

### Act 1, Scene 3    Olivia's house

(SIR TOBY and MARIA.)

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

Sir Toby, you must come in earlier at nights. 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

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

He's a very fool and a prodigal.\*

SIR TOBY

Fie, that you'll say so!

He speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA

He's a fool, and a great quarreler.

And 'tis thought among the prudent he will quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY

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

Who are they?

MARIA

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

*quaffing* - drinking in large quantities,    *wooer* - a potential husband,  
*prodigal* - recklessly wasteful person

SIR TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece.

I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

What, wench?\*

Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW.)*

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch. How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost.

SIR TOBY

You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

*What, wench?* - perhaps Sir Toby cuddles or hugs Maria on this line

SIR TOBY

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

SIR ANDREW

And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again!  
Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.  
Farewell.

*(Exit MARIA.)*

SIR TOBY

O knight, when did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless you see drink 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.

SIR TOBY

No question.

SIR ANDREW

I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

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!

SIR TOBY

Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY

Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW

But it becomes me well enough, does it not?

SIR TOBY

Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff.\*

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me.

The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY

She'll none of the count.

She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it.

Tut, there's life in it, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer.

I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world.

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else? Let me see thee caper.\* (*SIR ANDREW jumps.*)

Ha, higher! (*SIR ANDREW jumps.*) Ha, ha. Excellent!

*(Exeunt.)*

*flax on a distaff* - straight strings of flax on a stick used in spinning,

*caper* - a leaping dance-step

**Act 2, Scene 4****Duke Orsino's palace. Music plays**

(ORSINO and VIOLA.)

DUKE ORSINO

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, unstead and skittish in all motions\* else,  
save in the constant image of the creature 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 it, young though thou art, thine eye hath stayed upon some favor\* that it loves.

Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is it?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven. Let still\* the woman take 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, 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 displayed, doth fall that very hour.

*motions* - emotions, *favor* - face, *still* - always, *wears* - adapts herself, *fancies* - loves, *bent* - direction

VIOLA

And so they are; alas, that they are so. To die, even when they to perfection grow.

DUKE ORSINO

Once more, Cesario, get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.\*

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, hath for your love as great a pang of heart as you have for Olivia. You cannot love her. You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides can bide\* the beating of so strong a passion as love doth give my heart; no woman's heart so big to hold so much; they lack retention.

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

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?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord.

She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in 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, 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.

*sovereign cruelty* - supremely cruel person, *bide* - withstand, *owe* - have towards, *damask* - pink and white (as in a damask rose), *will* - passions, *still* - often

DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

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 my love cannot yield, bide\* no denial.

*(Exit VIOLA.)*