

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ros.* Both, both, O pardon.

*Hel.* Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,  
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,  
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,  
When from my finger you can get this Ring,  
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,  
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

*Ros.* If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,  
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.

*Hel.* If it appeare not plaine, and proue vnrue,  
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.

O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

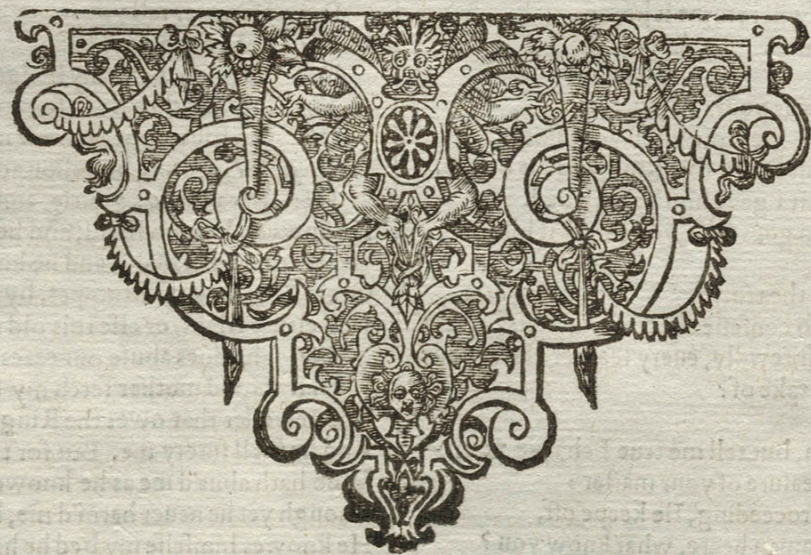
*Laf.* Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:  
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.  
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with  
thee: Let thy curtisies alone, they are scury ones.

*King.* Let vs from point to point this storie know,  
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:  
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,  
Chooft thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.  
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,  
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.  
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,  
Resoluedly more leasure shall expresse:  
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Flourish.*

*The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,  
As is well ended, if his suite be wonne,  
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,  
With strict to please you, day exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our part,  
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



## Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other  
Lords.

*Duke.*

**M**usicke be the food of Loue, play on,  
Give me excesse of it: that sursetting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.  
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:  
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound  
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;  
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,  
Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,  
That notwithstanding thy capacite,  
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,  
But felles into abatement, and low price  
Euen in a minnte; so full of shap'es is fancie,  
That it alone, is high fantasticall.

*Curio.* Will you go hunt my Lord?

*Duke.* What Curio?

*Curio.* The Hart.

*Duke.* Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:  
O when mine eyes did see *Oliuia* first,  
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;  
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,  
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,  
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:  
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view:  
But like a Cloystresse she will veiled walke,  
And water once a day her Chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh  
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,  
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elsie  
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,  
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd  
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:  
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,  
Lone-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

*Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.

*Viola.* What Country (Friends) is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria Ladie.

*Viola.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,  
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylers?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.

*Viola.* O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,  
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,  
When you, and those poore number saued with you,  
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother  
Most provident in perill, binde himselfe,  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)  
To a strong Masse, that liu'd vpon the sea:  
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,  
So long as I could see.

*Viola.* For saying so, there's Gold:  
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritic  
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

*Cap.* I Madam well, for I was bred and borne  
Not three houres trauaile from this very place:

*Viola.* Who gouernes heere?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

*Viola.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Viola, Orsino:* I haue heard my father name him.

He was a Batchellor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late:  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know  
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)  
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.

*Viola.* What's shee?

*Cap.* A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count  
That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her  
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,  
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue  
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight  
And company of men.

*Viola.* O that I seru'd that Lady,  
And might not be deliuered to the world

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Till