he is! How is't with you, sir! How is it with you, man?

MAL. (C.). Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off. (*All express pity in action.*)

MARIA (*peeping over SIR TOBY'S shoulder*). Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah! ah! does she so?

SIR T. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. (*Goes to MALVOLIO.*) How do

you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! Defy the devil! Consider he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. 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.

SIR T. Why, how now, my bawcock? How dost thou, chuck? (*Slaps MALVOLIO on shoulder.*)

MAL. (*turning to him indignantly; then away.*) Sir!

SIR T. Ay, Biddy, come with me! What, man! it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan! Hang him, foul collier! (*Crossing FABIAN.*)

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

MAL. (*turns on her; she hides behind FABIAN.*) My prayers, minx?

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

MAL. (*crosses to R. C.*) Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

Exit, R. I E.

(*MARIA, laughing, drops down L. and sits on bench.*)

ALL (*laugh*). Ha! ha! ha!

SIR T. (C.). Is't possible?

FAB. (R. C.). If this were played upon a stage, now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. (*To SIR TOBY.*)

SIR T. Come (*rising and taking FABIAN'S arm*), we'll have him in a dark room and bound!

MARIA. The house will be the quieter.

SIR T. But see, but see!

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

Enter SIR ANDREW with a letter, R. U. E.

SIR A. Here's the challenge — read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. (*Gives it to SIR TOBY and gets R. C.*)

FAB. (L. C.). Is't so saucy?

SIR A. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

SIR T. (c.). Give me. (*Reads.*) "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow!" (*Looks at FABIAN.*)

FAB. Good and valiant!

SIR T. (*reads*). "Wonder not nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't!" (*Looks at FABIAN.*)

FAB. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR T. (*reads*). "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!" (*Nudges FABIAN; MARIA laughs loudly.*)

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less!

SIR T. (*reads*). "I will way-lay thee going home, where, if it be thy chance to kill me" —

FAB. Good! (*SIR ANDREW looks doubtful.*)

SIR T. (*reads*). "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain!" (*SIR ANDREW reassured.*)

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law! Good!

SIR T. (*reads*). "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. 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. (*Putting it in his belt; MARIA rises and crosses L. C.*)

FAB. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR T. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible. Away!

SIR A. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit, R. I E. *All laugh.*

SIR T. Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of

valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

(*They turn up stage, but seeing OLIVIA and VIOLA coming, pause.*)

FAB. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR T. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Exeunt L., *through lane.*

Enter VIOLA and OLIVIA, R. U. E.

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault. (VIOLA
drops L. C.)

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you. (VIOLA, *with
gesture, turns away.*)

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
'That, honor saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this — your true love for my master.

OLI. (*moves R. C.*) How with mine honor may I give him
that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA (*going C.*). I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well. (*Goes
up C.; turns.*)
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell!

Exit, R. U. E.

(VIOLA, *sad*, passes to R. C., turns, and meets SIR TOBY at C.)

Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN from lane L., and MARIA, who goes up R. with FABIAN.

SIR T. (*bowing*). Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR T. (L. C.). That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee! Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA (C.). 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 T. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your 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 T. He is a knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl! souls and bodies hath he divorced three (VIOLA, *whom* SIR TOBY has gradually backed to R. during above, falls on bench at this); and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pang's of death and sepulchre! Hob, nob, is his word! give't or take't.

(VIOLA rises and tries to escape up C., but SIR TOBY and FABIAN prevent; MARIA exits, R. U. E.)

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

SIR T. (C.). 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.

VIOLA (L. C.). 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 T. I will do so. (*She tries to run away but SIR TOBY holds her. She sits on bench L.*) Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Exit, R. I E.

VIOLA. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

FAB. (*sits*). I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

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

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

(*VIOLA falls back on bench.*)

VIOLA. I shall be much bound to you for't ; I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight ; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

(*FABIAN takes her by the arm and leads her C. As they get there SIR TOBY is heard off R., saying, "Sir Andrew ! Oh, Sir Andrew !"* VIOLA breaks away and runs off, L. I E., followed by FABIAN.)

Enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW, in a great fright, R. I E., SIR TOBY pulling him with both hands.

SIR T. (R. C.). Why, man, he's a very devil !

SIR A. Oh !

SIR T. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him — rapier, scabbard and all — and he gives me the stuck-in —

SIR A. Oh !

SIR T. With such a mortal motion that it is inevitable ! They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR A. (R. C.). Plague on't! I'll not meddle with him.

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

SIR A. 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, gray Capilet. (At R. I E.)

Enter FABIAN *pulling* VIOLA, L. I E.

SIR T. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't. (*Aside.*) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. (*To FABIAN.*) I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil!

○ ○ ○ ○
SIR ANDREW. SIR TOBY. FABIAN. VIOLA.

FAB. (*to SIR TOBY.*) He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his heels.

(SIR ANDREW *runs off* R. and VIOLA L. SIR TOBY and FABIAN *pursue them and bring them back.*)

SIR T. (*as he enters, L. I E., pushing VIOLA, who faces him; others same business at R. I E.*) There's no remedy, sir! He will fight with you for his oath's 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 supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

(SIR TOBY and FABIAN *cross SIR ANDREW and VIOLA, leaving them nearest C.*)

VIOLA (*draws her sword.*) Pray God defend me! (*Aside.*) A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FAB. (*to VIOLA.*) Give ground if you see him furious! (*Pats her on the shoulder; she collapses; he instructs her.*)

SIR T. Come, Sir Andrew (*slaps him on the shoulder; he collapses*), there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his

honor's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot, by the duello, avoid it; but he has promised me, as a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on! to't!

SIR A. (*draws*). Pray God he keep his oath!

VIOLA. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

(*They fight ad libitum. SIR TOBY and FABIAN urge on SIR ANDREW and VIOLA.*)

Enter ANTONIO, *through lane L.; he runs between SIR ANDREW and VIOLA. SIR ANDREW runs away up C.*

ANT. (C.). 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!

SIR T. You, sir! why, what are you?

ANT. (*draws*). One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR T. (*draws*). Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

(SIR TOBY and ANTONIO *fight. FABIAN, up C., looking off; VIOLA follows.*)

FAB. (*up C.*). Oh, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Enter OFFICERS *through lane, L.*

SIR T. (*to ANTONIO*). I'll be with you anon. (*ANTONIO shows great alarm. SIR TOBY sheaths his sword.*) Sir knight, Sir Andrew! Where are you?

SIR A. (*appearing in a tree back*). Here I am. (*Comes down, meeting VIOLA up stage.*)

SIR T. (*laughs*). What, man! Come on! (*Brings SIR ANDREW forward.*)

VIOLA (*advances C.*). Pray, sir (*to SIR ANDREW*), put up your sword, if you please.

SIR A. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word! He will bear you easily and reins well. (*Joins SIR TOBY R. C.*)

FIRST OFFICER. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Duke Orsino.

ANT. (L. C.). You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFI. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well.

ANT. (*gives his sword to OFFICER, who goes up and stands
R. of opening to lane*). I must obey. (*To VIOLA.*) This
comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy. 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;
But be of comfort.

FIRST OFFI. Come, sir, away.

ANT. (L. C.). I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA (C.). What money, sir?

For thy fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part being prompted by your present trouble,
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, there is half my coffer. (*Offers money.*)

ANT. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you
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.

ANT. O Heavens themselves!

FIRST OFFI. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one-half out of the jaws of death;
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian (*VIOLA turns away a little*), done good
feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind. (*Goes up to
lane, turning there.*)

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.

Exeunt ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS *through lane, L.*

SIR T. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian.

(They retire together up to set tree, R.)

VIOLA. He named Sebastian ; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass ; even such, and so,
In favor was my brother ; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate.
Prove true, imagination ! oh, prove true !
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Exit *through lane L., quickly.*

SIR T. *(to C., SIR ANDREW and FABIAN to R. C.)*. 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.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

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

SIR T. *(slaps him on back and passes him over)*. Do, cuff him soundly ; but never draw thy sword.

SIR A. An I do not —

Exit *through lane, L.*

FAB. Come, let's see the event. *(Gets C.)*

SIR T. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt *through lane, L.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN, L. I E.

CLOWN *(L. C.)*. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you ?

SEB. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me ;

There's money for thee — if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

CLOWN (*goes to him*). By my troth, thou hast an open hand. (*Goes R. C., clinking money and turns as SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY and FABIAN enter from lane, L. SIR TOBY remains up.*)

SIR A. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you! (*Striking SEBASTIAN with flat of sword.*)

SEB. (*draws his sword*). Why, there's for thee, and there, and there! Are all the people mad? (*Beating SIR ANDREW with it over to R. C.*)

SIR T. (*down L. of SEBASTIAN, holding him*). Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

Exit, R. U. E.

SIR T. (*struggling*). Come on, sir; hold!

SIR A. (*gets behind bench*). 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.

SEB. I will be free from thee! (*Breaking away.*)
What would'st thou now? (*Steps back.*)

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. (*Attitude of defence.*)

SIR T. What, what? (*Draws.*) Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

(*They fight L. C.; SIR TOBY is driven R. C.*)

Enter OLIVIA, R. U. E. *She comes C.; they separate and SEBASTIAN removes his cap.*

OLI. (C.). Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR T. (R. C.). Madam?

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario. (SIR TOBY *approaches, bowing.*)
Rudesby, begone! (*Pointing* L. 2 E.)

SIR T. Come along, knight.

Exit, L. 2 E., *with* FABIAN.

OLI. And you, sir, follow him.

SIR A. Oh, oh! Sir Toby!

Exit, L. 2 E., *after them.*

OLI. I pr'ythee, gentle friend (SEBASTIAN, *wondering, turns*
L. C.),

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

WARN curtain.

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
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. (*Goes up.*)

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

OLI. (*stops up c.*). Nay, come, I pr'ythee; 'would thou'dst
be ruled by me!

SEB. Madam, I will. (*Goes quickly to her; they embrace.*)

RING curtain.

OLI. Oh, say so and so be!

Exeunt, R. U. E.

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

Scene I. — *Outside of OLIVIA'S house. Scene in one. Practicable window in flat, low down, for MALVOLIO to speak through.*

Enter MARIA, *with a black gown and hood*, and CLOWN, L. I E.

MARIA. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and hood; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit, L. I E.

CLOWN. 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. (*Gets c.*)

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA, L. I E.

SIR T. (L. C.). Jove bless thee, master parson.

CLOWN (*attitude of benediction*). *Bonas dies*, Sir Toby.

SIR T. To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN (C., *speaking to window in flat*). What, hoa, I say! Peace in this prison! (*In an assumed voice.*)

SIR T. The knave counterfeites well; a good knave.

MAL. (*within*). Who calls there?

(SIR TOBY and MARIA, *highly amused, flatten themselves against wall beside window, so as not to be seen by MALVOLIO.*)

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

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady. (*Comes to window, hands manacled.*)

CLOWN. Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR T. Well said, master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN. Sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

(SIR TOBY *laughs*; MARIA *restrains him*.)

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

MAL. 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.

CLOWN. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

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

CLOWN. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

CLOWN. Fare thee well; remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the 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. (*Joins SIR TOBY and MARIA, L. C.; she helps him to take off gown.*)

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR T. (*bowing*). My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Nay, I am for all waters.

MAL. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees thee not.

SIR T. To him in thine own voice and bring me word how thou findest him. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY *and* MARIA, L. I E.

CLOWN (*sings, L. C.*). "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

MAL. (*appears at window*). Fool, fool — good fool —

CLOWN. Who calls, ha?

MAL. 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.

CLOWN. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLOWN. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

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

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

READY change.

MAL. 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.

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

MAL. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

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

MAL. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, begone.

CLOWN (*sings*). "I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again," etc.

Exit, L. I. E. MALVOLIO *disappears*.

CHANGE set.

Scene II. — OLIVIA'S garden. *Full stage, as before.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, R. U. E.

SEB. (C.). 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. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes. (*Turns up
stage.*)

Enter OLIVIA, R. U. E.

OLI. (C.). Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me into the chantry by,
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. What do you say?

SEB. I'll follow,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true. (*They embrace.*)
And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt, R. U. E.

Enter CLOWN, followed by FABIAN, R. I. E. CLOWN sits L. of seat R.

FAB. (*sits by him*). Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter. (*Tries to take letter.*)

CLOWN (*evading him*). Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

FAB. Anything.

CLOWN. Do not desire to see this letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again. (*Rises.*) The Duke Orsino —

Exit, R. I. E.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA and two GENTLEMEN through lane, L.

DUKE (C.). Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friend?

CLOWN (R. C.). Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well. 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.

CLOWN. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. As you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon.

Exit R. I E. ORSINO, *laughing, goes to bench R. C. and sits.*

Enter ANTONIO *and the OFFICERS through lane, L. They take ANTONIO to L. C. and leave him, retiring up.*

VIOLA (*drops R., just up stage from DUKE*). Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE. 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.

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.

DUKE (R.). Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

ANT. (L. C.). Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give 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 ungrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset ;
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
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.

VIOLA (R. C.). How can this be ?

DUKE. When came he to this town ? (*Rises and goes C.*)

ANT. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before
No interim — not a minute's vacancy —

Both day and night did we keep company. (*Makes gesture of incredulity and goes up.*)

DUKE. 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. Take him aside.

(ANTONIO and OFFICERS retire up stage L. of bench L.)

Enter OLIVIA and three LADIES from R. U. E. ORSINO offers hand and leads her to C.

OLI. What would, my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

(*Turning to R.*) Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA. Madam! (*Drops down R. C.*)

DUKE (C.). Gracious Olivia —

OLI. (C.). What do you say, Cesario?

VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

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

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLI. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What! to perverseness? You uncivil lady!
What shall I do?

OLI. Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love? But hear me this.
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.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Exeunt DUKE and GENTLEMEN through lane, L.

VIOLA (*starts to follow*). And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

OLI. Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love! (*Crosses OLIVIA.*)

OLI. Ah, me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIOLA (*returns c.*). Who does beguile you? Who does
do you wrong?

OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Enter DUKE at L.

DUKE (*to VIOLA*). Come away.

OLI. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay! (*Goes
to VIOLA, c.; VIOLA gets L. c.*)

DUKE. Husband! (*Drops R. c.*)

OLI. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah? (*A step forward.*)

VIOLA. No, my lord, not I.

OLI. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

I here unfold what, thou must know,
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of our hands,
Strengthened by interchangement of our rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact.

DUKE (*R. c.*). Oh, thou dissembling cub! What wilt
thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. (*Goes R.
and sits on bench.*)

VIOLA (*L. c.*). My lord, I do protest —

OLI. (*c., stopping her*). Oh! do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. (*Turns
up stage to her LADIES; VIOLA crosses to DUKE, and ap-
peals to him. He repulses her and she goes up a little.*)

Enter SIR ANDREW, L. 2 E., *crying with a broken head.*

SIR A. Oh, oh! for the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby. (*Gets c.*)

OLI. What's the matter?

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

OLI. (*up c.*). Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

(*VIOLA drops R. C. up.*)

SIR A. The Duke's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR A. (*sees VIOLA; starts*). Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my 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.

SIR A. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

SIR T. (*without, L.*). Holla, Sir Andrew! Where are you?

SIR A. Here comes Sir Toby halting. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did!

Enter SIR TOBY, *drunk, with his forehead bleeding, led by the CLOWN, L. 2 E.*

DUKE (R.). How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

SIR T. (L. C.). That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLOWN (L. C.). Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.

SIR T. Then he's a rogue — I hate a (*slips from CLOWN'S hold*) drunken rogue.

OLI. (*points R. I E.*). Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR A. (*gets R. of SIR TOBY*). I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR T. Will you help — an ass-head and a coxcomb
And a knave? A thin-faced knave, a gull? (*Beating him
with hat as they cross.*)

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

Exeunt SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY *and* CLOWN, R. I E.

Enter SEBASTIAN, L. 2 E. *General astonishment by all as they
see him and VIOLA together. As he crosses to L. C., ANTONIO
drops L.*

SEB. (L. C.). I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kins-
man;
But had it been the brother of my blood
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

(*OLIVIA takes a step down; DUKE rises.*)

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.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit and two persons!
A natural perspective that is and is not. (*Drops R. C.*)

SEB. (*turning to him*). Antonio, oh, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian, are you?

SEB. Fearest thou that, Antonio?

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

(*SEBASTIAN turns; sees VIOLA; pause.*)

OLI. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother.
I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity (*to VIOLA*), what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA (*comes R. C.*). 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.

SEB. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

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.

(*They meet C. and embrace.*)

SEB. (*to OLIVIA*). So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

DUKE (*goes C.*). If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack !

Enter FABIAN, R. I E. ; *shows surprise.*

Boy (*to VIOLA*), thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
And all those sayings will I over-swear.

VIOLA (*goes to him*). And all those swearings keep as true
in soul
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand (*she does so*),
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA. The captain that did bring me first on shore
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.

OLI. He shall enlarge him. See him delivered, Fabian ;
bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN, R. U. E.

And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer —
Yo'r master quits you. (*To* VIOLA.) And, for your service
done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

(DUKE, VIOLA, SEBASTIAN *and* OLIVIA *go up* L.; ANTONIO
joins them.)

Enter MALVOLIO, FABIAN *and* CLOWN, R. U. E., MARIA *follow-*
ing.

DUKE (*over his* L. *shoulder*). Is this the madman?

OLI. (*drops* L. C.). Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

MAL. (C.). Madam, you have done me wrong —
Notorious wrong.

(FABIAN, MARIA *and* CLOWN *drop* R. C., *smothering their*
laughter.)

OLI. Have I, Malvolio?

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
(*Gives* OLIVIA *the 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 nor your invention.

OLI. Alas, Malvolio! this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the character.
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And, now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad.

FAB. (R. C.). Good madam, hear me speak.
Most freely I confess myself and Toby

Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him.

OLI. Alas, poor fool! How have they baffled thee?
(*Joins group up stage.*)

CLOWN (*comes forward c. as MALVOLIO slowly tears the letter in bits*). Why — “Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” (*Crossing back and forth as MALVOLIO turns.*) 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. Ha, ha, ha!

MAL. I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

Exit, L. I. E., *throwing scraps of paper on stage.*

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

Exeunt FABIAN *and two* SERVANTS, L. I. E.

Go, officers;

We do discharge you of your prisoner.

Exeunt OFFICERS *through lane L., after returning ANTONIO’S sword.*

Antonio, thou hast well deserved our thanks.

Thou hast a noble spirit.

And, as Sebastian’s friend, be ever near him.

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. (*With VIOLA to bench R.; they sit.*)

WARN curtain.

(*Dance by CHARACTERS; at close.*)

RING curtain.

CURTAIN.

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KENNETH SUMNER		<i>of Kingston College</i>	
PERCY GORDON	<i>Captain of the</i>	<i>Kingston football team</i>	
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"BABE" VAN TWILLER		<i>A freshman</i>	
JOE FLEETWOOD		<i>The college sport</i>	
FRED JONES	}	<i>Students</i>	
KARL WOODSTONE			
ARTHUR MEDROW			
FRANK THURSTON			
JAMES RUSSEL	}		
PROFESSOR DRYDEN			<i>Authority on Ancient History</i>
J. BOOTH MACREADY			<i>A retired actor</i>
MABEL SUMNER			<i>Sister of Kenneth</i>
		CHAUFFEUR.	
		A VOICE.	
		SUE.	

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Exterior of Krop's house in the Adirondacks. Early September.
 ACT II.—A student's bungalow at Kingston on the eve of the great football match between Kingston and Queenstown.
 ACT III.—Professor Dryden's recitation room. The afternoon of the game.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

A Comedietta in One Act.

By LOUISE BRONSON WEST.

Two male, nine female characters. Costumes, modern and elegant; scenery, an easy interior, affording great scope for tasteful decoration, if desired. A bright and vivacious little piece in which the absolute necessity for conventional mendacity is strikingly and humorously illustrated. Christine Ashley undertakes to tell the exact truth for a single day on a wager with her fiancée, and finds her Waterloo very early in the day, after a series of staggering social disasters. Cleverly imagined, and brightly written. Recommended for parlor performance.

PRICE 15 CENTS.



NEW P.

AT RANDOM RUN.

A Drama in Three Acts.

By GORDAN V. MAY.

AUTHOR OF "BAR HAVEN," ETC.

Six male, four female characters. Modern costumes; scenery, three interiors, none at all difficult. Plays a full evening. An ingenious, up-to-date melodrama, full of excitement and dramatic interest. Strong characters, thrilling situations, and plenty of action. Strongly recommended to a good club that is in search of something that will thrill an audience. Chance for specialties by two of the characters, if desired.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CHARACTERS:

JOHN TWIGGERS, *with both feet in the grave.*
 RANDOLPH REEVES, *a hero by force of circumstances.*
 HOWARD HEDDEN, *not as good as he looks.*
 DICK LEGGETT, *office boy and actor.*
 TOM CARR, *who acts for Hedden.*
 MR. AMOS HALL, *held for ransom.*
 ALICE HALL, *in search of her father.*
 DORA WALKER, *typewriter, and member of the team of Leggett and Walker.*
 NELLIE CARR, *a rose among thorns.*
 MOTHER GREENLEAF, *a mountain hecate.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Office of Twiggers & Company. Two firms and an "infirm." The overy.
 ACT II.—ndom Run. The counterfeiters' den. Springing the trap.
 ACT III.—ome of John Twiggers. Christian Science. Closing accounts.

SMOKE UP.

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act.

By HARRY W. OSBORNE.

One male, one female characters. Scene, the front of a cigar store, easily faked. Costumes modern. Plays fifteen minutes. An exceptionally original and effective sketch for vaudeville use or for amateur performance. For Dutch comedian and soubrette, with chance for specialty for both. Bright, snappy dialogue. Great chance in the idea to work up special business.

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