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Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
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           <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
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        <respStmt xml:id="ES">
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possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
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April
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&amp;
                tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
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            <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
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            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
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            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
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                            <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                            <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
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the charges
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            <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
            79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
            fol.</p>

            <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
            p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
            151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
            misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
            misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
            some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
            p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
            5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
            misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
          </foliation>
          <collation>
            <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
            commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1)
            [$\pi$B$^2$], $^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $\chi$gg$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ $\chi$1.2 [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-ff$^6$
            gg$^2$ Gg$^6$ hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1, $\pi$A5+1.2)$^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-
            g$^6$ $^2$g$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2$ 2G$^6$ 2h$^6$
            2k-2v$^6$ x$^6$ 2y-3b$^6$.</p>
            <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3$gg1 mis-signed
            Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
            <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
            on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
            leaf aa1 recto.</p>
          </collation>
          <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
```

reader".

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
  </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
  <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
  <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
  </decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
  <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

```xml
annotations on
                leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
added after
                leaving the Library.</p>
            </additions>
            <bindingDesc>
              <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf.
Bound for the
                Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
cloth ties, red
                sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head
                of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
spine.
                Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
Gibson in
                Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
sent out
                on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from
                a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between
                1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod.
                Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
            </bindingDesc>
          </physDesc>
          <history>
            <origin>
              <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
                printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:
Oxford, 1963.
              </p>
            </origin>
            <acquisition>
              <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
                was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
                Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at
                shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
                of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>,
replaced by the
                newer <bibl>
                  <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
                to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
```

```xml
                    "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                    bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                 <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                    the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                    Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                    family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                    reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                    raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                    purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                    Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                    Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                 <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                    digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                    Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
              </acquisition>
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at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
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                 </listBibl>
              </surrogates>
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              <persName type="form">1. Offi.</persName>
           </person>
           <person xml:id="F-tn-off.2">
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              <persName type="form">2 Off.</persName>
              <persName type="form">2. Off.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-and">
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          <persName type="form">An.</persName>
          <persName type="form">And.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-ant">
          <persName type="standard">Antonio, a sea captain, friend to
Sebastain</persName>
          <persName type="form">An.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ant.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-cap">
          <persName type="standard">Captain, friend to Viola</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cap.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-fes">
          <persName type="standard">Feste, a clown, servant to
Olivia</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cl.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clo</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sir To.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-tn-cur">
          <persName type="standard">Curio, gentleman attending on the
Duke</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cu.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cur.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-duk">
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          <persName type="form">Du.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Duke.</persName>
        </person>
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          <persName type="form">Fa.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Fab.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-mar">
          <persName type="standard">Maria, Olivia's woman</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ma</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ma.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tn-mal">
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          <persName type="form">Mal.</persName>
```

```xml
            <persName type="form">Mall.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Maluo.</persName>
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          <person xml:id="F-tn-oli">
            <persName type="standard">Olivia</persName>
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            <persName type="form">Priest.</persName>
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          </person>
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            <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-tn-tob">
            <persName type="standard">Sir Toby Belch, uncle to
Olivia</persName>
            <persName type="form">To,</persName>
            <persName type="form">To.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Tob.</persName>
          </person>
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Duke</persName>
            <persName type="form">Val.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-tn-vio">
            <persName type="standard">Viola</persName>
            <persName type="form">Vio.</persName>
          </person>
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    </profileDesc>
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          <head rend="center">Twelfe Night, Or what you will.</head>
          <div type="act" n="1">
            <div type="scene" n="1">
              <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus, Sc&#x00E6;na
Prima.</head>
              <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                <cb n="1"/>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
<lb/>Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
   <l><c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c>f Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
   <l>Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,</l>
   <l>The appetite may sicken, and so dye.</l>
   <l>That straine agen, it had a dying fall:</l>
   <l>O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound</l>
   <l>That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;</l>
   <l>Stealing, and giuing Odour. <hi rend="italic">E</hi>nough, no more,</l>
   <l>Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.</l>
   <l>O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,</l>
   <l>That notwithstanding thy capacitie,</l>
   <l>Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,</l>
   <l>Of what validity, and pitch so ere,</l>
   <l>But falles into abatement, and low price</l>
   <l>Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,</l>
   <l>That it alone, is high fantasticall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-cur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cu.</speaker>
   <l>Will you go hunt my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>What <hi rend="italic">Curio</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-cur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cu.</speaker>
   <l>The Hart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:</l>
   <l>O when mine eyes did see <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi> first,</l>
   <l>Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;</l>
   <l>That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,</l>
   <l>And my desires like fell and cru<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>ll hounds,</l>
   <l>Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Valentine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-val">
```

```xml
      <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
      <l>So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,</l>
      <l>But from her handmaid do returne this answer:</l>
      <l>The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,</l>
      <l>Shall not behold her face at ample view:</l>
      <l>But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,</l>
      <l>And water once a day her Chamber round</l>
      <l>With eye&#x2011;offending brine: all this to season</l>
      <l>A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh</l>
      <l>And lasting, in her sad remembrance.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>O she that hath a heart of that fine frame</l>
      <l>To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,</l>
      <l>How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft</l>
      <l>Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else</l>
      <l>That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,</l>
      <l>These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd</l>
      <l>Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:</l>
      <l>Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,</l>
      <l>Loue&#x2011;thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with
bowres.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    <cb n="2"/>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Viola, a
Captaine, and Saylors.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>What Country (Friends) is this<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
      <l>This is Illyria Ladie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>And what should I do in Illyria?</l>
      <l>My brother he is in Elizium,</l>
      <l>Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
      <l>It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.</l>
    </sp>
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            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
               <l>O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
               <l>True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,</l>
               <l>Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,</l>
               <l>When you, and those poore number saued with you,</l>
               <l>Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother</l>
               <l>Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,</l>
               <l>(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)</l>
               <l>To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:</l>
               <l>Where like <hi rend="italic">Orion</hi> on the Dolphines
backe,</l>
               <l>I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,</l>
               <l>So long as I could see.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
               <l>For saying so, there's Gold:</l>
               <l>Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,</l>
               <l>Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie</l>
               <l>The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
               <l>I Madam well, for I was bred and borne</l>
               <l>Not three houres trauaile from this very place.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
               <l>Who gouernes heere?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
               <l>A noble Duke in nature, as in name.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
               <l>What is his name?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
               <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
               <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi>: I haue heard my father name
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him.</l>
                    <l>He was a Batchellor then.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
                <l>And so is now, or was so very late:</l>
                <l>For but a month ago I went from hence,</l>
                <l>And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know</l>
                <l>What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)</l>
                <l>That he did seeke the loue of faire <hi
rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>What's shee?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
                <l>A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count</l>
                <l>That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her</l>
                <l>In the protection of his sonne, her brother,</l>
                <l>Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue</l>
                <l>(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight</l>
                <l>And company of men.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>O that I seru'd that Lady,</l>
                <l>And might not be deliuered to the world</l>
                <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Y2</fw><note
type="physical" resp="#ES">The corner of this page has been torn away, so no
catchword is visible.</note>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0276-0.jpg" n="256"/>
                <fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
will.</hi></fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <l>Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow</l>
                <l>What my estate is.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
                <l>That were hard to compasse,</l>
                <l>Because she will admit no kinde of suite,</l>
                <l>No, not the Dukes.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,</l>
                <l>And though that nature, with a beauteous wall</l>
                <l>Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee</l>

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        <l>I will beleeue thou hast a minde that suites</l>
        <l>With this thy faire and outward charracter.</l>
        <l>I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)</l>
        <l>Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,</l>
        <l>For such disguise as haply shall become</l>
        <l>The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,</l>
        <l>Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,</l>
        <l>It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,</l>
        <l>And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,</l>
        <l>That will allow me very worth his seruice.</l>
        <l>What else may hap, to time I will commit,</l>
        <l>Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-cap">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
        <l>Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,</l>
        <l>When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>I thanke thee: Lead me on.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3">
      <head rend="center">Sc&#x00E6;na Tertia.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Toby, and
Maria.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sir To.</speaker>
        <p>What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
          <lb/>death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemie to
          <lb/>life.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <p>By my troth sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, you must come
in earlyer

          <lb/>a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
          <lb/>to your ill houres.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Why let her except, before excepted.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
        <p>I, but you must confine your selfe within the
          <lb/>modest limits of order.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
            <lb/>these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
            <lb/>these boots too: and they be not, let them hang
them&#x00AD;
            <lb/>selues in their owne straps.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
          <p>That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I
            <lb/>heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
            <lb/>knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir
woer</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Who, Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew
Ague&#x2011;cheeke</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
          <p>I he.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
          <p>What's that to th'purpose?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
          <l>I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:</l>
          <l>He's a very foole, and a prodigall.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th
Viol&#x2011;de&#x2011;gam&#x00AD;
            <lb/>boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word
            <lb/>without booke, &amp; hath all the good gifts of
nature.</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that
        <lb/>he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath
        <lb/>the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely
        <lb/>haue the gift of a graue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
    <p>By this hand they are scoundrels and substra&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ctors that say so of him. Who are they?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly
        <lb/>in your company.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke</p>
    <note type="physical" resp="#ES">The corner of this page has been torn away, and the tears slightly obscure these last lines.</note>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <p>to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, &amp; drinke
        <lb/>in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
        <lb/>drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like
        <lb/>a parish top. What wench? <hi rend="italic">Castiliano vulgo</hi>: for here coms
        <lb/>Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew Agueface</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Andrew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby Belch</hi>. How now sir <hi rend="italic">Toby Belch</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Sweet sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>Blesse you faire Shrew.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>And you too sir.</p>
</sp>
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  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
     <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
     <p>Accost Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, accost.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
     <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
     <p>What's that?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
     <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
     <p>My Neeces Chamber&#x2011;maid.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
     <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
     <p>Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
     <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
     <p>My name is <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi> sir.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
     <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
     <p>Good mistris <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi>, accost.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
     <speaker rend="italic">To,</speaker>
     <p>You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
        <lb/>her, woe her, assayle her.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
     <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
     <p>By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
        <lb/>company. Is that the meaning of Accost?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
     <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
     <p>Far you well Gentlemen.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
     <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
     <p>And thou let part so Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>,
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would thou
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        <lb/>mightst neuer draw sword agen.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
     <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
     <p>And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer
        <lb/>draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
        <lb/>fooles in hand?</p>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
   <p>Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <p>Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
   <p>Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
      <lb/>hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <p>Wherefore (sweet&#x2011;heart<c rend="italic">?</c>)
What's your Meta&#x00AD;
      <lb/>phor?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
   <p>It's dry sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
      <lb/>can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
   <p>A dry iest Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>Are you full of them?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
   <p>I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
      <lb/>I let go your hand, I am barren.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Maria</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did
      <lb/><c rend="italic">I</c> see thee so put downe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
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<p>Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Ca&#x00AD;
    <lb/>narie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
    <lb/>more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
    <lb/>am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme
    <lb/>to my wit.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>No question</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>And I thought that, I'de forsweare it. Ile ride
    <lb/>home to morrow sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p><hi rend="italic">Pur&#x2011;quoy</hi> my deere
knight?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>What is <hi rend="italic">purquoy</hi>? Do, or not do? I
would I had

    <lb/>bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing
    <lb/>dancing, and beare&#x2011;bayting: O had I but
followed the

    <lb/>Arts.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Why, would that haue mended my haire?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Past question, for thou seest it will not coole
    my <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc
rend="turnunder">(</pc>nature</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: &amp; I hope
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            <lb/>to see a huswife take thee between her legs, &amp; spin it
off.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-and">
               <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
               <p>Faith Ile home to morrow sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>,
your niece wil
               <lb/>not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me:
               <lb/>the Co<c rend="inverted">u</c>nt himselfe here hard by,
wooes her.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
               <p>Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue hir
                  <lb/>degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her
                  <lb/>swear t. Tut there's life in't man.</p>
            </sp>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">And</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0277-0.jpg" n="257"/>
            <fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
will.</hi></fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <sp who="#F-tn-and">
               <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
               <p>Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th
                  <lb/>strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and
Re&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>uels sometimes altogether.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
               <p>Art thou good at these kicke&#x2011;chawses Knight<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-and">
               <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
               <p>As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer he be, vnder
                  <lb/>the degree of my betters, &amp; yet I will not compare
with
                  <lb/>an old man.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
               <p>What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-and">
               <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
               <p>Faith, I can cut a caper.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
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            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>And I can cut the Mutton too't.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>And I thinke I haue the backe&#x2011;tricke, simply as
              <lb/>strong as any man in Illyria.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue
              <lb/>these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
              <lb/>dust, like mistris <hi rend="italic">Mals</hi> picture? Why dost thou not goe
              <lb/>to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto<c rend="italic">?</c>
              <lb/>My verie walke should be a Iigge: I would not so much
              <lb/>as make water but in a Sinke&#x2011;a&#x2011;pace: What dooest thou
              <lb/>meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by
              <lb/>the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vn&#x00AD;
              <lb/>der the starre of a Galliard.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
              <lb/>dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder
              <lb/>Taurus?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>Taurus? That sides and heart.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee ca&#x00AD;
              <lb/>per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4">
          <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Valentine, and
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Viola in mans attire.</stage>
                                                                  <sp who="#F-tn-val">
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
<p>If the Duke continue these fauours towards you
<lb/><hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, you are like to be much
aduanc'd, he hath known
<lb/>you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>You either feare his humour, or my negligence,
<lb/>that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is
<lb/>he inconstant sir, in his fauours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-val">
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
<p>No beleeue me.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Curio, and
Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>I thanke you: heere comes the Count.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
<p>Who saw <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi> hoa?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>On your attendance my Lord heere.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<l>Stand you a‑while aloofe. <hi
rend="italic">Cesario</hi>,</l>
<l>Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd</l>
<l>To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.</l>
<l>Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,</l>
<l>Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,</l>
<l>And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow</l>
<l>Till thou haue audience</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>Sure my Noble Lord,</l>
<l>If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow</l>
<l>As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,</l>
        <l>Rather then make vnprofited returne,</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,</l>
        <l>Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;</l>
        <l>It shall become thee well to act my woes:</l>
        <l>She will attend it better in thy youth,</l>
        <l>Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>I thinke not so, my Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>Deere Lad, beleeue it;</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,</l>
        <l>That say thou art a man: <hi rend="italic">Dianas</hi>
lip</l>

        <l>Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe</l>
        <l>Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,</l>
        <l>And all is semblatiue a womans part.</l>
        <l>I know thy constellation is right apt</l>
        <l>For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,</l>
        <l>All if you will: for I my selfe am best</l>
        <l>When least in companie: prosper well in this,</l>
        <l>And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,</l>
        <l>To call his fortunes thine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>Ile do my best</l>
        <l>To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,</l>
        <l>Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria, and
Clowne.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
        <lb/>not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way
        <lb/>of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy
absence.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this
        <lb/>world, needs to feare no colours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>Make that good.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>He shall see none to feare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y<c
rend="superscript">t</c>
        <lb/>saying was borne, of I feare no colours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Where good mistris <hi rend="italic">Mary</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>In the warrs, &amp; that may you be bolde to say in
        <lb/>your foolerie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Well, God giue them wisedome that haue it: &amp;
        <lb/>those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
    <p>Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
        <lb/>or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a h<gap
extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType"
resp="#ES"/>nging to
        <lb/>you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
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        <p>Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage:
            <lb/>and for turning away, let summer beare it out.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
        <p>You are resolute then?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
        <p>That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both
            <lb/>breake, your gaskins fall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if
            <lb/>sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> would leaue drinking,
thou wert as witty  a piece
            <lb/>of <hi rend="italic">Eues</hi> flesh, as any in
Illyria.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
        <p>Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Lady</hi>: make your excuse wisely,
you were best.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady Oliuia, with
Maluolio.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:
            <lb/>those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue
            <lb/>fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a
            <lb/>wise man. For what saies <hi
rend="italic">Quinapalus</hi>, Better a witty foole,
            <lb/>then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Take the foole away.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
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<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be&#x00AD;
<lb/>sides you grow dis&#x2011;honest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Two faults Madona, that drinke &amp; good counsell
<lb/>wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole
<lb/>not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
<lb/>he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher
<lb/>mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu
<lb/>that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a&#x00AD;
<lb/>mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple
<lb/>Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, <choice><orig>vvhat</orig><corr>what</corr></choice> remedy?</p>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Y3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0278-0.jpg" n="258"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<p>As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
<lb/>flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I
<lb/>say againe, take her away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>Sir, I bad them take away you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, <hi rend="italic">Cucullus
<lb/>non facit monachum</hi>: that's as much to say, as I weare not
<lb/>motley in my braine: good <hi rend="italic">Madona</hi>, giue mee leaue to
<lb/>proue you a foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>Can you do it<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Dexteriously, good Madona.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>Make your proofe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
        <lb/>Mouse of vertue answer mee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
        <lb/>proofe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Good Madona, why mournst thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>Good foole, for my brothers death.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>I know his soule is in heauen, foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your
        <lb/>Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,
        <lb/>Gentlemen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>What thinke you of this foole <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>, doth he
        <lb/>not mend?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <p>Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
        <lb/>him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the
        <lb/>better foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the
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<lb/>better increasing your folly: Sir <hi
rend="italic">Toby</hi> will be sworn that
<lb/>I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence
<lb/>that you are no Foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>How say you to that <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
<speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
<p>I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such
<lb/>a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with
<lb/>an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone.
<lb/>Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you
<lb/>laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest
<lb/>I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of
<lb/>fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>O you are sicke of selfe&#x2011;loue <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>, and taste
<lb/>with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse,
<lb/>and of free disposition, is to take those things for
Bird&#x2011;
<lb/>bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no
slan&#x00AD;
<lb/>der in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle;
<lb/>nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do
<lb/>nothing but reproue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou
<lb/>speak'st well of fooles.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentle&#x00AD;
<lb/>man, much desires to speake with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>From the Count <hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi>, is it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Ma</speaker>
<p>I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and

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                        <lb/>well attended.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                       <p>Who of my people hold him in delay?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
                       <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> Madam, your kinsman.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                       <p>Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but
                        <lb/>madman: Fie on him. Go you <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>; If it be a<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/> suit
                        <lb/>from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you
                        <lb/>will, to dismisse it.</p>
                       <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Maluo.</stage>
                       <p>Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, &amp;
peo&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>ple dislike it.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                       <p>Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest
                        <lb/>sonne should be a foole: who se scull, Ioue cramme with
                        <lb/>braines, for heere he comes.</p>
                       <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir
Toby.</stage>
                       <p>One of thy kin has a most weake <hi
rend="italic">Pia&#x2011;mater</hi>.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                       <p>By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the
                        <lb/>gate Cosin?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>A Gentleman.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                       <p>A Gentleman? What Gentleman?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
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  <p>'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle
    <lb/>herring: How now Sot.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Good Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by
    <lb/>this Lethargie?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the
    <lb/>gate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>I marry, what is he?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue
    <lb/>me faith say I. Well, it's all one.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>What's a drunken man like, foole?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man:
    <lb/>One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second
    <lb/>maddes him, and a third drownes him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte
    <lb/>o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's
    <lb/>drown'd: go looke after him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall
    <lb/>looke to the madman.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will
    <lb/>speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on
    <lb/>him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak
    <lb/>with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue
    <lb/>a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
    <lb/>speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's
    <lb/>fortified against any deniall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Tell him, he shall not speake with me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at
    <lb/>your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to
    <lb/>a bench, but hee'l speake with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>What kinde o'man is he?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Why of mankinde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>What manner of man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will
    <lb/>you, or no.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Of what personage, and yeeres is he<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough
    <lb/>for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling
    <lb/>when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing
wa&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ter, betweene boy and man. He is verie
well&#x2011;fauour'd,
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        <lb/>and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his
        <lb/>mothers milke were scarse out of him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
      <p>Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
      <p>Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
      <l>Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,</l>
      <l>Wee'l once more heare <hi rend="italic">Orsinos</hi>
Embassie.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Violenta.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
      <p>Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beau&#x00AD;
        <lb/>tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
        <lb/>for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my
        <lb/>speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue
        <lb/>taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee
su&#x00AD;
        <lb/>staine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least
        <lb/>sinister vsage.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
      <p>Whence came you sir?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>I can say little more then I haue studied, &amp; that
        <lb/>question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee
        <lb/>modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house,
that</p>
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<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0279-0.jpg" n="259"/>
<fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi></fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<p>I may proceede in my speech.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Are you a Comedian?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie
    <lb/>phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you
    <lb/>the Ladie of the house?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your
    <lb/>selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to
    re­
    <lb/>serue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with
    <lb/>my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of
    <lb/>my message.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you
    <lb/>the praise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis
    <lb/>Poeticall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep
    <lb/>it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your
    <lb/>approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If
    <lb/>you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe:
    <lb/>'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so
    <lb/>skipping a dialogue.</p>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <p>Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>No good swabber, I am to hull here a little lon&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ger. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie;
    <lb/>tell me your minde, I am a messenger.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer,
    <lb/>when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your
office.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouer&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe
    <lb/>in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Yet you began rudely. What are you?
    <lb/>What would you<gap/>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I
    <lb/>learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I
    <lb/>would, are as secret as maiden&#x2011;head:  to your
eares, Di&#x00AD;
    <lb/>uinity; to any others, prophanation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Giue vs the place alone,</p>
  <p>We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Most sweet Ladie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide
    <lb/>of it. Where lies your Text?</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>In <hi rend="italic">Orsinoes</hi> bosome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>In his bosome<c rend="italic">?</c> In what chapter of his
bosome?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>To answer by the method in the first of his hart.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more
    <lb/>to say?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Good Madam, let me see your face.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to
    <lb/>negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text:
    <lb/>but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture.
    <lb/>Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well
    <lb/>done?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Excellently done, if God did all.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and wea&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ther.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l>Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,</l>
  <l>Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:</l>
  <l>Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,</l>
  <l>If you will leade these graces to the graue,</l>
  <l>And leaue the world no copie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>O sir, I will not be so hard&#x2011;hearted: I will giue
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<lb/>out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried
<lb/>and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As,
<lb/>Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
<lb/>with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, &amp; so

forth.

<lb/>Were you sent hither to praise me?</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>I see you what you are, you are too proud:</l>
<l>But if you were the diuell, you are faire:</l>
<l>My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue</l>
<l>Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd</l>
<l>The non&#x2011;pareil of beautie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>How does he loue me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>With adorations, fertill teares,</l>
<l>With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him</l>
<l>Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,</l>
<l>Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth;</l>
<l>In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,</l>
<l>And in dimension, and the shape of nature,</l>
<l>A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:</l>
<l>He might haue tooke his answer long ago.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>If I did loue you in my masters flame,</l>
<l>With such a suffring, such a deadly life:</l>
<l>In your deniall, I would finde no sence,</l>
<l>I would not vnderstand it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<p>Why, what would you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,</l>
<l>And call vpon my soule within the house,</l>

<l>Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,</l>
<l>And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:</l>
<l>Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,</l>
<l>And make the babling Gossip of the aire,</l>
<l>Cry out <hi rend="italic">Oliuia:</hi> O you should not rest</l>
<l>Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,</l>
<l>But you should pittie me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>You might do much:</l>
   <l>What is your Parentage<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:</l>
   <l>I am a Gentleman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>Get you to your Lord:</l>
   <l>I cannot loue him: let him send no more,</l>
   <l>Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,</l>
   <l>To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:</l>
   <l>I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,</l>
   <l>My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.</l>
   <l>Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,</l>
   <l>And let your feruour like my masters be,</l>
   <l>Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>What is your Parentage?</l>
   <l>Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;</l>
   <l>I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,</l>
   <l>Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,</l>
   <l>Do giue thee fiue‑fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,</l>
   <l>Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?</l>
   <l>Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?</l>
   <l>Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections</l>
   <l>With an inuisible, and subtle stealth</l>
   <l>To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.</l>
   <l>What hoa, <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>.</l>

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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                <p>Heere Madam, at your seruice.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                <l>Run after that same peeuish Messenger</l>
                <l>The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him</l>
                <l>Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.</l>
                <l>Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,</l>
                <l>Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:</l>
                <l>If that the youth will come this way to morrow,</l>
                <l>Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                <l>Madam, I will.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                <l>I do I know not what, and feare to finde</l>
                <l>Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:</l>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Fate</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0280-0.jpg" n="260"/>
                <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
        </fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <l>Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,</l>
                <l>What is decreed, must be: and be this so.</l>
            </sp>
        </div>
        <trailer>Finis, Actus primus.</trailer>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="2">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus, Sc&#x00E6;na
prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antonio &amp;
Sebastian.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                <p>Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
                    <lb/>I go with you.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <p>By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely
            <lb/>ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps
di&#x00AD;
            <lb/>temper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
            <lb/>that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad
recom&#x00AD;
            <lb/>pence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-and">
          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <p>Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <p>No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere
            <lb/>extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch
            <lb/>of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am
            <lb/>willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners,
            <lb/>the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee
            <lb/>then <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi>, my name is <hi
rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> (which I call'd <hi rend="italic">Rodo&#x00AD;
            <lb/>rigo</hi>) my father was that
            <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">Messaline</hi>, whom I
            <lb/>know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,
            <lb/>and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had
            <lb/>beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir,
al&#x00AD;
            <lb/>tered that, for some houre before you tooke me from the
            <lb/>breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <p>Alas the day.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <p>A Lady sir, though it<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>was said
shee much resem&#x00AD;
            <lb/>bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh
            <lb/>I could not with such estimable wonder
ouer&#x2011;farre be&#x00AD;
            <lb/>leeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee
            <lb/>bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is
            <lb/>drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to
            <lb/>drowne her remembrance againe with more.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <p>Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <p>O good <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi>, forgiue me your
trouble.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <p>If you will not murther me for my loue, let m<gap extent="1"
unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>e
            <lb/>be your seruant.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <p>If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is
            <lb/>kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare
            <lb/>ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I
            <lb/>am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the
            <lb/>least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am
            <lb/>bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:</l>
          <l>I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,</l>
          <l>Else would I very shortly see thee there:</l>
          <l>But come what may, I do adore thee so,</l>
          <l>That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x00E6;na Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Viola and
Maluolio, at seuerall doores.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse <hi
rend="italic">O&#x00AD;
            <lb/>liuia?</hi></p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
          <p>Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since a&#x00AD;
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            <lb/>riu'd but hither.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
         <p>She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might
            <lb/>haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your
            <lb/>selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your
Lord</p>
         <cb n="2"/>
         <p>into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one
            <lb/>thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe
            <lb/>in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking
            <lb/>of this: receiue it so.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
         <p>She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
         <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
         <p>Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and
            <lb/>her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth
stoo&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that
            <lb/>findes it.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
         <l>I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?</l>
         <l>Fortune forbid my out&#x2011;side haue not charm'd her:</l>
         <l>She made good view of me, indeed so much,</l>
         <l>That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,</l>
         <l>For she did speake in starts distractedly.</l>
         <l>She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion</l>
         <l>Inuites me in this churlish messenger:</l>
         <l>None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;</l>
         <l>I am the man, if it be so, as tis,</l>
         <l>Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:</l>
         <l>Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,</l>
         <l>Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.</l>
         <l>How easie is it, for the proper false</l>
         <l>In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:</l>
         <l>Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,</l>
         <l>For such as we are made, if such we bee:</l>
         <l>How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,</l>
         <l>And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:</l>
         <l>And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:</l>
         <l>What will become of this? As I am man,</l>
         <l>My state is desperate for my maisters loue:</l>
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        <l>As I am woman (now alas the day)</l>
        <l>What thriftlesse sighes shall poore <hi
rend="italic">Oliuia</hi> breath?</l>
        <l>O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,</l>
        <l>It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.</l>
      </sp>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3">
      <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Tertia.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Toby, and Sir
Andrew.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Approach Sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>: not to bee a
bedde after
        <lb/>midnight, is to be vp betimes, and <hi
rend="italic">Deliculo surgere</hi>, thou
        <lb/>know'st.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
        <p>Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to
        <lb/>be vp late, is to be vp late.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne.
        <lb/>To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early:
        <lb/>so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed
be&#x00AD;
        <lb/>times. Does not our liues consist of the foure
Ele&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ments?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
        <p>Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists
        <lb/>of eating and drinking.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke
        <lb/><hi rend="italic">Marian</hi> I say, a stoope of
wine.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
        <p>Heere comes the foole yfaith.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Pic&#x00AD;
              <lb/>ture of we three?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I
              <lb/>had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so
              <lb/>sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast
              <lb/>in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Pigrogromitus</hi>, of the <hi
rend="italic">Vapians</hi> pasing the Equinoctial of
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Queubus:</hi> 'twas very good yfaith: I
sent thee six pence</p>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">for</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0281-0.jpg" n="261"/>
                <fw type="rh">
          <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
        </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <p>for thy Lemon, hadst it?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>I did impeticos thy gratillity: for <hi
rend="italic">Maluolios</hi> nose
                <lb/>is no Whip&#x2011;stocke. My Lady has a white hand,
and the
                <lb/>Mermidons are no bottle&#x2011;ale houses.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when
              <lb/>all is done. Now a song.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Come on, there is six pence for you. Let's haue
              <lb/>a song.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a</p>
          </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Would you haue a loue&#x2011;song, or a song of good
    <lb/>life?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>A loue song, a loue song.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>I, I. I care not for good life.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic rightJustified">Clowne</speaker><stage rend="italic inline" type="business">sings.</stage>
  <l rend="italic">O Mistris mine where are you roming?</l>
  <l rend="italic">O stay and heare, your true loues coming,</l>
  <l rend="italic">That can sing both high and low.</l>
  <l rend="italic">Trip no further prettie sweeting.</l>
  <l rend="italic">Iourneys end in louers meeting,</l>
  <l rend="italic">Euery wise mans sonne doth know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Excellent good, ifaith.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Good, good.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">What is loue, tis not heereafter,</l>
  <l rend="italic">Present mirth, hath present laughter:</l>
  <l rend="italic">What's to come, is still vnsure.</l>
  <l rend="italic">In delay there lies no plentie,</l>
  <l rend="italic">Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:</l>
  <l rend="italic">Youths a stuffe will not endure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>A contagious breath.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
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            <p>Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
               <lb/>But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee
               <lb/>rowze the night&#x2011;Owle in a Catch, that will drawe
three
               <lb/>soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a
               <lb/>Catch.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Most c<gap/>rtaine: Let our Catch be, <hi
rend="italic">Thou Knaue</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p><hi rend="italic">Hold thy peace, thou Knaue</hi> knight. I
shall be con&#x00AD;
               <lb/>strained in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to
               <lb/>call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, <hi
rend="italic">Hold thy peace</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Good ifaith: Come begin.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Catch
sung</stage>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
            <p>What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If
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                        <lb/>my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>, and
                        <lb/>bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>My Lady's a <hi rend="italic">Catayan</hi>, we are
politicians, <hi rend="italic">Maluolios</hi>
                        <lb/>a Peg&#x2011;a&#x2011;ramsie, and <hi
rend="italic">Three merry men be wee</hi>. Am not I
                        <lb/>consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally.
La&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>die, <hi rend="italic">There dwelt a man in Babylon,
Lady, Lady.</hi></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-and">
                    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
                    <p>I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so
                        <lb/>do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more
                        <lb/>naturall.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p><hi rend="italic">O the twelfe day of December.</hi></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                    <p>For the loue o' God peace.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>My masters are you mad? Or what are you?
                        <lb/>Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble
                        <lb/>like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an
Ale&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your
Cozi&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?
                        <lb/>Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?</p>
                </sp>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp.</p>
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                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                               <p><hi rend="italic">Sir Toby</hi>, I must be round with you.
My Lady
                                       <lb/>bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her
kins&#x00AD;
                                       <lb/>man, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can
                                       <lb/>separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are
wel&#x00AD;
                                       <lb/>come to the house: if not, and it would please you to take
                                       <lb/>leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                               <l>Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                               <p>Nay good Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                               <l>His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                               <l>Is't euen so?</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                               <l>But I will neuer dye.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                               <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> there you lye.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                               <p>This is much credit to you.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                               <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                               <l rend="italic">Shall I  bid him go.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                               <l rend="italic">What and if you do<hi
rend="roman">?</hi></l>
                            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">Shall I bid him go, and spare not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l rend="italic">O no, no, no, no, you dare not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ard? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there
    <lb/>shall be no more Cakes and Ale?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Yes by <hi
rend="italic"><choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice></hi> Anne,
and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th
    <lb/>mouth too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with
    <lb/>crums. A stope of Wine <hi
rend="italic">Maria</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour
    <lb/>at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue
    <lb/>meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this
    <lb/>hand.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Go shake your eares.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans
    <lb/>a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake
    <lb/>promise with him, and make a foole of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile
    <lb/>deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since
    <lb/>the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is
    <lb/>much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone
    <lb/>with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make
    <lb/>him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte
e&#x00AD;
    <lb/>nough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,
    <lb/>deere knight.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason
    <lb/>good enough.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
    <lb/>constantly but a time&#x2011;pleaser, an affection'd
Asse, that
    <lb/>cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.
    <lb/>The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)
    <lb/>with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that
    all <lb/>that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him,
    will <lb/>my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>What wilt thou do?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of
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<lb/>loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his
<lb/>legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye,
<lb/>forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most
<lb/>feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie
<lb/>your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
<lb/>distinction of our hands.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>Excellent, I smell a deuice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>I hau't in my nose too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop</p>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">that</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0282-0.jpg" n="262"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<p>that they come from <gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>my Neece,
and<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/> that shee's in loue
<lb/>with him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>And your horse now would make him an Asse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Asse, I doubt not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>O twill be admirable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phy&#x00AD;
<lb/>sicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let

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          <lb/>the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter:
          <lb/>obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and
          <lb/>dreame on the euent: Farewell.</p>
     </sp>
     <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
     <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Good night <hi rend="italic">Penthisilea</hi>.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <p>Before me she's a good wench.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me:
          <lb/>what o'that?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <p>I was ador'd once too.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for
          <lb/>more money.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <p>If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way
          <lb/>out.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th
          <lb/>end, call me Cut.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <p>If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late
          <lb/>to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.</p>
     </sp>
     <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
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<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Viola,
Curio, and others.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.</l>
   <l>Now good <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, but that peece of
song,</l>
   <l>That old and Anticke song we heard last night;</l>
   <l>Me thought it did releeue my passion much,</l>
   <l>More then light ayres, and recollected termes</l>
   <l>Of these most briske and giddy&#x2011;paced times.</l>
   <l>Come, but one verse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-cur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
   <p>He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that
      <lb/>should sing it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Who was it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-cur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
   <p><hi rend="italic">Feste</hi> the Iester my Lord, a foole that
the Ladie
      <lb/><hi rend="italic">Oliuiaes</hi> Father tooke much
delight in. He is about the
      <lb/>house.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.</p>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke
playes.</stage>
   <l>Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue</l>
   <l>In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:</l>
   <l>For such as I am, all true Louers are,</l>
   <l>Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,</l>
   <l>Saue in the constant image of the creature</l>
   <l>That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>It giues a verie eccho to the seate</l>
   <l>Where loue is thron'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
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      <l>Thou dost speake masterly,</l>
      <l>My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye</l>
      <l>Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:</l>
      <l>Hath it not boy?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>A little, by your fauour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>What kinde of woman ist?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>Of your complection.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>About your yeeres my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;</l>
      <l>So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:</l>
      <l>For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,</l>
      <l>Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,</l>
      <l>More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,</l>
      <l>Then womens are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>I thinke it well my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,</l>
      <l>Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:</l>
      <l>For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre</l>
      <l>Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>And so they are: alas, that they are so:</l>
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            <l>To die, euen when they to perfection grow.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Curio &amp;
Clowne.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
               <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
               <l>O fellow come, the song we had last night:</l>
               <l>Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;</l>
               <l>The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,</l>
               <l>And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,</l>
               <l>Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,</l>
               <l>And dallies with the innocence of loue,</l>
               <l>Like the old age.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <l>Are you ready Sir?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
               <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
               <l>I prethee sing.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Musicke.</stage>
            <stage  rend="italic center" type="business">The Song.</stage>
            <l rend="italic">Come away, come away death,</l>
            <l rend="italic">And in sad cypresse let me be laide.</l>
            <l rend="italic">Fye away, fie away breath,</l>
            <l rend="italic">I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:</l>
            <l rend="italic">My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare
it.</l>
            <l rend="italic">My part of death no one so true did share it.</l>
            <l rend="italic">Not a flower, not a flower sweete</l>
            <l rend="italic">On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:</l>
            <l rend="italic">Not a friend, not a friend greet</l>
            <l rend="italic">My poore corpes, where my bones shall be
throwne:</l>
            <l rend="italic">A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me
&#x00F4; where</l>
            <l rend="italic">Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe
there.</l>
            <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
               <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
               <l>There's for thy paines.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <p>No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
```

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<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>Ile pay thy pleasure then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or
    <lb/>another.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
    <lb/>Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
    <lb/>minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constan&#x00AD;
    <lb/>cie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing,
    <lb/>and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes
    <lb/>makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>Let all the rest giue place: Once more <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>,</l>
  <l>Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:</l>
  <l>Tell her my loue, more noble then the world</l>
  <l>Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,</l>
  <l>The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:</l>
  <l>Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:</l>
  <l>But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems</l>
  <l>That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>But if she cannot loue you sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <p>It cannot be so answer'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l>Sooth but you must.</l>
  <l>Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,</l>
  <l>Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart</l>
  <l>As you haue for <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>: you cannot loue her:</l>
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        <l>You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>There is no womans sides</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Can</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0283-0.jpg" n="263"/>
        <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
          will.</hi>
      </fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Can bide the beating of so strong a pass sion,</l>
        <l>As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart</l>
        <l>So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.</l>
        <l>Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,</l>
        <l>No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,</l>
        <l>That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,<note type="physical"
resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
        <l>But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,</l>
        <l>And can digest as much, make no compare</l>
        <l>Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,</l>
        <l>And that I owe <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>I but I know.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>What dost thou knowe?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>Too well what loue women to men may owe:</l>
        <l>In faith they are as true of heart, as we.</l>
        <l>My Father had a daughter lou'd a man</l>
        <l>As it might be perhaps, were I a woman</l>
        <l>I should your Lordship.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <l>And what's her history?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,</l>
        <l>But let concealment like a worme i'th budde</l>
        <l>Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,</l>
        <l>And with a greene and yellow melancholly,</l>
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      <l>She sate like Patience on a Monument,</l>
      <l>Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?</l>
      <l>We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed</l>
      <l>Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue</l>
      <l>Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,</l>
      <l>And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.</l>
      <l>Sir, shall I to this Lady?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>I that's the Theame,</l>
      <l>To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,</l>
      <l>My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Toby, Sir
Andrew, and Fabian.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Come thy wayes Signior <hi rend="italic">Fabian.</hi></p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
         <lb/>let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ly Rascally sheepe&#x2011;biter, come by some notable
shame?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
      <p>I would exult man: you know he brought me out
         <lb/>o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare&#x2011;baiting
heere.</p>
   </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and
    <lb/>we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir <hi
rend="italic">An&#x00AD;
    <lb/>drew</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
    <lb/>Mettle of India<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Get ye all three into the box tree: <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio's</hi>
    <lb/>comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
    <lb/>Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe
    <lb/>houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
    <lb/>this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close
    <lb/>in the name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes
    <lb/>the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>
once
    <lb/>told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come
    <lb/>thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of
    <lb/>my complection. Besides she vses me with a more
ex&#x00AD;
    <cb n="2"/>
    <lb/>alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What
    <lb/>should I thinke on't?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
  <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
  <p>Heere's an ouer&#x2011;weening rogue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <p>Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
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          <lb/>Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd
plumes.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>Slight I could so beate the Rogue.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Peace I say.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p>To be Count <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Ah Rogue.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Pistoll him, pistoll him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Peace, peace.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p>There is example for't: The Lady of the <hi
rend="italic">Stra&#x00AD;
              <lb/>chy</hi>, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Fie on him Iezabel.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
            <p>O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagi&#x00AD;
              <lb/>nation blowes him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p>Hauing beene three moneths married to her,
              <lb/>sitting in my state.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>O for a stone&#x2011;bow to hit him in the eye.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
            <lb/>Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
            <lb/>haue left <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi> sleeping.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Fire and Brimstone.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
          <p>O peace, peace.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>And then to haue the humor of state: and after
            <lb/>a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
            <lb/>place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
            <lb/>kinsman <hi rend="italic">Toby.</hi></p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Boltes and shackles.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
          <p>Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
            <lb/>make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
            <lb/>winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell:
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> approaches; curtsies there to
me.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Shall this fellow liue?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
          <p>Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
            <lb/>yet peace.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <l>I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
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                    <lb/>familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>And do's not <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> take you a blow
o'the lippes,
                    <lb/>then?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Saying, Cosine <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, my Fortunes
hauing cast
                    <lb/>me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of
speech.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>What, what?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>You must amend your drunkennesse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>Out scab.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
                    <p>Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
                        <lb/>plot<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
                        <lb/>with a foolish knight.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-and">
                    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
                    <p>That's mee I warrant you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>One sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-and">
                    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
                    <p>I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p>What employment haue we heere?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
            <p>Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea&#x00AD;
               <lb/>ding aloud to him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p>By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her
               <lb/>very <hi rend="italic">C s</hi>, her <hi
rend="italic">V's</hi>, and her <hi rend="italic">T's</hi>, and thus makes shee
<choice><orig>het</orig><corr>her</corr></choice>
               <lb/>great <hi rend="italic">P's</hi>. It is in contempt of
question her hand.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
            <p>Her <hi rend="italic">C's</hi>, her <hi
rend="italic">V's</hi>, and her <hi rend="italic">T's</hi>: why that?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <p><hi rend="italic">To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my
good Wishes</hi>:
               <lb/>Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the
im&#x00AD;
               <lb/>pressure her <hi rend="italic">Lucrece</hi>, with which
she vses to seale: tis my
               <lb/>Lady: To whom should this be?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
            <p>This winnes him, Liuer and all.</p>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
      <hi rend="italic">Mal.</hi>
   </fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0284-0.jpg" n="264"/>
         <fw type="rh">
      <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
   </fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
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                    <p><hi rend="italic">Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not
mooue, no
                    <lb/>man must know.</hi> No man must know. What
followes?
                    <lb/>The numbers alter d: No man must know,
                    <lb/>If this should be thee <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>Marrie hang thee brocke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <l rend="italic">I may command where I adore, but silence like a
Lu&#x00AD;
                    <lb/>cresse knife:</l>
                    <l rend="italic">With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore,
M.O.A.I. doth
                    <lb/>sway my life.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
                    <p>A fustian riddle.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>Excellent Wench, say I.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p><hi rend="italic">M.O.A.I.</hi> doth sway my life. Nay but
first
                        <lb/>let me see, let me see, let me see.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
                    <p>What dish a poyson has she drest him<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p> <hi rend="italic">I may command, where I adore</hi>: Why
shee may
                        <lb/>command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is
                        <lb/>euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction
```

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                              <lb/>in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall
po&#x00AD;
                              <lb/>sition portend, if I could make that resemble something
                              <lb/>in me? Softly, <hi rend="italic">M.O.A.I.</hi></p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
                       <p>Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee
                          <lb/>as ranke as a Fox.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                       <p><hi rend="italic">M. Maluolio, M:</hi> why that begins my
name.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
                       <p>Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre
                          <lb/>is excellent at faults.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                       <p><hi rend="italic">M.</hi> But then there is no consonancy in
the sequell
                          <lb/>that suffers vnder probation: <hi rend="italic">A</hi>.
should follow, but <hi rend="italic">O</hi>.
                          <lb/>does.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
                       <p>And <hi rend="italic">O</hi> shall end, I hope.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry <hi
rend="italic">O</hi>.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                       <p>And then <hi rend="italic">I</hi>. comes behind.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
                       <p>I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might
                          <lb/>see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before
                          <lb/>you.</p>
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```xml
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p><hi rend="italic">M,O,A,I</hi>. This simulation is not as the
```
former:
```xml
            <lb/>and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for
```
e­
```xml
            <lb/>uery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here
```
fol­
```xml
            <lb/>lowes prose: <hi rend="italic">If this fall into thy hand,
```
reuolue</hi>. In my stars
```xml
            <lb/>I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some
            <lb/>are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and<gap
```
extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker"
resp="#ES"/> some
```xml
            <lb/>haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr
            <lb/>hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to
```
in­
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            <lb/>ure thy selfe to what thou art like to be:cast thy humble
            <lb/>slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,
            <lb/>surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of
            <lb/>state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee
            <lb/>thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who
            <lb/>commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee
            <lb/>euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art
            <lb/>made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a
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ste­
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            <lb/>ward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to
            <lb/>touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter
            <lb/>seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and
            <lb/>champian discouers not more: This is open, I will bee
            <lb/>proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, I will wash off grosse
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acquaintance, I will be point
```xml
            <lb/>deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let
            <lb/>imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this,
            <lb/>that my Lady loues m&#x00E8;. She did commend my
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yellow
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            <lb/>stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being
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crosse‑
```xml
            <lb/>garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue,
```
&
```xml
            <lb/>with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of
            <lb/>her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee
            <lb/>strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,
          <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my
            <lb/>starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. <hi
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rend="italic">Thou canst
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            <lb/>not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my
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loue, let

<lb/>it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well.

There&#x00AD;

<lb/>fore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I

prethee</hi>. Ioue

<lb/>I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou
<lb/>wilt haue me.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
<speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
<p>I will not giue my part of this sport for a pensi&#x00AD;
<lb/>on of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>I could marry this wench for this deuice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>So could I too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>And aske no other dowry with her, but such ano&#x00AD;
<lb/>ther iest.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>Nor I neither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
<speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
<p>Heere comes my noble gull catcher.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<p>Or o'mine either?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>Shall I play my freedome at tray&#x2011;trip, and becom
<lb/>thy bondslaue?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">

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        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <p>Ifaith, or I either?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
        <p>Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that
          <lb/>when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
        <p>Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <p>If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark
          <lb/>his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her
          <lb/>in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and
          <lb/>crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile
          <lb/>vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her
dispo&#x00AD;
          <lb/>sition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it
          <lb/>cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil
          <lb/>see it follow me.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell
          <lb/>of wit.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
        <p>Ile make one too.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <trailer>Finis Actus secundus</trailer>
    </div>
      <div type="act" n="3">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius, Sc&#x00E6;na
prima.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Viola and
Clowne.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
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    <p>Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue
        <lb/>by thy Tabor?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>No sir, I liue by the Church.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <p>Art thou a Churchman?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For,
        <lb/>I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the
        <lb/>Church.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <p>So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a
        <lb/>begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy
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Ta­
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        <lb/>bor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is
        <lb/>but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickely the
        <lb/>wrong side may be turn'd outward.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <p>Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with
        <lb/>words, may quickely make them wanton.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <p>Why man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with
        <lb/>that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede,
        <lb/>words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
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              <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
              <p>Thy reason man?</p>
            </sp>
            <fw type="catchword" place="lowerRight" rend="italic">Clo.</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0285-0.jpg" n="273"/>
            <fw type="rh">
          <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
        </fw>
              <cb n="1"/>
              <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes,
                  <lb/>and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue
rea&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>son with them.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <p>I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for
                  <lb/>nothing.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my con&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>science sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for
no&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>thing sir, I would it would make you inuisible.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <p>Art not thou the Lady <hi rend="italic">Oliuia's</hi>
foole?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>No indeed sir, the Lady <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi> has no
folly, shee
                  <lb/>will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are
                  <lb/>as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the
Hus&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>bands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir
cor&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>rupter of words.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <p>I saw thee late at the Count <hi
rend="italic">Orsino's</hi>.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
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<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the
  <lb/>sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the
  <lb/>foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my
Mi&#x00AD;
  <lb/>stris: I thinke I saw your wisedome there.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with
    <lb/>thee Hold there's expences for thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send
    <lb/>thee a beard.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for
    <lb/>one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is
    <lb/>my Lady within?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo</speaker>
  <p> Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>Yes being kept together, and put to vse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I would play Lord <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">Phrygia</hi> sir, to bring
    <lb/>a <hi rend="italic">Cresssida</hi> to this <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <p>I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a
    <lb/>begger: <hi rend="italic">Cresssida</hi> was a begger.
My Lady is within sir. I
    <lb/>will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and
    <lb/>what you would are out of my welkin, I might say
Ele&#x00AD;

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      <lb/>ment, but the word is ouer&#x2011;worne.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,</l>
    <l>And to do that well, craues a kind of wit:</l>
    <l>He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,</l>
    <l>The quality of persons, and the time:</l>
    <l>And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather</l>
    <l>That comes before his eye. This is a practice,</l>
    <l>As full of labour as a Wise&#x2011;mans Art:</l>
    <l>For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;</l>
    <l>But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Toby and
Andrew.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Saue you Gentleman.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>And you sir.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
      <p rend="italic">Dieu vou guard Monsieur.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p rend="italic">Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
      <p>I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desi-&#x00AD;
        <lb/>rous you should enter, if your trade be to her.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the
        <lb/>list of my voyage.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
          <p>My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vn&#x00AD;
            <lb/>derstand what you meane by bidding me taste my
legs.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>I meane to go sir, to enter.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
          <p>I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we
            <lb/>are preuented.</p>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia, and
Gentlewoman.</stage>
          <p>Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine
O&#x00AD;
            <lb/>dours on you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-and">
          <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
          <p>That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
          <p>My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne
          <cb n="2"/>
          <lb/>most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-and">
          <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
          <p>Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em
            <lb/>all three already.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <p>Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to
            <lb/>my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
          <l>My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <l>What is your name?</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi> is your seruants name, faire Princesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>My seruant sir<c rend="italic">?</c> 'Twas neuer merry world,</l>
  <l>Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:</l>
  <l>y'are seruant to the Count <hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi> youth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l>And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:</l>
  <l>your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,</l>
  <l>Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l>Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts</l>
  <l>On his behalfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>O by your leaue I pray you.</l>
  <l>I bad you neuer speake againe of him;</l>
  <l>But would you vndertake another suite</l>
  <l>I had rather heare you, to solicit that,</l>
  <l>Then Musicke from the spheares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
  <l>Deere Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <l>Giue me leaue, beseech you<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>: I did send,</l>
  <l>After the last enchantment you did heare,</l>
  <l>A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse</l>
  <l>My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:</l>
  <l>Vnder your hard construction must I sit,</l>
  <l>To force that on you in a shamefull cunning</l>
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    <l>Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?</l>
    <l>Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,</l>
    <l>And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts</l>
    <l>That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing</l>
    <l>Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,</l>
    <l>Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>I pittie you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>That's a degree to loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe</l>
    <l>That verie oft we pitty enemies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:</l>
    <l>O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?</l>
    <l>If one should be a prey, how much the better</l>
    <l>To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Clocke
strikes.</stage>

    <l>The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:</l>
    <l>Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,</l>
    <l>And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,</l>
    <l>your wife is like to reape a proper man:</l>
    <l>There lies your way, due West.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>Then Westward hoe:</l>
    <l>Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:</l>
    <l>You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>That you do thinke you are not what you are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
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        <l>If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <l>I would you were, as I would haue you be.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>Would it be better Madam, then I am<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
        <l>I wish it might, for now I am your foole.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <l>O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?</l>
        <l>In the contempt and anger of his lip,</l>
        <l>A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,</l>
        <l>Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, by the Roses of the
Spring,</l>
        <l>By maid&#x2011;hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,</l>
        <l>I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,</l>
        <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Z</fw>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Nor</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0286-0.jpg" n="266"/>
        <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
        </fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:</l>
        <l>Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,</l>
        <l>For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:</l>
        <l>But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;</l>
        <l>Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <l>By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,</l>
        <l>I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,</l>
        <l>And that no woman has, nor neuer none</l>
        <l>Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.</l>
        <l>And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,</l>
        <l>Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
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    <l>Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue</l>
    <l>That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Toby, Sir
Andrew, and Fabian.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
    <p>You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir <hi
rend="italic">An&#x00AD;
      <lb/>drew</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
      <lb/>Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
      <lb/>I saw't i'th Orchard.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>As plaine as I see you now.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
    <p>This was a great argument of loue in her toward
      <lb/>you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
    <p>I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
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              <lb/>iudgement, and reason.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Noah</hi> was a Saylor.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
            <p>Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
              <lb/>onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
              <lb/>to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
              <lb/>you should then haue accosted her, and with some
excel&#x00AD;
              <lb/>lent iests, fire&#x2011;new from the mint, you should
haue bangd
              <lb/>the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your
              <lb/>hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this
oppor&#x00AD;
              <lb/>tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into
              <lb/>the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
              <lb/>like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do
re&#x00AD;
              <lb/>deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
              <lb/>policie.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
              <lb/>policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a
Politi&#x00AD;
              <lb/>cian.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
              <lb/>valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
              <lb/>hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,
              <lb/>and assure thy selfe, there is no loue&#x2011;Broker in
the world,
              <lb/>can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
              <lb/>then report of valour.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
            <p>There is no way but this sir <hi
rend="italic">Andrew</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
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            <p>Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe:
                <lb/>it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
                <lb/>inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
                <lb/>thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma&#x00AD;
                <lb/>ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
                <lb/>sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of <hi rend="italic">Ware</hi> in Eng&#x00AD;</p>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <p>land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e&#x00AD;
                <lb/>nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose&#x2011;pen,
                <lb/>no matter: about it.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>Where shall I finde you?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Sir Andrew.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
            <p>This is a deere Manakin to you Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
                <lb/>strong, or so.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
            <p>We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le
                <lb/>not deliuer't.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
                <lb/>the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine&#x2011;ropes
                <lb/>cannot hale them together. For <hi
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rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, if he were open'd
                                <lb/>and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
                                <lb/>foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
                            <p>And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
                                <lb/>great presage of cruelty.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                            <p>Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                            <p>If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
                                <lb/>selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi> is tur&#x00AD;
                                <lb/>ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
                                <lb/>that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
                                <lb/>beleeue such imposssible passages of grossenesse. Hee's
in
                                <lb/>yellow stockings.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                            <p>And crosse garter'd?</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                            <p>Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a
                                <lb/>Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his
murthe&#x00AD;
                                <lb/>rer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt,
                                <lb/>to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
                                <lb/>then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
                                <lb/>Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can
hard&#x00AD;
                                <lb/>ly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
                                <lb/>strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great
                                <lb/>fauour.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                            <p>Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
Omnes.</stage>
                    </div>

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<div type="scene" n="3">
    <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x00E6;na Tertia.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sebastian and
Anthonio.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>I would not by my will haue troubled you,</l>
        <l>But since you make your pleasure of your paines,</l>
        <l>I will no further chide you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>I could not stay behinde you: my desire</l>
        <l>(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,</l>
        <l>And not all loue to see you (though so much</l>
        <l>As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)</l>
        <l>But iealousie, what might befall your
<choice><orig>rrauell</orig><corr>trauell</corr></choice>,</l>
        <l>Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,</l>
        <l>Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue</l>
        <l>Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing loue,<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
        <l>The rather by these arguments of feare</l>
        <l>Set forth in your pursuite.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>My kinde <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>,</l>
        <l>I can no other answer make, but thankes,</l>
        <l>And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,</l>
        <l>Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:</l>
        <l>But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">You</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0287-0.jpg" n="267"/>
        <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
    </fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>You should finde better dealing: what's to do?</l>
        <l>Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>I am not weary, and 'tis long to night</l>
        <l>I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes</l>
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<l>With the memorials, and the things of fame</l>
        <l>That do renowne this City.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Would youl'd pardon me:</l>
        <l>I do not without danger walke these streetes.</l>
        <l>Once in a sea&#x2011;fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,</l>
        <l>I did some seruice, of such note indeede,</l>
        <l>That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>Belike you slew great number of his people.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,</l>
        <l>Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell</l>
        <l>Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:</l>
        <l>It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying</l>
        <l>What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake</l>
        <l>Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,</l>
        <l>or which if I be lapsed in this place</l>
        <l>I shall pay deere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>Do not then walke too open.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,</l>
        <l>In the South Suburbes at the Elephant</l>
        <l>Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,</l>
        <l>Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge</l>
        <l>With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
        <l>Why I your purse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy</l>
        <l>You haue desire to purchase: and your store</l>
        <l>I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>

<l>Ile be your purse&#x2011;bearer, and leaue you</l>
<l>For an houre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>To th'Elephant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
<speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
<l>I do remember.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
<head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Quarta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia and
Maria.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:</l>
<l>How shall I feast him? What bestow of him<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.</l>
<l>I speake too loud: Where's <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>,
he is sad, and ciuill,</l>
<l>And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,</l>
<l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>He's comming Madame:</l>
<l>But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Why what's the matter, does he raue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La&#x00AD;
<lb/>dyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee
<lb/>come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Go call him hither.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
<l>I am as madde as hee,</l>

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                    <l>If sad and
<choice><orig>metry</orig><corr>merry</corr></choice> madnesse equall bee.</l>
                    <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <l>Sweet Lady, ho, ho.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <l>Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <l>Sad Lady, I could be sad:</l>
                    <l>This does make some obstruction in the blood:</l>
                    <l>This crosse&#x2011;gartering, but what of that?</l>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <l>If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true</l>
                    <l>Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker><note type="physical"
resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Olivia.</note>
                    <l>Why how doest thou man?</l>
                    <l>What is the matter with thee?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Not blacke in my minde<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>, though
yellow in my
                    <lb/>legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall
                    <lb/>be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane
                    <lb/>hand.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <p>Wilt thou go to bed <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>To bed<c rend="italic">?</c> I sweet heart, and Ile come to
thee.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <p>God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
                        <lb/>kisse thy hand so oft<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <p>How do you <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Maluo.</speaker>
   <l>At your request:</l>
   <l>Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <p>Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold&#x00AD;
      <lb/>nesse before my Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>What meanst thou by that <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Some are borne great.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>Ha?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Some atcheeue greatnesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>What sayst thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>Heauen restore thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Remember who commended thy yellow stock&#x00AD;
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          <lb/>ings.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Thy yellow stockings?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Crosse garter'd?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>Go too, thou art made,<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>if thou
desir'st to be so.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Am I made?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>If not, let me see thee a seruant still.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tn-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <p>Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Orsino's</hi> is return'd, I could hardly
entreate him backe: he
          <lb/>attends your Ladyships pleasure.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>Ile come to him.</p>
        <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>, let this fellow be look d
too. Where's my
          <lb/>Cosine <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, let some of my
people haue a speciall care
          <lb/>of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of
          <lb/>my Dowry.</p>
      </sp>
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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse
      <lb/>man then sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> to looke to me. This concurres direct&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
         <lb/>appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in
         <lb/>the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be oppo&#x00AD;
         <lb/>site with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue
         <lb/>langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the
         <lb/>tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the
         <lb/>manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow
         <lb/>tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth.
         <lb/>I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me
         <lb/>thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fel&#x00AD;
         <lb/>low be look'd too: Fellow? not <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>, nor after my
         <lb/>degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togither,
         <lb/>that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
         <lb/>obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What
         <lb/>can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
         <lb/>me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I,
         <lb/>is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.</stage>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Z2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi rend="italic">To.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0288-0.jpg" n="268"/>
<fw type="rh">
  <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all
      <lb/>the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe
      <lb/>possest him, yet Ile speake to him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
   <p>Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?
      <lb/>How ist with you man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <p>Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate:
        <lb/>go off.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him;
        <lb/>did not I tell you? Sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, my
Lady prayes you to haue
        <lb/>a care of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <p>Ah ha, does she so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
        <lb/>gently with him: Let me alone. How do you <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?
        <lb/>How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider,
        <lb/>he's an enemy to mankinde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <p>Do you know what you say?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how
        <lb/>he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
    <p>Carry his water to th'wise woman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning
        <lb/>if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile
        <lb/>say.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <p>How now mistris?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Oh Lord.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe
      <lb/>you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
   <p>No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend
      <lb/>is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>Why how now my bawcock? how dost y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> chuck?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
   <p>I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for
      <lb/>grauity to play at cherrie&#x2011;pit with sathan Hang
him foul
      <lb/>Colliar.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <p>Get him to say his prayers, good sir <hi
rend="italic">Toby</hi> gette
      <lb/>him to pray.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>My prayers Minx.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mar">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <p>No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly&#x00AD;
      <lb/>nesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe
      <lb/>things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more
      <lb/>heereafter.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
   <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <p>Ist posssible<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
      <p>If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could con&#x00AD;
         <lb/>demne it as an improbable fiction.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>His very genius hath taken the infection of the
         <lb/>deuice man.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <p>Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre,
         <lb/>and taint.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
      <p>Why we shall make him mad indeede.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <p>The house will be the quieter.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room &amp; bound.
         <lb/>My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may
         <lb/>carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our
ve&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ry pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy
         <lb/>on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar
         <lb/>and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but
see.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir
Andrew.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
      <p>More matter for a May morning.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
      <p>Heere's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's
         <lb/>vinegar and pepper in't.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>Ist so sawcy?</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-and">
         <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
         <p>I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
         <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
         <p>Giue me.</p>
         <p rend="italic">Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a
scuruy fellow.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
         <p> Good, and valiant.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
         <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
         <p rend="italic">Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I
doe call

         <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
         <p>A good note, that keepes you from the blow of y&#x0364;
            <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>Law</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
         <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
         <p rend="italic">Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight
she vses
            <lb/>thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the
matter
            <lb/>I challenge thee for.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
         <p>Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence&#x2011;lesse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
         <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
         <p rend="italic">I will way&#x2011;lay thee going home, where
if it be thy chance
            <lb/>to kill me.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
         <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
         <p>Good.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
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      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p rend="italic">Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
      <p>Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
      <p rend="italic">Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our
         <lb/>soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better,
         <lb/>and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest him, &amp; thy
         <lb/>sworne enemie, <hi rend="roman">Andrew Ague&#x2011;cheeke.</hi></p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot:
         <lb/>Ile giu't him.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <p>You may haue verie fit occasion <choice><orig>fot't</orig><corr>for't</corr></choice>: he is now
         <lb/>in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
         <lb/>depart.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Go sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>: scout mee for him at the corner
         <lb/>of the Orchard like a bum&#x2011;Baylie: so soone as euer thou
         <lb/>seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for
         <lb/><gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES"/>t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagge&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ring accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more
         <lb/>approbation, then euer proofe it selfe would haue earn'd
         <lb/>him. Away.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
      <p>Nay let me alone for swearing.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
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            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p> Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaui&#x00AD;
               <lb/>our of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good
               <lb/>capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his
               <lb/>Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this
               <lb/>Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror
               <lb/>in the youth: he will finde it comes from a
Clodde&#x2011;pole.
               <lb/>But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth;
               <lb/>set vpon <hi rend="italic">Ague&#x2011;cheeke</hi> a
notable report of valor, and driue
               <lb/>the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it)
               <lb/>into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and
               <lb/>impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil
               <lb/>kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia and
Viola.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
            <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
            <p>Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way
               <lb/>till he take leaue, and presently after him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
            <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
            <p>I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message
               <lb/>for a Challenge.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,</l>
            <l>And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:</l>
            <l>There's something in me that reproues my fault:</l>
            <l>But such a head&#x2011;strong potent fault it is,</l>
            <l>That it but mockes reproofe.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
            <l>With the same hauiour that your passion beares,</l>
            <l>Goes on my Masters greefes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:</l>
            <l>Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:</l>
            <l>And I beseech you come againe to morrow.</l>
            <l>What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,</l>
            <l>That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
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<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<l>Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>How with mine honor may I giue him that,</l>
<l>Which I haue giuen to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>I will acquit you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Well, come againe to morrow:
far&#x2011;thee&#x2011;well,</l>
<l>A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Toby and
Fabian.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>Gentleman, God saue thee.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Vio.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0289-0.jpg" n="269"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>And you sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
<lb/>nature the w<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES"/>ongs are thou hast done him, I
knowe not:
<lb/>but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the
Hun&#x00AD;
<lb/>ter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke,
<lb/>be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick,
skil&#x00AD;
<lb/>full, and deadly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quar&#x00AD;
          <lb/>rell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from
          <lb/>any image of offence done to any man.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if
          <lb/>you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard:
          <lb/>for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
          <lb/>and wrath, can furnish man withall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>I pray you sir what is he?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and
          <lb/>on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall,
          <lb/>soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his
incense&#x00AD;
          <lb/>ment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction
          <lb/>can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob,
          <lb/>nob, is his word: giu't or take't.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>I will returne againe into the house, and desire
          <lb/>some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard
          <lb/>of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on
o&#x00AD;
          <lb/>thers, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that
          <lb/>quirke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a ve&#x00AD;
          <lb/>ry computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him
          <lb/>his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you
          <lb/>vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you
          <lb/>might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword
          <lb/>starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or
for&#x00AD;
          <lb/>sweare to weare iron about you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
        <p>This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe
          <lb/>me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what
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<lb/>my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence,
<lb/>nothing of my purpose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p><hi rend="italic">I</hi> will doe so. Signiour <hi
rend="italic">Fabian</hi>, stay you by this
<lb/>Gentleman, till my returne.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Toby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
<speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
<p>I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to
<lb/>a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance
<lb/>more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>I beseech you what manner of man is he?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
<speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
<p>Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him
<lb/>by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of
<lb/>his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy,
&amp;
<lb/>fatall opposite that you could posssibly haue found in anie
<lb/>part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make
<lb/>your peace with him, if I can.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one,
<lb/>that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care
<lb/>not who knowes so much of my mettle.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Toby and
Andrew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
<speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
<p>Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such<note
type="physical" resp="#ES">This line has been underlined in pencil.</note>
<lb/>a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all:
<lb/>and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion
<lb/>that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as

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                              <lb/>surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on.
They<note type="physical" resp="#ES">This line has been underlined in
pencil.</note>
                              <lb/>say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-and">
                       <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
                       <p>Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>I but he will not now be pacified,
                          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Fabian</hi> can scarse hold him
yonder.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-and">
                       <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
                       <p>Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant,
                          <lb/>and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere
                          <lb/>I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and
                       <cb n="2"/>
                          <lb/>Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good
                          <lb/>shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules,
                          <lb/>marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.</p>
                       <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Fabian and
Viola.</stage>
                       <p>I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded
                          <lb/>him the youths a diuell.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
                       <p>He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, &amp;
                          <lb/>lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                       <p>There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's
                          <lb/>oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his
                          <lb/>quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth
tal&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>king of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe,
                          <lb/>he protests he will not hurt you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                       <p>Pray God defend me: a little thing would make
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        <lb/>me tell them how much I lacke of a man.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>Giue ground if you see him furious.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Come sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>, there's no remedie,
the Gen&#x00AD;
        <lb/>tleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you:
        <lb/>he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised
        <lb/>me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt
        <lb/>you. Come on, too't.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
      <p>Pray God he keepe his oath.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antonio.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <p>I do assure you tis against my will.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman</l>
      <l>Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:</l>
      <l>If you offend him, I for him defie you.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>You sir? Why, what are you?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more</l>
      <l>Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Officers.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>O good sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> hold: heere come the
Officers.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
    <p>Ile be with you anon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <p>Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile
        <lb/>be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and
        <lb/>raines well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-off.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
    <p>This is the man, do thy Office.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-off.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Off.</speaker>
    <p><hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, I arrest thee at the suit of
Count <hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <p>You do mistake me sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-off.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
    <l> No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:</l>
    <l>Though now you haue no sea&#x2011;cap on your head:</l>
    <l>Take him away, he knowes I know him well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>I must obey. This comes with seeking you:</l>
    <l>But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:</l>
    <l>What will you do: now my necesssitie</l>
    <l>Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee</l>
    <l>Much more, for what I cannot do for you,</l>
    <l>Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,</l>
    <l>But be of comfort.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-off.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2 Off.</speaker>
    <l>Come sir away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>I must entreat of you some of that money.</l>
```

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
            <l>What money sir?</l>
            <l>For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,</l>
            <l>And part being prompted by your present trouble,</l>
            <l>Out of my leane and low ability</l>
            <l>Ile lend you some<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES"/>hing: my hauing is not
much,</l>
            <l>Ile make diuision of my present with you:</l>
            <l>Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Will you deny me now,</l>
            <l>Ist posssible that my deserts to you</l>
            <l>Can l<c rend="italic">a</c>cke perswasion. Do not tempt my
misery,</l>
            <l>Least that it make me so vnsound a man</l>
            <l>As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses</l>
            <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Z3</fw>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0290-0.jpg" n="270"/>
            <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
            </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>That I haue done for you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
            <l>I know of none,</l>
            <l>Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:</l>
            <l>I hate ingratitude more in a man,</l>
            <l>Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,</l>
            <l>Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption</l>
            <l>Inhabites our fraile blood.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Oh heauens themselues.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-off.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Off.</speaker>
            <l>Come sir, I pray you go.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
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                        <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc
rend="turnunder">(</pc>heere,</l>
                        <l>I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,</l>
                        <l>Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;</l>
                        <l>And to his image, which me thought did promise</l>
                        <l>Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-off.1">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
                        <l>What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:</l>
                        <l>Thou hast <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> done good
feature, shame.</l>
                        <l>In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:</l>
                        <l>None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.</l>
                        <l>Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill</l>
                        <l>Are empty trunkes, ore&#x2011;flourish'd by the deuill.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-off.1">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
                        <l>The man growes mad, away with him:</l>
                        <l>Come, come sir.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Leade me on.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                        <l>Me thinkes his words do from such passsion flye</l>
                        <l>That he beleeues himselfe, so do not I:</l>
                        <l>Proue true imagination, oh proue true,</l>
                        <l>That I deere brother, be now tane for you.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                        <p>Come hither Knight, come hither <hi
rend="italic">Fabian:</hi> Weel
                            <lb/>whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                        <l>He nam'd <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi>: I my brother
know</l>

                        <l>Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so</l>
                        <l>In fauour was my Brother, and he went</l>
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      <l>Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,</l>
      <l>For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,</l>
      <l>Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
         <lb/>then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend
         <lb/>heere in necesssity, and denying him: and for his coward&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ship aske <hi rend="italic">Fabian</hi>.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
         <lb/>it.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
      <p>Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-and">
      <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
      <p>And I do not.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
      <p>Come, let's see the euent.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
      <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
      <p>I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
<div type="scene" n="1">
   <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus, Sc&#x00E6;na prima.</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sebastian and Clowne.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Will you make me beleeue, that I am not sent for
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            <lb/>you?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <l>Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,</l>
            <l>Let me be cleere of thee.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,
               <lb/>nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
               <lb/>speake with her: nor your name is not Master <hi
rend="italic">Cesario</hi>,
               <lb/>nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is
so.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <p>I prethee vent thy folly some&#x2011;where else, thou
               <lb/>know'st not me.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
               <lb/>great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my
fol&#x00AD;
            <cb n="2"/>
               <lb/>ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
               <lb/>Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell
               <lb/>me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that
               <lb/>thou art comming?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <p>I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
               <lb/>money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse
               <lb/>paiment.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise&#x2011;
               <lb/>men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good
re&#x00AD;
               <lb/>port, after foureteene yeares purchase.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Andrew, Toby,
and Fabian.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tn-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
       <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
       <l>Why there's for thee, and there, and there,</l>
       <l>Are all the people mad?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
       <p>Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
          <lb/>in some of your coats for two pence.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
       <p>Come on sir, hold.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-and">
       <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
       <p>Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
          <lb/>with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
          <lb/>there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet
          <lb/>it's no matter for that.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
       <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
       <p>Let go thy hand.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
       <p>Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
          <lb/>souldier put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come
          <lb/>on.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
       <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
       <l>I will be free from thee. What wouldst y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> now?</l>
       <l>If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
       <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
       <p>What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
          <lb/>two of this malapert blood from you.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
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          <p>Hold <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, on thy life I charge thee
hold.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Madam.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <l>Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,</l>
          <l>Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,</l>
          <l>Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.</l>
          <l>Be not offended, deere <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>:</l>
          <l>Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,</l>
          <l>Let thy fayre wisedome, not thy passsion sway</l>
          <l>In this vnciuill, and vniust extent</l>
          <l>Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,</l>
          <l>And heare thou there how many fruitlesse prankes</l>
          <l>This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby</l>
          <l>Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:</l>
          <l>Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,</l>
          <l>He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <l>What rellish is in this? How runs the streame?</l>
          <l>Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:</l>
          <l>Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,</l>
          <l>If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <l>Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
          <l>Madam, I will.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <l>O say so, and so be.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Maria and
Clowne.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
```

\<speaker rend="italic">Mar.\</speaker>
\<p> Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
    \<lb/>make him beleeue thou art sir \<hi
rend="italic">Topas\</hi> the Curate, doe it
    \<lb/>quickly. Ile call sir \<hi rend="italic">Toby\</hi> the
whilst.\</p>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    \<speaker rend="italic">Clo.\</speaker>
    \<p>Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe
    \<lb/>in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in
    \<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">such\</fw>
    \<pb facs="FFimg:axc0291-0.jpg" n="271"/>
    \<fw type="rh">
\<hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
    will.\</hi>
\</fw>
    \<cb n="1"/>
    \<lb/>in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the
    \<lb/>function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
    \<lb/>Studient: but to be said an honest man and a good
hous­
    \<lb/>keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a
great
    \<lb/>scholler. The Competitors enter.\</p>
\</sp>
\<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Toby.\</stage>
\<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    \<speaker rend="italic">To.\</speaker>
    \<p>Ioue blesse thee M. Parson.\</p>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    \<speaker rend="italic">Clo.\</speaker>
    \<p>\<hi rend="italic">Bonos dies\</hi> sir \<hi
rend="italic">Toby\</hi>: for as the old hermit of \<hi rend="italic">Prage\</hi>
    \<lb/>that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece
    \<lb/>of King \<hi rend="italic">Gorbodacke\</hi>, that that is,
is: so I being M. Parson,
    \<lb/>am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but
is?\</p>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tn-tob">
    \<speaker rend="italic">To.\</speaker>
    \<p>To him sir \<hi rend="italic">Topas\</hi>.\</p>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
    \<speaker rend="italic">Clow.\</speaker>
    \<p>What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.\</p>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tn-tob">

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                    <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
                    <p>The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Maluolio
within.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Who cals there?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi> the Curate, who comes to
visit <hi rend="italic">Maluo&#x00AD;
                    <lb/>lio</hi> the Lunaticke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>, sir <hi
rend="italic">Topas</hi>, good sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi> goe to my
                    <lb/>Ladie.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this
                    <lb/>man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
                    <p>Well said M. Parson.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>, neuer was man thus
wronged, good
                    <lb/>sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi> do not thinke I am mad:
they haue layde mee
                    <lb/>heere in hideous darknesse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the
                        <lb/>most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones,
                        <lb/>that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou
                        <lb/>that house is darke?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
                    <p>As hell sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari&#x00AD;
    <lb/>cadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are
    <lb/>as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of ob&#x00AD;
    <lb/>struction?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>I am not mad sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>, I say to you this house is
    <lb/>darke,</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse
    <lb/>but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the
    <lb/>&#x00C6;gyptians in their fogge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh
    <lb/>Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was ne&#x00AD;
    <lb/>uer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,
    <lb/>make the triall of it in any constant question.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>What is the opinion of <hi rend="italic">Pythagoras</hi> concerning
    <lb/>Wilde&#x2011;fowle?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>That the soule of our grandam, might happily
    <lb/>inhabite a bird.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>What thinkst thou of his opinion<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <p>I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue
    <lb/>his opinion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
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        <p>Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse,
            <lb/>thou shalt hold th' opinion of <hi
rend="italic">Pythagoras</hi>, ere I will allow
            <lb/>of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou
dis&#x00AD;
            <lb/>possesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>, sir <hi
rend="italic">Topas</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tob.</speaker>
        <p>My most exquisite sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Nay I am for all waters.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <p>Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd
            <lb/>and gowne, he sees thee not.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
        <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
        <p>To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word
            <lb/>how thou findst him: I would we were well ridde of this
            <lb/>knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would
            <lb/>he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece,
            <lb/>that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the
vppe&#x00AD;
            <lb/>shot. Come by and by to my Chamber.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
            <lb/>does.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>Foole.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>My Lady is vnkind, <hi rend="italic">perdie</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Alas why is she so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Foole, I say.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>She loues another. Who calles, ha?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at
      <lb/>my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:
      <lb/>as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee
      <lb/>for't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>M. <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>I good Foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mall.</speaker>
   <p>Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie a&#x00AD;
      <lb/>bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be
      <lb/>no better in your wits then a foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <p>They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in
      <lb/>darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they
      <lb/>can to face me out of my wits.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.</p>
          <p><hi rend="italic">Maluolio, Maluolio</hi>, thy wittes the
heauens restore: en&#x00AD;
            <lb/>deauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble
            <lb/>babble.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Topas</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Maintaine no words with him good fellow.
            <lb/>Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas:
Mar&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ry Amen. I will sir, I will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Foole, foole, foole I say.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent
            <lb/>for speaking to you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some
            <lb/>paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in
            <lb/>Illyria.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Well&#x2011;a&#x2011;day, that you were sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
          <p>By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa&#x00AD;
            <lb/>per, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my
            <lb/>Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the
bea&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ring of Letter did.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not
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        <lb/>mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains
            <lb/>I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <p>Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
            <lb/>I prethee be gone.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <l>I am gone sir, and anon sir,</l>
        <l>Ile be with you againe:</l>
        <l>In a trice, like to the old vice,</l>
        <l>your neede to sustaine.</l>
        <l>Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,</l>
        <l>cries ah ha, to the diuell:</l>
        <l>Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,</l>
        <l>Adieu good man diuell.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
    <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x00E6;na Tertia.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Sebastian.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
        <l>This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,</l>
        <l>This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,</l>
        <l>And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Yet</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0292-0.jpg" n="272"/>
    <fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
        will.</hi>
</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's <hi
rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> then,</l>
        <l>I could not finde him at the Elephant,</l>
        <l>Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,</l>
        <l>That he did range the towne to seeke me out,</l>
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<l>His councell now might do me golden seruice,</l>
<l>For though my soule disputes well with my sence,</l>
<l>That this may be some error, but no madnesse,</l>
<l>Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,</l>
<l>So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,</l>
<l>That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,</l>
<l>And wrangle with my reason that perswades me</l>
<l>To any other trust, but that I am mad,</l>
<l>Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,</l>
<l>She could not sway her house, command her followers,</l>
<l>Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,</l>
<l>With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing</l>
<l>As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't</l>
<l>That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia, and
Priest.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well</l>
<l>Now go with me, and with this holy man</l>
<l>Into the Chantry by: there before him,</l>
<l>And vnderneath that consecrated roofe,</l>
<l>Plight me the full assurance of your faith,</l>
<l>That my most iealious, and too doubtfull soule</l>
<l>May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,</l>
<l>Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,</l>
<l>What time we will our celebration keepe</l>
<l>According to my birth, what do you say?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-seb">
<speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
<l>Ile follow this good man, and go with you,</l>
<l>And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>Then lead the way good father, &amp; heauens so shine,</l>
<l>That they may fairely note this acte of mine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<trailer>Finis Actus Quartus.</trailer>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Fabian.</stage>

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<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
   <p>Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Good M. <hi rend="italic">Fabian</hi>, grant me another
request.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
   <p>Any thing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Do not desire to see this Letter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
   <p>This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
      <lb/>my dogge againe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Viola,
Curio, and Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
   <p>Belong you to the Lady <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>,
friends<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>I sir, we are some of her trappings.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
   <p>I know thee well: how doest thou my good
      <lb/>Fellow?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
      <lb/>for my friends.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>No sir, the worse.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
       <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
       <p>How can that be?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,
          <lb/>now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
          <lb/>foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
          <lb/>friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
          <lb/>your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why
          <lb/>then the worse for my friends, and the better for my
foes.</p>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
       <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
       <p>Why this is excellent.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
          <lb/>one of my friends.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
       <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
       <p>Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
          <lb/>you could make it another.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
       <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
       <p>O you giue me ill counsell.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
          <lb/>and let your flesh and blood obey it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
       <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
       <p>Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
          <lb/>dealer: there's another.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
```

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<p><hi rend="italic">Primo, secundo, tertio</hi>, is a good play,
and the olde
                <lb/>saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
                <lb/>tripping measure, or the belles of
<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> <hi
rend="italic">Bennet</hi> sir, may put
                <lb/>you in minde, one, two, three.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
            <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
            <p>You can foole no more money out of mee at this
                <lb/>throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak
                <lb/>with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
                <lb/>bounty further.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a&#x00AD;
                <lb/>gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that
                <lb/>my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as
                <lb/>you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it
                <lb/>anon.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthonio and
Officers.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
            <l>Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
            <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
            <l>That face of his I do remember well,</l>
            <l>Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd</l>
            <l>As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:</l>
            <l>A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,</l>
            <l>For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,</l>
            <l>With which such scathfull grapple did he make,</l>
            <l>With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,</l>
            <l>That very enuy, and the tongue of losse</l>
            <l>Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-off.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Offi.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino</hi>, this is that <hi
rend="italic">Anthonio</hi></l>
                <l>That tooke the <hi rend="italic">Phoenix</hi>, and her
fraught from <hi rend="italic">Candy</hi>,</l>
                <l>And this is he that did the <hi rend="italic">Tiger</hi>
boord,</l>
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      <l>When your yong Nephew <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> lost
his legge;</l>
      <l>Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,</l>
      <l>In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,</l>
      <l>But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,</l>
      <l>I know not what 'twas, but distraction.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>Notable Pyrate, thou salt&#x2011;water Theefe,</l>
      <l>What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,</l>
      <l>Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere</l>
      <l>Hast made thine enemies?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino:</hi> Noble sir,</l>
      <l>Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:</l>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> neuer yet was Theefe, or
Pyrate,</l>
      <l>Though I confesse, on base and ground enough</l>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino's</hi> enemie. A witchcraft drew me
hither:</l>
      <l>That most ingratefull boy there by your side,</l>
      <l>From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth</l>
      <l>Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:</l>
      <l>His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde</l>
      <l>My loue without retention, or restraint,</l>
      <l>All his in dedication. For his sake,</l>
      <l>Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)</l>
      <l>Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,</l>
      <l>Drew to defend him, when he was beset:</l>
      <l>Where being apprehended, his false cunning</l>
      <l>(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)</l>
      <l>Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,</l>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0293-0.jpg" n="273"/>
      <fw type="rh">
   <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you will.</hi>
</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <l>And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing</l>
      <l>While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,</l>
      <l>Which I had recommended to his vse,</l>
      <l>Not halfe an houre before.</l>
   </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>How can this be?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>When came he to this Towne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>To day my Lord: and for three months before,</l>
   <l>No <hi rend="italic">intrim</hi>, not a minutes vacancie,</l>
   <l>Both day and night did we keepe companie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuia and
attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
      <lb/>on earth:</l>
   <l>But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,</l>
   <l>Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,</l>
   <l>But more of that anon. Take him aside.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,</l>
   <l>Wherein <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi> may seeme
seruiceable?</l>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, you do not keepe promise
with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>Madam:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>Gracious <hi rend="italic">Oliuia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <l>What do you say <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>? Good my
Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,</l>
    <l>It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare</l>
    <l>As howling after Musicke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>Still so cruell?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Still so constant Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie</l>
    <l>To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars</l>
    <l>My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out</l>
    <l>That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)</l>
    <l>Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death</l>
    <l>Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,</l>
    <l>That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:</l>
    <l>Since you to non&#x2011;regardance cast my faith,</l>
    <l>And that I partly know the instrument</l>
    <l>That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:</l>
    <l>Liue you the Marble&#x2011;brested Tirant still.</l>
    <l>But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,</l>
    <l>And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,</l>
    <l>Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,</l>
    <l>Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.</l>
    <l>Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:</l>
    <l>Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,</l>
    <l>To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,</l>
    <l>To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <p>Where goes <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>?</p>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>After him I loue,</l>
    <l>More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,</l>
    <l>More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.</l>
    <l>If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue</l>
    <l>Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?</l>
    <l>Call forth the holy Father.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>Come, away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Whether my Lord? <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, Husband,
stay.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>Husband?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>I Husband. Can he that deny?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
    <l>Her husband, sirrah?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
    <l>No my Lord, not I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
    <l>Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,</l>
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<cb n="2"/>
<l>That makes thee strangle thy propriety:</l>
<l>Feare not <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>, take thy fortunes vp,</l>
<l>Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art</l>
<l>As great as that thou fear'st.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Priest.</stage>
<l>O welcome Father:</l>
<l>Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence</l>
<l>Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended</l>
<l>To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now</l>
<l>Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know</l>
<l>Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
<l>A Contract of eternall bond of loue,</l>
<l>Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,</l>
<l>Attested by the holy close of lippes,</l>
<l>Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,</l>
<l>And all the Ceremonie of this compact</l>
<l>Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:</l>
<l>Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue</l>
<l>I haue trauail'd but two houres.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<l>O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be</l>
<l>When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?</l>
<l>Or will not else thy craft so quickely grow,</l>
<l>That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:</l>
<l>Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,</l>
<l>Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
<speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
<p>My Lord, I do protest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>O do not sweare,</l>
<l>Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Andrew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
<speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
<p>For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one pre&#x00AD;
<lb/>sently to sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>What's the matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>H'as broke my head a&#x2011;crosse, and has giuen Sir
      <lb/><hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
      <lb/>helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
   <p>Who has done this sir <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>The Counts Gentleman, one <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>: we tooke
      <lb/>him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>My Gentleman <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head
      <lb/>for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir
      <lb/><hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-vio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
   <l>Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:</l>
   <l>You drew your sword vpon me without cause,</l>
   <l>But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Toby and Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tn-and">
   <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
   <p>If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
      <lb/>me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe.
      <lb/>Heere comes sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> halting, you shall heare more: but if
      <lb/>he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
      <lb/>other gates then he did.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-duk">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
          <p>How now Gentleman? how ist with you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't:
            <lb/>Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>O he's drunke sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi> an houre
agone: his eyes

            <lb/>were set at eight i'th morning.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I
            <lb/>hate a drunken rogue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <p>Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke
            <lb/>with them?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-and">
          <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
          <p>Ile helpe you sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, because we'll
be drest to&#x00AD;
            <lb/>gether.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-tob">
          <speaker rend="italic">To.</speaker>
          <p>Will you helpe an Asse&#x2011;head, and a coxcombe,
&amp;
            <lb/>a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?</p>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Ol.</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0294-0.jpg" n="274"/>
        <fw type="rh">
      <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
            will.</hi>
      </fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <p>Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Sebastian.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <l>I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:</l>
            <l>But had it beene the brother of my blood,</l>
            <l>I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.</l>
            <l>You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that</l>
            <l>I do perceiue it hath offended you:</l>
            <l>Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes</l>
            <l>We made each other, but so late ago.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
            <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
            <l>One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,</l>
            <l>A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Anthonio:</hi> O my deere <hi
rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>,</l>
            <l>How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,</l>
            <l>Since I haue lost thee?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> are you?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <l>Fear'st thou that <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>How haue you made diuision of your selfe,</l>
            <l>An apple cleft in two, is not more twin</l>
            <l>Then these two creatures. Which is <hi
rend="italic">Sebastian?</hi></l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>Most wonderfull.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
            <l>Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:</l>
            <l>Nor can there be that Deity in my nature</l>
            <l>Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,</l>
            <l>Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:</l>
            <l>Of charity, what kinne are you to me?</l>
            <l>What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
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                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Messaline</hi>: <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> was my Father,</l>
                <l>Such a <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> was my brother too:</l>
                <l>So went he suited to his watery tombe:</l>
                <l>If spirits can assume both forme and suite,</l>
                <l>You come to fright vs.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
                <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
                <l>A spirit I am indeed,</l>
                <l>But am in that dimension grossely clad,<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
                <l>Which from the wombe I did participate.</l>
                <l>Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,</l>
                <l>I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,</l>
                <l>And say, thrice welcome drowned <hi rend="italic">Viola</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>My father had a moale vpon his brow.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
                <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
                <l>And so had mine.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>And dide that day when <hi rend="italic">Viola</hi> from her birth</l>
                <l>Had numbred thirteene yeares.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
                <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
                <l>O that record is liuely in my soule,</l>
                <l>He finished indeed his mortall acte</l>
                <l>That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
                <l>If nothing lets to make vs happie both,</l>
                <l>But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:</l>
                <l>Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,</l>
                <l>Of place, time, fortune, do co&#x2011;here and iumpe</l>
                <l>That I am <hi rend="italic">Viola</hi>, which to confirme,</l>
                <l>Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,</l>
                <l>Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,</l>
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      <l>I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:</l>
      <l>All the occurrence of my fortune since</l>
      <l>Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-seb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Seb.</speaker>
      <l>So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:</l>
      <l>But Nature to her bias drew in that.</l>
      <l>You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,</l>
      <l>Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,</l>
      <l>You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:</l>
      <l>If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,</l>
      <l>I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,</l>
      <l>Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,</l>
      <l>Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,</l>
      <l>And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,</l>
      <l>That seuers day from night.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <l>Giue me thy hand,</l>
      <l>And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-vio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vio.</speaker>
      <l>The Captaine that did bring me first on shore</l>
      <l>Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action</l>
      <l>Is now in durance, at <hi rend="italic">Maluolio's</hi>
suite,</l>
      <l>A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
      <l>He shall inlarge him: fetch <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>
hither,</l>
      <l>And yet alas, now I remember me,</l>
      <l>They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne with a
Letter, and Fabian.</stage>
      <l>A most extracting frensie of mine owne</l>
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<l>From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.</l>
<l>How does he sirrah?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cl.</speaker>
  <p>Truely Madam, he holds <hi rend="italic">Belzebub</hi> at the staues end as

    <lb/>well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to
    <lb/>you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
    <lb/>madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
    <lb/>when they are deliuer'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Open't, and read it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
    <lb/>deliuers the Madman. <hi rend="italic">By the Lord Madam.</hi></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>How now, art thou mad?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
    <lb/>Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
    <lb/><hi rend="italic">Vox</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Prethee reade i'thy right wits.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
    <lb/>reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue
    <lb/>eare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Read it you, sirrah.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tn-fab">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker><stage rend="inline italic" type="business">Reads.</stage>
  <p>By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and

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                        <lb/>the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
                        <lb/>darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me,
                        <lb/>yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your
Ladie&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
                        <lb/>semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
                        <lb/>do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
                        <lb/>me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
                        <lb/>and speake out of my iniury. <hi rend="italic">The madly
vs'd Maluolio.</hi></p>
                    </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <p>Did he write this<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>I Madame.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
                    <p>This sauours not much of distraction.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <l>See him deliuer'd <hi rend="italic">Fabian</hi>, bring him
hither:</l>
                    <l>My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,</l>
                    <l>To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,</l>
                    <l>One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,</l>
                    <l>Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
                    <l>Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:</l>
                    <l>Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,</l>
                    <l>So much against the mettle of your sex,</l>
                    <l>So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,</l>
                    <l>And since you call'd me Master, for so long:</l>
                    <l>Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee</l>
                    <l>your Masters Mistris.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
                    <l>A sister, you are she.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Maluolio.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
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            <l>Is this the Madman?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>I my Lord, this same: How now <hi
rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>Madam, you haue done me wrong,</l>
            <l>Notorious wrong.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>Haue I <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>? No.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.</l>
            <l>You must not now denie it is your hand,</l>
            <l>Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Or</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0295-0.jpg" n="275"/>
            <fw type="rh">
          <hi rend="italic">Twelfe Night, or, What you
               will.</hi>
        </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:</l>
            <l>Y>ou can say none of this. Well, grant it then,</l>
            <l>And tell me in the modestie of honor,</l>
            <l>Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,</l>
            <l>Bad me come smiling, and crosse&#x2011;garter'd to
you,</l>
            <l>So put on yellow stockings, and to frowne</l>
            <l>Vpon sir <hi rend="italic">Toby</hi>, and the lighter
people:</l>
            <l>And acting this in an obedient hope,</l>
            <l>Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,</l>
            <l>Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,</l>
            <l>And made the most notorious gecke and gull,</l>
            <l>That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
            <l>Alas <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>, this is not my
writing,</l>
            <l>Though I confesse much like the Charracter:</l>
            <l>But out of question, tis <hi rend="italic">Marias</hi>
hand.</l>
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        <l>And now I do bethinke me, it was shee</l>
        <l>First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,</l>
        <l>And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd</l>
        <l>Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,</l>
        <l>This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:</l>
        <l>But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,</l>
        <l>Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge</l>
        <l>Of thine owne cause.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fab">
        <speaker rend="italic">Fab.</speaker>
        <l>Good Madam heare me speake,</l>
        <l>And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,</l>
        <l>Taint the condition of this present houre,</l>
        <l>Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,</l>
        <l>Most freely I confesse my selfe, and <hi
rend="italic">Toby</hi></l>
        <l>Set this deuice against <hi rend="italic">Maluolio</hi>
heere,</l>
        <l>Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts</l>
        <l>We had conceiu'd against him. <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>
writ</l>
        <l>The Letter, at sir <hi rend="italic">Tobyes</hi> great
importance,</l>
        <l>In recompence whereof, he hath married her:</l>
        <l>How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,</l>
        <l>May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,</l>
        <l>If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,</l>
        <l>That haue on both sides past.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <l>Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Why some are borne great, some atchieue great&#x00AD;
            <lb/>nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
            <lb/>was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir <hi
rend="italic">Topas</hi> sir, but that's
            <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>all one: By the
<choice><orig>Lotd</orig><corr>Lord</corr></choice> Foole, I am not mad: but do
you re&#x00AD;
            <lb/>member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
            <lb/>and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
            <lb/>of time, brings in his reuenges.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tn-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
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            <l>Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?</l>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <l>He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tn-duk">
          <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
          <l>Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:</l>
          <l>He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,</l>
          <l>When that is knowne, and golden time conuents</l>
          <l>A solemne Combination shall be made</l>
          <l>Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,</l>
          <l>We will not part from hence. <hi rend="italic">Cesario</hi> come</l>
          <l>(For so you shall be while you are a man:)</l>
          <l>But when in other habites you are seene,</l>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Orsino's</hi> Mistris, and his fancies Queene.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center">Clowne sings.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tn-fes">
          <l rend="italic">When that I was and a little tine boy,</l>
          <l rend="italic">with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:</l>
          <l rend="italic">A foolish thing was but a toy,</l>
          <l rend="italic">for the raine it raineth euery day.</l>
          <l rend="italic">But when I came to mans estate,</l>
          <l rend="italic">with hey ho, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,</l>
          <l rend="italic">for the raine, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">But when I came alas to wiue,</l>
          <l rend="italic">with hey ho, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">By swaggering could I neuer thriue, </l>
          <l rend="italic">for the raine, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">But when I came vnto my beds,<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/></l>
          <l rend="italic">with hey ho, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">With tospottes still had drunken heades, </l>
          <l rend="italic">for the raine, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">A great while ago the world begon,</l>
          <l rend="italic">hey ho, &amp;c.</l>
          <l rend="italic">But that's all one, our Play is done,</l>
          <l rend="italic">and wee'l striue to please you euery day.</l>
        </sp>
      </div>
    </div>
        <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
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            </div>
          </body>

        </text>
    </TEI>
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