

**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.

**DUKE ORSINO**

6

How now | what news | from her?

**VALENTINE**

11 So please | my lord, | I might | not be | admitted,  
 11 But from | her handmaid | do | return | this answer:  
 11 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  
 11 With eye-offending | brine | - all | this | to season  
 A brother's | dead | love, | which she | would | keep fresh  
 9 And lasting | in her | sad | remembrance.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Ó, she | that hath | a heart | of that | fine | frame  
 11 To pay | this debt | of love | but to | a brother,  
 How will | she love | when the | rich | golden | shaft  
 Hath kill'd | the flock | of all | affections | else  
 That live | in her | - when | liver, | brain, | and heart,  
 11 These | sovereign | thrones, | are | all | supplied, | and fill'd  
 9 Her sweet | perfections | with | one | self | king!  
 11 Away | before | me to | sweet | beds | of flowers:  
 11 Love-thoughts | lie rich | when canopied | with | bowers.

DUKE ORSINO jumps and falls into the bed of violets on the main floor.

## Act 1 Scene 2

## Ext - Stormy skies

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?



**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

EXT - Night.

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 deny'd access, stand at her doors,  
 And tell them, there thy fix'd foot shall grow  
 5 Till thou have audience.

**VIOLA**

5 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**

5 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: 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.

**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 allowed 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**

Excellent|ly|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**

VI 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 signs 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 condemnèd 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,  
 9 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**