

1 **SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.**

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

3 **DUKE ORSINO**

4 Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

5 Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

6 That old and antique song we heard last night:

7 Methought it did relieve my passion much,

8 More than light airs and recollected terms

9 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

10 Come, but one verse.

11 **CURIO**

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

13 **DUKE ORSINO**

14 Who was it?

15 **CURIO**

16 Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady

17 Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

18 **DUKE ORSINO**

19 Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

20 *Exit CURIO. Music plays*

21 Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,

22 In the sweet pangs of it remember me;

23 How dost thou like this tune?

24 **VIOLA**

25 It gives a very echo to the seat

26 Where Love is throned.

27 **DUKE ORSINO**

28 Thou dost speak masterly:

29 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

30 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:

31 Hath it not, boy?

32 **VIOLA**

33 A little, by your favour.

34 **DUKE ORSINO**

35 What kind of woman is't?

36 **VIOLA**

37 Of your complexion.

38 **DUKE ORSINO**

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

40 **VIOLA**

41 About your years, my lord.

42

43

1 **DUKE ORSINO**
2 Too old by heaven: let still the woman take
3 An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
4 So sways she level in her husband's heart:
5 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
6 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
7 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
8 Than women's are.
9 **VIOLA**
10 I think it well, my lord.
11 **DUKE ORSINO**
12 Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
13 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
14 For women are as roses, whose fair flower
15 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
16 **VIOLA**
17 And so they are: alas, that they are so;
18 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

19 *Re-enter CURIO and Clown*

20 **DUKE ORSINO**
21 O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
22 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
23 **Clown**
24 Are you ready, sir?
25 **DUKE ORSINO**
26 Ay; prithee, sing.

27 *Music*

28 **SONG.**
29 **Clown**
30 Come away, come away, death,
31 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
32 Fly away, fly away breath;
33 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
34 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
35 O, prepare it!
36 My part of death, no one so true
37 Did share it.
38 Not a flower, not a flower sweet
39 On my black coffin let there be strown;
40 Not a friend, not a friend greet
41 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
42 A thousand thousand sighs to save,

1 Lay me, O, where
2 Sad true lover never find my grave,
3 To weep there!
4 **DUKE ORSINO**
5 There's for thy pains.
6 **Clown**
7 No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.
8 **DUKE ORSINO**
9 I'll pay thy pleasure then.
10 **Clown**
11 Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
12 **DUKE ORSINO**
13 Give me now leave to leave thee.
14 **Clown**
15 Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the
16 tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for
17 thy mind is a very opal. Farewell.

18 *Exit*

19 **DUKE ORSINO**
20 Let all the rest give place.

21 *CURIO and Attendants retire*

22 Once more, Cesario,
23 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
24 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world.
25 **VIOLA**
26 But if she cannot love you, sir?
27 **DUKE ORSINO**
28 I cannot be so answer'd.
29 **VIOLA**
30 Sooth, but you must.
31 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
32 Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
33 As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
34 You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
35 **DUKE ORSINO**
36 There is no woman's sides
37 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
38 As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
39 So big, to hold so much; they lack retention
40 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
41 No motion of the liver, but the palate,
42 That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;

1 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
2 And can digest as much: make no compare
3 Between that love a woman can bear me
4 And that I owe Olivia.
5 **VIOLA**
6 Ay, but I know--
7 **DUKE ORSINO**
8 What dost thou know?
9 **VIOLA**
10 Too well what love women to men may owe:
11 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
12 My father had a daughter loved a man,
13 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
14 I should your lordship.
15 **DUKE ORSINO**
16 And what's her history?
17 **VIOLA**
18 A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
19 **DUKE ORSINO**
20 But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
21 **VIOLA**
22 I am all the daughters of my father's house,
23 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
24 Sir, shall I to this lady?
25 **DUKE ORSINO**
26 Ay, that's the theme.
27 To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
28 My love can give no place, bide no denay.

29 *Exeunt*

30 **SCENE V. OLIVIA's garden.**

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

32 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
33 Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
34 **FABIAN**
35 Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
36 let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
37 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
38 Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
39 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
40 **FABIAN**
41 I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'
42 favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
43