

Sir Toby and Maria - Act1, sc. 3

- Sir To*                   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 o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
- Sir To*                   Why, let her except, before excepted.
- Maria*                   Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
- Sir To*                   Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: and 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 kKnight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.
- Sir To*                   Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
- Maria*                   Ay, he.
- Sir To*                   He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
- Maria*                   What's that to the' purpose?
- Sir To*                   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.
- Sir To*                   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 all, most natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To*

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

*Maria*

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

*Sir To*

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:

*Duke Orsino and Viola (as Cesario) Act II, Sc. IV*

- Duke:* 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 bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune:  
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 answer'd.
- Viola:* Sooth, but you must.  
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 must tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?
- Duke:* There is not woman's sides  
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 call'd appetite  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
And can digest as much. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.
- Viola:* Ay, but I know-
- Duke:* What does 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 lov'd a man,  
As it might be perhaps were I a woman  
I should your lordship.
- Duke:* And what's her history?
- Viola:* Ablank, my lord: she never told her love,  
But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud  
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd 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  
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke:* Bit died they sister of her love, by boy?

*Viola:* I am al the daughters of my father's house, a  
And all the bothers too: and yet I know not.  
Sir Shall I too this lady?

*Duke:* Ay, that's the theme.

Olivia and Malvolio Act iii, Sc. IV

*Olivia:* How now, Malvolio?

*Mal:* Sweet Lady, ho, ho!

*Olivia:* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal:* Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gatering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one, and please all'.

*Olivia:* Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

*Mal:* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Olivia:* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal:* To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

*Olivia:* God comfort thee! Why does thou smile so, and Kiss thy hand so oft?

...

*Mal:* 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.

*Olivia:* What mean'st thou by that Malvolio?

*Mal:* 'Some are born great'-

*Olivia:* Ha?

*Mal:* 'Some achieve greatness'-

*Olivia:* What say'st thou?

*Mal:* 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

*Olivia:* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal:* 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings'-

*Olivia:* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal:* 'And wish to see thee cross-gartered.'

*Olivia:* Cross-gartered?

*Mal:* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so:'-

*Olivia:* Am I made?

*Mal:* 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

*Olivia:* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Olivia, Clown & Malvolio Act I Sc. IV

- O Sir, I bade them take away you.
- C Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
- O Can you do it?
- C Dexteriously, good Madonna.
- O Make your proof.
- C I must catechize you for it, Madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
- O Well sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
- C Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?
- O Good fool, for my brother's death.
- C I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.
- O I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
- C The more fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
- O What think of this fool, Malvolio, doth he not mend?
- M Yes, and shall do, toll the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.
- C 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 twopence that you are no fool.
- O How say you to that, Malvolio?
- M 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 gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

- O            O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; not no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.
- C            Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Olivia & Viola Act III Sc. I

V Dear lady-

O Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you. So did I abue  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.  
Under you

*Sebastian & Antonio Act III Sc. III*

S I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

A I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth:  
And not all love to see you (though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts: which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth your pursuit.

S My kind Antonio,  
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 is my conscience, firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?

A To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

S 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  
That do renown this city.

A 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,  
That were I taken here it would scarce be answered

S Belike you slew great number of his people.

A Th' offence is not such a bloody nature,  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
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.

S Do not then walk too open.



Maria, Sir Toby & Sir Andrew Act II, Sc. III

- Malvolio*                    She shall know of it,  
by this hand.
- Maria*                        Go shake your ears.
- Sir Andrew*                Twere as good a deed as to drink when a  
man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and  
then to break promise with him and make a fool  
of him.
- Sir Toby*                    Do't knight. I'll write thee a challenge: or  
I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of  
mouth.
- Maria*                        Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. 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,  
my bed: I know I can do it.
- Sir Toby*                    Possess us, possess, tell us something of him.
- Maria*                        Marry sir, sometimes hi is a kind of puritan.
- Sir Andrew*                O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.
- 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 enougj.
- 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 excellencies, that  
it is his grounds of faith that all that look on  
him love him:and on that vice in him will any  
revenge find notable cause to work.
- Sir Toby*                    What wilt thou do?
- 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 sye, forehead, and complexion,  
he shall find himself most feelingly personated.  
I can write very like my lady your niece; on a  
forgotten matter we c an hardly make distinction  
of our hands.

*Sir Toby*                   Excellent, I smell a device.

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

*Sir Toby*                   He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop  
that they come form 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.

*Sir Andrew*               O, 'twill be admirable.