



# Twelfth Night

By William Shakespeare

## ***Twelfth Night: Dramatis Personae***

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria*

Sebastian, *brother to Viola*

Antonio, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian*

A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola*

Valentine, Curio, *gentlemen attending on the Duke*

Sir Toby Belch, *kinsman of Olivia*

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *suitor of Olivia*

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia*

Fabian, *an attendant to Olivia*

The Clown Feste, *Olivia's fool*

Olivia *a countess*

Viola, *in love with the Duke; sister to Sebastian*

Maria, *Olivia's gentlewoman*

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants

Scene: *Illyria and the coast nearby*

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 1*

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending*

**DUKE ORSINO**

1.1.1 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:

**dying fall** slowing rhythm and/or diminishing volume

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

**quick and fresh** keen and hungry

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

**validity** value | **pitch** height  
**abatement** decline | **price** worth  
**shapes** day-dreams | **fancy** love-longing >>>  
**high fantastical** supremely imaginative

1.1.15 That it alone is high fantastical.

**CURIO**

Will you go hunt, my lord?

**DUKE ORSINO**

What, Curio?

**CURIO**

The hart.

**hart** stag

**DUKE ORSINO**

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:  
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!  
1.1.20 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

**the noblest that I have** *i.e.*, the noblest "hart" I have,  
my heart

**I . . . hart** (Orsino compares himself to Actaeon.) >>>

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.

**fell** fierce

*Enter VALENTINE*

How now! what news from her?

**VALENTINE**

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

1.1.25 The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
And water once a day her chamber round

**element** sky | **seven years' heat** seven summers  
**at ample view** in full view, without a veil  
**cloistress** secluded nun

1.1.30 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

**eye-offending brine** salty tears | **season** preserve  
**brother's dead love** dead brother's love

**DUKE ORSINO**

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

**frame** condition, as in "a good frame of mind"

1.1.35 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
1.1.40 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

**golden shaft** Cupid's golden arrow  
**affections else** other affections

**sovereign thrones** >>>  
**one self king** one and only king

*Exeunt*

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 2*

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors*

**VIOLA**

1.2.1 What country, friends, is this?

**Captain**

This is Illyria, lady.

**Illyria** A region on the east coast of the Adriatic Sea.

**VIOLA**

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

**Elysium** The abode of the blessed dead.

1.2.5 Perchance he is not drown'd—what think you, sailors?

**Perchance** Perhaps

**Captain**

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

**perchance** by chance

**VIOLA**

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

**Captain**

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

**chance** possible good luck

1.2.10 When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

**poor number** few people

Most provident in peril, bind himself,

**driving** driven by, at the mercy of, the sea

Courage and hope both teaching him the practise,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;

**lived** floated

1.2.15 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

**Arion** >>>

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

**VIOLA**

For saying so, there's gold:

**there's gold** Viola gives the Captain money.

1.2.20 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

**Captain**

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

**VIOLA**

Who governs here?

**Captain**

1.2.25 A noble duke, in nature as in name.

**VIOLA**

What is his name?

**Captain**

Orsino.

**VIOLA**

Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.

**Captain**

1.2.30 And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

**murmur** rumor

**great ones** nobles | **the less** commoners

**VIOLA**

1.2.35 What's she?

**Captain**

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

1.2.40 In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

**VIOLA**

O that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

**delivered** revealed  
**mellow** ripe  
**estate** position in life >>>

**Captain**

1.2.45 That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

**she will admit no kind of suit** she will not listen  
to any kind of request

**VIOLA**

1.2.50 There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
1.2.55 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
1.2.60 What else may hap to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

**fair behavior** good appearance

**suits / With** matches  
**prithee** pray you, earnestly request of you

**haply** perhaps | **become** be suited to  
**form of my intent** nature of my purpose  
**eunuch** boy neutered to preserve his soprano  
singing voice

**allow** prove  
**hap** happen, chance to occur  
**shape thou thy silence to my wit** fit your silence  
to my plan

**Captain**

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

**mute** silent servant

**VIOLA**

1.2.64 I thank thee: lead me on.

*Exeunt*

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 3*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.1 What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

**MARIA**

1.3.5 By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a' nights: Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

a' of | **cousin** kinswoman

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, let her except, before excepted.

**except, before excepted** >>>

**MARIA**

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

**modest** moderate | **order** orderly conduct



1.3.10 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
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.

**I'll confine myself no finer >>>**

**and if**

**MARIA**  
1.3.15 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.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

**Aguecheek >>>**

**MARIA**  
Ay, he.

1.3.20 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

**tall** valiant, as in "standing tall"

**MARIA**  
What's that to the purpose?

**that** *i.e.*, Aguecheek's height (Maria is being sarcastic.)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

**he'll have but a year in all these ducats** he'll spend all of his money in a year

**MARIA**  
Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

1.3.25 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

**viol-de-gamboys** viola da gamba (Literally, "leg-viol.") | **without book** from memory  
**good gifts of nature** natural abilities

**MARIA**

1.3.30 He hath indeed, almost 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.

**natural** idiotic, retarded

**allay the gust** decrease the gusto

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.35 By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

**substractors** (Sir Toby probably means "detractors.")

**MARIA**

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

**They that add >>>**

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.40 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 coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

**coystrill** knave, punk

**turn o' the toe** spin | **parish-top >>>**

**Castiliano vulgo!** ?, maybe "Talk nice to him!"

**Agueface** (Toby's mistake for, or mockery of, "Aguecheek.")

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK*

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.45 Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Sweet Sir Andrew!

**SIR ANDREW**

Bless you, fair shrew.

**shrew >>>**

**MARIA**

And you too, sir.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.50 What's that?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

My niece's chambermaid.

**chambermaid** lady in waiting, companion

**SIR ANDREW**

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

**MARIA**

My name is Mary, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.55 Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You mistake, knight; "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

**SIR ANDREW**

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

**MARIA**

1.3.60 Fare you well, gentlemen.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

**An thou let part so** if you let her just leave  
**thou mightst never draw sword again.**

*i.e.*, you can't claim to be a real man

**SIR ANDREW**

An you part so, mistress, I would I might

1.3.65 never draw sword again. Fair lady,  
do you think you have fools in hand?

**MARIA**

Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

**SIR ANDREW**

Marry, but you shall have—and here's  
my hand.

**MARIA**

1.3.70 Now, sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring  
your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

**SIR ANDREW**

Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your  
metaphor?

**MARIA**

It's dry, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.75 Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but  
I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

**MARIA**

A dry jest, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

Are you full of them?

**MARIA**

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends.  
Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

*Exit MARIA*

"**thought is free**" *i.e.*, everyone is entitled to her  
own opinion >>> | **buttery** where the butts (casks)  
of wine are kept >>>

**dry thirsty** (And a dry hand signifies impotence.)

**I can keep my hand dry** *i.e.*, I know to come in out  
of the rain.

**dry jest** subtly ironic witticism (as in "dry wit")  
*and/or* stupid butt of a witticism (as in  
"you are a joke")

**have . . . at my fingers' ends** have at the ready  
**barren** incapable of producing (any more jests)

1.3.80 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
O knight thou lackest a cup of canary.  
When did I see thee so put down?

**canary** sweet wine from the Canary Islands  
**put down** mocked, defeated in a battle of wits

1.3.85 **SIR 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.

**put me down** make me drunk and stupid  
**Christian** *i.e.*, average Joe

**beef . . . does harm to my wit** A common idea of  
the time, echoed in the modern insult, "meathead."

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
No question.

**SIR ANDREW**  
An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll  
ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

**An if | I'd forswear** I would give up | **it** *i.e.*, eating  
beef (Sir Andrew doesn't really think that eating  
beef makes him stupid.)

1.3.90 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
*Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

**Pourquoi** Why? (French)

**SIR 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 bear-baiting.  
O, had I but followed the arts!

**bestowed** given | **the tongues** foreign languages  
**bear-baiting** >>>

1.3.95 **SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of  
hair.

**SIR ANDREW**  
Why, would that have mended my hair?

**mended** improved

**SIR TOBY BELCH**  
Past question; for thou seest it will not  
curl by nature.

**it will not curl by nature** >>>

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.100 But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

**flax on a distaff** >>>

**huswife** housewife; *also* hussy, whore

**spin it off** Loss of hair was a sign of infection with a sexually transmitted disease.

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.105 Faith, I'll home to-morrow, 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.

**the count himself** *i.e.*, Orsino | **here hard by** nearby

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.110 She'll none o' the 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.

**not match above her degree** not marry her superior  
**estate** fortune, social position

**there's life in't** *i.e.*, there's still hope that you can win her

**SIR ANDREW**

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'  
the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in  
masques and revels sometimes altogether.

**masques** masquerades | **revels** partying

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.115 Art thou good at these kickshawses,  
knight?

**kickshawses** trifles, elegant amusements

**SIR 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.

**under the degree of my betters** except for those who are better | **old man** *i.e.*, more experienced man >>>

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.120 What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

**galliard** a fast dance with a lot of tricky steps,

**SIR ANDREW**

Faith, I can cut a caper.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And I can cut the mutton to't.

**SIR ANDREW**

And I think I have the back-trick simply  
as strong as any man in Illyria.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.125 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  
1.3.130 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.

**SIR ANDREW**

1.3.135 Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well  
in a dun-color'd stock. Shall we set about  
some revels?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What shall we do else? were we not born  
under Taurus?

**SIR ANDREW**

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.3.140 No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee  
1.3.141 caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

including capers

**cut a caper** make a lively leap

**to't** to go with it (Capers were and are used in  
condiments. Also, "mutton" can mean "whore.")

**back-trick** backward step or kick in the galliard

**take dust** gather dust | **Mistress Mall's picture** ?,  
maybe a painting with a protective curtain

**coranto** a running dance

**make water pee** | **sink-a-pace** dance like the galliard

**star of** astrological sign favorable to

**indifferent** moderately (Sir Andrew is proudly  
modest.) | **dun** grayish-brownish | **stock** stocking

**Taurus** the second sign of the Zodiac

**sides and heart** (Sir Andrew is wrong.  
Leo governs sides and heart.)

**legs and thighs** (Sir Toby is right, but Taurus is  
more commonly associated with neck and throat,

appropriate for drinkers.)

*Exeunt*

***Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 4***

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire*

**VALENTINE**

1.4.1 If the duke continue these favours towards  
you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced;  
he hath known you but three days, and already  
you are no stranger. **advanced** promoted

**VIOLA**

1.4.5 You either fear his humour or my negligence,  
that you call in question the continuance of his  
love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? **humour** changeableness | **negligence** neglect of duty

**VALENTINE**

No, believe me.

**VIOLA**

I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants*

**DUKE ORSINO**

1.4.10 Who saw Cesario, ho?





That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
1.4.35 I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
1.4.40 To call his fortunes thine.

**VIOLA**

I'll do my best  
To woo your lady. [*Aside.*] Yet, a barful strife!  
1.4.42 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*Exeunt*

**Diana** Virgin goddess.  
**rubious** ruby-red | **pipe** throat, voice  
**shrill and sound** high and clear  
**semblative** like | **part** role, demeanor >>>  
**constellation** nature (as determined by the stars)

**barful strife** inner conflict >>>

***Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 5***

*Enter MARIA and Clown*

**MARIA**  
1.5.1 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.

**Clown**

1.5.5 Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

**MARIA**

Make that good.

**Clown**

He shall see none to fear.

**MARIA**

1.5.10 A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

**Clown**

Where, good Mistress Mary?

**MARIA**

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

**Clown**

1.5.15 Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and 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?

**Clown**

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

**MARIA**

You are resolute, then?

**Clown**

**colours** deceptions, with a pun on "collars," hangman's nooses

**Make that good** prove it

**He shall see none to fear**

(Because he'll be dead.)

**lenten** meager (Like food during Lent.

Maria means it's a lame joke.)

**In the wars** ("coulours" = the banner of a military unit)

**God give them . . . their talents** >>>

**turned away** sent packing

**Many . . . bad marriage** (A proverb.)

**let summer bear it out** *i.e.*, It will be easy to be out of the house in the warm weather.

Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points—

**MARIA**

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

**Clown**

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**

1.5.30 Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

*Exit MARIA*

**Clown**

1.5.35 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, 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 with MALVOLIO and Attendants*

God bless thee, lady!

**OLIVIA**

Take the fool away.

**Clown**

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

**points** (Another meaning of "points" is "laces used to hold up breeches.")

**gaskins** breeches

**apt** well done, very witty (But the Clown is being ironic.)

**if Sir Toby . . . in Illyria** >>>

**thee** *i.e.*, wit

**Quinapalus** An authority, invented by the clown.

**OLIVIA**

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

**Go to** get outta here, drop dead, etc. | **dry dull**  
**dishonest** unreliable, wicked

**Clown**

1.5.45 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 longer dishonest; if he cannot, let  
the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but  
patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with  
sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.

**madonna** (A fancy way of saying "My Lady,"  
from the Italian, *mia donna*.)  
**mend** reform

1.5.50 If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not,  
what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but  
calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away  
the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

**botcher** mender of shoes or clothes  
**cuckold** a man sexually betrayed by his wife  
**As there . . . so beauty's a flower** >>>

**OLIVIA**

Sir, I bade them take away you.

**Clown**

1.5.55 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.

**misprision** arrest of the wrong person  
**Cucullus . . . monachum** the cowl does not make  
the monk | **motley** multi-colored clothing of fools  
(The Clown's point is that his thinking isn't  
foolish.)

**OLIVIA**

Can you do it?

**Clown**

1.5.60 Dexteriously, good madonna.

**dexteriously** dexterously

**OLIVIA**

Make your proof.

**Clown**

I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

**OLIVIA**

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

**Clown**

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

**OLIVIA**

Good fool, for my brother's death.

**Clown**

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

**Clown**

1.5.70 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 mend?

**MALVOLIO**

1.5.75 Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

**Clown**

1.5.80 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

**catechise** question methodically

**good my mouse of virtue** my good virtuous mouse

**want of other idleness** lack of any other way of wasting time | **bide** endure, put up with

**mend** improve (She thinks the Clown is becoming more amusing.)

**Yes** (He thinks the Clown is becoming more foolish.) | **Infirmity . . . better fool.** Sickness and age always make a fool "better" (by making him more foolish)

**fox** crafty person | **pass** pledge

word for two pence that you are no fool.

**OLIVIA**

How say you to that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

1.5.85

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.

**OLIVIA**

1.5.90

Oh, 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; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

1.5.95

**Clown**

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA*

**MARIA**

1.5.100

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

**OLIVIA**

From the Count Orsino, is it?

**MARIA**

**pence** pennies

**with** by

**ordinary fool** natural fool, idiot

**out of his guard** off his game, without a witty reply

**minister occasion** provide openings (for his jests)

**protest** declare | **crow** laugh loudly

**set kind of fools** professional fools

**zanies** sidekicks

**of** with

**distempered** sickly

**free** open-minded

**bird-bolts** blunt arrows for shooting birds

**allowed fool** licensed fool, one allowed to say

anything | **rail** scold, satirize

**a known discreet man** a man known to have good judgment

**Mercury** (god of guile) | **endue** endow

**leasing** lying

(In other words, "as a reward for speaking well of fools, may Mercury give you the gift of lying.")

I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man,  
and well attended.

**OLIVIA**

Who of my people hold him in delay?

**MARIA**

1.5.105 Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

**OLIVIA**

Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but  
madman: fie on him!

*Exit MARIA*

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I  
am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

1.5.110 Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and  
people dislike it.

**Clown**

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest  
son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with  
brains! for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a  
1.5.115 most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH*

**OLIVIA**

By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at  
the gate, cousin?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A gentleman.

**well attended** accompanied by a good number  
of servants (But when the "gentleman" (Viola)  
appears, he/she is alone.)

**speaks nothing but madman** talks crazy

**suit** request, plea  
**what you will** say whatever you want

**us** *i.e.*, fools  
**as if thy eldest son should be a fool** as if you  
wanted your oldest son to go into the fool business  
***pia mater*** brain

**What** what sort of man



**OLIVIA**

A gentleman! What gentleman?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.5.120 'Tis a gentle man here—a plague o' these  
pickle-herring! How now, sot!

**sot** drunkard, fool >>>

**Clown**

Good Sir Toby!

**OLIVIA**

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early  
by this lethargy?

**lethargy** drunken stupor

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

1.5.125 Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at  
the gate.

**OLIVIA**

Ay, marry, what is he?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not;  
give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

**an he will** if he wants to  
**faith** religious faith (to protect him against the  
devil) | **it's all one** it doesn't matter, whatever, etc.

*Exit SIR TOBY BELCH*

**OLIVIA**

1.5.130 What's a drunken man like, fool?

**Clown**

Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man.  
One draught above heat makes him a fool,  
the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

**One draught above heat** one drink more than  
what it takes to make one pleasantly warm

**OLIVIA**

1.5.135 Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned. Go, look after him.

**Clown**

He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

*Exit Clown*

*Re-enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

1.5.140 Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to

1.5.145 him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

**OLIVIA**

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

**MALVOLIO**

H'as been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

**OLIVIA**

1.5.150 What kind o' man is he?

**MALVOLIO**

Why, of mankind.

**OLIVIA**

What manner of man?

**crowner** coroner

**sit o'** hold an inquest concerning | **coz** Short for "cousin," which means "kinsman." (Olivia's joke is that because Toby is dead drunk, he's a case for the coroner.)

**therefore** for that very reason

**H'as** he has

**sheriff's post** a post standing at the door of a sheriff's office, used for posting official notices

**of mankind** human (Malvolio sees nothing special about Viola/Cesario.)

**MALVOLIO**

Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you,  
will you or no.

**OLIVIA**

1.5.155 Of what personage and years is he?

**personage** appearance

**MALVOLIO**

1.5.160 Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough  
for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or  
a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him  
in standing water, between boy and man. He is  
very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly.  
One would think his mother's milk were scarce  
out of him.

**squash** unripe pea pod | **peascod** pea pod  
**codling** unripe apple  
**in standing water** at the turn of the tide  
**well-favoured** good-looking | **shrewishly** sharply

**OLIVIA**

Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

**MALVOLIO**

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

*Re-enter MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

1.5.165 Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face.  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA*

**VIOLA**

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

**OLIVIA**

Speak to me; I shall answer for her.  
Your will?

**VIOLA**

- 1.5.170 Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty—  
I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house,  
for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away  
my speech, for besides that it is excellently well  
penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good  
1.5.175 beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very  
comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

**OLIVIA**

Whence came you, sir?

**VIOLA**

- 1.5.180 I can say little more than I have studied, and that  
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me  
modest assurance if you be the lady of the house,  
that I may proceed in my speech.

**OLIVIA**

Are you a comedian?

**VIOLA**

- 1.5.185 No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs  
of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you  
the lady of the house?

**OLIVIA**

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

**VIOLA**

- 1.5.190 Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp  
yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours  
to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will  
on with my speech in your praise, and then show

**I would be loath to cast away** I would hate to  
waste  
**con** memorize

**comptible** sensitive  
**the least sinister usage** the slightest disrespect

**Whence** from what family or country (Olivia is  
taking a personal interest in this young gentleman.)

**out of my part** not part of the role I'm supposed  
to play | **modest** serious, sincere

**comedian** actor

**profound** very wise

**usurp** wrongly take the place of

**what is yours to bestow** *i.e.*, love  
**reserve** keep back >>>  
**from my commission** outside the limits

you the heart of my message.

**OLIVIA**

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

**VIOLA**

1.5.195 Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

**OLIVIA**

1.5.200 It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

**MARIA**

Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

**VIOLA**

1.5.205 No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind—I am a messenger.

**OLIVIA**

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

**VIOLA**

1.5.210 It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

**OLIVIA**

of my instructions

**forgive** excuse from a duty

**feigned** pretended, insincere  
**keep it in** keep it to yourself  
**approach** *i.e.*, this interview with me  
**If you be not mad, be gone** >>>

**reason** rationality, sanity  
**time of** phase of the >>> | **make one in** take part in  
**skipping** flighty, helter-skelter

**Here lies your way** *i.e.*, you can go out this way (Maria is probably pointing to the door.)

**swabber** ship's petty officer, in charge of keeping the decks clean | **hull** drift with sails furled  
**Some mollification for your giant** *i.e.*, call off your guardian giant (Maria is tiny.)

**courtesy of** introduction to | **fearful** frightening  
**office** business

**overture** declaration  
**taxation of homage** demand for tribute  
**olive** *i.e.*, olive branch of peace  
**matter** important meaning

Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

**VIOLA**

1.5.215 The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

**entertainment** (rude) reception (by your people)  
**maidenhead** virginity, the hymen

**OLIVIA**

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

*Exeunt MARIA and Attendants*

1.5.220 Now, sir, what is your text?

**your text** gospel passage upon which you will preach (Olivia mockingly takes "divinity" to mean "a sermon.")

**VIOLA**

Most sweet lady—

**OLIVIA**

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

**comfortable** full of comfort

**VIOLA**

In Orsino's bosom.

**OLIVIA**

1.5.225 In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

**VIOLA**

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

**by the method** following the usual way (of beginning a sermon)

**OLIVIA**

O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

**VIOLA**

1.5.230 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. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.

**out of your text** wandering away from your topic  
**this present** at the present time

*Unveiling*

1.5.235 Is't not well done?

**VIOLA**

Excellently done, if God did all.

**if God did all** (Cesario/Viola is hinting that Olivia might be using a lot of make-up.)

**OLIVIA**

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

**in grain** *i.e.*, not painted on

**VIOLA**

1.5.240 '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 And leave the world no copy.

**blent** blended  
**cunning** skillful  
**she** woman

**If . . . And leave the world no copy** >>>

**OLIVIA**

1.5.245 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; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

**divers** several | **schedules** itemized lists (Such a list is also a "copy.") | **particle and utensil** *i.e.*, every little thing | **labelled to my will** added as a codicil to my will | **indifferent** more or less  
**praise** (Puns on "appraise.")

**VIOLA**

1.5.250 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 crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!

**OLIVIA**

How does he love me?

**VIOLA**

1.5.255 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;  
1.5.260 In voices well divulged, free, learn'd 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**

1.5.265 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;  
I would not understand it.

**OLIVIA**

Why, what would you?

**VIOLA**

1.5.270 Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills

**if** even if | **the devil** *i.e.*, the proudest creature  
that ever lived  
**but recompensed** only fairly repaid  
**nonpareil** one without an equal >>>

**fertile** ever-growing

**suppose** believe as a fact  
**Of great estate** wealthy and important  
**stainless** unstained | **In voices well divulged** well  
spoken of | **free** generous  
**dimension and the shape of nature** physique  
**gracious person** pleasing figure of a man

**in my master's flame** with my master's passion  
**deadly life** death in life

**willow** (Willow was a symbol of unrequited love.)  
**my soul** *i.e.*, Olivia  
**cantons** cantos, songs | **contemned** rejected

**reverberate** resounding



1.5.275 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**

1.5.280 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.

**VIOLA**

1.5.285 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.

*Exit VIOLA*

**OLIVIA**

1.5.290 "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 five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
1.5.295 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

**the babbling gossip of the air** echo

**Between . . . air and earth** *i.e.*, anywhere  
**But you should pity me** until you came to pity me

**Above** better than | **my fortunes** what I happen to  
be at the moment | **my state is well** *i.e.*, I'm satisfied  
with my present position.

**Spend this for me** (She offers Cesario/Viola a tip.)

**fee'd post** paid messenger

**Love . . . love** May Love make the man with whom  
you fall in love have a heart of flint.  
**fair cruelty** beautiful cruel one

**tongue** manner of speaking  
**five-fold blazon** >>> | **Soft** hold on, go slowly  
**the man** the man-servant of the master >>>  
**the plague** *i.e.*, love-sickness

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

Here, madam, at your service.

**OLIVIA**

- 1.5.300 Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The County's man. He left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
- 1.5.305 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

**MALVOLIO**

Madam, I will.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

**OLIVIA**

- I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
- 1.5.310 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
- 1.5.311 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

*Exit OLIVIA*

**County's Count's**, *i.e.*, Duke Orsino's

**Would I or not** whether I wanted it or not (She's lying; Viola left no ring.)

**flatter with his lord** *i.e.*, flatter Orsino with the idea that he still has a chance to win Olivia's love  
**reasons for't** *i.e.*, reasons why she cannot love Orsino | **Hie** hasten

**flatterer** seducer, tempter

**owe** own

**be this so** (She hopes that love between herself and the young gentleman is one of those things that fate has decreed.)

*Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 1*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

**ANTONIO**

2.1.1 Will you stay no longer? nor will you  
not that I go with you?

**SEBASTIAN**

2.1.5 By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly  
over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps  
distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you  
your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a  
bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them  
on you.

**By your patience** *i.e.*, By your leave, Excuse me, etc.  
**malignancy** evil influence of the stars; *also*, infectious  
disease | **distemper** infect

**recompense** repayment

**ANTONIO**

2.1.10 Let me yet know of you whither you are  
bound.

**SEBASTIAN**

2.1.15 No, sooth, sir, my determinate voyage is mere  
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a  
touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me  
what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges  
me in manners the rather to express myself. You  
must know of me then, Antonio, my name is  
Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was  
that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have  
heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both  
2.1.20 born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased,  
would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that;  
for some hour before you took me from the breach  
of the sea was my sister drowned.

**sooth** truly | **determinate voyage** travel plan  
**mere extravagancy** really just aimless wandering  
**touch of modesty** feeling for the feelings of others  
**what I am willing to keep in** what I want to keep  
to myself | **it charges me in manners** good manners  
require me to >>>

**Messaline** (We don't know what place Shakespeare  
had in mind.)

**in an hour** within the same hour (He's Viola's twin.)  
**would we had so ended!** (He wishes he could have  
died with his sister.)

**the breach of the sea** the breakers, the high surf

**ANTONIO**

Alas the day!

**SEBASTIAN**

- 2.1.25 A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.
- 2.1.30

**ANTONIO**

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

**SEBASTIAN**

O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

**ANTONIO**

- 2.1.35 If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

**SEBASTIAN**

- If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell.
- 2.1.40

*Exit SEBASTIAN*

**ANTONIO**

- The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
2.1.45 I have many enemies in Orsino's court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there.

**with such estimable wonder** because of my amazed estimate (of Viola's beauty) | **overfar** too much **publish her** say to all the world about her **envy could not but** even Envy itself would have to

**more** *i.e.*, salt water, Sebastian's tears

**your bad entertainment** the poor hospitality that I have given you

**forgive me your trouble** *i.e.*, I'm sorry to have put you to so much trouble.

**my love** my love of you (Antonio loves Sebastian so well that he will just die if he isn't allowed to be Sebastian's servant.) >>>

**recovered** rescued. (It's not clear why it would kill Sebastian to let Antonio be his servant.)

**kindness** natural feeling (*i.e.*, his grief for his sister's death) | **manners of my mother** my mother's way of reacting | **least occasion** slightest provocation **mine eyes will tell tales of me** *i.e.*, I will cry, showing how womanish I am.

2.1.48 But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

*Exit*

*Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 2*

*Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors*

**several** separate (In modern productions Malvolio usually overtakes Cesario/Viola as he/she strolls along.)

2.2.1 **MALVOLIO**  
Were not you even now with the Countess  
Olivia?

**VIOLA**  
Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have  
since arrived but hither.

**on** at

2.2.5 **MALVOLIO**  
She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have  
saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself.  
She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord  
into a desperate assurance she will none of him:  
and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to  
2.2.10 come again in his affairs, unless it be to report  
your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

**to have taken it away** by taking it with you

**desperate** without hope

**taking of this** reaction to the news that Olivia will  
have none of him

**VIOLA**  
She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

**She took the ring of me** (Viola lies to prevent Malvolio

from knowing that Olivia lied.)

### MALVOLIO

2.2.15 Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

### VIOLA

2.2.20 I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

2.2.25 I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false

2.2.30 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

2.2.35 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman—now alas the day!— What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

2.2.40 O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

2.2.41 It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

*Exit*

**so** *i.e.*, by being thrown (Malvolio throws the ring to the ground.) | **in your eye** where you can easily see it

**forbid . . . not** (The double negative is emphatic.)  
**made good view of me** thoroughly looked me over  
**lost** made her lose  
**in starts** haltingly, in fits and starts

**in** via, by means of

**as 'tis** as it is, under the circumstance (that I am really a woman)

**Wherein** By which | **pregnant enemy** Satan, full of wickedness | **proper-false** handsome deceivers  
**waxen** impressionable | **set their forms** make a strong impression | **our frailty** women's frailty  
**such as we are made of** *i.e.*, frail flesh  
**fadge** turn out, sort itself out, fit together  
**monster** (Because she is both a man and a woman.)

**My state is desperate for my master's love** *i.e.*, Because I am Orsino's friend and follower I desperately want Orsino to have Olivia. | **thriftless** unprofitable, hopeless

*Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 3*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.1 Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*diluculo surgere*," thou know'st—

**betimes** in good time  
*diluculo surgere* (The first two words of a Latin maxim which says, "to get up at dawn is very healthful.")

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.5 Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

**by my troth** on my word

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.10 A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

**can** tankard

**the four elements** earth, water, air, and fire, the elements out of which everything is made >>>

**SIR ANDREW**

Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

**Thou'rt a scholar** *i.e.*, You're so smart!  
**stoup** large drinking cup

*Enter Clown*

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.15 Here comes the fool, i' faith.

**Clown**

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

**the picture of "we three"** a picture of two fools or two asses (It's "we three" because the viewer

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.20

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

**Clown**

I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.30

Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

**SIR ANDREW**

There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

**Clown**

2.3.35

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A love-song, a love-song.

**SIR ANDREW**

is the third. The Clown is saying they're fools, too.)  
**catch** round (a song which two or more singers enter at different times, singing the same lyrics)

**breast** breath, singing ability  
**such a leg** (Perhaps the Clown is showing his leg in an elaborate bow.)  
**gracious** delightful, inspired  
**Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus** (The Clown was talking some nonsense that sounded astrological.)  
**equinoctial** equator of the heavens  
**leman** sweetheart

**impeticos** pocket up? | **gartillity** little gratuity?  
**whipstock** whip handle  
**Myrmidons** Achilles' troop  
**bottle-ale houses** low-class taverns, which sell bottled, rather than draft, ale >>>

**testril** (A "tester" is a coin worth sixpence; Sir Andrew imitates the Clown's invention of "gratillity" by changing "tester" into "testril.")

**good life** virtuous living



Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

**Clown** [*Sings*]

2.3.40 O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

**Trip** run lightly | **sweeting** sweet one  
**in lovers meeting** when lovers meet

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.45 Excellent good, i' faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good, good.

**Clown** [*Sings*]

2.3.50 What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

**still** always

**sweet and twenty** sweet and twenty times  
more sweet

**SIR ANDREW**

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A contagious breath.

**contagious breath** catchy song; *also* stinking  
breath

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.55 Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall  
we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw

**To . . . contagion** *i.e.*, If the song could be heard  
via the nose, it would be sweetly stinking.  
**welkin** heavens

three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

**SIR ANDREW**

2.3.60 An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

**Clown**

By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

**SIR ANDREW**

Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

**Clown**

2.3.65 "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

**SIR ANDREW**

"Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

**Clown**

2.3.70 I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*Catch sung*

*Enter MARIA*

**MARIA**

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

**draw three souls out of one weaver >>>**

**An If | dog at** very good at

**By'r lady** By Our Lady, *i.e.*, well said, you're so right, etc. | **some dogs will catch well >>>**

**knave** rascal, upstart, cheat,

**Hold thy peace** Be quiet, Shut up (Besides "Hold thy peace, thou knave," the only other words of the catch are, "and I prithee hold thy peace.")

**'Tis . . . knave** (Sir Andrew means he has challenged men to duels by daring them to call him a knave, but what it sounds like is that he has done such stupid things that people have had to call him "knave.")

**Catch sung** (Here we hear two drunks and a fool sing a round in which each one tells the next one that he is a knave and should shut up.)

**keep keep up** (Like "Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall," "Thou knave" can go on and on and on.)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.75 My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians,  
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*sings*] "Three merry  
men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not  
of her blood? Tillyvally! Lady! [*Sings*]  
"There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

**Cataian . . . politicians . . . Peg-a-Ramsey >>>**  
"Three merry men be we." (A fragment of an old  
song.) | **Tillyvally** nonsense, fiddle-faddle  
"**There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!**"  
(Another fragment from another old song.)

**Clown**

2.3.80 Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

**Beshrew me** (A mild oath, like "Dang me.")

**SIR ANDREW**

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,  
and so do I too. He does it with a better grace,  
but I do it more natural.

**be disposed** is in the mood

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*]

"O, the twelfth day of December"—

**natural** naturally (But a "natural" is an idiot,  
so Sir Andrew has once again made fun of himself,  
without realizing it.)  
"**O, the twelfth day of December**" (Still another  
fragment from an old song.)

**MARIA**

2.3.85 For the love o' God, peace!

**peace!** quiet!

*Enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

2.3.90 My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have  
ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like  
tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an  
alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your  
coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse  
of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor  
time in you?

**honesty** decency  
**tinkers** (Tinkers were reputed to be foul-mouthed  
drunkards.)  
**coziers'** cobblers'  
**mitigation or remorse** lowering (of your voice)  
out of regard for others

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

We did keep time, sir, in our catches.  
Sneck up!

**Sneck up!** Go hang!

**MALVOLIO**

2.3.95 Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

2.3.100

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*]

"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

**MARIA**

Nay, good Sir Toby.

**Clown** [*Sings*.]

"His eyes do show his days are almost done."

**MALVOLIO**

2.3.105 Is't even so?

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*.]

"But I will never die."

**Clown**

Sir Toby, there you lie.

**MALVOLIO**

This is much credit to you.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*.]

"Shall I bid him go?"

**Clown** [*Sings*.]

2.3.110 "What an if you do?"

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*.]

"Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

**round** blunt, up-front | **bade** ordered  
**harbours you** gives you a place to stay  
**nothing allied to** no kin to

**an if**

**"Farewell . . . "** (This and the following sung lines are from a sentimental ballad, *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis*.)

**credit** honor (Malvolio is being heavily ironic.)

**an if if**

**Clown** [*Sings.*]

"O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

[*To Clown.*] Out o' tune, sir! ye lie.

[*To Malvolio.*] Art any more than a steward?

2.3.115 Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous  
there shall be no more cakes and ale?

**Clown**

Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be  
hot i' the mouth too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.120 Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain  
with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

**MALVOLIO**

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour  
at any thing more than contempt, you would not  
give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know  
of it, by this hand.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

**MARIA**

2.3.125 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 BELCH**

2.3.130 Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll  
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

**ye lie** you're lying (because I certainly do dare  
to tell Malvolio where to go)

**cakes and ale** *i.e.*, party food and drink

**Saint Anne** mother of the the Virgin (Puritans  
objected to her cult.) | **ginger** (Commonly used  
to spice ale.)

**rub** (to polish it) | **chain** *i.e.*, the decorative chain  
that Malvolio wears as a badge of his office as  
steward to Olivia.

**give means for this uncivil rule** *i.e.*, provide the  
wine that lubricates this rowdy behavior (Sir Toby  
has just called for wine, and Malvolio is outraged  
that she is serving it.)

**Go shake your ears** (Since they are long ass's ears.)

**to challenge him the field** to challenge him to a duel  
**break promise with him** *i.e.*, not show up at the duel

**MARIA**

2.3.135 Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the Count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a ayword, 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.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

**MARIA**

2.3.140 Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**MARIA**

2.3.150 The dev'l a puritan that he is, or any thing 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 my revenge find notable cause to work.

**much out of quiet** upset, distracted  
**let me alone with him** leave him to me | **gull** trick  
**ayword** byword (for an ass)  
**common recreation** general laughingstock

**Possess us** Inform us, tell us your plan

**puritan** puritan; *also* of the Puritan party in the Anglican church.

(Maybe Sir Andrew has a prejudice against the religious Puritans, but he's probably just shooting his mouth off.)

**exquisite** amusingly clever

**The dev'l a puritan that he is** *i.e.*, Like hell he's a puritan | **time-pleaser** suck-up | **affectioned** affected  
**cons state without book** memorizes the sayings of great men | **utters it by great swarths** spews it out in huge chunks | **the best persuaded of himself** having such a high opinion of himself  
**grounds of faith** fundamental belief

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What wilt thou do?

**MARIA**

- 2.3.155 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  
2.3.160 like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Excellent! I smell a device.

**SIR ANDREW**

I have't in my nose too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

- 2.3.165 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**

- 2.3.170 Ass, I doubt not.

**SIR ANDREW**

O, 'twill be admirable!

**obscure epistles of love** ambiguously worded love-letters | **expressure** expression  
**complexion** general appearance  
**most feelingly personated** exactly represented  
**a forgotten matter** *i.e.*, anything written so long ago that they can't remember who wrote it  
**our hands** our handwriting

**device** trick, plot

**Ass . . . not.** *i.e.*, *both of*: "An ass Malvolio will be, I am certain," *and* "Ass (Sir Andrew), I am certain."

**MARIA**

2.3.175 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 MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good night, Penthesilea.

**SIR ANDREW**

Before me, she's a good wench.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.180 She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

**SIR ANDREW**

I was adored once too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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.

**physic** medicine, especially the kind that causes vomiting, etc. | **let the fool make a third** (Apparently the Clown left some time ago. Also, it turns out that Fabian, not the Clown, joins Toby and Andrew in observing Malvolio.) | **construction** interpretation **event** the outcome (of the trick to be played on Malvolio)

**Penthesilea** Queen of the Amazons (Sir Toby is making an affectionate joke. Penthesila was large and fierce; Maria is small, but just as fierce.) **Before me** *i.e.*, on my soul

**a beagle, true-bred** *i.e.*, a good companion and hunter, just like a purebred beagle **What o' that?** (Sir Toby seems puzzled by Maria's affection for him.) **I was adored once too.** (Poor Sir Andrew!)

**recover** win | **a foul way out** stuck in the mud and off course (Sir Andrew needs Olivia's money.)

**cut** (A term of abuse, perhaps derived from the use of "cut" to refer to a poor quality horse, one that has had its tail docked or been gelded.)



**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.3.190 Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too  
late to go to bed now: come, knight, come,  
2.3.192 knight.

**burn** warm up | **sack** a Spanish wine

*Exeunt*

*Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 4*

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others*

**DUKE ORSINO**

2.4.1 Give me some music. Now good morrow, friends.  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night;  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
2.4.5 More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
Come, but one verse.

**but** just (as in "just another slice of cake, please")  
**antique** of the good old times  
**relieve my passion** comfort me  
**light airs** trivial tunes | **recollected terms** common  
clichés (?)

**CURIO**

He is not here, so please your lordship that  
should sing it.

**DUKE ORSINO**

2.4.10 Who was it?

**CURIO**

Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*Exit CURIO. Music plays*

- 2.4.15 Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
2.4.20 That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

**VIOLA**

It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

**DUKE ORSINO**

- Thou dost speak masterly:  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:  
2.4.25 Hath it not, boy?

**VIOLA**

A little, by your favour.

**DUKE ORSINO**

What kind of woman is't?

**VIOLA**

Of your complexion.

**DUKE ORSINO**

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

**Feste** (This is the only time that his name is mentioned. In speech-headings he's "Clown.")

**Unstaid** unsteady | **motions else** other thoughts and feelings

**gives . . . throned** echoes the feelings of the loving heart

**stay'd upon** lingered over | **favour** face

**by your favour** if you please (And Viola, who loves Orsino, also means "thanks to you" and "near to your appearance.")

**complexion** complexion, appearance

**She is not worth thee, then** (Orsino is being modest;

**VIOLA**

About your years, my lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take

2.4.30 An elder than herself, so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
2.4.35 Than women's are.

**VIOLA**

I think it well, my lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

**VIOLA**

2.4.40 And so they are: alas, that they are so;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter CURIO and Clown*

**DUKE ORSINO**

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
2.4.45 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

if the woman looks like him, "Cesario" can do better.)

**wears she** adapts herself >>>  
**sways she level** *i.e.*, always holds the same place

**fancies** affections, loves  
**worn** worn out

**hold the bent** keep its intensity (In Orsino's metaphor, "affection" is compared to a bow bent to shoot an arrow.) | **display'd** in full bloom

**even when** just when

**fellow** (To the Clown. This is a nice way of speaking to someone of lower social status.) | **Mark** Pay close attention | **spinsters** women who spin thread  
**free** carefree | **bones** bobbins used in making lace  
**Do use** Are accustomed | **silly sooth** simple, innocent truth | **dallies with** plays lovingly with  
**Like the old age** As in the good old days

**Clown**

Are you ready, sir?

**DUKE ORSINO**

2.4.50 Ay; prithee, sing.

*Music*

THE SONG

**Clown**

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

2.4.55 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones  
shall be thrown.

2.4.60 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
2.4.65 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

**DUKE ORSINO**

There's for thy pains.

**Clown**

No pains, sir, I take pleasure in singing, sir.

**DUKE ORSINO**

**Come away** *i.e.*, come (away from where you are) to me | **in . . . cypress** in a cypress coffin *or* among boughs of cypress (Cypress was emblematic of death and mourning.)

**stuck all with yew** decorated with sprigs of yew (Yew was also emblematic of death and mourning.)

**My . . . it** *i.e.*, I am the truest lover who has ever died for love, *or* I had to die alone, because only I was so true to love

**strown** strewn

**A thousand thousand sighs to save** In order to save a million sighs

**where / Sad true lover never find** where no sad true lover may find

**pains** efforts (Orsino offers money.)

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

**Clown**

2.4.70 Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Give me now leave to leave thee.

**Clown**

2.4.75 Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

*Exit Clown*

**DUKE ORSINO**

Let all the rest give place.

*CURIO and Attendants retire*

Once more, Cesario,

2.4.80 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;  
2.4.85 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 ORSINO**

**pleasure will be paid** pleasure has to be paid for >>>

**leave to leave** permission to take leave of

**changeable taffeta** thin, iridescent silk  
**doublet** tight jacket | **opal** an iridescent gemstone  
**constancy** (Ironic; the Clown means that Orsino is inconstant, changeable.)

**give place** withdraw (Orsino wants to talk to Cesario alone.)

**same sovereign cruelty** *i.e.*, Olivia ("same" = the one we've already discussed; "sovereign" = Queen of my heart.) | **quantity of dirty lands** mere acreage  
**parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her** gifts of fortune | **hold as giddily as fortune** (Fortune gives and takes away without rhyme or reason.)  
**queen of gems** *i.e.*, Olivia's beauty  
**pranks her in** adorns her with  
**attracts my soul** that captivates my soul

I cannot be so answer'd.

**VIOLA**

Sooth, but you must.

2.4.90 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

**DUKE ORSINO**

There is no woman's sides

2.4.95 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 suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
2.4.100 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.

**VIOLA**

Ay, but I know—

**DUKE ORSINO**

What dost thou know?

**VIOLA**

2.4.105 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,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

**DUKE ORSINO**

And what's her history?

**Sooth** truly

**for your love** because of love for you

**be answer'd** accept your answer with good grace

**bide** abide, withstand (without bursting)

**retention** the ability to hold true (to one love)

**motion of the liver** *i.e.*, deep emotion (The liver is the seat of true love.)

**suffer** experience | **cloyment** glut | **revolt** revulsion

**bear me** have for me

**owe** have for >>>

**VIOLA**

2.4.110 A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
2.4.115 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 ORSINO**

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA**

2.4.120 I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

**DUKE ORSINO**

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
2.4.124 My love can give no place, bide no deny.

*Exeunt*

**damask** pink and white, like the damask rose  
**green and yellow** pale and sallow  
**like patience on a monument** like a sculpture of  
Patience on a tomb

**will** desire, feeling | **still** always | **prove** demonstrate

**shall I to** shall I go to

**can give no place, bide no deny** cannot yield,  
cannot endure denial

*Twelfth Night: Act 2, Scene 5*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,  
and FABIAN*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.1 Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

**Come thy ways** come on, let's go

**FABIAN**

Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport,  
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

**Nay** *i.e.*, Don't worry | **a scruple** the least little bit  
**boiled** (With a pun on "bile." An excess of black bile,  
one of the four essential humours [fluids] of the body,  
was the cause of melancholy.)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.5 Wouldst thou not be glad to have the  
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by  
some notable shame?

**sheep-biter** (Literally, a dog that attacks sheep;  
metaphorically, a mean person who nips at the  
heels of the innocent.)

**FABIAN**

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out  
o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

**bear-baiting** (A brutal entertainment in which a  
chained bear was attacked by dogs.)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.10 To anger him we'll have the bear again; and  
we will fool him black and blue; shall we not,  
Sir Andrew?

**have . . . again** bring back  
**fool** mock, make a fool of | **black and blue** *i.e.*, like  
a person who has suffered a beating

**SIR ANDREW**

And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

**it is pity of our lives** *i.e.*, it'll be a crying shame

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Here comes the little villain.

**villain** (Said admiringly.)

*Enter MARIA*

How now, my metal of India!

**metal of India** *i.e.*, gold (Maria is as good as gold.)



## MARIA

- 2.5.15 Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of
- 2.5.20 him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there,

*The men hide. Maria throws down a letter*

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*Exit MARIA*

*Enter MALVOLIO*

## MALVOLIO

- 2.5.25 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

## SIR TOBY BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

## FABIAN

- 2.5.30 O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

## SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

## SIR TOBY BELCH

**box-tree** (Maybe a hedge; the shrubs known as "box" are still used for hedges.)

**behavior** exquisite manners, such as bowing and hand-kissing

**contemplative** thoughtful

**Close** Keep hidden | **Lie thou there** (Said to the letter that Maria is throwing to the ground.)

**tickling** (Literally, stroking about the gills [something that was actually done to catch trout]; metaphorically, stroking Malvolio's ego.)

'Tis . . . **fortune** it's all a matter of luck >>>  
**she** *i.e.*, Olivia | **did affect me** was fond of me  
**come . . . near** come close (to saying that she loves me) | **fancy** fall in love | **complexion** character >>>

**follows her** serves her

**overweening** arrogant, presumptuous

**Contemplation** thought, conjecture, day-dreaming  
**jets** struts

**advanced plumes** feathers fluffed out (to make the turkey look more impressive)

'**Slight** By God's light (A mild oath.)

Peace, I say.

**Peace** Shut up (Said to Sir Andrew.)

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.35 To be Count Malvolio!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Ah, rogue!

**SIR ANDREW**

Pistol him, pistol him.

**Pistol him** Pistol-whip him

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.40 There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

**example** precedent | **for't** for it (*i.e.*, for a lady marrying a servant) | **the lady of the Strachy >>> yeoman of the wardrobe** a servant who supervised the care of clothing and linen  
**Jezebel** arrogant and cruel wife of Ahab, King of Israel (But does Sir Andrew know that Jezebel was a woman?)

**SIR ANDREW**

Fie on him, Jezebel!

**FABIAN**

O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

**blows him** puffs him up

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.45 Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

**sitting in my state** *i.e.*, on the court chair of, and dressed in the robes of, a Count (since Olivia is a Countess)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

**stone-bow** crossbow used to shoot stones

**MALVOLIO**

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

**officers** household staff | **branched** embroidered with branches of leaves and flowers | **day-bed** couch (Malvolio may be thinking that his love will have left Olivia very satisfied.)

2.5.50 **SIR TOBY BELCH**

Fire and brimstone!

**FABIAN**

O, peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.55 And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Bolts and shackles!

**FABIAN**

O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.60 Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Shall this fellow live?

**FABIAN**

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.65 I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And does not Toby take you a blow o' the

**the humour of state** the manner of the powerful  
**demure travel of regard** grave visual examination of all present | **telling . . . place** (It is his "demure travel of regard" that tells everyone that Malvolio has the "place" of a Count.)

**Bolts and shackles** leg irons (Sir Toby thinks Malvolio ought to be locked up.)

**start** jump (as in "jump to it")  
**make out for** go after  
**play with my . . . jewel** (Malvolio was thinking of his steward's chain, but remembers that he'll be a Count.)  
**curtsies** bows, shows other signs of respect

**be drawn . . . with cars** *i.e.*, kept only with a great struggle >>>

**thus** (Malvolio demonstrates; he may hold out his hand to be kissed, rather than shaken.)  
**austere regard of control** severe look of authority

**take you a blow o'** give you a punch on

the lips then?

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.70 Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech"—

**give me this prerogative of speech** *i.e.*, you must acknowledge my right to give you a talking-to

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, what?

**What, what?** *i.e.*, What even more outrageous thing is he going to say next?

**MALVOLIO**

"You must amend your drunkenness."

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Out, scab!

**Out** Begone, Get out of my sight | **scab** scurvy rascal

**FABIAN**

2.5.75 Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

**MALVOLIO**

"Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight"—

**SIR ANDREW**

That's me, I warrant you.

**warrant** promise

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.80 "One Sir Andrew"—

**SIR ANDREW**

I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

**MALVOLIO**

What employment have we here?

**employment** business

*Taking up the letter*

**FABIAN**

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

**woodcock** a really stupid bird | **gin** trap

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.85

O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!

**MALVOLIO**

By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

**great** upper-case | **in contempt of question** without a doubt | **hand** handwriting

**SIR ANDREW**

Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

**Her C's, her U's and her T's** ("Cut" was slang for female privates.)

**MALVOLIO** [*Reads*]

2.5.90

"To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes":—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

**unknown beloved** secret love  
**By your leave** With your permission (He's talking to the letter as he opens it.) | **Soft** wait a minute  
**impressure** impression in the wax seal  
**Lucrece** Lucretia, emblem of chastity

**FABIAN**

2.5.95

This wins him, liver and all.

**wins him** gets him | **liver** (The organ of love.)

**MALVOLIO** [*Reads*]

"Jove knows I love,  
But who?  
Lips, do not move;  
No man must know."

2.5.100

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know." If this should be thee, Malvolio?

**numbers altered** meter changed (Maybe Malvolio is thinking that, if said just right, "no man must know" sounds like "Malvolio.")

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Marry, hang thee, brock!

**brock** badger, a stinking beast

**MALVOLIO** [*Reads*]

2.5.105 "I may command where I adore;  
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

**FABIAN**

A fustian riddle!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Excellent wench, say I.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.110 "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but  
first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

**FABIAN**

What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And with what wing the staniel cheques  
at it!

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.115 "I may command where I adore." Why, she may  
command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why,  
this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no  
obstruction in this. And the end—what should  
that alphabetical position portend? If I could make  
2.5.120 that resemble something in me! Softly! M, O, A, I,—

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold  
scent.

**FABIAN**

**where** *i.e.*, the person whom

**Lucrece knife** (After being raped by Tarquin, Lucretia  
stabbed herself to death.)

**fustian** high-sounding, but empty (Perfect for  
Malvolio.)

**Excellent wench** *i.e.*, Maria, who wrote the letter

**What** What a | **she dressed him** she has prepared  
for him

**wing** flight, speed | **staniel** an inferior hawk  
**cheques at it** goes for it (When a hawk cheques, it  
turns and goes after the wrong target.)

**formal capacity** normal understanding  
**obstruction** difficulty, obstacle  
**alphabetical position** arrangement of the letters  
**Softly!** Slowly! Carefully!

**O, ay** (Toby is mocking Malvolio's reading.)  
**make up that** make something out of that  
**cold scent** faint, deceptive trail

Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.125 M—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

**FABIAN**

Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.130 M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation: A should follow but O does.

**FABIAN**

And O shall end, I hope.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.135 And then I comes behind.

**FABIAN**

Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

**MALVOLIO**

2.5.140 M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the former; and 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.

**Sowter** (Typical name of a stupid hunting dog.)  
**will . . . fox** despite the fact that the trail is cold, he will give tongue as though he had found the true scent, even though the deception stinks like a fox

**faults** places where the trail of scent is broken (Fabian means that Malvolio will read the letter to suit himself, no matter what.)

**consonancy** agreement, consistency  
**sequel that suffers under probation** following letters which are subject to examination >>>

**O shall end** *i.e.*, O, the hangman's noose, will put an end to him, *and/or* this joke will end in a cry of pain, "O," when Malvolio discovers the truth

**an if | any eye behind you** *i.e.*, an eye in the back of your head | **detraction** insults, mockery  
**fortunes** good luck, rewards | **before you** in front of you

**simulation** disguised meaning  
**crush** force | **yield**

**Soft** hold on, wait a minute, etc.

*Reads*

2.5.145 "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. 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, 2.5.150 surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of 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 2.5.155 a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,  
                    The Fortunate-Unhappy."  
2.5.160 Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir 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 2.5.165 me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits 2.5.170 of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

*Reads*

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou

**revolve** think things over | **stars** fortune

**open their hands** (They're in a giving mood.)  
**thy blood and spirit** *i.e.*, every fiber of your being  
**inure** accustom | **like to be** likely to be | **cast** throw off | **humble slough** humble appearance >>>  
**opposite** contrary | **tang** sound loud with  
**arguments of state** political opinions | **trick** habit  
**singularity** uniqueness, eccentricity

**ever** always | **cross-gartered** >>> | **Go to** *i.e.*, wake up  
**thou art made** *i.e.*, you are assured of being a gentleman | **still** always | **fellow** companion

**alter services** (Malvolio is now serves Olivia; if they married, she would serve him.)  
**champaign** open country | **discovers** reveals  
**open** obvious | **politic authors** >>>  
**baffle** put down | **wash off** get rid of | **gross** lowly, ignorant | **point-devise the very man** *i.e.*, exactly the man, to the letter | **jade** trick  
**every reason excites to** all the evidence points to

**happy** fortunate  
**strange** aloof | **stout** haughty



2.5.175 entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling;  
thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my  
presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."  
Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do  
everything that thou wilt have me.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

**entertainest** accept

2.5.180 **FABIAN**  
I will not give my part of this sport for a pension  
of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

**the Sophy** the Shah of Persia

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

I could marry this wench for this device—

**this wench** *i.e.*, Maria

**SIR ANDREW**

So could I too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.185 And ask no other dowry with her but such  
another jest.

**SIR ANDREW**

Nor I neither.

**FABIAN**

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

**gull-catcher** tricker of suckers

*Re-enter MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

**o'** on (Toby is saying, "You're the boss!")

**SIR ANDREW**

Or o' mine either?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.190 Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,  
and become thy bond-slave?

**SIR ANDREW**

I' faith, or I either?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that  
when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

**MARIA**

2.5.195 Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

**MARIA**

2.5.200 If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his  
first approach before my lady: he will come to her  
in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors,  
and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he  
will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable  
to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy  
as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable  
contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

2.5.205 To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil  
of wit!

**SIR ANDREW**

2.5.207 I'll make one too.

*Exeunt*

**play gamble** | **tray-trip** a dice game

**when the image of it leaves him** *i.e.*, when Malvolio  
learns the truth

**aqua-vitae** brandy, whisky, etc. **midwife** (Apparently  
it didn't take much to make a midwife drunk.)

**notable contempt** common object of scorn

**Tartar** Tartarus, hell

**make one** be one of the group (of those who will see  
Malvolio make a fool of himself)

*Twelfth Night: Act 3, Scene 1*

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabour*

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown* (They don't enter together; Viola goes to Olivia's and happens to meet the Clown.) | **tabour** small drum  
**live by** earn your living with

3.1.1 **VIOLA**  
Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabour?

**Clown**  
No, sir, I live by the church.

**VIOLA**  
Art thou a churchman?

**churchman** member of the clergy

3.1.5 **Clown**  
No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

3.1.10 **VIOLA**  
So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

**lies by** sleeps with *and* is situated near  
**stands by** is supported by  
**stand by** is located near

**Clown**  
You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

**sentence** saying  
**chev'ril** kidskin (which is soft and pliable)

3.1.15 **VIOLA**  
Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

**dally nicely** play subtly  
**wanton** uncontrollable

**Clown**  
I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

**VIOLA**

Why, man?

**Clown**

3.1.20 Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

**wanton** promiscuous  
**bonds** legal documents, *also* manacles >>>

**VIOLA**

Thy reason, man?

**Clown**

3.1.25 Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

**VIOLA**

I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

**thou . . . carest for nothing** *i.e.*, you are carefree and don't care what you say

**Clown**

3.1.30 Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

**in my conscience, sir** *i.e.*, to let you in on my real feelings | **make you invisible** >>>

**VIOLA**

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

**Clown**

3.1.35 No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

**pilchards** small fish, very like herrings

**VIOLA**

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

**late** recently

**Clown**  
3.1.40 Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,  
it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but  
the fool should be as oft with your master as with  
my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

**VIOLA**

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.  
Hold, there's expenses for thee.

**Clown**

3.1.45 Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee  
a beard!

**VIOLA**

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one—  
[*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin.  
Is thy lady within?

**Clown**

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

**VIOLA**

3.1.50 Yes, being kept together and put to use.

**Clown**

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring  
a Cressida to this Troilus.

**VIOLA**

I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

**Clown**

3.1.55 The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but  
a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is  
within, sir. I will conster to them whence you

**the orb** the earth, around which the sun turns  
**but unless** (The Clown feels he has a duty to spread  
his foolishness around.)  
**your wisdom** An ironical variation on "your  
honor."

**an if | pass upon me** (verbally) fence with me  
**Hold** Take this (She gives the Clown a coin.)  
**expenses** spending money

**commodity** shipment  
**Now . . . beard!** This is the Clown's way of saying  
"bless you."

**one** a beard, *i.e.*, a man, *i.e.*, Orsino

**pair of these** *i.e.*, two coins | **bred** made babies  
(The Clown is wittily asking for another coin.)

**put to use** loaned at interest >>>

**Pandarus** The go-between in the famous love  
affair between Troilus and Cressida.  
**this Troilus** *i.e.*, the single coin the Clown has in  
his hand  
(Perhaps she gives him another coin.)

**matter** request | **begging but a beggar** *i.e.*, I have  
only been begging to be given a beggar  
**Cressida was a beggar** >>> | **conster** explain

come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say "element," but the word is over-worn.

*Exit Clown*

**VIOLA**

- 3.1.60 This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time,  
And, like the haggard, cheque at every feather
- 3.1.65 That comes before his eye. This is a practise  
As full of labour as a wise man's art  
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Save you, gentleman.

**VIOLA**

- 3.1.70 And you, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

*Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

**VIOLA**

*Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

**SIR ANDREW**

I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

- 3.1.75 Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous  
you should enter, if your trade be to her.

**what you would** what you want

**welkin** sky ("Element" can mean "welkin," but in the phrase "out of my element" it means "knowledge" or "experience." As a "corrupter of words," the Clown always likes to be original.)

**play the fool** (He's not a natural fool, a half-wit.)  
**craves** requires | **wit** intelligence, wisdom

**quality** character

**haggard . . . cheque . . feather >>>**

**practise** skilled profession (as in "law practice")

**art** skill

**folly that he wisely shows is fit** foolery that he intelligently displays is skillfully adapted (to the taste of his audience) | **folly-fall'n** fallen into real folly | **taint** spoil

*Dieu . . . monsieur.* God keep you, sir.

*Et . . . serviteur.* And you, too; your servant.

(Sir Andrew was trying to make an impression with his French, but now he has reached his limit.)

**encounter** (A playfully elaborate word for "enter.")

**trade** business

**VIOLA**

I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

**VIOLA**

3.1.80

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

**VIOLA**

I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter OLIVIA and Gentlewoman [MARIA]*

3.1.85

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

**SIR ANDREW**

That youth's a rare courtier—  
"Rain odours," well.

**VIOLA**

My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

3.1.90

**SIR ANDREW**  
"Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed"; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

**OLIVIA**

**list** destination

**Taste** try, test (Sir Toby is again being playfully elaborate.)

**understand** With a play on "stand under."

**gait and entrance** A play on Toby's "go" and "enter." | **prevented** anticipated (Because Olivia is coming out, they won't have to go in.)

**rare** excellent and unique

**hath no voice . . . but to** may only be spoken to  
**pregnant** receptive | **vouchsafed** securely granted (Cesario/Viola wants Olivia to listen carefully, and he/she wants to talk to her alone.)

**all ready** (Sir Andrew now has three new words ready to use whenever he should try make an impression.)

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me  
to my hearing.

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA*

Give me your hand, sir.

**VIOLA**

3.1.95 My duty, madam, and most humble service.

**OLIVIA**

What is your name?

**VIOLA**

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

**OLIVIA**

3.1.100 My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:  
Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

**VIOLA**

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:  
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

**OLIVIA**

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

**VIOLA**

3.1.105 Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf.

**OLIVIA**

O, by your leave, I pray you,  
I bade you never speak again of him;  
But, would you undertake another suit,

**hearing** As in "court hearing"; Olivia knows that  
Cesario/Viola has come to speak on behalf  
of Orsino.

**'Twas never merry world / Since** Things have  
never been as good since | **lowly feigning** pretended  
humbleness | **was called** began to be called  
**compliment** courtesy, politeness

**For** as for, concerning

**by your leave, I pray you** with your permission,  
please (But Olivia is saying it the way we  
now say "Please EXCUSE me!")



3.1.110 I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

**VIOLA**

Dear lady—

**OLIVIA**

3.1.115 Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts  
3.1.120 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving  
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,  
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

**VIOLA**

I pity you.

**OLIVIA**

That's a degree to love.

**VIOLA**

3.1.125 No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.

**OLIVIA**

Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.  
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

*Clock strikes*

**another suit** a different request (She wants Cesario to woo her for himself.) | **spheres** heavens >>>

**Give me leave, beseech you** *i.e.*, Let me talk, I'm asking you. | **enchantment you did** spell you cast **abuse** dishonor >>>

**I fear me** I am afraid

**Under your hard construction must I sit** I must submit to your harsh judgment | **that** *i.e.*, the ring

**stake . . . baited . . . unmuzzled** >>>

**tyrannous** sadistic | **receiving** understanding, intelligence | **cypress** a nearly transparent black fabric *also*, a cypress branch associated with death (Olivia can't hide her feelings, and it's killing her.)

**degree** step *or* stage

**grize** single step | **vulgar proof** common experience

**then** *i.e.*, since you only pity me >>>

**how apt the poor are to be proud** *i.e.*, how likely are those who have nothing to (try to) be proud of something | **lion** *i.e.*, a noble adversary, such as Cesario (Is Olivia really making herself feel better?) **clock** (On Shakespeare's stage, sans scenery, we

3.1.130 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you,  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

**VIOLA**

Then westward-ho!

3.1.135 Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

**OLIVIA**

Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

**VIOLA**

That you do think you are not what you are.

**OLIVIA**

3.1.140 If I think so, I think the same of you.

**VIOLA**

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

**OLIVIA**

I would you were as I would have you be!

**VIOLA**

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

**OLIVIA**

3.1.145 O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

don't notice the oddity of a chiming clock being in Olivia's garden.)

**have you** claim you for a husband

**when . . . harvest** *i.e.*, when you grow to be a man **proper** handsome, worthy

**due west** where the sun sets (In other words, "get out of my sight.")

**westward-ho!** (Cesario/Viola is outta there.) >>>

**good disposition** tranquillity

**You'll nothing . . . to my lord . . . ?** you have no message to Orsino?

**thou** (More familiar, and therefore more pleading, than the "you" that Olivia has been using.)

**That . . . are** >>>

**your fool** >>>

**a deal** a great deal

3.1.150 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,  
3.1.155 But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

**VIOLA**

3.1.160 By innocence I swear, and by my youth  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

**OLIVIA**

3.1.164 Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

*Exeunt*

**maugre** despite

**Nor wit nor reason** neither wisdom nor reason

**Do . . . cause** Do not force the conclusion that you have  
no cause to love me because I have wooed you.

**But . . . fetter** Instead, chain your reasoning to the  
following wisdom | **unsought** >>>

**to you deplore** attempt to arouse your pity for

**move** convince, influence

**That heart** *i.e.*, Olivia's own heart | **abhors** *i.e.*, abhors  
Orsino's love

*Twelfth Night: Act 3, Scene 2*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,  
and FABIAN*

**SIR ANDREW**

3.2.1 No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**venom** venomous one

**FABIAN**

You must needs yield your reason, Sir  
Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

3.2.5 Marry, I saw your niece do more favours  
to the count's serving-man than ever she  
bestowed upon me. I saw't i' the orchard.

**Marry** *i.e.*, I swear | **do more favours to** *i.e.*, be nicer to  
**the count's serving-man** *i.e.*, Cesario/Viola  
**orchard** garden

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Did she see thee the while, old boy?  
tell me that.

**the while** at that time

**SIR ANDREW**

3.2.10 As plain as I see you now.

**FABIAN**

This was a great argument of love in her  
toward you.

**argument** proof

**SIR ANDREW**

'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

**'Slight** (by) his (God's) light

**FABIAN**

3.2.15 I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths  
of judgment and reason.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

**grand-jurymen** *i.e.*, excellent judges of evidence

**FABIAN**

3.2.20 She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balk'd. The  
3.2.25 double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

**exasperate** make rough and violent  
**dormouse** *i.e.*, sleeping

**fire-new from the mint** freshly minted, original  
**banged the youth into dumbness** beaten ["Cesario"] into silence | **looked for at your hand** expected from you  
**balk'd** let slip | **double gilt** heavy gold-plating  
**north of . . . opinion** *i.e.*, looked upon coldly  
**icicle . . . beard** >>>

**policy** cunning plan

**SIR ANDREW**

3.2.30 An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

**as lief** as readily | **Brownist** >>>  
**politician** schemer

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.2.35 Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places—my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

**build me, Challenge me** (In these colloquialisms "me" adds the sense of "I've got a good idea.")

**love-broker** go-between in matters of the heart  
**report of** reputation for

**FABIAN**

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW**

3.2.40 Will either of you bear me a challenge to

**bear me** deliver for me

him?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief.  
It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full  
of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink.  
3.2.45 If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be  
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of  
paper, although the sheet were big enough for the  
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go about it.  
3.2.50 Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou  
write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

**SIR ANDREW**

Where shall I find you?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

**FABIAN**

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.2.55 I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand  
strong, or so.

**FABIAN**

We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll  
not deliver't?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.2.60 Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the  
youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes  
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were  
opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as

**a martial hand** military handwriting | **curst** insulting  
**so it be** as long as it is  
**invention** imagination, wit >>> | **licence** freedom (It's safer  
to be insulting in a letter than face-to-face.)  
**thou'st him** call him "thou" (insulting to someone who is  
not a friend or a servant)  
**bed of Ware** (A famous bed, about eleven feet square.)  
**gall** bitterness *and* Oak gall, an ingredient of ink  
**goose-pen** goose-quill pen (And Sir Toby may also mean  
that Sir Andrew will write like a silly goose.)

**call thee** call for you | **cubiculo** little chamber

**dear manikin** beloved puppet

**dear** expensive  
**two thousand** (Sir Toby has wrangled quite a lot of money  
out of Sir Andrew.)

**rare** exceptional, outstanding (but Fabian is being ironic)  
**but you'll not deliver't?** (Actually delivering the letter  
might be carrying the joke too far.)

**Never trust me, then** *i.e.*, you bet I will  
**wainropes** wagon ropes  
**hale** haul, drag  
**blood in his liver** (Cowards have white, bloodless livers.)

will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

**anatomy** body

**FABIAN**

3.2.65 And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

**opposite** adversary | **the youth** *i.e.*, Cesario/Viola  
**visage** face | **presage** sign, prophecy

*Enter MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

**youngest wren of nine** *i.e.*, Maria (The runt of a litter of wrens is very small, like Maria.)

**MARIA**

3.2.70 If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

**the spleen** uncontrollable laughter  
**gull** sucker  
**renegado** renegade (who has renounced Christianity)

**impossible passages of grossness** obvious absurdities (in the letter than Maria wrote and Malvolio read)

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And cross-gartered?

**MARIA**

3.2.75 Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

**pedant** pompous schoolmaster  
**like his murderer** *i.e.*, as if I were going to ambush him

**the new map with the augmentation of the Indies** >>>

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.2.84 Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

*Exeunt*

**Twelfth Night: Act 3, Scene 3**

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*

(They're on a street of some town which is under the authority of Duke Orsino.)

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

3.3.5 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 skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
3.3.10 Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and inhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

**And not all love to see you** *i.e.*, I didn't seek you out just because I wanted to see you  
**jealousy what might befall your travel** worry about what might happen to you in your journey  
**skillless in these parts** unfamiliar with this area

**The rather by these arguments of fear** seconded by these worries about your safety

**SEBASTIAN**

My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
3.3.15 And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;

**oft** often | **good turns** good deeds >>>  
**uncurrent pay** worthless payment >>>



But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

**ANTONIO**

3.3.20 To-morrow, 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  
That do renown this city.

**ANTONIO**

Would you'ld pardon me;

3.3.25 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 ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

**SEBASTIAN**

Belike you slew great number of his people?

**ANTONIO**

3.3.30 The offence is not of such a bloody nature;  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
3.3.35 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

**SEBASTIAN**

Do not then walk too open.

**ANTONIO**

**worth** wealth | **conscience** consciousness (of my debt of gratitude) | **better dealing** *i.e.*, a more worthwhile reward than just "thanks" | **reliques** antiquities, monuments, etc.

**see** see to, arrange for

**renown this city** make this city famous

**'gainst the Count his galleys** against the Count's ships  
**note** distinction  
**ta'en** taken, arrested | **scarce be answer'd** very hard to defend (myself against the charges)

**Belike you slew** *i.e.*, I think you must have killed

**quality of the time and quarrel** nature of that time and that dispute | **bloody argument** cause for bloodshed  
**answer'd** made up for, settled  
**for traffic's sake** for the sake of continued trade relations | **stood out** refused to go along (with those who compensated Duke Orsino for his losses in that "sea-fight") | **lapsed** caught napping

3.3.40 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  
With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

**SEBASTIAN**

Why I your purse?

**ANTONIO**

3.3.45 Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

**SEBASTIAN**

3.3.48 I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

**ANTONIO**

To the Elephant.

**SEBASTIAN**

I do remember.

*Exeunt*

**It doth not fit me** it's not a good idea for me  
**purse** money pouch | **Elephant** (The name of an inn.)  
**bespeak our diet** order our meals  
**beguile the time** spend your time pleasantly  
**There shall you have me** You'll find me there (at  
The Elephant)

**Why I your purse?** *i.e.*, Why should I take your  
money?

**Haply** by happenstance | **toy** really cool thing  
**store** money supply  
**not for idle markets** *i.e.*, not to be spent for anything  
except necessities

*Twelfth Night: Act 3, Scene 4*

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

**OLIVIA** [*aside*]

3.4.1 I have sent after him— he says he'll come; **him** *i.e.*, "Cesario" | **he says he'll come** *i.e.*, *if he*  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? says he'll come | **bestow of** give to  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd. **youth is bought** >>>  
I speak too loud.—

[*To Maria*]

3.4.5 Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil, **sad and civil** serious and decorous  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. **suits well . . . my fortunes** >>>  
Where is Malvolio?

**MARIA**

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.  
He is, sure, possessed, madam. **possessed** possessed by an evil spirit, crazy

**OLIVIA**

3.4.10 Why, what's the matter? does he rave? **rave** talk nonsense (like a madman)

**MARIA**

No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your  
ladyship were best to have some guard about you,  
if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits. **tainted** diseased | **in's** in his

**OLIVIA**

Go call him hither.

*Exit MARIA*

3.4.15 I am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio!

**MALVOLIO**

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

**OLIVIA**

Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

**sad** serious (But Malvolio takes "sad" to mean "unhappy" or "painful.")

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.20 Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; 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."

**sonnet** poem, song >>>

**OLIVIA**

3.4.25 Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

**MALVOLIO**

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.

**black . . . yellow** >>>

**Roman hand** Italian style of handwriting (It was coming into style at that time.)

**OLIVIA**

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

**to bed** (Olivia means that he should lie down and rest to alleviate whatever strange affliction he has.)

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.30 To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

**To bed!** (Malvolio thinks he's just gotten lucky.)

**OLIVIA**

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

**kiss thy hand** (Malvolio is kissing his hand to Olivia.)

**MARIA**

How do you, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.35 At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws.

**MARIA**

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

**MALVOLIO**

"Be not afraid of greatness"; 'twas well writ.

**OLIVIA**

3.4.40 What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

"Some are born great"—

**OLIVIA**

Ha?

**MALVOLIO**

"Some achieve greatness"—

**OLIVIA**

What sayest thou?

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.45 "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

**OLIVIA**

Heaven restore thee!

**MALVOLIO**

"Remember who commended thy yellow

**At your request!** *i.e.*, Am I likely to answer your question?—I think not. | **daws** crows, *i.e.*, Maria, and others like her. (He's being "surly with servants," as the letter said he should.)

**restore thee** return you to sanity

stockings"—

**OLIVIA**

Thy yellow stockings!

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.50 "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

**OLIVIA**

Cross-gartered!

**MALVOLIO**

"Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so"—

**OLIVIA**

Am I made?

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.55 "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

**OLIVIA**

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant*

**Servant**

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

**OLIVIA**

3.4.60 I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

**midsummer madness** inexplicable madness (The midsummer moon was thought to cause sudden attacks of insanity.)

**young gentleman** *i.e.*, "Cesario"

**I could hardly entreat him back** I could hardly persuade him to come back | **attends** awaits

**fellow** *i.e.*, Malvolio ("Fellow" is a nice word for a servant, but Malvolio later takes it to mean "companion.") | **miscarry** come to harm

*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA*

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.65 O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity"; and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow"! not "Malvolio," nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance— What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

**do you come near me now?** do you (Olivia) begin to understand me now?

**stubborn** rude

**consequently** after that | **sets down** writes out **the manner how** the way to do it | **sad** serious **reverend carriage** dignified way of walking **habit of some sir of note** clothes of a distinguished gentleman | **limed** caught (Birdlime, a sticky paste, was used to catch birds.) **after my degree** according to my position (steward) **adheres together** fits | **dram** one-eighth of a fluid ounce | **scruple** one-third of a dram, *and* doubt **incredulous** incredible | **unsafe** uncertain

**full prospect of my hopes** everything that I have looked forward to

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.85 Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

**in the name of sanctity** *i.e.*, by all that's holy **drawn in little** crammed into a small space, *i.e.*, Malvolio's heart | **Legion** >>>

**FABIAN**

Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

**MALVOLIO**

Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go

**discard you** cast you off | **private** privacy

3.4.90 off.

**MARIA**

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

**hollow** resoundingly  
**prays** earnestly requests  
**have a care of** take care of, keep safe

**MALVOLIO**

Ah, ha! does she so?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.95 Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

**Go to** *i.e.*, let's get to work >>> | **peace** quiet  
**Let me alone** leave him to me  
**defy** renounce

**MALVOLIO**

Do you know what you say?

**MARIA**

3.4.100 La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

**La you** *i.e.*, Did you hear that! | **an** if  
**takes it at heart** resents it (Maria's satirical point is that Malvolio, possessed by the devil, doesn't like to hear ill spoken of his master.)  
**water** urine | **wise woman** white witch (who can make a diagnosis and provide a charm to cure the patient)

**FABIAN**

Carry his water to the wise woman.

**MARIA**

3.4.105 Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

**MALVOLIO**

How now, mistress?

**MARIA**

O Lord!



**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

**move** agitate

**FABIAN**

3.4.110 No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

**rough** violent | **used** treated

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

**bawcock** fine fellow (From the French *beau coq*, literally, "handsome rooster.") | **chuck** *i.e.*, chick ("Chuck" is a term of affection, but of course Sir Toby is not really being affectionate.)

**MALVOLIO**

Sir!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.115 Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

**Biddy** (A childish word for "chicken.")  
**gravity** *i.e.*, a serious man | **cherry-pit** a child's game in which cherry-pits were thrown into a hole  
**foul collier** filthy coal miner (Devils were pictured as coal-black.)

**MARIA**

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.120 My prayers, minx!

**minx** shrew, mischievous woman

**MARIA**

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

**warrant you** promise you, assure you

**MALVOLIO**

3.4.125 Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

**idle** foolish, worthless  
**element** kind (They live in a lower element—place in the universe—than he does.)  
**You shall know more hereafter** *i.e.*, You'll hear from me later. (He's vowing revenge.)

*Exit MALVOLIO*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Is't possible?

**FABIAN**

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.130

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

**MARIA**

Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

**FABIAN**

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

**MARIA**

The house will be the quieter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.135

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will

3.4.140

bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

**FABIAN**

More matter for a May morning.

**SIR ANDREW**

**genius** soul (Literally, guiding spirit.)  
**device** trick, plot

**take air and taint** (Literally, "be exposed to the air and rot." Metaphorically, "become known and be ruined.")

**quieter** calmer (with Malvolio out of the house)

**have him** get him put into  
**a dark room and bound** (Standard treatment for the insane.) | **carry it thus** keep the plot going  
**out of breath** (Maybe from laughing so hard.)

**the bar** *i.e.*, the bar of judgment | **thee** *i.e.*, Maria  
**finder** one who, like a judge, makes a finding (Maria knows a madman when she sees one.)

**More . . . morning** *i.e.*, Here's someone else we can have a lot of fun with

Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

**FABIAN**

3.4.145 Is't so saucy?

**SIR ANDREW**

Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

**FABIAN**

Good, and valiant.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*]

3.4.150 "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

**FABIAN**

A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*]

3.4.155 "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

**FABIAN**

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*]

3.4.160 "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me"—

**warrant** promise

**saucy** heavily spiced *and* insulting

**I warrant him** I promise him (Sir Andrew is sure his letter will have a devastating effect on Cesario.)

**admire** marvel

**note** awareness (Sir Andrew has noted that if he writes anything specific he could be charged with slander.)

**thou liest in thy throat** (A modern equivalent is "You lie like a rug.")

—**less** (Probably an aside to Maria.)

**waylay** intercept, ambush

**if it be thy chance to** if you should happen to

**FABIAN**

Good.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*]

"Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

**FABIAN**

3.4.165 Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:  
good.

**SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*]

3.4.170 "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon  
one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine,  
but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy  
friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,  
ANDREW AGUECHEEK."  
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.  
I'll give't him.

**MARIA**

3.4.175 You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now  
in some commerce with my lady, and will by and  
by depart.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.180 Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the  
orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever thou seest  
him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible; for  
it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a  
swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives  
manhood more approbation than ever proof itself  
would have earned him. Away!

**SIR ANDREW**

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

**o'** on | **windy** windward, *i.e.*, safe

**good** (How smart of Sir Andrew to make sure that if  
he is killed, he can't be charged with the crime!)

**God have mercy upon one of our souls!** >>>

**Thy friend, as thou usest him** your friend, to the  
extent that you treat him as a friend (Sir Andrew  
wants to make it perfectly clear that this is all  
Cesario's fault.) | **move him** stir him up (Then Sir  
Toby uses the other sense of "move" to make a joke.)

**fit occasion** convenient opportunity

**in some commerce** doing some business

**by and by** pretty soon

**scout me for him** keep watch for him (The "me"  
adds the sense of "I've got a good idea.")

**bum-bailly** sherrif's official who arrested debtors  
(Like the modern repo man, they were sneaky.)

**gives . . . him** gives a greater reputation for manly  
courage than actually doing something courageous

**let me alone for** *i.e.*, I'm really good at

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

- 3.4.185 Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity.
- 3.4.190 This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA*

**FABIAN**

Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

- 3.4.200 I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

- I have said too much unto a heart of stone  
And laid mine honour too unchary on't:  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
3.4.205 That it but mocks reproof.

**VIOLA**

**gives him out to be** shows him to be  
**capacity** intelligence | **breeding** education

**breed** arouse

**find** see, detect that

**clodpole** knucklehead

**set . . . valour** *i.e.*, say that Aguecheek has a great reputation for valour

**his youth will aptly receive it** *i.e.*, his inexperience will make him believe (that Sir Andrew is valorous)

**cockatrices** basilisks, able to kill by their glance

**Give them way** stay out of their way

**presently after him** immediately (after Olivia is gone) intercept him

**laid** gambled | **unchary** carelessly

**reproves** reprimands

**potent** powerful

**but** only

With the same havior that your passion bears  
Goes on my master's grief.

**OLIVIA**

3.4.210 Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture.  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

**VIOLA**

Nothing but this—your true love for my master.

**OLIVIA**

3.4.215 How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you?

**VIOLA**

I will acquit you.

**OLIVIA**

Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well.  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*Exit OLIVIA*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Gentleman, God save thee.

**VIOLA**

And you, sir.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.220 That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what  
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know

**havior** behavior | **With . . . grief** *i.e.*, As your passion  
compels you to express your love for me, so Orsino  
suffers because his passion compels him to express  
his love for you.

**jewel** anything made by a jeweler (in this case, a  
locket or brooch containing Olivia's picture)

**That honour, saved, may upon asking give** that  
honour, sure that it is safe, may give when asked

**acquit you** release you (from any obligation to me)

**like thee** that looks like you | **might** very easily  
could

**That defence thou hast** whatever skill in fencing  
you have

3.4.225 not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

**VIOLA**

You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.230 You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

**VIOLA**

I pray you, sir, what is he?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.235 He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

**VIOLA**

3.4.245 I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a

**thy interceptor** he who is waiting to ambush you  
**despite** contempt, malice | **attends thee** waits for you  
**dismount thy tuck** draw your rapier | **yare** quick

**quarrel to me** reason to quarrel with me  
**remembrance** memory

**price** value  
**opposite** adversary

**withal** with

**unhatched** unhacked *i.e.*, never used in battle  
**on carpet consideration** *i.e.*, for civilian services, or for having the right friends in high places  
**incensement** anger

**sepulchre** burial vault | **Hob, nob, is his word** His motto is "have it, have it not" (He doesn't care whether he kills or is killed.)

**desire** ask for  
**conduct** protective escort

**taste** test  
**quirk** temperament ("Cesario" is hoping that if he shows himself to be a coward, his enemy will then let him alone.)

3.4.250 very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

**VIOLA**

3.4.255 This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*Exit SIR TOBY BELCH*

**VIOLA**

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

**FABIAN**

3.4.260 I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

**VIOLA**

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

**FABIAN**

3.4.265 Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

**competent injury** sufficient injury or insult  
**get you on** go ahead  
**that** *i.e.*, a duel

**strip your sword stark naked** draw your sword  
**meddle** get involved (in a fight) | **wear iron** carry a sword

**to know of** find out from

**purpose** intention

**even to a mortal arbitrement** to the point that nothing can settle it but a fight to the death

**Nothing . . . valour** *i.e.*, He doesn't look like much, but you'll find that he's fearsome when he fights.

**opposite** adversary



**VIOLA**

3.4.270 I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*Exeunt VIOLA and FABIAN*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.275 Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

**SIR ANDREW**

3.4.280 Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

**SIR ANDREW**

3.4.285 Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.290 I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as

**much bound** very grateful  
**sir priest** (Priests were often called "sir.")  
**mettle** courage, or lack of it

**firago** virago >>> | **pass . . . scabbard** practice bout  
**stuck in** thrust (from the Italian, *stoccado*)  
**it** *i.e.*, his opponent's death  
**answer** counterattack | **pays you** repays, makes you pay  
**Sophy** Shah of Persia

**not meddle with him** not have anything to do with him

**an I thought he had been** if I had thought he was  
**I'd have** I would have

**Capilet** The name means "little nag."

**motion** offer | **make a good show on't** *i.e.*, put on a brave face | **perdition of souls** loss of life

well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA*

[*To Fabian*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

**take up** settle

**FABIAN**

3.4.295 He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

**He . . . him** He has the same kind of wild ideas about him

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.300 [*To Viola*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

**for's oath sake** for the sake of his vow (to fight)  
**he . . . quarrel** *i.e.*, he has reconsidered the grounds for his challenge  
**supportance** upholding | **protests** promises

**VIOLA**

[*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

**FABIAN**

Give ground, if you see him furious.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.305 Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

**duello** duelling code of honor

**SIR ANDREW**

3.4.310 Pray God, he keep his oath!

**VIOLA**

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*They draw*

*Enter ANTONIO*

**ANTONIO**

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;  
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.315 You, sir! why, what are you?

**ANTONIO**

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*They draw*

*Enter Officers*

**FABIAN**

O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.320 [*To Antonio*] I'll be with you anon.

**VIOLA** [*To Sir Andrew*]

Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

**SIR ANDREW**

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you,  
I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you

**his love** *i.e.*, love of Sebastian

**do more . . . he will** *i.e.*, I'll do my talking with my sword.

**undertaker** one who takes on a task for another

**I'll be with you anon** I'll join you right away (Sir Toby is promising to continue the fight as soon as the officers are gone.)

**He** *i.e.*, Sir Andrew's horse, grey Capilet

easily and reins well.

**First Officer**

3.4.325 This is the man; do thy office.

**office** duty

**Second Officer**

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

**suit** request, lawsuit

**ANTONIO**

You do mistake me, sir.

**You do mistake me** *i.e.*, you've got the wrong person

**First Officer**

3.4.330 No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
Take him away, he knows I know him well.

**favour** face

**ANTONIO**

3.4.335 I must obey. [*To Viola*] This comes with seeking you;  
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.  
What will you do, now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
Much more for what I cannot do for you  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;  
But be of comfort.

**answer it** defend myself against the charges *or* pay  
the penalty

**But be of comfort** *i.e.*, Don't worry about me. (But  
he still needs his money back.)

**Second Officer**

Come, sir, away.

**ANTONIO**

3.4.340 I must entreat of you some of that money.

**VIOLA**

What money, sir?  
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability

**part** in part  
**ability** means, ability to lend money

3.4.345 I'll lend you something. My having is not much;  
I'll make division of my present with you.  
Hold, there's half my coffer.

**ANTONIO**

Will you deny me now?

3.4.350 Is't possible that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

**VIOLA**

I know of none;

3.4.355 Nor know I you by voice or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

**ANTONIO**

O heavens themselves!

**Second Officer**

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

**ANTONIO**

3.4.360 Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,  
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

**First Officer**

What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

**ANTONIO**

**My having** what I have  
**present** what I have right now  
**coffer** money I have (Literally, strong box.)

**deserts to you** *i.e.*, what I have done for you  
**lack persuasion** fail to persuade you (to help me)  
**unsound** weak, unhealthy >>>

**vainness** vanity

**I . . . death** I snatched him from the jaws of death,  
which had half swallowed him | **Reliev'd him** gave  
him help | **such** so much (as in "I like that sooo  
much!") | **his image** what he appeared to be  
**venerable worth** worth deserving of veneration

3.4.365 But O how vild an idol proves this god!  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
3.4.370 Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

**First Officer**

The man grows mad, away with him! Come, come, sir.

**ANTONIO**

Lead me on.

*Exit ANTONIO with Officers*

**VIOLA**

3.4.375 Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll  
whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

**VIOLA**

3.4.380 He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass; even such and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

*Exit VIOLA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.385 A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward

**vild** vile

**done good feature shame** destroyed the moral  
reputation of good looks

**unkind** unnatural (The unnatural deformity of  
"Sebastian" is ingratitude.)

**the beauteous evil** those who are beautiful but evil  
**trunks o'erflourish'd** (1) trunks covered with  
elaborate carvings; (2) bodies with beautiful  
outward appearances

**so do not I** *i.e.*, I can't believe that I'm beginning  
to believe that my brother is alive  
**ta'en** mistaken

**sage saws** wise sayings

**I . . . glass** Every time I look in the mirror, I see my  
brother.

**favour** facial appearance

**he . . . ornament** he always wore exactly the same  
kind of clothes I'm wearing now | **prove** prove true

**dishonest** dishonorable

than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

**FABIAN**

3.4.390 A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

**SIR ANDREW**

'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

**SIR ANDREW**

An I do not—

**FABIAN**

3.4.395 Come, let's see the event.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

3.4.396 I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

*Exeunt*

**more a coward than a hare** more cowardly than a rabbit | **his friend** *i.e.*, Antonio  
**denying him** pretending not to know him

'**Slid** by God's eyelid (A silly oath from a silly man.)

**An** if ("An I do not" is the first part of the vow of revenge that Sir mutters as he leaves to pursue "Cesario.")  
**event** result, outcome

'**twill be nothing yet** it still won't be anything

*Twelfth Night: Act 4, Scene 1*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown*

**Clown**  
4.1.1 Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

**Will you** are you trying to

**SEBASTIAN**  
Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,  
Let me be clear of thee.

**clear rid**

**Clown**  
4.1.5 Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

**Well held out** *i.e.*, way to hang in there (with the pretense that you don't know what I'm talking about.)

**SEBASTIAN**  
4.1.10 I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else;  
Thou know'st not me.

**vent** air, vent (As in, "He's just venting.")

**Clown**  
Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,  
4.1.15 will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

**that word** *i.e.*, vent (It wasn't, and isn't, an unusual word, even though the Clown mocks it as too high-flown.)

**lubber** lout

**prove a cockney** will turn out to be an effeminate fop  
**ungird thy strangeness** (Mockingly fancy for "quit pretending to be a stranger.")

**SEBASTIAN**  
I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.  
There's money for thee. If you tarry longer,  
4.1.20 I shall give worse payment.

**Greek** jester

**worse payment** (Like maybe a whack upside the head.)

**Clown**



By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN*

**SIR ANDREW**

4.1.25 Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Strikes Sebastian*]

**SEBASTIAN**

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. [*Strikes Sir Andrew*] Are all the people mad?

*SEBASTIAN draws his dagger*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. [*Seizes Sebastian's arm.*]

**Clown**

4.1.30 This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

*Exit Clown*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come on, sir; hold!

**SIR ANDREW**

4.1.35 Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

**SEBASTIAN**

**hast an open hand** are generous (The Clown is probably being sarcastic.)

**report** reputation | **fourteen years' purchase** >>>

**Hold** stop

**straight** straightway, immediately

**be in some of your coats** *i.e.*, be in the shoes of some of you (Apparently the Clown knows that Olivia won't like anyone manhandling "Cesario.")

**go another way to work with him** *i.e.*, get back at him another way | **action of battery** lawsuit for assault and battery

**it's no matter for that** (Of course Sir Andrew, the natural fool, is wrong; it would matter that he struck first.)

Let go thy hand.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

4.1.40 Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed. Come on.

**you are well fleshed** (To be "fleshed" is to have a taste of battle. Sir Toby seems to be saying that the young man, by striking Sir Andrew, has done enough fighting.)

**SEBASTIAN**

I will be free from thee. [*Breaks away and draws his sword.*] What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

**tempt me further** test me some more

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

**malapert** impudent, insolent

*Enter OLIVIA*

**OLIVIA**

4.1.45 Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

**Hold** stop

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Madam—

**OLIVIA**

4.1.50 Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.  
Rudesby, be gone!

**Ungracious** graceless, uncivilized

**Rudesby** ruffian

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,  
and FABIAN*

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent

**sway** rule (your mind and emotions)

**unjust** unlawful | **extent** outbreak of violence, attack

4.1.55 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

**fruitless pranks** pointless practical jokes  
**botch'd up** patched together, clumsily contrived  
**this** *i.e.*, what Sir Toby has just done to you  
**Beshrew his soul for me** curse his soul for me  
**started** startled, terrified >>>

**SEBASTIAN**  
4.1.60 What relish is in this? How runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

**What relish is in this?** *i.e.*, Something's odd in what she just said. What is it? | **Or** either  
**fancy** imagination | **Lethe** the river of forgetfulness >>>

**OLIVIA**

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me! **be ruled by me** take my advice

**SEBASTIAN**  
4.1.65 Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA**

O, say so, and so be!

**and so be** (If "Cesario" is really ruled by her, he will return her love.)

*Exeunt*

## Twelfth Night: Act 4, Scene 2

*Enter MARIA and Clown*

### MARIA

- 4.2.1 Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;  
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate.  
Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

**him** *i.e.*, Malvolio | **Sir Topas** >>> | **curate** a cleric who serves the needs of the people of a single parish  
**the whilst** in the meantime

*Exit MARIA*

### Clown

- 4.2.5 Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't;  
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled  
in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the  
function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good  
student; but to be said an honest man and a good  
housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man  
4.2.10 and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

**dissemble myself** disguise myself  
**dissembled** played the hypocrite  
**tall** large, fleshly | **become the function** suit the role  
(Stereotypically, priests were fat and scholars were lean.) | **to be said** to have a reputation (as)  
**goes as fairly** sounds as well >>>  
**competitors** partners, confederates (in the scheme to play another trick on Malvolio)

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

### SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

### Clown

- 4.2.15 *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of  
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily  
said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is";  
so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for,  
what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

*Bonos dies* mock Latin for "Good day" (A real parson would know Latin.) | **old hermit of Prague** a religious sage, invented by the Clown | **wittily** cleverly, wisely  
**King Gorboduc** a legendary ancient King of England  
**"That that is is," etc.** The Clown is mocking the scholarly habit of using a lot of words to make a simple point. In this case the simple point is, "If you say I am 'Master Parson', why so I am."

### SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

**Clown**

What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

**MALVOLIO**

[*Within*] Who calls there?

**Clown**

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

**Clown**

4.2.25 Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Well said, Master Parson.

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.30 Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

**Clown**

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is dark?

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.35 As hell, Sir Topas.

**What, ho, I say!** "Sir Topas" is calling out to Malvolio, who is locked in a dark room. | **prison** >>>

**knave** *i.e.*, the Clown | **counterfeits** plays the role

**Within** *i.e.*, offstage, out of sight

**hyperbolic fiend** rowdy devil (who has taken possession of Malvolio)

**modest** moderate

**house** *i.e.*, room

**Clown**

Why it hath bay windows transparent as  
barricadoes, and the clerestories toward  
the south north are as lustrous as ebony;  
and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.40 I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house  
is dark.

**Clown**

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness  
but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled  
than the Egyptians in their fog.

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.45 I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though  
ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there  
was never man thus abused. I am no more mad  
than you are; make the trial of it in any constant  
question.

**Clown**

4.2.50 What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning  
wild fowl?

**MALVOLIO**

That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit  
a bird.

**Clown**

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.55 I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his  
opinion.

**barricadoes** barricades | **clerestories** windows in an  
upper wall | **south north** There is no such direction.  
**ebony** black wood (Ebony is naturally dull and not  
suitable for use as window glass.) | **obstruction** shutting  
out of light

**puzzled** confused, lost  
**the Egyptians in their fog** See Exodus 10:20-23 >>>

**make . . . question** test my sanity in any rational  
discourse

**Pythagoras** Greek philosopher (fl. 530 BCE.) who  
taught that a soul can transmigrate from one creature  
to another

**happily** haply, perhaps, by chance

**I think nobly of the soul** Malvolio adheres to traditional  
Christian belief. | **approve** agree with, confirm

**Clown**

4.2.60 Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

**Clown**

Nay, I am for all waters.

**MARIA**

4.2.65 Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

4.2.70 To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**Clown** [*Sings*]

"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does."

**MALVOLIO**

Fool!

**ere** before | **allow of thy wits** acknowledge that you are sane | **fear to** *i.e.*, you must be afraid to | **woodcock** a really stupid bird | **dispossess** evict (from the dead woodcock) | **Fare thee well** *i.e.*, good-bye (The Clown steps out of the earshot of Malvolio.)

**exquisite** perfectly done (Sir Toby is praising the Clown's playing of Sir Topas.)

**I am for all waters** *literally*, "I can sail any sea"; *metaphorically*, "I can play many different roles"

**delivered** released from prison  
**so far in offence** in so trouble

**to the upshot** *i.e.*, any further >>>

**"Hey, Robin . . . She loves another"** The Clown sings lines from an old song, the moral of which is that you can trust women only to be untrustworthy.

4.2.75 **Clown**  
"My lady is unkind, perdie."  
**perdie** indeed, certainly

**MALVOLIO**

Fool!

**Clown**

"Alas, why is she so?"

**MALVOLIO**

Fool, I say!

**Clown**

"She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**Clown**

Master Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.85 Ay, good fool.

**Clown**

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

**how fell you besides your five wits?** how did you fall out of sanity? (The five wits are common sense, fantasy, memory, judgment, and imagination.)

**MALVOLIO**

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

**notoriously abused** outrageously slandered

**Clown**

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



**MALVOLIO**

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

**Clown**

Advise you what you say; the minister is here.  
[As *Sir Topas*]

4.2.95 —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas!

**Clown**

Maintain no words with him, good fellow.  
[As *himself*]

4.2.100 —Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas.

[As *Sir Topas*]  
—Marry, amen

[As *himself*]  
—I will, sir, I will.

**MALVOLIO**

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

**Clown**

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

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.105 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.

**propertyed me** treated me as mere property  
**ministers** agents, surrogates  
**face me out of my wits** drive me insane by pretending that I am insane (The sort of thing that "Sir Topas" has just been doing.)

**Advise you** think about, be careful of  
**the minister** *i.e.*, "Sir Topas"

**endeavour thyself to sleep** try to go to sleep

**God buy you** good-bye

**shent** scolded, rebuked

**Clown**

Well-a-day that you were, sir!

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.110

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.

**Clown**

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

**MALVOLIO**

4.2.115

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

**Clown**

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.

**Clown** [*Sings.*]

4.2.120

I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,

4.2.125

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,

**Well-a-day that you were** *i.e.*, Alas, I wish that you really were (sane)

**convey** deliver  
**advantage** benefit

**But . . . counterfeit?** *i.e.*, Isn't it true that you really are mad? Or are you just pretending to be mad?

**see his brains** Maybe that would be when they've been knocked out and the man is dead.

**requite it** return the favor (of bringing me writing materials) | **be gone** Malvolio wants the fool to hurry up and get those writing materials

**trice** moment  
**Vice** A mischievous character in medieval drama.  
**Your need to sustain** to sustain you in your time of need  
**dagger of lath** wooden dagger (The Vice often carried one, beat the devil with it, and threatened to trim the devil's long nails with it.)

4.2.130 Pare thy nails, dad;  
4.2.131 Adieu, goodman devil.

*Exit Clown*

**goodman devil** This "devil" is the one which has taken possession of Malvolio. "Goodman" is appropriate when you're talking to a humble farmer, insulting when you're talking to a Devil.

### *Twelfth Night: Act 4, Scene 3*

*Enter SEBASTIAN*

**SEBASTIAN**

4.3.1 This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

4.3.5 I could not find him at the Elephant,  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

4.3.10 That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

**was had been** | **I found this credit** I learned that they believed this (*i.e.*, what follows about Antonio)  
**counsel** advice, insight  
**my soul disputes well with my sense** my reason makes the same strong argument as my senses  
**accident and flood of fortune** unexpected and overwhelming good luck | **instance** precedent  
**discourse** reason

- 4.3.15 To any other trust but that I am mad,  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
- 4.3.20 As I perceive she does. There's something in't  
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and Priest*

**OLIVIA**

- Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
- 4.3.25 And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
- 4.3.30 What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say?

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

**OLIVIA**

- 4.3.35 Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

*Exeunt*

**trust** belief, conviction

**sway her house** manage her household  
**followers** servants | **Take . . . dispatch** >>>  
**bearing** manner, demeanor  
**in't** *i.e.*, in the whole situation  
**deceiveable** deceiving, delusive

**chantry by** nearby chapel >>>

**Plight me** pledge to me  
**jealous** anxious  
**He** *i.e.*, the priest | **it** *i.e.*, their betrothal  
**Whiles . . . note** until you are willing that it should  
be made public | **What time** at which time  
**we will our celebration keep** we will have our  
wedding ceremony | **According to my birth** (She was  
born the daughter of a count. It's going to be a fancy  
wedding.)

**fairly note** recognize and bless (Perhaps Olivia is  
worried about the secrecy of the betrothal.)

*Twelfth Night: Act 5, Scene 1*

*Enter Clown and FABIAN*

**FABIAN**

5.1.1 Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter. **his** *i.e.*, Malvolio's

**Clown**

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request. **another request** a counterpart to the request you're making of me

**FABIAN**

Any thing.

**Clown**

5.1.5 Do not desire to see this letter.

**FABIAN**

This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again. **to give a dog . . . desire my dog again >>>**

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords*

**DUKE ORSINO**

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

**Clown**

Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.10 I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

**Clown**

Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

**Clown**

5.1.15 No, sir, the worse.

**DUKE ORSINO**

How can that be?

**Clown**

5.1.20 Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Why, this is excellent.

**Clown**

5.1.25 By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

**Clown**

5.1.30 But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

**DUKE ORSINO**

**for** because of

**abused** *i.e.*, falsely flattered  
**conclusions . . . affirmatives** >>>

**this** *i.e.*, the Clown's foolery, his word play

**there's gold** Duke Orsino gives the Clown a coin.

O, you give me ill counsel.

**Clown**

Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.35 Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer. There's another.

**Clown**

5.1.40 *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

**DUKE ORSINO**

You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

**Clown**

5.1.45 Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

*Exit Clown*

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers*

**VIOLA**

5.1.50 Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

**DUKE ORSINO**

**ill counsel** evil advice (The Duke is picking up on the Clown's begging joke that giving another coin would be double-dealing.)

**grace** virtue, *also* generosity

**flesh and blood** *i.e.*, human weakness | **it** *i.e.*, the "ill counsel"

**Primo, secundo, tertio** one, two, three (Latin), *also*, *perhaps*, a lucky roll of the dice

**the third pays for all** (It still is an "old saying," in another form: "the third time's the charm.")

**triplex** triple time in music | **tripping** dancing

**Saint Bennet** a church across the Thames from the Globe theater

**fool** cheat, *also* charm with your foolery

**at this throw** at this time, *also* in this way

**I would not . . . the sin of covetousness** (The Clown is more interested in the art of begging than the actual money.)

**anon** in a little while

5.1.55 That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A baubling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy, and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

#### First Officer

5.1.60 Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy;  
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
5.1.65 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

#### VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.  
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

#### DUKE ORSINO

5.1.70 Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

#### ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
5.1.75 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side  
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

**Vulcan** (He was the smith of the gods, and had a face blackened with smoke.) | **baubling** toy-like  
**For . . . unprizable** not worth taking as a prize because of its flat bottom and small size  
**scathful grapple** damaging battle | **bottom** ship  
**envy** enmity | **tongue of loss** the talk of the losers of the battle | **matter** charge (against Antonio)

**fraught** freight | **from Candy** on her return from Crete

**desperate of** with reckless disregard for  
**shame and state** >>> | **brabble** brawl

**drew on my side** drew his sword in defense of me  
**put strange speech upon me** said strange things to me  
'twas it (*i.e.*, the "strange speech") was  
**distraction** madness

**to their mercies** under the control of those  
**in terms** in a manner | **dear** costly (to your enemies)

**base and ground** basis and grounds  
**witchcraft** *i.e.*, Sebastian's bewitching appearance  
**boy there by your side** (Antonio looks at "Cesario" and thinks he sees Sebastian.)



5.1.80 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication. For his sake  
Did I expose myself (pure for his love)  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
5.1.85 Drew to defend him when he was beset;  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty years removed thing  
5.1.90 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

**VIOLA**

How can this be?

**DUKE ORSINO**

When came he to this town?

**ANTONIO**

5.1.95 To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants*

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.100 Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.  
But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me,  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

**OLIVIA**

What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

**without retention or restraint** without holding anything back | **All his in dedication** all (my love was) dedicated to him | **pure** purely  
**Into** to | **adverse** hostile  
**beset** under attack  
**Where being apprehended** at which time, when I was arrested | **Not . . . danger** not wanting to share my danger | **face me out of his acquaintance** hypocritically pretend that he didn't know me  
**While one would wink** in the blink of an eye  
**denied . . . purse** *i.e.*, denied that my money was mine  
**recommended** generously offered and freely given

**No** without a | **vacancy** gap, interval

**What . . . not have** What does my lord (*i.e.*, Orsino) want, except for that which he may not have (*i.e.*, my

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

love) | **seem serviceable** be of assistance

**VIOLA**

Madam!

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.105 Gracious Olivia—

**OLIVIA**

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

**VIOLA**

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

**OLIVIA**

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

5.1.110 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

**fat and fulsome** gross and distasteful  
**As howling after music** >>>

**DUKE ORSINO**

Still so cruel?

**OLIVIA**

Still so constant, lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.115 What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

**uncivil** rude, lacking in feeling for others  
**ingrate** ungrateful  
**unauspicious** unwelcoming, unrewarding  
**e'er** ever | **tender'd** offered

**OLIVIA**

Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

**become him** be becoming to him (Orsino has already shown some unbecoming behavior by throwing insults at Olivia, whom he professes to love.)

**DUKE ORSINO**

Why should I not (had I the heart to do it)  
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

**Egyptian thief** >>>

5.1.120 Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy  
That sometimes savours nobly), but hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.  
5.1.125 But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
5.1.130 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

**VIOLA**

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

**OLIVIA**

Where goes Cesario?

**VIOLA**

After him I love

5.1.135 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

**OLIVIA**

Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

**VIOLA**

5.1.140 Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

**OLIVIA**

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?  
Call forth the holy father.

**what I love** *i.e.*, "Cesario"

**savours nobly** has a flavor of nobility

**non-regardance** neglect | **cast** discard

**faith** constant love | **partly know** *i.e.*, can guess

**screws** pries, forces

**marble-breasted** *i.e.*, stony-hearted

**this** *i.e.*, "Cesario" | **minion** darling, favorite

**tender dearly** deeply care for

**that cruel eye** *i.e.*, Olivia's sight and concern

**in his master's spite** to the mortification of his

master (*i.e.*, Orsino)

**a raven's heart within a dove** *i.e.*, the black heart  
of the beautiful white Olivia

**jocund** cheerfully | **apt** readily

**To do you rest** to give you peace and satisfaction

**by all mores** *i.e.*, beyond all comparison

**feign** lie, pretend

**Punish my life for tainting of my love** put me to  
death for dishonoring my love

**detested** renounced | **beguiled** fooled, conned

(Olivia thinks that "Cesario" is denying his vows to  
her, but it was Sebastian who made those vows.)

**Call . . . father** (An attendant leaves and soon returns

with the priest who witnessed the betrothal.)

**DUKE ORSINO**

Come, away!

**OLIVIA**

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Husband!

**OLIVIA**

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.145 Her husband, sirrah!

**sirrah** (A contemptuous form of address.)

**VIOLA**

No, my lord, not I.

**OLIVIA**

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

5.1.150

**strangle** smother, cover up | **thy propriety** your true identity (as my betrothed husband)  
**take thy fortunes up** lay claim to what good fortune has given you | **As great as that thou fear'st** >>>

*Enter Priest*

O, welcome, father!  
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

5.1.155

**unfold** reveal, explain  
**occasion** the necessities of the present occasion  
**newly** very recently

**Priest**

A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
5.1.160 And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travell'd but two hours.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.165 O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

**VIOLA**

5.1.170 My lord, I do protest—

**OLIVIA**

O, do not swear!  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

**SIR ANDREW**

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently  
to Sir Toby.

**OLIVIA**

What's the matter?

**SIR ANDREW**

5.1.175 H'as broke my head across and has given Sir  
Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of  
God, your help! I had rather than forty pound  
I were at home.

**joinder** joining  
**close** coming together

**Seal'd** ratified | **in my function** in my official capacity

**sow'd** planted | **grizzle** a salt-and-pepper growth of  
hair | **case** skin, pelt | **craft** craftiness  
**thine own trip shall be thine overthrow** your own  
tricks (or traps) will trick (or trap) you

**protest** promise, swear

**Hold little** keep a little (Olivia wants Cesario to not  
swear his faith to Orsino, so that he may keep a little  
of the faith he swore to her in their betrothal.)

**presently** immediately

**H'as broke my head across** he has given me a scalp  
wound | **coxcomb** head (But "coxcomb" is also the  
name of the fool's cap that looks like a rooster's  
comb.) | **I . . . home** I would rather be at home than

have forty pounds (quite a lot of money)

**OLIVIA**

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

**SIR ANDREW**

5.1.180 The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

**incardinate** (There's no such word. Sir Andrew probably means "incarnate," but "incardinate" also suggests "incarnadine," blood-red.)

**DUKE ORSINO**

My gentleman, Cesario?

**SIR ANDREW**

5.1.185 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

**'Od's lifelings** by God's little lives (A senseless oath.)  
**for nothing** for no reason | **set on** goaded (Note Sir Andrew's contradiction: he didn't do anything and what he did do was Sir Toby's fault.)

**VIOLA**

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

**bespake you fair** spoke courteously to you

**SIR ANDREW**

5.1.190 If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.  
I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

**set nothing by** don't care about (Sir Andrew is in full pout mode.)

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Clown*

Here comes Sir Toby halting—you shall hear more.  
But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

**halting** limping | **more** *i.e.*, more about all the horrible things you did | **in drink** drunk  
**tickled you othergates than he did** touched you (with his sword) otherwise than he did (Sir Toby didn't hurt Sebastian at all.)

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.195 How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

That's all one. H'as hurt me, and there's the end

**That's all one** it doesn't matter | **H'as** he has

on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

**Clown**

O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

5.1.200 Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.  
I hate a drunken rogue.

**OLIVIA**

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

**SIR ANDREW**

5.1.205 I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

**OLIVIA**

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

*Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH,  
and SIR ANDREW  
Enter SEBASTIAN*

**SEBASTIAN**

5.1.210 I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
5.1.215 We made each other but so late ago.

**there's the end on't** that's all there is to it  
**Sot** fool (But it's ironic that the drunken Sir Toby uses a word which also means "drunkard.")

**were set** went dark (Compare to "The sun has set.")

**a passy-measures pavin** >>>

**help you** *i.e.*, help you to walk | **dressed** bandaged

**coxcomb** fool  
**gull** dupe, sucker

**brother of my blood** biological brother  
**with wit and safety** with wisdom and caution (In other words, he acted in self-defense.)  
**throw a strange regard upon me** look at me as though I were a stranger | **for the vows** for the sake of the vows | **but so late ago** only recently

**DUKE ORSINO**

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

**SEBASTIAN**

5.1.220 Antonio, O my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee!

**ANTONIO**

Sebastian are you?

**SEBASTIAN**

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

**ANTONIO**

How have you made division of yourself?  
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

**OLIVIA**

5.1.225 Most wonderful!

**SEBASTIAN** [*Seeing "Cesario"*]

5.1.230 Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.  
Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

**VIOLA**

5.1.235 Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit

**habit** manner of dress, as in "nun's habit"  
**natural perspective** optical illusion produced by  
nature (Like water on the road on a hot summer's day.)

**Fear'st thou that** do you doubt that?

**wonderful** amazing

**there** *i.e.*, where Viola is standing  
**deity . . . every where** divine ability to be  
omnipresent  
**blind** insensitive, remorseless  
**Of charity** please, kindly (tell me)

**Such a Sebastian** *i.e.*, such a Sebastian as you are  
**suited** dressed (as you are)  
**spirits** ghosts | **form and suit** human form and clothes



You come to fright us.

**SEBASTIAN**

5.1.240 A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

**VIOLA**

My father had a mole upon his brow.

**SEBASTIAN**

And so had mine.

**VIOLA**

5.1.245 And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

**SEBASTIAN**

O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

**VIOLA**

5.1.250 If nothing lets to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
That I am Viola—which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
5.1.255 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserved to serve this noble count.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

**spirit** soul

**But . . . participate** but I am wearing the same earthly  
form which I've had since birth  
**as the rest goes even** since the rest (of your character-  
istics) agree (with the idea that you are my sister)

**record** memory | **lively** vivid  
**mortal act** life on earth

**If nothing lets to make us happy both** if nothing else  
prevents us from both being happy  
**usurp'd** *i.e.*, deceptive  
**cohere and jump** fit together and point directly to  
the conclusion that

**Where** at whose house | **weeds** clothes

**All . . . lord** *i.e.*, the only thing I've done since then  
is serve as a messenger between Orsino and Olivia

**SEBASTIAN** [*To OLIVIA*]

5.1.260 So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:  
But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.265 Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.

*To VIOLA*

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

**VIOLA**

5.1.270 And all those sayings will I over swear;  
And those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

**VIOLA**

5.1.275 The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

**OLIVIA**

5.1.280 He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither.  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

**nature . . . that** *i.e.*, in your affection for Cesario you were drawn on by your natural inclination (for someone like me) | **maid** young woman  
**maid** virgin (*i.e.*, Sebastian)

**amazed** astounded and fearful  
**glass** mirror (Sebastian is the mirror of Viola and vice-versa.) | **wrack** goods salvaged from a wrecked ship

**like to me** *i.e.*, as much as you love me

**over swear** swear again

**orb'd continent** sphere (of the sun) >>>

**Give me thy hand** *i.e.*, marry me  
**weeds** clothes

**in durance** imprisoned  
**at Malvolio's suit** because of a lawsuit brought by Malvolio

**enlarge** release  
**remember me** recall  
**much distract** mentally confused

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, sirrah?

**Clown**

5.1.285

Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end  
as well as a man in his case may do. H'as here writ a  
letter to you; I should have given't you to-day  
morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,  
so it skills not much when they are delivered.

**OLIVIA**

Open't, and read it.

**Clown**

5.1.290

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers  
the madman.

*Reads madly*

"By the Lord, madam"—

**OLIVIA**

How now! art thou mad?

**Clown**

5.1.295

No, madam, I do but read madness. An your lady-  
ship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow  
*Vox*.

**OLIVIA**

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

**Clown**

**extracting frenzy of mine own** madness that took me  
away from myself (Olivia's frenzy was her pursuit of  
"Cesario.") | **From . . . his** *i.e.*, made me forget  
Malvolio's problems

**holds Belzebub at the stave's end** staves off the devil  
**H'as here writ a letter** he has written a letter which I  
have here | **given't you** given it to you  
**today morning** this morning  
**a madman's . . . gospels** a madman's letters aren't  
gospel truth | **it skills not much** doesn't matter much

**delivers** speaks the words of

**Vox** voice (Latin); a dramatic reading

5.1.300 So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is  
to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess,  
and give ear.

**OLIVIA** [*To FABIAN*]  
Read it you, sirrah.

5.1.305 **FABIAN** [*Reads*]  
"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the  
world shall know it. Though you have put me into  
darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over  
me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as  
your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced  
me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt  
not but to do myself much right, or you much shame.  
Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little  
5.1.310 unthought of and speak out of my injury.  
The Madly-Used Malvolio."

**OLIVIA**  
Did he write this?

**Clown**  
Ay, madam.

**DUKE ORSINO**  
This savours not much of distraction.

5.1.315 **OLIVIA**  
See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

*Exit FABIAN*

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,  
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

**perpend** listen, pay attention

(Apparently Olivia tires of the Clown's joke about  
how the letter should be read.)

**your drunken cousin** *i.e.*, Sir Toby ("Cousin" had a  
broader meaning than it does now.)

**the which** *i.e.*, the letter (which will prove his case)

**my duty** *i.e.*, my duty, as your steward, to be  
polite and deferential

**distraction** madness

**deliver'd** released

**these things further thought on** *i.e.*, taking into con-  
sideration what we have just seen and heard  
**To . . . sister** to think as well of me as a sister-in-law  
**One . . . on't** *i.e.*, On one day we'll have the two

weddings that will make me your sister-in-law.

**my proper cost** my own expense

**apt** ready and willing

5.1.320 **DUKE ORSINO**  
Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

*To VIOLA*

Your master quits you; and for your service done him, **quits you** frees you from service

So much against the mettle of your sex, **mettle** essential nature

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, **breeding** upbringing, family status (Viola wasn't raised to be a servant.)

5.1.325 Here is my hand—you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

**mistress** female master

**OLIVIA**

A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO*

**DUKE ORSINO**

Is this the madman?

**OLIVIA**

Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

**Notorious** obvious

**OLIVIA**

Have I, Malvolio? No.

**MALVOLIO**

5.1.330 Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

**peruse** read, examine

*[Showing the letter which Maria wrote  
and dropped for Malvolio to find]*

You must not now deny it is your hand;  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention,  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then  
5.1.335 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;  
5.1.340 And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why!

#### OLIVIA

5.1.345 Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character;  
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad. Then camest in smiling,  
5.1.350 And in such forms which here were presupposed  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:  
This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
5.1.355 Of thine own cause.

#### FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
5.1.360 Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

**hand** handwriting  
**from it** differently | **in hand or phrase** in handwriting  
or phraseology | **invention** composition

**in the modesty of honour** with the sincerity proper to  
an honorable person | **lights** signs

**lighter** lesser

**suffer'd** allowed

**geck and gull** fool and sucker  
**invention** cunning trickery

**much like the character** *i.e.*, it looks a lot like my  
handwriting | **out of question** beyond doubt  
**hand** handwriting

**in . . . letter** in the forms (in clothing and manners)  
suggested to you in the letter | **content** *i.e.*, not so  
upset | **practise** practical joke  
**shrewdly pass'd upon thee** cruelly fooled you  
**grounds and authors** motivations and perpetrators  
**cause** case

**to come** in the future  
**Taint** cast a shadow over  
**the condition of this present hour** *i.e.*, the surprised  
joy of Orsino, Olivia, Viola, and Sebastian  
**have wonder'd at** been amazed by | **device** plot, trick  
**Upon** because of | **stubborn** arrogant | **parts** qualities

5.1.365 We had conceived against him. Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

**OLIVIA**

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

**Clown**

5.1.370 Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness,  
and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was  
one, sir, in this interlude—one Sir Topas, sir; but  
that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad."  
5.1.375 But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you  
at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's  
gagged." And thus the whirligig of time brings in his  
revenges.

**MALVOLIO**

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

*Exit MALVOLIO*

**OLIVIA**

He hath been most notoriously abused.

**DUKE ORSINO**

5.1.380 Pursue him and entreat him to a peace;  
He hath not told us of the captain yet.  
When that is known and golden time convents,  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
5.1.385 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come—  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;

*or* actions | **conceived against him** observed in him  
and resented | **great importance** urgent request >>>

**sportful** jesting | **it** *i.e.*, the practical joke played on  
Malvolio | **follow'd** carried out | **pluck on** incite

**baffled thee** put you down

**interlude** farce  
"By . . . mad." (See [4.2.106](#) *ff.*)  
"Madam . . . gagged." (See [1.5.83](#) *ff.*)

**whirligig** spinning top

**notoriously** blatantly

**the captain** (Who has Viola's woman's clothes and  
who has been jailed because of a lawsuit filed by  
Malvolio.) | **convents** suits  
**solemn combination** *i.e.*, marriage

But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*Exeunt all, except Clown*

**Clown** [*Sings*]

5.1.390 When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

**A foolish thing was but a toy** *i.e.*, mischief and mistakes weren't taken seriously

5.1.395 But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, etc.  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain, etc.

5.1.400 But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, etc.  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain, etc.

**swaggering** bragging and bluffing

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, etc.  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain, etc.

**toss-pots** drunkards >>>

5.1.405 A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, etc.  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
5.1.408 And we'll strive to please you every day.

*Exit*