

Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ref. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child. &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ref. If he my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vnttrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?
Las. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee: Let thy curtisies alone, they are scurvey ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou best yet a fresh vntropp'd flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and he pay thy dower.
For I can guesſe, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Refoluedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
As it well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Contents: which we will pay,
With this to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.
Musicke be the food of Love, play on,
Gine me exceſſe of it: that ſurſetting,
The appetite may ficken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraime agen, it had a dying fall:
It came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breackes vpon a banke of Violets;
Softly, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſport of Love, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacities,
Receiueſt as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what valdeity, and pitch ſo ere,
But ſites into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That none alone, is high fantaſticall.
Cur. Will you go burne my Lord?
Duke. What Curio?
Cur. The Hart.
Duke. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Oliuia* firſt,
He thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That in ſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Breake purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.
Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But ſoon her handmaid do returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And wor once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to feaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.
Duke. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhair
Hath kil'd the ſtocke of all affectiones elle
That liue in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoueraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Boylers.

Cap. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Viola. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Ebzium,
Perchance he is not down'd: What thinke you ſaylers?
Cap. It is perchance that you your teiſe were ſaued.
Viola. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may be be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaued with you,
Hung on our drining boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt prouident in perill, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the praſtice)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpon the ſea:
Where like *Orius* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could ſee.
Viola. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine owne eſcape vnſolderd to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place:
Viola. Who gouernes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Viola. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino*.
Viola. *Orſino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leſſe will prattle of.)
That he did ſeeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.
Viola. What's ſhee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That did ſome tweluemonth ſince, then leaving her
In the proceſſion of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo did: for whoſe deere loue
(They ſay) ſhe hath abur'd the fight
And company of men.
Viola. O that I ſeru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

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