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Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
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Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
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Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
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Twelfth Night; or What You Will

William Shakespeare

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria

SEBASTIAN, brother of Viola

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend of Sebastian

A SEA CAPTAIN, friend of Viola

VALENTINE, gentleman attending on the Duke

CURIO, gentleman attending on the Duke

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia

FABIAN, servant to Olivia

FESTE, a clown, servant to Olivia

OLIVIA, a rich countess

VIOLA, sister of Sebastian

MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE: A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it

ACT I. SCENE I. The DUKE'S palace

Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other LORDS; MUSICIANS attending

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. The sea-coast

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

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

CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

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

CAPTAIN. True, madam, and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself-

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice-

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIOLA. For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA. Who governs here?

CAPTAIN. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA. What is his name?

CAPTAIN. Orsino.

VIOLA. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN. And so is now, or was so very late;

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur- as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of-
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA. What's she?

CAPTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

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

CAPTAIN. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit-
No, not the Duke's.

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

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

VIOLA. I thank thee. Lead me on. Exeunt

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

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

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights;

your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except before excepted.

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

of order.

SIR TOBY. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am.

These

clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too;

an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady

talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in

one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

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

MARIA. What's that to th' purpose?

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

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's

a

very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys,

and speaks three or four languages word for word without book,

and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a

coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that

say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as

long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

He's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench!

Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

AGUECHEEK. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY. Sweet Sir Andrew!

AGUECHEEK. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

AGUECHEEK. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chambermaid.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA. My name is Mary, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Mary Accost-

SIR Toby. You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her,

woo her, assail her.

AGUECHEEK. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.

Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst

never

draw sword again!

AGUECHEEK. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw

sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

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

MARIA. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to

th' buttry-bar and let it drink.

AGUECHEEK. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep

my

hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA. A dry jest, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Are you full of them?

MARIA. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let

go your hand, I am barren. Exit MARIA

SIR TOBY. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see

thee so put down?

AGUECHEEK. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put

me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian

or an ordinary man has; but I am great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

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

SIR TOBY. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

AGUECHEEK. What is 'pourquoi'- do or not do? I would I had bestowed

that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

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

AGUECHEEK. Why, would that have mended my hair?

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

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

SIR TOBY. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to

see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

AGUECHEEK. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will

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

the Count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She'll none o' th' Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

AGUECHEEK. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest

mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

AGUECHEEK. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

AGUECHEEK. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to't.

AGUECHEEK. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as

any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.

What

dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by

the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the

star of a galliard.

AGUECHEEK. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in
flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Tau-
rus?

AGUECHEEK. Taurus? That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper.

Ha,

higher! Ha, ha, excellent! Exeunt

SCENE IV. The DUKE'S palace

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

VALENTINE. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario,

you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call

in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir,

in his favours?

VALENTINE. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS

VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord, here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,

And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!

It shall become thee well to act my woes:

She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.

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

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