

that they come from my Niece, and that shee's in loue with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*An.* And your horse now would make him an Ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*An.* O't will be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

*To.* Good night *Penthesilea.*

*An.* Before me she's a good wench.

*To.* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

*An.* I was ador'd once too.

*To.* Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

*An.* If I cannot recouer your Niece, I am a foule way out.

*To.* Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

*An.* If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

*To.* Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Du.* Giue me some Musick; Now good morow friends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did relecue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most b'riske and giddy-paced times. Come, but on e verse.

*Cur.* He is not heere (to please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

*Du.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feffe the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliuias* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

*Du.* Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke player.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

For such as I am, all true Louers are,

Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else,

Saue in the constant image of the creature

That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Viola.* It giues a verie eccho to the seate

Where loue is thron'd.

*Du.* Thou dost speake masterly,

My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye

Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues:

Hath it not boy?

*Viola.* A little, by your fauour.

*Du.* What kinde of woman is't?

*Viola.* Of your completion.

*Du.* She is not worth thee then. What yeares is faith?

*Viola.* About your yeeres my Lord.

*Du.* Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him; So swaies she leuell in her husbands heart: For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues, Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm, More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne, Then womens are.

*Viola.* I thinke it well my Lord.

*Du.* Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

*Viola.* And so they are: alas, that they are so:

To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

*Enter Curio & Clowne.*

*Du.* O fellow come, the long we had last night:

Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine;

The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,

Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of loue,

Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready Sir?

*Duke.* I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

*The Song.*

Come away, come away death,

And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Eye away, sie away breath,

I am laine by a faire cruell maide:

My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.

My part of death no one so true did share it.

*Not a flower, not a flower sweete*

*On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet*

*My poore corpes, where my bones shall be strewne:*

*A thousand thousand sighes to sau, lay me i' where*

*Sad true louer neuer find my graue, so weepe there.*

*Du.* There's for thy paines.

*Clo.* No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

*Du.* Ile pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

*Du.* Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the

Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy

minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constan-

cie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing,

and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes

makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

*Du.* Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,

Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:

Tell her my loue, more noble then the world

Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems

That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.

*Viola.* But if she cannot loue you sir.

*Du.* It cannot be so answer'd.

*Viola.* Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perchappes there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:

You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

*Du.* There is no womans sides *Can*

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,

As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart

So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.

Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallar,

That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,

But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,

And can digest as much, make no compare

Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,

And that I owe *Oliuia*.

*Viola.* I but I know.

*Du.* What dost thou knowe?

*Viola.* Too well what loue women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.

My Father had a daughter lou'd a man

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman

I should your Lordship.

*Du.* And what's her history?

*Viola.* A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,

But let concealment like a worne i'th budde

Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,

And with a Greene and yellow melancholly,

She fate like Patience on a Monument,

Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?

We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed

Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue

Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

*Du.* But did thy sister of her loue my Boy?

*Viola.* I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this Lady?

*Du.* I that's the Theame,

To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,

My loue can giue no place, bid e no deny. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*To.* Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,

let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

*To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard-

ly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

*Fa.* I would exult man: you know he brought me out

of fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

*To.* To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and

we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *And-*

*draw?*

*An.* And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

*Enter Maria.*

*To.* Heere comes the little villaine: How now my

Mettle of India?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's*

comming downe this walke, he has bene yonder i'th

Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe

houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know

this Letter will make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close

in the name of ieausting, lye thou there: for heere comes

the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once

told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come

thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of

my completion. Besides she vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What

should I thinke on't?

*To.* Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

*Fa.* Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey

Cocks of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

*And.* Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

*To.* Peace I say.

*Mal.* To be Count *Maluolio*.

*To.* Ah Rogue.

*An.* Pistoll him, pistoll him.

*To.* Peace, peace.

*Mal.* There is example for't: The Lady of the *Stra-*

*chy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*An.* Fie on him *Izabel*.

*Fa.* O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-

nation blowes him.

*Mal.* Hauing bene three moneths married to her,

fitting in my state.

*To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

*Mal.* Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd

Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I

haue left *Oliuia* sleeping.

*To.* Fire and Brimstone.

*Fa.* O peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to haue the humor of state: and after

a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my

place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my

kinsman *Toby*.

*To.* Boltes and shackles.

*Fa.* Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

*Mal.* Seauen of my people with an obedient flart,

make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance

winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell:

*Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

*To.* Shall this fellow liue?

*Fa.* Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,

yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my

familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

*To.* An'do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes,

then?

*Mal.* Saying, *Cofine Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast

me on your Niece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.

*To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenesse.

*To.* Out scab.

*Fab.* Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our

plot?

*Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time,

with a foolish knight.

*And.* That's mee I warrant you.

*Mal.* One sir *Andrew*.

*And.* I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

*Mal.* What employment haue we heere?

*Fa.* Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

*To.* Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-

ding aloud to him.

*Mal.* By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her

very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes shee her

great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.

*An.* Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

*Mal.* To the vnknowne belon'd, this, and my good Wishes:

Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the im-

pression her *Lucretia*, with which she vles to seale: tis my

Lady: To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This winnes him, *Liuier* and all. *Mal.*