

Feste, Olivia

Act I, Sc. 5

Feste 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,
30 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, Malvolio, and Attendants]

God bless thee, lady!

Olivia Take the fool away.

Feste Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

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

Feste 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
40 longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.
Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that
transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is
but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will
serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true
45 cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade
take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

Olivia Can you do it?

Feste Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia Make your proof.

Feste I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of
55 virtue, answer me.

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

Feste Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia Good fool, for my brother's death.

60 Feste I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Feste 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? Doth he not
65 mend?

Viola, Olivia Act I, Sc. 5

Viola Good madam, let me see your face.

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

Viola Excellently done, if God did all.

215 **Olivia** '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 cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
220 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 labelled to my will, as, Item, Two
lips indifferent red; Item, Two grey eyes with lids to them;
225 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; O! such love
230 Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty.

Olivia How does he love me?

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

235 **Olivia** Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
240 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 suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
245 I would not understand it.

Olivia 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,
250 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!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
255 But you should pity me!

Olivia You might do much. What is your parentage?

Viola Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Olivia Get you to your lord;
260 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.

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

Maria, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew

Act 2, Sc. 3

120 **Maria** Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight; since the youth of the count's was today 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.

125 **Sir Toby** Possess us, possess us.

Sir Andrew Tell us something of him.

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

Sir Andrew O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

130 **Sir Toby** What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight!

Sir Andrew I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

135 **Maria** The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, 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.

140 **Sir Toby** What wilt thou do?

145 **Maria** I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, 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 Toby Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew I have't in my nose, too.

150 **Sir Toby** He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Maria My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria Ass, I doubt not.

155 **Sir Andrew** O! 'twill be admirable.

Maria Sport royal, I warrant you; I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool 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.

[Exit]

160 **Sir Toby** Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Toby She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir Andrew I was adored once too.

165 **Sir Toby** Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

170 **Sir Toby** Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come knight.

[Exeunt]

Viola, Duke Orsino

Act 2, Sc. 4

Duke Once more, Cesario,
85 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty;
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;
90 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.
95 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
100 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
105 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

110 **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,
115 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke And what's her history?

Viola A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
120 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
125 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; and yet I know not.
130 Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

Malvolio

Act 2, Sc. 5

Malvolio M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and
125 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.
[Reading] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve! In my stars I am
above thee; but be not afraid of greatness; some are born
130 great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood
and spirit embrace them, and 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; let thy tongue
tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of
135 singularity: 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
140 touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter
services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy'

Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I
will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir
145 Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-
devise 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.

Sebastian, Antonio

Act 3, Sc. 3

- Sebastian** My kind Antonio,
15 I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as in my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
20 Shall we go see the relics of this town?
- Antonio** Tomorrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.
- Sebastian** I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
25 That do renown this city.
- Antonio** Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets;
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service – of such note, indeed,
30 That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.
- Sebastian** Belike you slew great number of his people.
- Antonio** The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
35 It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did; only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
- 40 **Sebastian** Do not then walk too open.
- Antonio** It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
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
45 With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
- Sebastian** Why I your purse?
- Antonio** Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
- 50 **Sebastian** I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an
hour.

Malvolio, Feste

Act 4, Sc. 2

70 **Feste** [*Singing*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

Malvolio Fool!

Feste *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Malvolio Fool!

Feste *Alas! why is she so?*

75 **Malvolio** Fool, I say!

Feste *She loves another.*

Who calls, ha?

Malvolio 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
80 gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Feste Master Malvolio!

Malvolio Ay, good fool.

Feste Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

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

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

Malvolio They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to
90 face me out of my wits.

Feste Advise you what you say; the minister is here. [*As Sir Topas*] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Malvolio Sir Topas!

95 **Feste** Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*As Feste*] Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. [*As Sir Topas*] Marry, amen . . . [*As Feste*] I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio Fool, fool, fool, I say!

100 **Feste** Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Feste Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

105 **Malvolio** By this hand, I am. 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.

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

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

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

Malvolio Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee, be gone.