

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Enter DUKE ORSINO. Orsino is on the extended balcony, while everyone else is below. Curio and musicians (and perhaps other lords) are below on the main stage floor, separated by a bank of violets. Curio is sitting on a chair, eating some hunt food. Musicians start out playing but pause suddenly in silence when Orsino pops out to view on the balcony; they resume when Orsino gives the word.

DUKE ORSINO

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

CURIO

6 Will you go hunt, my Lord?

DUKE ORSINO

4 What *Curio*?

CURIO

The Hart.

DUKE ORSINO

Why, so I do, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
5 E're since pursue me.

Curio, who has finished eating, hmph's and leaves. The musicians follow him, leaving DUKE ORSINO alone.

Enter Valentine from one of the lower doors.

6

Act 1 Scene 2

Viola and Captain are each sitting beneath a palm tree (each located where Globe stage columns are), staring at the audience.

VIOLA

6 What country, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN

6 This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

11 Perchance he is not drown'd—What think you, sailor?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIOLA

12 O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number sav'd with you

11 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself

11 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
6 So long as I could see.

VIOLA

6 For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

4 Who governs here?

6 A noble duke, in nature
3 As in name.

4 What is his name?

3 Orsino.

11 Orsino? I have heard my father name him...
6 He was a bachelor then.

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 -
11 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

2 What 's she?

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
11 In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
4 And sight of men.

O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

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

VIOLA

There is 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.
I prithee - 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 the duke:
11 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing,
11 And speak to him in many sorts of music
11 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.

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

6 I thank thee. Lead me on.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Enter Toby and Maria, but from different doors: Toby enters from a tavern, while Maria enters (from within Olivia's house) and descends the stairs to street level. There's a Taurus sign above the tavern.

TOBY

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

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier anights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

TOBY

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

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

TOBY

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

MARIA

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

TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

TOBY

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

MARIA

What's that to th'purpose?

TOBY

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.

TOBY

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

MARIA

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

TOBY

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

MARIA

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

TOBY

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 coistrel that will not
drink to my niece till his brains turn o'th'toe like a
parish top. What, wench? *Castiliano vulgo*, for here
comes Sir Andrew Agueface!

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek with a bottle of Castiliano Vulgo

ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch? How now, Sir Toby Belch?

TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

ANDREW

What's that?

TOBY

My niece's chambermaid.

ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary sir.

ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost-

TOBY

You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is 'front her', 'board her', 'woo her', 'assail her'.

ANDREW

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'Accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

ANDREW

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

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by th'hand.

ANDREW

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

MARIA

Now sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to th'buttery-bar and let it drink.

ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.

ANDREW

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.

ANDREW

Are you full of them?

MARIA

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand I am barren.

Exit Maria.

TOBY

O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

ANDREW

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.

TOBY

No question.

ANDREW

An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

ANDREW

What is 'pourquoi'? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

TOBY

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

ANDREW

Why, would that have mended my hair?

TOBY

Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

ANDREW

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

TOBY

Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

ANDREW

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

TOBY

She'll none o'th'Count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit - I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

TOBY

Art thou good at these kick-shawses, knight?

ANDREW

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

TOBY

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

TOBY

And I can cut the mutton to't.

ANDREW

And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

TOBY

Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's pictures? Why dost thou not go to church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a cinquepace. 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 the galliard.

ANDREW

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a lemon-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

TOBY

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

ANDREW

Taurus? That's sides and heart.

TOBY

No, sir, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

Toby exits in a galliard and Andrew in a carranto.

Act 1 Scene 4

Enter Valentine and Viola in similar pageboy attire (after slab on top of flowerbed has rezzed). The scene looks like that of I.i, except the flowerbed has been replaced with (covered by) a slab. Valentine and Viola stand on the slab.

VALENTINE

If the Duke continues these favours towards you
Cesario, you are like to be much advance'd, he hath
known you but three days, and already you are no
stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his humour, or my negligence; that you
call in question the continuance of his love. Is he
inconstant sir, in his favours.

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, Curio in light conversation.

VIOLA

I thank you: here comes the Count.

Valentine leaves, nods to DUKE ORSINO.

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my Lord, here.

DUKE ORSINO

Stand you a-while aloof. Cesario,
Thou knowst no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
11 To thee the book even of my secret soul:
11 Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow
6 Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

4 Sure my Noble Lord,
11 If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
11 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE ORSINO

Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitèd return.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, my Lord, what then?

DUKE ORSINO

O 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 Nuntio's of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

6 I think not so, my Lord.

DUKE ORSINO

4 Dear Lad, believe it;
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 maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him,
And if you will: for I myself am best
11 When least in company: prosper well in this,
And thou shall live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

4 I'll do my best
5 To woo your Lady...

DUKE ORSINO nods and leaves. Viola stands alone centerstage on top of
where the violet bed once was. She beseeches the audience:

VIOLA

5 Yet a barful strife,
Who e're I woo, myself would be his wife.

Act 1 Scene 5

Enter Maria and Clown from main stage level (downstairs).

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: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLOWN

Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

MARIA

Make that good.

CLOWN

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

CLOWN

Where good mistress Mary?

MARIA

In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolerie.

CLOWN

Well, God give them wisdom that have it: and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA

Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA

You are resolute then?

CLOWN

Not so neither, but I am resolu'd on two points.

MARIA

That if one breaks, the other will hold; or if both breaks, your gaskins will fall.

CLOWN

Apt, in good faith, very apt: well go thy way. If sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh, as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Maria leaves hurriedly. Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio from balcony (upstairs).

CLOWN

(aside)

Wit, and'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."

Enter Olivia with Malvolio

God bless thee Lady.

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

CLOWN

Do you not hear fellows, take away the Lady.

OLIVIA

Go to, y'are 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 Butcher mend him: anything that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses, is but patcht with sin, and sin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that is simple Syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bade take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bid them take away you.

CLOWN

Misprision is the highest degree. Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I were not motley in my brain: good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

CLOWN

Dexterously, good Madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

CLOWN

I must catechize you for it Madonna: good my Mouse of virtue answer me.

OLIVIA

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

CLOWN

Good Madonna, why mournst thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death

CLOWN

I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

OLIVIA

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.

OLIVIA

What think you of this fool Malvolio, does he not mend?

MALVOLIO

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

CLOWN

God send you sir, a speedy Infirmary, 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.

OLIVIA

How say you to that Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' Zanies.

OLIVIA

Oh you are sick of self-love Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take these things for Bird-bolts that you deem Cannon bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no railing, is a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria from upstairs.

MARIA

Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, Madame, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him. Go you, Malvolio, if it be at suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit Malvolio with Maria (upstairs).

OLIVIA

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: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for - here he comes!

Enter Toby from downstairs.

CLOWN

One of thy kin has a most weak Pia-mater.

OLIVIA

By mine honor half drunk. {[What is he at the gate Cousin?

TOBY

A Gentleman.

OLIVIA

A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

TOBY

'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o'these pickle herring:
how now, sot?

CLOWN

Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this
lethargy?

TOBY

Letcherie, I defy Letchery: there's one at the gate.

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, what is he?

TOBY

Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me
faith say I. Well, it's all one.]}

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN

Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad man: one draught
about heat, makes him a fool, the second maddens him,
and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o'my coz:
for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drown'd:
go look after him.

CLOWN

He is but mad yet Madonna, and the fool shall look to
the madman.

Exit Clown downstairs. Enter Malvolio upstairs.

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.
I told him you were sick, he takes on him to
understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with
you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a
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.

OLIVIA

Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

What kind of man is he?

MALV

Why of man kind

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash before 'tis a peascod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he speaks very shrewishly: One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA

Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my Lady calls.

Exit Malvolio upstairs after calling out to Maria. Enter Maria downstairs.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil: come throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, clearly from downstairs.

VIOLA

The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me, I shall answer for her:
Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, 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. Good beauties, let
me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the
least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Where 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.

OLIVIA

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?

OLIVIA

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 shrew you the heart of
my message.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis
Poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the most like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason to be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail sir, here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady.

OLIVIA

Tell me your mind.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. 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.

OLIVIA

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 as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola

OLIVIA

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good Madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

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.

Olivia lifts her veil.

Look you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not
well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde 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,
7 And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O 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 label'd to my will: As
item two lips indifferent red, Item two grey eyes,
with lids to them; Item: one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see what you are; you are too proud:
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My Lord, and master loves you: O such love
Could not be recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
6 The nonparaeil of beauty.

OLIVIA

5 How does he love me?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

11 Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him
11 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, and valiant,
11 And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
12 A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life:
In your denial, I would find no sense,
7 I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

4 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 condemned love,
11 And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
11 Cry out Olivia: O you should not rest
Between the element of air, and earth,
6 But you should pity me.

OLIVIA

4 You might do much.
6 What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
5 I am a Gentleman.

OLIVIA

5 Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him send no more,
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.
(Gives Viola Coin)

VIOLA

I am no feed post, Lady; keep your purse,
My master not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be,
Plac'd in contempt: farewell fair cruelty.

Exit Viola.

OLIVIA

6 "What is your Parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
11 I am a Gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
Soft, soft, unless the Master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible, and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO

Here, Madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish Messenger

11 The County's man: He left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.

11 Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,

11 Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him.

If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,

11 I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

3 Madam, I will.

Malvolio exits swiftly from balcony. Olivia descends stairs to main stage level:

OLIVIA

8 I know not what, and fear to find

11 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate, show thy force, our selves we do not owe,

What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Exit Olivia.

END Of Act 1