

Twelfth Night

or What You Will

ACT V, SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Clarice – Feste, Christopher – Sebastian, Parker – Olivia,
Lilia – Orsino, Jessie - Viola

(Enter Duke Orsino, Viola, and Feste)

DUKE ORSINO: Belong you to the Lady Olivia?
How dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE: Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the
worse for my friends.

ORSINO: Just the contrary; the better for thy
friends.

FESTE: No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO: How can that be?

FESTE: Marry, sir, they praise me and make an
ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass:
so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of
myself, and by my friends, I am abused!

ORSINO: Thou shalt not be the worse for me:
there's gold.

FESTE: But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I
would you could make it another.

ORSINO: Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a
double-dealer: there's another.

FESTE: The old saying is, the third pays for all: the
triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells
of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two,
three.

ORSINO: You can fool no more money out of me
at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am
here to speak with her, and bring her along with
you, it may awake my bounty further.

FESTE: Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I
come again. As you say, sir, let your bounty take a
nap, I will awake it anon. *(Exits)*

ORSINO: Here comes the countess: now heaven
walks on earth. *(Enter Olivia and Feste)*

OLIVIA: What would my lord? Cesario, you do
not keep promise with me.

VIOLA: Madam! **ORSINO:** Gracious Olivia...

OLIVIA: What do you say, Cesario?
Good my lord.

VIOLA: My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA: If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear as howling after
music.

ORSINO: Still so cruel?

OLIVIA: Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO: What, to perverseness?
You uncivil lady, what shall I do?

OLIVIA: Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

ORSINO:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA: And I, most willingly, to do you rest, a
thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA: Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA: After him I love, more than I love my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

ORSINO: Come, away!

OLIVIA: Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO, FESTE: Husband!

OLIVIA: Aye, husband: can he that deny?

ORSINO: Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA: No, my lord, not I!

OLIVIA: Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up!

DUKE ORSINO: O thou dissembling cub!
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA: My lord, I do protest! I swear!...

FESTE: O, do not swear!

OLIVIA: Hold little faith, though thou hast too
much fear. (*Enter Sebastian*)

SEBASTIAN: I am sorry, madam –
O, you throw a strange regard upon me!
By that I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

OLIVIA: Most wonderful!

DUKE ORSINO: One face...

OLIVIA: One voice...

FESTE: One habit...

ORSINO, OLIVIA, FESTE: And two persons!

SEBASTIAN: Do I stand there?
I never had a brother;
I had a sister, whom the blind waves devoured.

FESTE: What kin are you?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA: Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN: And so had mine.
Were you a woman,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA: Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
that I am Viola -
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN: (*To Olivia*)
So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

DUKE ORSINO:
(*To Viola*) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
times thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA: And all those sayings will I overwear;
And those swearings keep as true in soul.

DUKE ORSINO: Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

OLIVIA: My lord so please you
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on it,
so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE ORSINO: Madam,
I am most apt to embrace your offer.
A solemn combination shall be made
of our dear souls.
Cesario, come; for so you shall be,
while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
(*Exit all, except Feste*)

FESTE: [Sings]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
(*Exits*)