

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.

5

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,

10

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy

15

That it alone is high fantastical.

ACT 1, SCENE 3

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
o' nights. 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 substractors
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.

End Act 1, scene 3

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 bearbaiting. 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 ^ϒcurl by ^ϒ
nature.

ANDREW

But it becomes ^ϒme ^ϒwell enough, does 't not?

TOBY

Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a huswife 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 kickshawses, 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 picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. 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 a galliard.

ANDREW

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a 'dun-colored' 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. '*Sir Andrew dances.*' Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

They exit.

ACT 1, SCENE 5

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.

FOOL

Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

MARIA

Make that good.

FOOL

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good Lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colors."

FOOL

Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA

In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

FOOL

Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are Fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA

Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent. Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FOOL

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA

You are resolute, then?

FOOL

Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA

That if one break, the other will hold, or if both
break, your gaskins fall.

FOOL

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.

┌

END OF ACT 1, SCENE 5

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. 「*She removes her veil.*」 Look you, sir, such a
one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

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 cruel'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
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 labeled to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*, two gray eyes with lids to them; *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
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.

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
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.
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 contemnèd love

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
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
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.
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.

「 She offers money. 」

VIOLA

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

She exits.

SAME SCENE

OLIVIA

“What is your parentage?”

“Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman.” I’ll be sworn thou art.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit

Do give thee fivefold 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.—