***Twelfth Night*: Act 1, Scene 1**

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 1.1.1 | 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: | **dying fall** slowing rhythm and/or diminishing volume |
| 1.1.5 | 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, | **quick and fresh** keen and hungry |
| 1.1.10 | That, notwithstanding thy capacity |  |
|  | Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, |  |
|  | Of what validity and pitch soe'er, | **validity** value | **pitch** height |
|  | But falls into abatement and low price, | **abatement** decline | **price** worth |
|  | Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy | **shapes** day-dreams | **fancy** love-longing [**>>>**](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/note1_1_14.html) |
| 1.1.15 | That it alone is high fantastical. | **high fantastical** supremely imaginative |
|  |  |  |
|  | **CURIO** |  |
|  | Will you go hunt, my lord? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | What, Curio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **CURIO** |  |
|  | The hart. | **hart** stag |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: | **the noblest that I have** *i.e.,* the noblest "hart" I have, |
|  | O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, | my heart |
|  | Methought she purged the air of pestilence! |  |
| 1.1.20 | That instant was I turn'd into a hart; | **I . . . hart** (Orsino compares himself to Actaeon.) [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_1_20.html) |
|  | And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, | **fell** fierce |
|  | 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: |  |
| 1.1.25 | The element itself, till seven years' heat, | **element** sky | **seven years' heat** seven summers |
|  | Shall not behold her face at ample view; | **at ample view** in full view, without a veil |
|  | But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk | **cloistress** secluded nun |
|  | And water once a day her chamber round |  |
|  | With eye-offending brine: all this to season | **eye-offending brine** salty tears | **season** preserve |
| 1.1.30 | A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh | **brother's dead love** dead brother's love |
|  | And lasting in her sad remembrance. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame | **frame** condition, as in "a good frame of mind" |
|  | To pay this debt of love but to a brother, |  |
|  | How will she love, when the rich golden shaft | **golden shaft** Cupid's golden arrow |
| 1.1.35 | Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else | **affections else** other affections |
|  | That live in her; when liver, brain and heart, |  |
|  | These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd | **sovereign thrones** [**>>>**](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_1_37.html) |
|  | Her sweet perfections with one self king! | **one self king** one and only king |
|  | Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: |  |
| 1.1.40 | Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 1, Scene 3**

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.1 | 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 |  |
| 1.3.5 | earlier a' nights: Your cousin, my lady, takes | **a'** of | **cousin** kinswoman |
|  | great exceptions to your ill hours. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Why, let her except, before excepted. | **except, before excepted** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_7.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Ay, but you must confine yourself within |  |
|  | the modest limits of order. | **modest** moderate | **order** orderly conduct |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.10 | Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I | **I'll confine myself no finer** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_10.html) |
|  | am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; |  |
|  | and so be these boots too: and they be not, let | **and** if |
|  | them hang themselves in their own straps. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | That quaffing and drinking will undo you: |  |
| 1.3.15 | 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 BELCH** |  |
|  | Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek? | **Aguecheek** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_18.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Ay, he. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.20 | He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. | **tall** valiant, as in "standing tall" |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | What's that to the purpose? | **that** *i.e.,* Aguecheek's height (Maria is being |
|  |  | sarcastic.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | 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. | **he'll have but a year in all these ducats** he'll |
|  |  | spend all of his money in a year |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.25 | Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the |  |
|  | viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four | **viol-de-gamboys** viola da gamba (Literally, |
|  | languages word for word without book, and | "leg-viol.") | **without book** from memory |
|  | hath all the good gifts of nature. | **good gifts of nature** natural abilities |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that | **natural** idiotic, retarded |
| 1.3.30 | 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 | **allay the gust** decrease the gusto |
|  | in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he |  |
|  | would quickly have the gift of a grave. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors | **substractors** (Sir Toby probably means |
| 1.3.35 | that say so of him. Who are they? | "detractors.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly | **They that add** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_36.html) |
|  | in your company. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to |  |
|  | her as long as there is a passage in my throat and |  |
| 1.3.40 | drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that | **coystrill** knave, punk |
|  | will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' | **turn o' the toe** spin | **parish-top** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_41.html) |
|  | the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano* | ***Castiliano vulgo!*** ?, maybe "Talk nice to him!" |
|  | *vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. | **Agueface** (Toby's mistake for, or mockery of, |
|  |  | "Aguecheek.") |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby |  |
| 1.3.45 | Belch? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Sweet Sir Andrew! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Bless you, fair shrew. | **shrew**[>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_47.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | And you too, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 1.3.50 | What's that? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | My niece's chambermaid. | **chambermaid** lady in waiting, companion |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Good Mistress Accost, I desire better |  |
|  | acquaintance. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | My name is Mary, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 1.3.55 | Good Mistress Mary Accost,— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | You mistake, knight; "accost" is front |  |
|  | her, board her, woo her, assail her. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | By my troth, I would not undertake her in |  |
|  | this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 1.3.60 | Fare you well, gentlemen. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would | **An thou let part so** if you let her just leave |
|  | thou mightst never draw sword again. | **thou mightst never draw sword again.** |
|  |  | *i.e.,* you can't claim to be a real man |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | An you part so, mistress, I would I might |  |
|  | never draw sword again. Fair lady, |  |
| 1.3.65 | do you think you have fools in hand? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Sir, I have not you by th' hand. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Marry, but you shall have—and here's |  |
|  | my hand. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Now, sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring | **"thought is free"** *i.e.,* everyone is entitled to her |
| 1.3.70 | your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink. | own opinion [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_69.html) | **buttery** where the butts (casks) |
|  |  | of wine are kept [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_70.html) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your |  |
|  | metaphor? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | It's dry, sir. | **dry** thirsty (And a dry hand signifies impotence.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but |  |
| 1.3.75 | I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? | **I can keep my hand dry** *i.e.,* I know to come in out |
|  |  | of the rain. |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | A dry jest, sir. | **dry jest** subtly ironic witticism (as in "dry wit") |
|  |  | *and/or* stupid butt of a witticism (as in |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | "you are a joke") |
|  | Are you full of them? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. | **have . . . at my fingers' ends** have at the ready |
|  | Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. | **barren** incapable of producing (any more jests) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.80 | O knight thou lackest a cup of canary. | **canary** sweet wine from the Canary Islands |
|  | When did I see thee so put down? | **put down** mocked, defeated in a battle of wits |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary |  |
|  | put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more | **put me down** make me drunk and stupid |
|  | wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I | **Christian** *i.e.,* average Joe |
| 1.3.85 | am a great eater of beef and I believe that does |  |
|  | harm to my wit. | **beef . . . does harm to my wit** A common idea of |
|  |  | the time, echoed in the modern insult, "meathead." |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | No question. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll | **An** if | **I'ld forswear** I would give up | **it***i.e.,* eating |
|  | ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. | beef (Sir Andrew doesn't really think that eating |
|  |  | beef makes him stupid.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.90 | *Pourquoi,* my dear knight? | ***Pourquoi*** Why? (French) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | What is *"Pourquoi"*? do or not do? |  |
|  | I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues | **bestowed** given | **the tongues** foreign languages |
|  | that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting. | **bear-baiting** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_93.html) |
|  | O, had I but followed the arts! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.95 | Then hadst thou had an excellent head of |  |
|  | hair. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Why, would that have mended my hair? | **mended** improved |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Past question; for thou seest it will not |  |
|  | curl by nature. | **it will not curl by nature** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_99.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 1.3.100 | But it becomes me well enough, does't |  |
|  | not? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; | **flax on a distaff** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_102.html) |
|  | and I hope to see a huswife take thee | **huswife** housewife; *also* hussy, whore |
|  | between her legs and spin it off. | **spin it off** Loss of hair was a sign of infection |
|  |  | with a sexually transmitted disease. |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 1.3.105 | 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. | **the count himself** *i.e.,* Orsino | **here hard by** nearby |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above | **not match above her degree** not marry her superior |
| 1.3.110 | her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I | **estate** fortune, social position |
|  | have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man. | **there's life in't** *i.e.,*there's still hope that you can |
|  |  | win her |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' |  |
|  | the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in |  |
|  | masques and revels sometimes altogether. | **masques** masquerades | **revels** partying |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.115 | Art thou good at these kickshawses, | **kickshawses** trifles, elegant amusements |
|  | knight? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under |  |
|  | the degree of my betters; and yet I will not | **under the degree of my betters** except for those who |
|  | compare with an old man. | are better | **old man** *i.e.,* more experienced man [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_3_119.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.120 | What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight? | **galliard** a fast dance with a lot of tricky steps, |
|  |  | including capers |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Faith, I can cut a caper. | **cut a caper** make a lively leap |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And I can cut the mutton to't. | **to't** to go with it (Capers were and are used in |
|  |  | condiments. Also, "mutton" can mean "whore.") |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | And I think I have the back-trick simply | **back-trick** backward step or kick in the galliard |
|  | as strong as any man in Illyria. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.125 | 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 | **take dust** gather dust | **Mistress Mall's picture** ?, |
|  | thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in | maybe a painting with a protective curtain |
|  | a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not | **coranto** a running dance |
| 1.3.130 | so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What | **make water** pee | **sink-a-pace** dance like the galliard |
|  | dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? |  |
|  | I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy |  |
|  | leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. | **star of** astrological sign favorable to |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well | **indifferent** moderately (Sir Andrew is proudly |
| 1.3.135 | in a dun-color'd stock. Shall we set about | modest.) | **dun** grayish-brownish | **stock** stocking |
|  | some revels? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What shall we do else? were we not born |  |
|  | under Taurus? | **Taurus** the second sign of the Zodiac |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Taurus! That's sides and heart. | **sides and heart** (Sir Andrew is wrong. |
|  |  | Leo governs sides and heart.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.140 | No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee | **legs and thighs** (Sir Toby is right, but Taurus is |
| 1.3.141 | caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! | more commonly associated with neck and throat, |
|  |  | appropriate for drinkers.) |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 1, Scene 4**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VALENTINE** |  |
| 1.4.1 | If the duke continue these favours towards |  |
|  | you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; | **advanced** promoted |
|  | he hath known you but three days, and already |  |
|  | you are no stranger. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.4.5 | You either fear his humour or my negligence, | **humour** changeableness | **negligence** neglect of duty |
|  | that you call in question the continuance of his |  |
|  | love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VALENTINE** |  |
|  | No, believe me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I thank you. Here comes the count. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 1.4.10 | Who saw Cesario, ho? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | On your attendance, my lord; here. | **On your attendance** ready to attend on you |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, | **you** *i.e.,*everyone except Viola / Cesario | **aloof** out of |
|  | Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd | earshot |
|  | To thee the book even of my secret soul: |  |
| 1.4.15 | Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; | **address thy gait** direct your steps; go |
|  | Be not denied access, stand at her doors, |  |
|  | And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow | **them** Olivia's servants | **fixed** immovable | **grow** take root |
|  | Till thou have audience. | **audience** a hearing (for Orsino's tale of love) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Sure, my noble lord, |  |
|  | If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow |  |
| 1.4.20 | As it is spoke, she never will admit me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds | **civil bounds** limits of civility |
|  | Rather than make unprofited return. | **make unprofited return** *i.e.,* come back empty-handed |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O, then unfold the passion of my love, |  |
| 1.4.25 | Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: | **surprise** overpower | **dear faith** heartfelt love |
|  | It shall become thee well to act my woes; | **become thee well** look well in you |
|  | She will attend it better in thy youth | **attend it** pay attention to it |
|  | Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. | **nuncio's** messenger's |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I think not so, my lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Dear lad, believe it; |  |
| 1.4.30 | For they shall yet belie thy happy years, | **yet** as yet [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_4_30.html) |
|  | That say thou art a man: Diana's lip | **Diana** Virgin goddess. |
|  | Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe | **rubious** ruby-red | **pipe** throat, voice |
|  | Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, | **shrill and sound** high and clear |
|  | And all is semblative a woman's part. | **semblative** like | **part** role, demeanor [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_4_34.html) |
| 1.4.35 | I know thy constellation is right apt | **constellation** nature (as determined by the stars) |
|  | 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, |  |
| 1.4.40 | To call his fortunes thine. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I'll do my best |  |
|  | To woo your lady. [*Aside.*] Yet, a barful strife! | **barful strife** inner conflict [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_4_41.html) |
| 1.4.42 | Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 1, Scene 5**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter MARIA and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 1.5.1 | Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or |  |
|  | I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may |  |
|  | enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang |  |
|  | thee for thy absence. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 1.5.5 | Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this |  |
|  | world needs to fear no colours. | **colours** deceptions, with a pun on |
|  |  | "collars," hangman's nooses |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Make that good. | **Make that good** prove it |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | He shall see none to fear. | **He shall see none to fear** |
|  |  | (Because he'll be dead.) |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where | **lenten** meager (Like food during Lent. |
| 1.5.10 | that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." | Maria means it's a lame joke.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Where, good Mistress Mary? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | In the wars; and that may you be bold to say | **In the wars** ("coulours" = the banner of a |
|  | in your foolery. | military unit) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Well, God give them wisdom that have |  |
| 1.5.15 | it; and that are fools, let them use their talents. | **God give them . . . their talents** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_15.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Yet you will be hanged for being so long |  |
|  | absent, or to be turned away—is not that | **turned away** sent packing |
|  | as good as a hanging to you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; | **Many . . . bad marriage** (A proverb.) |
| 1.5.20 | and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. | **let summer bear it out** *i.e.,* It will be |
|  |  | easy to be out of the house in the warm weather. |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | You are resolute, then? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two |  |
|  | points— | **points** (Another meaning of "points" is |
|  |  | "laces used to hold up breeches.") |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both |  |
| 1.5.25 | break, your gaskins fall. | **gaskins** breeches |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if | **apt** well done, very witty (But the Clown is |
|  | Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty | being ironic.) |
|  | a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. | **if Sir Toby . . . in Illyria** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_28.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes |  |
| 1.5.30 | my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were |  |
|  | best. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! |  |
|  | Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft | **thee** *i.e.,* wit |
|  | prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may |  |
| 1.5.35 | pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? | **Quinapalus** An authority, invented by the clown. |
|  | "Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO* |  |
|  | *and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | God bless thee, lady! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Take the fool away. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the |  |
| 1.5.40 | lady. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you. | **Go to** get outta here, drop dead, etc. | **dry** dull |
|  | besides, you grow dishonest. | **dishonest** unreliable, wicked |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Two faults, madonna, that drink and good | **madonna** (A fancy way of saying "My Lady," |
|  | counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is | from the Italian, *mia donna.*) |
| 1.5.45 | the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: | **mend** reform |
|  | if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let |  |
|  | the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but | **botcher** mender of shoes or clothes |
|  | patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with |  |
|  | sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. |  |
| 1.5.50 | If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, |  |
|  | what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but | **cuckold** a man sexually betrayed by his wife |
|  | calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away | **As there . . . so beauty's a flower** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_52.html) |
|  | the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Sir, I bade them take away you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 1.5.55 | Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, "*Cucullus non* | **misprision** arrest of the wrong person |
|  | *facit monachum* ": that's as much to say as I wear not | ***Cucullus . . . monachum*** the cowl does not make |
|  | motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave | the monk | **motley** multi-colored clothing of fools |
|  | to prove you a fool. | (The Clown's point is that his thinking isn't |
|  |  | foolish.) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Can you do it? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 1.5.60 | Dexteriously, good madonna. | **dexteriously** dexterously |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Make your proof. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse | **catechise** question methodically |
|  | of virtue, answer me. | **good my mouse of virtue** my good virtuous |
|  |  | mouse |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Well, sir, for want of other idleness, | **want of other idleness** lack of any other way |
| 1.5.65 | I'll bide your proof. | of wasting time | **bide** endure, put up with |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Good madonna, why mournest thou? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Good fool, for my brother's death. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I think his soul is in hell, madonna. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | I know his soul is in heaven, fool. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 1.5.70 | The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your |  |
|  | brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the |  |
|  | fool, gentlemen. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth |  |
|  | he not mend? | **mend** improve (She thinks the Clown is becoming |
|  |  | more amusing.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 1.5.75 | Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake | **Yes** (He thinks the Clown is becoming more |
|  | him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever | foolish.) | **Infirmity . . . better fool.** Sickness |
|  | make the better fool. | and age always make a fool "better" (by making |
|  |  | him more foolish) |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the |  |
|  | better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be |  |
| 1.5.80 | sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his | **fox** crafty person | **pass** pledge |
|  | word for two pence that you are no fool. | **pence** pennies |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | How say you to that, Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren |  |
|  | rascal. I saw him put down the other day with | **with** by |
| 1.5.85 | an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. | **ordinary fool** natural fool, idiot |
|  | Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless | **out of his guard** off his game, without a witty reply |
|  | you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. | **minister occasion** provide openings (for his jests) |
|  | I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these | **protest** declare | **crow** laugh loudly |
|  | set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. | **set kind of fools** professional fools |
|  |  | **zanies** sidekicks |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.90 | Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste | **of** with |
|  | with a distempered appetite. To be generous, | **distempered** sickly |
|  | guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those | **free** open-minded |
|  | things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: | **bird-bolts** blunt arrows for shooting birds |
|  | there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do | **allowed fool** licensed fool, one allowed to say |
| 1.5.95 | nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet | anything | **rail** scold, satirize |
|  | man, though he do nothing but reprove. | **a known discreet man** a man known to have good |
|  |  | judgment |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou | **Mercury** (god of guile) | **endue** endow |
|  | speakest well of fools! | **leasing** lying |
|  |  | (In other words, "as a reward for speaking well |
|  | *Re-enter MARIA* | of fools, may Mercury give you the gift of lying.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman |  |
| 1.5.100 | much desires to speak with you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | From the Count Orsino, is it? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, |  |
|  | and well attended. | **well attended** accompanied by a good number |
|  |  | of servants (But when the "gentleman" (Viola) |
|  | **OLIVIA** | appears, he/she is alone.) |
|  | Who of my people hold him in delay? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 1.5.105 | Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but |  |
|  | madman: fie on him! | **speaks nothing but madman** talks crazy |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I | **suit** request, plea |
|  | am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. | **what you will** say whatever you want |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 1.5.110 | Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and |  |
|  | people dislike it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest | **us** *i.e.,* fools |
|  | son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with | **as if thy eldest son should be a fool** as if you |
|  | brains! for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a | wanted your oldest son to go into the fool business |
| 1.5.115 | most weak *pia mater.* | ***pia mater*** brain |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at | **What** what sort of man |
|  | the gate, cousin? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | A gentleman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | A gentleman! What gentleman? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.5.120 | 'Tis a gentle man here—a plague o' these |  |
|  | pickle-herring! How now, sot! | **sot** drunkard, fool [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_121.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Good Sir Toby! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early |  |
|  | by this lethargy? | **lethargy** drunken stupor |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.5.125 | Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at |  |
|  | the gate. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay, marry, what is he? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; | **an he will** if he wants to |
|  | give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. | **faith** religious faith (to protect him against the |
|  |  | devil) | **it's all one** it doesn't matter, whatever, etc. |
|  | *Exit SIR TOBY BELCH* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.130 | What's a drunken man like, fool? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man. |  |
|  | One draught above heat makes him a fool, | **One draught above heat** one drink more than |
|  | the second mads him; and a third drowns him. | what it takes to make one pleasantly warm |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit | **crowner** coroner |
| 1.5.135 | o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, | **sit o'** hold an inquest concerning | **coz** Short for |
|  | he's drowned. Go, look after him. | "cousin," which means "kinsman." (Olivia's joke |
|  |  | is that because Toby is dead drunk, he's a case for |
|  | **Clown** | the coroner.) |
|  | He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall |  |
|  | look to the madman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak |  |
| 1.5.140 | with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him |  |
|  | to understand so much, and therefore comes to | **therefore** for that very reason |
|  | speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems |  |
|  | to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore |  |
|  | comes to speak with you. What is to be said to |  |
| 1.5.145 | him, lady? he's fortified against any denial. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Tell him he shall not speak with me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | H'as been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your | **H'as** he has |
|  | door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to | **sheriff's post** a post standing at the door of a |
|  | a bench, but he'll speak with you. | sheriff's office, used for posting official notices |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.150 | What kind o' man is he? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Why, of mankind. | **of mankind** human (Malvolio sees nothing |
|  |  | special about Viola/Cesario.) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What manner of man? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, |  |
|  | will you or no. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.155 | Of what personage and years is he? | **personage** appearance |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough |  |
|  | for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or | **squash** unripe pea pod | **peascod** pea pod |
|  | a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him | **codling** unripe apple |
|  | in standing water, between boy and man. He is | **in standing water** at the turn of the tide |
| 1.5.160 | very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly. | **well-favoured** good-looking | **shrewishly** sharply |
|  | One would think his mother's milk were scarce |  |
|  | out of him. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Gentlewoman, my lady calls. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.165 | Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face. |  |
|  | We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The honourable lady of the house, which is she? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Speak to me; I shall answer for her. |  |
|  | Your will? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.170 | Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty— |  |
|  | I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, |  |
|  | for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away | **I would be loath to cast away** I would hate to |
|  | my speech, for besides that it is excellently well | waste |
|  | penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good | **con** memorize |
| 1.5.175 | beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very |  |
|  | comptible, even to the least sinister usage. | **comptible** sensitive |
|  |  | **the least sinister usage** the slightest disrespect |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Whence came you, sir? | **Whence** from what family or country (Olivia is |
|  |  | taking a personal interest in this young gentleman.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I can say little more than I have studied, and that |  |
|  | question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me | **out of my part** not part of the role I'm supposed |
| 1.5.180 | modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, | to play | **modest** serious, sincere |
|  | that I may proceed in my speech. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Are you a comedian? | **comedian** actor |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs | **profound** very wise |
|  | of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you |  |
| 1.5.185 | the lady of the house? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | If I do not usurp myself, I am. | **usurp** wrongly take the place of |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp |  |
|  | yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours | **what is yours to bestow** *i.e.,* love |
|  | to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will | **reserve** keep back [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_189.html) |
| 1.5.190 | on with my speech in your praise, and then show | **from my commission** outside the limits |
|  | you the heart of my message. | of my instructions |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Come to what is important in't: I forgive you | **forgive** excuse from a duty |
|  | the praise. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Alas, I took great pains to study it, and |  |
| 1.5.195 | 'tis poetical. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, | **feigned** pretended, insincere |
|  | keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, | **keep it in** keep it to yourself |
|  | and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you | **approach** *i.e.,* this interview with me |
|  | than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if | **If you be not mad, be gone** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_199.html) |
| 1.5.200 | you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of | **reason** rationality, sanity |
|  | moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. | **time of** phase of the [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_201.html) | **make one in** take part in |
|  |  | **skipping** flighty, helter-skelter |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. | **Here lies your way** *i.e.,* you can go out this way |
|  |  | (Maria is probably pointing to the door.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little | **swabber** ship's petty officer, in charge of keeping |
|  | longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet | the decks clean | **hull** drift with sails furled |
| 1.5.205 | lady. Tell me your mind—I am a messenger. | **Some mollification for your giant** *i.e.,* call off |
|  |  | your guardian giant (Maria is tiny.) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, |  |
|  | when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office. | **courtesy of** introduction to | **fearful** frightening |
|  |  | **office** business |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture | **overture** declaration |
|  | of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive | **taxation of homage** demand for tribute |
| 1.5.210 | in my hand; my words are as full of peace as | **olive** *i.e.,* olive branch of peace |
|  | matter. | **matter** important meaning |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Yet you began rudely. What are you? What |  |
|  | would you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I |  |
| 1.5.215 | learned from my entertainment. What I am, and | **entertainment** (rude) reception (by your people) |
|  | what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to | **maidenhead** virginity, the hymen |
|  | your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Give us the place alone: we will hear this |  |
|  | divinity. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt MARIA and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 1.5.220 | Now, sir, what is your text? | **your text** gospel passage upon which you will |
|  |  | preach (Olivia mockingly takes "divinity" to mean |
|  | **VIOLA** | "a sermon.") |
|  | Most sweet lady— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said | **comfortable** full of comfort |
|  | of it. Where lies your text? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | In Orsino's bosom. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.225 | In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | To answer by the method, in the first of his | **by the method** following the usual way (of |
|  | heart. | beginning a sermon) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no |  |
|  | more to say? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.230 | Good madam, let me see your face. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Have you any commission from your lord to |  |
|  | negotiate with my face? You are now out of your |  |
|  | text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the | **out of your text** wandering away from your topic |
|  | picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. | **this present** at the present time |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Unveiling* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 1.5.235 | Is't not well done? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Excellently done, if God did all. | **if God did all** (Cesario/Viola is hinting that Olivia |
|  |  | might be using a lot of make-up.) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and | **in grain** *i.e.,* not painted on |
|  | weather. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white | **blent** blended |
| 1.5.240 | Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: | **cunning** skillful |
|  | Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, | **she** woman |
|  | If you will lead these graces to the grave |  |
|  | And leave the world no copy. | **If . . . And leave the world no copy** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_243.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out |  |
| 1.5.245 | divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, | **divers** several | **schedules** itemized lists (Such a list |
|  | and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: | is also a "copy.") | **particle and utensil** *i.e.,* every |
|  | as, *item,* two lips, indifferent red; *item,* two grey eyes, | little thing | **labelled to my will** added as a codicil |
|  | with lids to them; *item,* one neck, one chin, and | to my will | **indifferent** more or less |
|  | so forth.Were you sent hither to praise me? | **praise** (Puns on "appraise.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.250 | I see you what you are, you are too proud; |  |
|  | But, if you were the devil, you are fair. | **if** even if | **the devil** *i.e.,* the proudest creature |
|  | My lord and master loves you. O, such love | that ever lived |
|  | Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd | **but recompensed** only fairly repaid |
|  | The nonpareil of beauty! | **nonpareil** one without an equal [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_254a.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | How does he love me? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.255 | With adorations, fertile tears, | **fertile** ever-growing |
|  | With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him: |  |
|  | Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, | **suppose** believe as a fact |
|  | Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; | **Of great estate** wealthy and important |
| 1.5.260 | In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; | **stainless** unstained | **In voices well divulged** well |
|  | And in dimension and the shape of nature | spoken of | **free** generous |
|  | A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. | **dimension and the shape of nature** physique |
|  | He might have took his answer long ago. | **gracious person** pleasing figure of a man |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | If I did love you in my master's flame, | **in my master's flame** with my master's passion |
| 1.5.265 | With such a suffering, such a deadly life, | **deadly life** death in life |
|  | In your denial I would find no sense; |  |
|  | I would not understand it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Why, what would you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Make me a willow cabin at your gate, | **willow** (Willow was a symbol of unrequited love.) |
|  | And call upon my soul within the house; | **my soul** *i.e.,* Olivia |
| 1.5.270 | Write loyal cantons of contemned love | **cantons** cantos, songs | **contemned** rejected |
|  | And sing them loud even in the dead of night; |  |
|  | Halloo your name to the reverberate hills | **reverberate** resounding |
|  | And make the babbling gossip of the air | **the babbling gossip of the air** echo |
|  | Cry out "Olivia!" O, You should not rest |  |
| 1.5.275 | Between the elements of air and earth, | **Between . . . air and earth** *i.e.,* anywhere |
|  | But you should pity me! | **But you should pity me** until you came to pity me |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | You might do much. |  |
|  | What is your parentage? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: | **Above** better than | **my fortunes** what I happen to |
|  | I am a gentleman. | be at the moment | **my state is well** *i.e.,* I'm satisfied |
|  |  | with my present position. |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Get you to your lord; |  |
| 1.5.280 | I cannot love him; let him send no more— |  |
|  | Unless, perchance, you come to me again, |  |
|  | To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. |  |
|  | I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me. | **Spend this for me** (She offers Cesario/Viola a tip.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse; | **fee'd post** paid messenger |
| 1.5.285 | My master, not myself, lacks recompense. |  |
|  | Love make his heart of flint that you shall love; | **Love . . . love** May Love make the man with whom |
|  | And let your fervor, like my master's, be | you fall in love have a heart of flint. |
|  | Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. | **fair cruelty** beautiful cruel one |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | "What is your parentage?" |  |
| 1.5.290 | "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: |  |
|  | I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art; |  |
|  | Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit, | **tongue** manner of speaking |
|  | Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft! | **five-fold blazon** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_293.html) | **Soft** hold on, go slowly |
|  | Unless the master were the man. How now! | **the man** the man-servant of the master [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/1_5_294.html) |
| 1.5.295 | Even so quickly may one catch the plague? | **the plague** *i.e.,* love-sickness |
|  | Methinks I feel this youth's perfections |  |
|  | With an invisible and subtle stealth |  |
|  | To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. |  |
|  | What ho, Malvolio! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Here, madam, at your service. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.300 | Run after that same peevish messenger, |  |
|  | The County's man. He left this ring behind him, | **County's** Count's, *i.e.,* Duke Orsino's |
|  | Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it. | **Would I or not** whether I wanted it or not (She's |
|  | Desire him not to flatter with his lord, | lying; Viola left no ring.) |
|  | Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him. | **flatter with his lord** *i.e.,* flatter Orsino with the |
| 1.5.305 | If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, | idea that he still has a chance to win Olivia's love |
|  | I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio. | **reasons for't** *i.e.,* reasons why she cannot love |
|  |  | Orsino | **Hie** hasten |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Madam, I will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | I do I know not what, and fear to find |  |
|  | Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. | **flatterer** seducer, tempter |
| 1.5.310 | Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; | **owe** own |
| 1.5.311 | What is decreed must be, and be this so. | **be this so** (She hopes that love between herself |
|  |  | and the young gentleman is one of those things |
|  | *Exit OLIVIA* | that fate has decreed.) |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 2, Scene 2**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors* | **several** separate (In modern productions Malvolio |
|  |  | usually overtakes Cesario/Viola as he/she strolls along.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.2.1 | Were not you even now with the Countess |  |
|  | Olivia? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have | **on** at |
|  | since arrived but hither. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.2.5 | She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have |  |
|  | saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. | **to have taken it away** by taking it with you |
|  | She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord |  |
|  | into a desperate assurance she will none of him: | **desperate** without hope |
|  | and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to |  |
| 2.2.10 | come again in his affairs, unless it be to report |  |
|  | your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. | **taking of this** reaction to the news that Olivia will |
|  |  | have none of him |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | She took the ring of me, I'll none of it. | **She took the ring of me** (Viola lies to prevent Malvolio |
|  |  | from knowing that Olvia lied.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her |  |
|  | will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth | **so** *i.e.,* by being thrown (Malvolio throws the ring to |
| 2.2.15 | stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be | the ground.) | **in your eye** where you can easily see it |
|  | it his that finds it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I left no ring with her: what means this lady? |  |
|  | Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! | **forbid . . . not** (The double negative is emphatic.) |
|  | She made good view of me; indeed, so much, | **made good view of me** thoroughly looked me over |
| 2.2.20 | That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, | **lost** made her lose |
|  | For she did speak in starts distractedly. | **in starts** haltingly, in fits and starts |
|  | She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion |  |
|  | Invites me in this churlish messenger. | **in** via, by means of |
|  | None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none. |  |
| 2.2.25 | I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis, | **as 'tis** as it is, under the circumstance (that I am really |
|  | Poor lady, she were better love a dream. | a woman) |
|  | Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, |  |
|  | Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. | **Wherein** By which | **pregnant enemy** Satan, full of |
|  | How easy is it for the proper-false | wickedness | **proper-false** handsome deceivers |
| 2.2.30 | In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! | **waxen** impressionable | **set their forms** make a strong |
|  | Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! | impression | **our frailty** women's frailty |
|  | For such as we are made of, such we be. | **such as we are made of** *i.e.,* frail flesh |
|  | How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly; | **fadge** turn out, sort itself out, fit together |
|  | And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; | **monster** (Because she is both a man and a woman.) |
| 2.2.35 | And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. |  |
|  | What will become of this? As I am man, |  |
|  | My state is desperate for my master's love; | **My state is desperate for my master's love** *i.e.,* Because |
|  | As I am woman—now alas the day!— | I am Orsino's friend and follower I desperately want |
|  | What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! | Orsino to have Olivia. | **thriftless** unprofitable, hopeless |
| 2.2.40 | O time! thou must untangle this, not I; |  |
| 2.2.41 | It is too hard a knot for me to untie! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 2, Scene 3**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.3.1 | Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after |  |
|  | midnight is to be up betimes; and "*diluculo* | **betimes** in good time |
|  | *surgere,*" thou know'st— | ***diluculo surgere*** (The first two words of a Latin |
|  |  | maxim which says, "to get up at dawn is very |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | healthful." |
|  | Nay, by my troth, I know not; but | **by my troth** on my word |
| 2.3.5 | I know, to be up late is to be up late. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. | **can** tankard |
|  | To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, |  |
|  | is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to |  |
|  | go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of |  |
| 2.3.10 | the four elements? | **the four elements** earth, water, air, and fire, the |
|  |  | elements out of which everything is made [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_3_10.html) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists |  |
|  | of eating and drinking. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. | **Thou'rt a scholar** *i.e.,* You're so smart! |
|  | Marian, I say! a stoup of wine! | **stoup** large drinking cup |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.3.15 | Here comes the fool, i' faith. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | How now, my hearts! did you never see |  |
|  | the picture of "we three"? | **the picture of "we three"** a picture of two fools |
|  |  | or two asses (It's "we three" because the viewer |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | is the third. The Clown is saying they're fools, too.) |
|  | Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch. | **catch** round (a song which two or more singers |
|  |  | enter at different times, singing the same lyrics) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I | **breast** breath, singing ability |
| 2.3.20 | had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, | **such a leg** (Perhaps the Clown is showing his leg in |
|  | and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In | an elaborate bow.) |
|  | sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, | **gracious** delightful, inspired |
|  | when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians | **Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus** (The Clown was |
|  | passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, | talking some nonsense that sounded astrological.) |
| 2.3.25 | i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? | **equinoctial** equator of the heavens |
|  |  | **leman** sweetheart |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose | **impeticos** pocket up? | **gartillity** little gratuity? |
|  | is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and | **whipstock** whip handle |
|  | the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. | **Myrmidons** Achilles' troop |
|  |  | **bottle-ale houses** low-class taverns, which sell |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | bottled, rather than draft, ale [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_3_28.html) |
|  | Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all |  |
| 2.3.30 | is done. Now, a song. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have |  |
|  | a song. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | There's a testril of me too: if one knight | **testril** (A "tester" is a coin worth sixpence; |
|  | give a— | Sir Andrew imitates the Clown's invention of |
|  |  | "gratillity" by changing "tester" into "testril.") |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 2.3.35 | Would you have a love-song, or a song of |  |
|  | good life? | **good life** virtuous living |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | A love-song, a love-song. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Ay, ay. I care not for good life. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings*] |  |
|  | O mistress mine, where are you roaming? |  |
| 2.3.40 | O, stay and hear; your true love's coming, |  |
|  | That can sing both high and low: |  |
|  | Trip no further, pretty sweeting; | **Trip** run lightly | **sweeting** sweet one |
|  | Journeys end in lovers meeting, | **in lovers meeting** when lovers meet |
|  | Every wise man's son doth know. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.3.45 | Excellent good, i' faith. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Good, good. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings*] |  |
|  | What is love? 'tis not hereafter; |  |
|  | Present mirth hath present laughter; |  |
|  | What's to come is still unsure: | **still** always |
| 2.3.50 | In delay there lies no plenty; |  |
|  | Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty, | **sweet and twenty** sweet and twenty times |
|  | Youth's a stuff will not endure. | more sweet |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | A contagious breath. | **contagious breath** catchy song; *also* stinking |
|  |  | breath |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.3.55 | Very sweet and contagious, i' faith. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. | **To . . . contagion** *i.e.,* If the song could be heard |
|  | But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall | via the nose, it would be sweetly stinking. |
|  | we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw | **welkin** heavens |
|  | three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? | **draw three souls out of one weaver** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_3_59.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.3.60 | An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at | **An** If | **dog at** very good at |
|  | a catch. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well. | **By'r lady** By Our Lady, *i.e.,* well said, you're |
|  |  | so right, etc. | **some dogs will catch well** [**>>>**](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_3_62.html) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou |  |
|  | knave." | **knave** rascal, upstart, cheat, |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 2.3.65 | "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall | **Hold thy peace** Be quiet, Shut up (Besides "Hold |
|  | be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight. | thy peace, thou knave," the only other words of |
|  |  | the catch are, "and I prithee hold thy peace.") |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to | **'Tis . . . knave** (Sir Andrew means he has challenged |
|  | call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy | men to duels by daring them to call him a knave, |
|  | peace." | but what it sounds like is that he has done such |
|  |  | stupid things that people have had to call |
|  | **Clown** | him "knave.") |
| 2.3.70 | I shall never begin if I hold my peace. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Good, i' faith. Come, begin. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Catch sung* | ***Catch sung*** (Here we hear two drunks and a fool sing |
|  |  | a round in which each one tells the next one that he |
|  | *Enter MARIA* | is a knave and should shut up.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady | **keep** keep up (Like "Ninety-nine bottles of beer on |
|  | have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid | the wall," "Thou knave" can go on and on and on.) |
|  | him turn you out of doors, never trust me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.3.75 | My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, |  |
|  | Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*sings*] "Three merry | **Cataian . . . politicians . . . Peg-a-Ramsey** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_3_76.html) |
|  | men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not | **"Three merry men be we."** (A fragment of an old |
|  | of her blood? Tillyvally! Lady! [*Sings*] | song.) | **Tillyvally** nonsense, fiddle-faddle |
|  | "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!" | **"There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"** |
|  |  | (Another fragment from another old song.) |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 2.3.80 | Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling. | **Beshrew me** (A mild oath, like "Dang me.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, | **be disposed** is in the mood |
|  | and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, |  |
|  | but I do it more natural. | **natural** naturally (But a "natural" is an idiot, |
|  |  | so Sir Andrew has once again made fun of himself, |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*] | without realizing it.) |
|  | "O, the twelfth day of December"— | **"O, the twelfth day of December"** (Still another |
|  |  | fragment from an old song.) |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.3.85 | For the love o' God, peace! | **peace!** quiet! |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have |  |
|  | ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like | **honesty** decency |
|  | tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an | **tinkers** (Tinkers were reputed to be foul-mouthed |
|  | alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your | drunkards.) |
| 2.3.90 | coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse | **coziers'** cobblers' |
|  | of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor | **mitigation or remorse** lowering (of your voice) |
|  | time in you? | out of regard for others |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | We did keep time, sir, in our catches. |  |
|  | Sneck up! | **Sneck up!** Go hang! |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.3.95 | Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade | **round** blunt, up-front | **bade** ordered |
|  | me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her | **harbours you** gives you a place to stay |
|  | kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If | **nothing allied to** no kin to |
|  | you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, |  |
|  | you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would | **an** if |
| 2.3.100 | please you to take leave of her, she is very willing |  |
|  | to bid you farewell. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings*] |  |
|  | "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." | **"Farewell . . . "** (This and the following sung lines |
|  |  | are from a sentimental ballad, *Corydon's Farewell* |
|  | **MARIA** | *to Phillis.)* |
|  | Nay, good Sir Toby. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings.*] |  |
|  | "His eyes do show his days are almost done." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.3.105 | Is't even so? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings.*] |  |
|  | "But I will never die." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Sir Toby, there you lie. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | This is much credit to you. | **credit** honor (Malvolio is being heavily ironic.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings.*] |  |
|  | "Shall I bid him go?" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings.*] |  |
| 2.3.110 | "What an if you do?" | **an if** if |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Sings.*] |  |
|  | "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings.*] |  |
|  | "O no, no, no, no, you dare not." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | [*To Clown.*] Out o' tune, sir! ye lie. | **ye lie** you're lying (because I certainly do dare |
|  | [*To Malvolio.*] Art any more than a steward? | to tell Malvolio where to go) |
| 2.3.115 | Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous |  |
|  | there shall be no more cakes and ale? | **cakes and ale** *i.e.,* party food and drink |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be | **Saint Anne** mother of the the Virgin (Puritans |
|  | hot i' the mouth too. | objected to her cult.) | **ginger** (Commonly used |
|  |  | to spice ale.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain | **rub** (to polish it) | **chain** *i.e.,* the decorative chain |
| 2.3.120 | with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria! | that Malvolio wears as a badge of his office as |
|  |  | steward to Olivia. |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour |  |
|  | at any thing more than contempt, you would not |  |
|  | give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know | **give means for this uncivil rule** *i.e.,* provide the |
|  | of it, by this hand. | wine that lubricates this rowdy behavior (Sir Toby |
|  |  | has just called for wine, and Malvolio is outraged |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* | that she is serving it.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.3.125 | Go shake your ears. | **Go shake your ears** (Since they are long ass's ears.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's |  |
|  | a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to | **to challenge him the field** to challenge him to a duel |
|  | break promise with him and make a fool of him. | **break promise with him** *i.e.,* not show up at the duel |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll |  |
| 2.3.130 | deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the |  |
|  | youth of the Count's was today with thy lady, she |  |
|  | is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let | **much out of quiet** upset, distracted |
|  | me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a | **let me alone with him** leave him to me | **gull** trick |
| 2.3.135 | ayword, and make him a common recreation, do | **ayword** byword (for an ass) |
|  | not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my | **common recreation** general laughingstock |
|  | bed. I know I can do it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Possess us, possess us; tell us something | **Possess us** Inform us, tell us your plan |
|  | of him. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.3.140 | Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. | **puritan** puritan; *also* of the Puritan party in |
|  |  | the Anglican church. |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | O, if I thought that I'ld beat him like a | (Maybe Sir Andrew has a prejudice against the |
|  | dog! | religious Puritans, but he's probably just shooting |
|  |  | his mouth off.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, | **exquisite** amusingly clever |
|  | dear knight? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.3.145 | I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason |  |
|  | good enough. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | The dev'l a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, | **The dev'l a puritan that he is** *i.e.,* Like hell he's a |
|  | but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons | puritan | **time-pleaser** suck-up | **affectioned** affected |
|  | state without book and utters it by great swarths; the | **cons state without book** memorizes the sayings of |
| 2.3.150 | best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, | great men | **utters it by great swarths** spews it out in |
|  | with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith | huge chunks | **the best persuaded of himself** having |
|  | that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in | such a high opinion of himself |
|  | him will my revenge find notable cause to work. | **grounds of faith** fundamental belief |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What wilt thou do? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.3.155 | I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of |  |
|  | love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape | **obscure epistles of love** ambiguously worded |
|  | of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure | love-letters | **expressure** expression |
|  | of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find | **complexion** general appearance |
|  | himself most feelingly personated. I can write very | **most feelingly personated** exactly represented |
| 2.3.160 | like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we | **a forgotten matter** *i.e.,* anything written so long |
|  | can hardly make distinction of our hands. | ago that they can't remember who wrote it |
|  |  | **our hands** our handwriting |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Excellent! I smell a device. | **device** trick, plot |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I have't in my nose too. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, |  |
| 2.3.165 | that they come from my niece, and that she's in |  |
|  | love with him. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | And your horse now would make him an |  |
|  | ass. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.3.170 | Ass, I doubt not. | **Ass . . . not.** *i.e., both of:* "An ass Malvolio will be, |
|  |  | I am certain," *and* "Ass (Sir Andrew), I am certain." |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | O, 'twill be admirable! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will | **physic** medicine, especially the kind that causes |
|  | work with him. I will plant you two, and let the | vomiting, etc. | **let the fool make a third** (Apparently |
|  | fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: | the Clown left some time ago. Also, it turns out that |
| 2.3.175 | observe his construction of it. For this night, to | Fabian, not the Clown, joins Toby and Andrew in |
|  | bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. | observing Malvolio.) | **construction** interpretation |
|  |  | **event** the outcome (of the trick to be played on |
|  | *Exit MARIA* | Malvolio) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Good night, Penthesilea. | **Penthesilea** Queen of the Amazons (Sir Toby is |
|  |  | making an affectionate joke. Penthesila was large |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | and fierce; Maria is small, but just as fierce.) |
|  | Before me, she's a good wench. | **Before me** *i.e.,* on my soul |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. | **a beagle, true-bred** *i.e.,* a good companion and |
| 2.3.180 | What o' that? | hunter, just like a purebred beagle |
|  |  | **What o' that?** (Sir Toby seems puzzled by Maria's |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | affection for him.) |
|  | I was adored once too. | **I was adored once too.** (Poor Sir Andrew!) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for |  |
|  | more money. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul | **recover** win | **a foul way out** stuck in the mud and |
| 2.3.185 | way out. | off course (Sir Andrew needs Olivia's money.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' |  |
|  | the end, call me cut. | **cut** (A term of abuse, perhaps derived from the use |
|  |  | of "cut" to refer to a poor quality horse, one that |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | has had its tail docked or been gelded.) |
|  | If I do not, never trust me, take it how |  |
|  | you will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.3.190 | Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too | **burn** warm up | **sack** a Spanish wine |
|  | late to go to bed now: come, knight, come, |  |
| 2.3.192 | knight. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 2, Scene 4**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 2.4.1 | Give me some music. Now good morrow, friends. |  |
|  | Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, | **but** just (as in "just another slice of cake, please") |
|  | That old and antique song we heard last night; | **antique** of the good old times |
|  | Methought it did relieve my passion much, | **relieve my passion** comfort me |
| 2.4.5 | More than light airs and recollected terms | **light airs** trivial tunes | **recollected terms** common |
|  | Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. | clichés (?) |
|  | Come, but one verse. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **CURIO** |  |
|  | He is not here, so please your lordship that |  |
|  | should sing it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 2.4.10 | Who was it? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **CURIO** |  |
|  | Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady | **Feste** (This is the only time that his name is |
|  | Olivia's father took much delight in. He is | mentioned. In speech-headings he's "Clown.") |
|  | about the house. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Seek him out, and play the tune the while. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit CURIO. Music plays* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 2.4.15 | Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love, |  |
|  | In the sweet pangs of it remember me; |  |
|  | For such as I am all true lovers are, |  |
|  | Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, | **Unstaid** unsteady | **motions else** other thoughts |
|  | Save in the constant image of the creature | and feelings |
| 2.4.20 | That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | It gives a very echo to the seat |  |
|  | Where Love is throned. | **gives . . . throned** echoes the feelings of the loving |
|  |  | heart |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Thou dost speak masterly: |  |
|  | My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye |  |
|  | Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves: | **stay'd upon** lingered over | **favour** face |
| 2.4.25 | Hath it not, boy? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | A little, by your favour. | **by your favour** if you please (And Viola, who |
|  |  | loves Orsino, also means "thanks to you" and |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | "near to your appearance.") |
|  | What kind of woman is't? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Of your complexion. | **complexion** complexion, appearance |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith? | **She is not worth thee, then** (Orsino is being modest; |
|  |  | if the woman looks like him, "Cesario" can do |
|  | **VIOLA** | better.) |
|  | About your years, my lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take |  |
| 2.4.30 | An elder than herself, so wears she to him, | **wears she** adapts herself [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_4_30.html) |
|  | So sways she level in her husband's heart: | **sways she level** *i.e.,* always holds the same place |
|  | For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, |  |
|  | Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, | **fancies** affections, loves |
|  | More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, | **worn** worn out |
| 2.4.35 | Than women's are. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I think it well, my lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Then let thy love be younger than thyself, |  |
|  | Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; | **hold the bent** keep its intensity (In Orsino's meta- |
|  | For women are as roses, whose fair flower | phor, "affection" is compared to a bow bent to |
|  | Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. | shoot an arrow.) | **display'd** in full bloom |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 2.4.40 | And so they are: alas, that they are so; |  |
|  | To die, even when they to perfection grow! | **even when** just when |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter CURIO and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O, fellow, come, the song we had last night. | **fellow** (To the Clown. This is a nice way of speaking |
|  | Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain; | to someone of lower social status.) | **Mark** Pay close |
|  | The spinsters and the knitters in the sun | attention | **spinsters** women who spin thread |
| 2.4.45 | And the free maids that weave their thread with bones | **free** carefree | **bones** bobbins used in making lace |
|  | Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, | **Do use** Are accustomed | **silly sooth** simple, inno- |
|  | And dallies with the innocence of love, | cent truth | **dallies with** plays lovingly with |
|  | Like the old age. | **Like the old age** As in the good old days |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Are you ready, sir? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 2.4.50 | Ay; prithee, sing. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Music* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | THE SONG |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Come away, come away, death, | **Come away** *i.e.,* come (away from where you are) to |
|  | And in sad cypress let me be laid; | me | **in . . . cypress** in a cyrpress coffin *or* among |
|  | Fly away, fly away breath; | boughs of cypress (Cypress was emblematic of death |
|  | I am slain by a fair cruel maid. | and mourning.) |
| 2.4.55 | My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, | **stuck all with yew** decorated with sprigs of yew (Yew |
|  | O, prepare it! | was also emblematic of death and mourning.) |
|  | My part of death, no one so true | **My . . . it** *i.e.,* I am the truest lover who has ever died |
|  | Did share it. | for love, *or* I had to die alone, because only I was so |
|  |  | true to love |
|  | Not a flower, not a flower sweet |  |
| 2.4.60 | On my black coffin let there be strown; | **strown** strewn |
|  | Not a friend, not a friend greet |  |
|  | My poor corpse, where my bones |  |
|  | shall be thrown. |  |
|  | A thousand thousand sighs to save, | **A thousand thousand sighs to save** In order to save a |
|  | Lay me, O, where | million sighs |
| 2.4.65 | Sad true lover never find my grave, | **where / Sad true lover never find** where no sad true |
|  | To weep there! | lover may find |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | There's for thy pains. | **pains** efforts (Orsino offers money.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | No pains, sir, I take pleasure in singing, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | I'll pay thy pleasure then. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 2.4.70 | Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time | **pleasure will be paid** pleasure has to be paid for [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_4_70.html) |
|  | or another. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Give me now leave to leave thee. | **leave to leave** permission to take leave of |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor |  |
|  | make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind | **changeable taffeta** thin, iridescent silk |
| 2.4.75 | is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy | **doublet** tight jacket | **opal** an iridescent gemstone |
|  | put to sea, that their business might be every thing | **constancy** (Ironic; the Clown means that Orsino is |
|  | and their intent every where; for that's it that always | inconstant, changeable.) |
|  | makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Let all the rest give place. | **give place** withdraw (Orsino wants to talk to Cesario |
|  |  | alone.) |
|  | *CURIO and Attendants retire* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Once more, Cesario, |  |
| 2.4.80 | Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. | **same sovereign cruelty** *i.e.,* Olivia ("same" = the one |
|  | Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, | we've already discussed; "sovereign" = Queen of my |
|  | Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; | heart.) | **quantity of dirty lands** mere acreage |
|  | The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, | **parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her** gifts of |
|  | Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; | fortune | **hold as giddily as fortune** (Fortune gives |
| 2.4.85 | But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems | and takes away without rhyme or reason.) |
|  | That nature pranks her in attracts my soul. | **queen of gems** *i.e.,* Olivia's beauty |
|  |  | **pranks her in** adorns her with |
|  | **VIOLA** | **attracts my soul** that captivates my soul |
|  | But if she cannot love you, sir? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | I cannot be so answer'd. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Sooth, but you must. | **Sooth** truly |
|  | Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, |  |
| 2.4.90 | Hath for your love a great a pang of heart | **for your love** because of love for you |
|  | As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her; |  |
|  | You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd? | **be answer'd** accept your answer with good grace |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | There is no woman's sides |  |
|  | Can bide the beating of so strong a passion | **bide** abide, withstand (without bursting) |
| 2.4.95 | As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart |  |
|  | So big, to hold so much; they lack retention | **retention** the ability to hold true (to one love) |
|  | Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, |  |
|  | No motion of the liver, but the palate, | **motion of the liver** *i.e.,* deep emotion (The liver is |
|  | That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt; | the seat of true love.) |
| 2.4.100 | But mine is all as hungry as the sea, | **suffer** experience | **cloyment** glut | **revolt** revulsion |
|  | And can digest as much. Make no compare |  |
|  | Between that love a woman can bear me | **bear me** have for me |
|  | And that I owe Olivia. | **owe** have for [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_4_103.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Ay, but I know— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | What dost thou know? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 2.4.105 | Too well what love women to men may owe; |  |
|  | In faith, they are as true of heart as we. |  |
|  | My father had a daughter loved a man, |  |
|  | As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, |  |
|  | I should your lordship. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | And what's her history? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 2.4.110 | A blank, my lord. She never told her love, |  |
|  | But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, |  |
|  | Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, | **damask** pink and white, like the damask rose |
|  | And with a green and yellow melancholy | **green and yellow** pale and sallow |
|  | She sat like patience on a monument, | **like patience on a monument** like a scupture of |
| 2.4.115 | Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? | Patience on a tomb |
|  | We men may say more, swear more, but indeed |  |
|  | Our shows are more than will; for still we prove | **will** desire, feeling | **still** always | **prove** demonstrate |
|  | Much in our vows, but little in our love. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | But died thy sister of her love, my boy? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 2.4.120 | I am all the daughters of my father's house, |  |
|  | And all the brothers too—and yet I know not. |  |
|  | Sir, shall I to this lady? | **shall I to** shall I go to |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Ay, that's the theme. |  |
|  | To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, |  |
| 2.4.124 | My love can give no place, bide no denay. | **can give no place, bide no denay** cannot yield, |
|  |  | cannot endure denial |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |
|  |  |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 2, Scene 5**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.5.1 | Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. | **Come thy ways** come on, let's go |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, | **Nay** *i.e.,* Don't worry | **a scruple** the least little bit |
|  | let me be boiled to death with melancholy. | **boiled** (With a pun on "bile." An excess of black bile, |
|  |  | one of the four essential humours [fluids] of the body, |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | was the cause of melancholy.) |
|  | Wouldst thou not be glad to have the |  |
| 2.5.5 | niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by | **sheep-biter** (Literally, a dog that attacks sheep; |
|  | some notable shame? | metaphorically, a mean person who nips at the |
|  |  | heels of the innocent.) |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out |  |
|  | o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. | **bear-baiting** (A brutal entertainment in which a |
|  |  | chained bear was attacked by dogs.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | To anger him we'll have the bear again; and | **have . . . again** bring back |
| 2.5.10 | we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, | **fool** mock, make a fool of | **black and blue** *i.e.,* like |
|  | Sir Andrew? | a person who has suffered a beating |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | And we do not, it is pity of our lives. | **it is pity of our lives** *i.e.,* it'll be a crying shame |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Here comes the little villain. | **villain** (Said admiringly.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | How now, my metal of India! | **metal of India** *i.e.,* gold (Maria is as good as gold.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.5.15 | Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's | **box-tree** (Maybe a hedge; the shrubs known as "box" |
|  | coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the | are still used for hedges.) |
|  | sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half | **behavior** exquiste manners, such as bowing and |
|  | hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I | hand-kissing |
|  | know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of | **contemplative** thoughtful |
| 2.5.20 | him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there, | **Close** Keep hidden | **Lie thou there** (Said to the |
|  |  | letter that Maria is throwing to the ground.) |
|  | *The men hide. Maria throws down a letter* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | for here comes the trout that must be caught |  |
|  | with tickling. | **tickling** (Literally, stroking about the gills |
|  |  | [something that was actually done to catch trout]; |
|  | *Exit MARIA* | metaphorically, stroking Malvolio's ego.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told | **'Tis . . . fortune** it's all a matter of luck [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_23.html) |
|  | me she did affect me, and I have heard herself | **she** *i.e.,*Olivia | **did affect me** was fond of me |
| 2.5.25 | come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should | **come . . . near** come close (to saying that she loves |
|  | be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me | me) | **fancy** fall in love | **complexion** character [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_26.html) |
|  | with a more exalted respect than any one else that |  |
|  | follows her. What should I think on't? | **follows her** serves her |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Here's an overweening rogue! | **overweening** arrogant, presumptuous |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 2.5.30 | O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare | **Contemplation** thought, conjecture, day-dreaming |
|  | turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his | **jets** struts |
|  | advanced plumes! | **advanced plumes** feathers fluffed out (to make the |
|  |  | turkey look more impressive) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue! | **'Slight** By God's light (A mild oath.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Peace, I say. | **Peace** Shut up (Said to Sir Andrew.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.35 | To be Count Malvolio! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Ah, rogue! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Pistol him, pistol him. | **Pistol him** Pistol-whip him |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Peace, peace! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy | **example** precedent | **for't** for it (*i.e.,* for a lady |
| 2.5.40 | married the yeoman of the wardrobe. | marrying a servant) | **the lady of the Strachy** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_40.html) |
|  |  | **yeoman of the wardrobe** a servant who supervised |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | the care of clothing and linen |
|  | Fie on him, Jezebel! | **Jezebel** arrogant and cruel wife of Ahab, King of |
|  |  | Israel (But does Sir Andrew know that Jezebel was |
|  | **FABIAN** | a woman?) |
|  | O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how |  |
|  | imagination blows him. | **blows him** puffs him up |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Having been three months married to her, |  |
| 2.5.45 | sitting in my state— | **sitting in my state***i.e.,* on the court chair of, and |
|  |  | dressed in the robes of, a Count (since Olivia is |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | a Countess) |
|  | O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! | **stone-bow** crossbow used to shoot stones |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Calling my officers about me, in my branched | **officers** household staff | **branched** embroidered with |
|  | velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where | branches of leaves and flowers | **day-bed** couch |
|  | I have left Olivia sleeping— | (Malvolio may be thinking that his love will have |
|  |  | left Olvia very satisfied.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.5.50 | Fire and brimstone! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | O, peace, peace! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | And then to have the humour of state; and after | **the humour of state** the manner of the powerful |
|  | a demure travel of regard, telling them I know | **demure travel of regard** grave visual examination |
|  | my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask | of all present | **telling . . . place** (It is his "demure |
| 2.5.55 | for my kinsman Toby— | travel of regard" that tells everyone that Malvolio |
|  |  | has the "place" of a Count.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Bolts and shackles! | **Bolts and shackles** leg irons (Sir Toby thinks |
|  |  | Malvolio ought to be locked up.) |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | O peace, peace, peace! Now, now. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Seven of my people, with an obedient start, | **start** jump (as in "jump to it") |
|  | make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance | **make out for** go after |
| 2.5.60 | wind up watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. | **play with my . . . jewel** (Malvolio was thinking of his |
|  | Toby approaches; curtsies there to me— | steward's chain, but remembers that he'll be a Count.) |
|  |  | **curtsies** bows, shows other signs of respect |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Shall this fellow live? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, | **be drawn . . . with cars** *i.e.,* kept only with a great |
|  | yet peace. | struggle [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_64.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.65 | I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my | **thus** (Malvolio demonstrates; he may hold out his |
|  | familiar smile with an austere regard of control— | hand to be kissed, rather than shaken.) |
|  |  | **austere regard of control** severe look of authority |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And does not Toby take you a blow o' the | **take you a blow o'** give you a punch on |
|  | the lips then? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast |  |
| 2.5.70 | me on your niece, give me this prerogative | **give me this prerogative of speech** *i.e.,* you must |
|  | of speech"— | acknowledge my right to give you a talking-to |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What, what? | **What, what?** *i.e.,* What even more outrageous thing |
|  |  | is he going to say next? |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "You must amend your drunkenness." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Out, scab! | **Out** Begone, Get out of my sight | **scab** scurvy rascal |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 2.5.75 | Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of |  |
|  | our plot. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Besides, you waste the treasure of your |  |
|  | time with a foolish knight"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | That's me, I warrant you. | **warrant** promise |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.80 | "One Sir Andrew"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | What employment have we here? | **employment** business |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Taking up the letter* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Now is the woodcock near the gin. | **woodcock** a really stupid bird | **gin** trap |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate |  |
| 2.5.85 | reading aloud to him! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her |  |
|  | very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her |  |
|  | great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. | **great** upper-case | **in contempt of question** without |
|  |  | a doubt | **hand** handwriting |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that? | **Her C's, her U's and her T's** ("Cut" was slang for |
|  |  | female privates.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** [*Reads*] |  |
| 2.5.90 | "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good | **unknown beloved** secret love |
|  | wishes":—her very phrases! By your leave, | **By your leave** With your permission (He's talking to |
|  | wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with | the letter as he opens it.) | **Soft** wait a minute |
|  | which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom | **impressure** impression in the wax seal |
|  | should this be? | **Lucrece** Lucretia, emblem of chastity |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 2.5.95 | This wins him, liver and all. | **wins him** gets him | **liver** (The organ of love.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "Jove knows I love, |  |
|  | But who? |  |
|  | Lips, do not move; |  |
|  | No man must know." |  |
| 2.5.100 | "No man must know." What follows? the |  |
|  | numbers altered! "No man must know." If this | **numbers altered** meter changed (Maybe Malvolio |
|  | should be thee, Malvolio? | is thinking that, if said just right, "no man must know" |
|  |  | sounds like "Malvolio.") |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Marry, hang thee, brock! | **brock** badger, a stinking beast |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "I may command where I adore; | **where** *i.e.,* the person whom |
| 2.5.105 | But silence, like a Lucrece knife, | **Lucrece knife** (After being raped by Tarquin, Lucretia |
|  | With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: | stabbed herself to death.) |
|  | M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | A fustian riddle! | **fustian** high-sounding, but empty (Perfect for |
|  |  | Malvolio.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Excellent wench, say I. | **Excellent wench** *i.e.,* Maria, who wrote the letter |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.110 | "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but |  |
|  | first, let me see, let me see, let me see. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | What dish o' poison has she dressed him! | **What** What a | **she dressed him** she has prepared |
|  |  | for him |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And with what wing the staniel cheques | **wing** flight, speed | **staniel** an inferior hawk |
|  | at it! | **cheques at it** goes for it (When a hawk cheques, it |
|  |  | turns and goes after the wrong target.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.115 | "I may command where I adore." Why, she may |  |
|  | command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, |  |
|  | this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no | **formal capacity** normal understanding |
|  | obstruction in this. And the end—what should | **obstruction** difficulty, obstacle |
|  | that alphabetical position portend? If I could make | **alphabetical position** arrangement of the letters |
| 2.5.120 | that resemble something in me! Softly! M, O, A, I,— | **Softly!** Slowly! Carefully! |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold | **O, ay** (Toby is mocking Malvolio's reading.) |
|  | scent. | **make up that** make something out of that |
|  |  | **cold scent** faint, deceptive trail |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as | **Sowter** (Typical name of a stupid hunting dog.) |
|  | rank as a fox. | **will . . . fox** despite the fact that the trail is cold, he |
|  |  | will give tongue as though he had found the true |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | scent, even though the deception stinks like a fox |
| 2.5.125 | M—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my |  |
|  | name. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is |  |
|  | excellent at faults. | **faults** places where the trail of scent is broken (Fabian |
|  |  | means that Malvolio will read the letter to suit him- |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | self, no matter what.) |
|  | M,—but then there is no consonancy in the | **consonancy** agreement, consistency |
| 2.5.130 | sequel that suffers under probation: A should | **sequel that suffers under probation** following letters |
|  | follow but O does. | which are subject to examination [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_131.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | And O shall end, I hope. | **O shall end** *i.e.,* O, the hangman's noose, will put an |
|  |  | end to him, *and/or* this joke will end in a cry of pain, |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | "O," when Malvolio discovers the truth |
|  | Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him |  |
|  | cry O! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 2.5.135 | And then I comes behind. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might | **an** if | **any eye behind you** *i.e.,* an eye in the back of |
|  | see more detraction at your heels than fortunes | your head | **detraction** insults, mockery |
|  | before you. | **fortunes** good luck, rewards | **before you** in front of |
|  |  | you |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the former; | **simulation** disguised meaning |
| 2.5.140 | and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, | **crush** force | **yield** |
|  | for every one of these letters are in my name. |  |
|  | Soft, here follows prose. | **Soft** hold on, wait a minute, etc. |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Reads* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am | **revolve** think things over | **stars** fortune |
|  | above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are |  |
| 2.5.145 | born great, some achieve greatness, and some have |  |
|  | greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; | **open their hands** (They're in a giving mood.) |
|  | let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure | **thy blood and spirit** *i.e.,* every fiber of your being |
|  | thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble | **inure** accustom | **like to be** likely to be | **cast** throw |
|  | slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, | off | **humble slough** humble appearance [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_149.html) |
| 2.5.150 | surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of | **opposite** contrary | **tang** sound loud with |
|  | state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus | **arguments of state** political opinions | **trick** habit |
|  | advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who com- | **singularity** uniqueness, eccentricity |
|  | mended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee |  |
|  | ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art | **ever** always | **cross-gartered** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_154.html) | **Go to** *i.e.,* wake up |
| 2.5.155 | made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee | **thou art made** *i.e.,* you are assured of being a |
|  | a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy | gentleman | **still** always | **fellow** companion |
|  | to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would |  |
|  | alter services with thee, | **alter services** (Malvolio is now serves Olivia; if |
|  | The Fortunate-Unhappy." | they married, she would serve him.) |
| 2.5.160 | Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is | **champaign** open country | **discovers** reveals |
|  | open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, | **open** obvious | **politic authors** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/2_5_161.html) |
|  | I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross | **baffle** put down | **wash off** get rid of | **gross** lowly, |
|  | acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. | ignorant | **point-devise the very man** *i.e.,* exactly the |
|  | I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade | man, to the letter | **jade** trick |
| 2.5.165 | me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady | **every reason excites to** all the evidence points to |
|  | loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of |  |
|  | late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; |  |
|  | and in this she manifests herself to my love, and |  |
|  | with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits |  |
| 2.5.170 | of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will | **happy** fortunate |
|  | be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross- | **strange** aloof | **stout** haughty |
|  | gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. |  |
|  | Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Reads* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou |  |
| 2.5.175 | entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; | **entertainest** accept |
|  | thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my |  |
|  | presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." |  |
|  | Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do |  |
|  | everything that thou wilt have me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 2.5.180 | I will not give my part of this sport for a pension |  |
|  | of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. | **the Sophy** the Shah of Persia |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I could marry this wench for this device— | **this wench** *i.e.,* Maria |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | So could I too. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And ask no other dowry with her but such |  |
| 2.5.185 | another jest. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Nor I neither. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Here comes my noble gull-catcher. | **gull-catcher** tricker of suckers |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck? | **o'** on (Toby is saying, "You're the boss!") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Or o' mine either? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.5.190 | Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, | **play** gamble | **tray-trip** a dice game |
|  | and become thy bond-slave? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I' faith, or I either? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that |  |
|  | when the image of it leaves him he must run mad. | **when the image of it leaves him** *i.e.,* when Malvolio |
|  |  | learns the truth |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 2.5.195 | Nay, but say true; does it work upon him? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Like aqua-vitae with a midwife. | **aqua-vitae** brandy, whisky, etc. **midwife** (Apparently |
|  |  | it didn't take much to make a midwife drunk.) |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his |  |
|  | first approach before my lady: he will come to her |  |
|  | in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, |  |
| 2.5.200 | and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he |  |
|  | will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable |  |
|  | to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy |  |
|  | as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable |  |
|  | contempt. If you will see it, follow me. | **notable contempt** common object of scorn |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 2.5.205 | To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil | **Tartar** Tartarus, hell |
|  | of wit! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 2.5.207 | I'll make one too. | **make one** be one of the group (of those who will see |
|  |  | Malvolio make a fool of himself) |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 3, Scene 1**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabour* | ***Enter VIOLA, and Clown*** (They don't enter |
|  |  | together; Viola goes to Olivia's and happens to |
|  | **VIOLA** | meet the Clown.) | **tabour** small drum |
| 3.1.1 | Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by | **live by** earn your living with |
|  | thy tabour? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | No, sir, I live by the church. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Art thou a churchman? | **churchman** member of the clergy |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 3.1.5 | No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for |  |
|  | I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by |  |
|  | the church. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a | **lies by** sleeps with *and* is situated near |
|  | beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy | **stands by** is supported by |
| 3.1.10 | tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church. | **stand by** is located near |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is | **sentence** saying |
|  | but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the | **chev'ril** kidskin (which is soft and pliable) |
|  | wrong side may be turned outward! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with | **dally nicely** play subtly |
| 3.1.15 | words may quickly make them wanton. | **wanton** uncontrollable |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I would therefore my sister had had no |  |
|  | name, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Why, man? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that |  |
| 3.1.20 | word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words | **wanton** promiscuous |
|  | are very rascals since bonds disgraced them. | **bonds** legal documents, *also* manacles [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_21.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Thy reason, man? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and |  |
|  | words are grown so false, I am loath to prove |  |
| 3.1.25 | reason with them. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest | **thou . . . carest for nothing** *i.e.,* you are carefree |
|  | for nothing. | and don't care what you say |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my |  |
|  | conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care | **in my conscience, sir** *i.e.,* to let you in on my real |
| 3.1.30 | for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible. | feelings | **make you invisible** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_30.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she |  |
|  | will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and |  |
|  | fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to | **pilchards** small fish, very like herrings |
| 3.1.35 | herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not |  |
|  | her fool, but her corrupter of words. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. | **late** recently |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, | **the orb** the earth, around which the sun turns |
|  | it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but | **but** unless (The Clown feels he has a duty to spread |
| 3.1.40 | the fool should be as oft with your master as with | his foolishness around.) |
|  | my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there. | **your wisdom** An ironical variation on "your |
|  |  | honor." |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. | **an** if | **pass upon me** (verbally) fence with me |
|  | Hold, there's expenses for thee. | **Hold** Take this (She gives the Clown a coin.) |
|  |  | **expenses** spending money |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee | **commodity** shipment |
| 3.1.45 | a beard! | **Now . . . beard!** This is the Clown's way of saying |
|  |  | "bless you." |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one— | **one** a beard, *i.e.,* a man, *i.e.,* Orsino |
|  | [*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. |  |
|  | Is thy lady within? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? | **pair of these** *i.e.,* two coins | **bred** made babies |
|  |  | (The Clown is wittly asking for another coin.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.1.50 | Yes, being kept together and put to use. | **put to use** loaned at interest [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_50.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring | **Pandarus** The go-between in the famous love |
|  | a Cressida to this Troilus. | affair between Troilus and Cressida. |
|  |  | **this Troilus** *i.e.,* the single coin the Clown has in |
|  | **VIOLA** | his hand |
|  | I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged. | (Perhaps she gives him another coin.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but | **matter** request | **begging but a beggar** *i.e.,* I have |
| 3.1.55 | a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is | only been begging to be given a beggar |
|  | within, sir. I will conster to them whence you | **Cressida was a beggar** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_56.html) | **conster** explain |
|  | come; who you are and what you would are out | **what you would** what you want |
|  | of my welkin—I might say "element," but the | **welkin** sky ("Element" can mean "welkin," but in |
|  | word is over-worn. | the phrase "out of my element" it means |
|  |  | "knowledge" or "experience." As a "corrupter |
|  | *Exit Clown* | of words," the Clown always likes to be original.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.1.60 | This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; | **play the fool** (He's not a natural fool, a half-wit.) |
|  | And to do that well craves a kind of wit. | **craves** requires | **wit** intelligence, wisdom |
|  | He must observe their mood on whom he jests, |  |
|  | The quality of persons, and the time, | **quality** character |
|  | And, like the haggard, cheque at every feather | **haggard . . . cheque . . feather** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_64.html) |
| 3.1.65 | That comes before his eye. This is a practise | **practise** skilled profession (as in "law practice") |
|  | As full of labour as a wise man's art | **art** skill |
|  | For folly that he wisely shows is fit; | **folly that he wisely shows is fit** foolery that he |
|  | But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit. | intelligently displays is skillfully adapted (to the |
|  |  | taste of his audience) | **folly-fall'n** fallen into real |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW* | folly | **taint** spoil |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Save you, gentleman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.1.70 | And you, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.* | ***Dieu . . . monsieur.*** God keep you, sir. |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.* | ***Et . . . serviteur.*** And you, too; your servant. |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. | (Sir Andrew was trying to make an impression with |
|  |  | his French, but now he has reached his limit.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous | **encounter** (A playfully elaborate word for "enter.") |
| 3.1.75 | you should enter, if your trade be to her. | **trade** business |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the |  |
|  | list of my voyage. | **list** destination |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion. | **Taste** try, test (Sir Toby is again being playfully |
|  |  | elaborate.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | My legs do better understand me, sir, than I | **understand** With a play on "stand under." |
| 3.1.80 | understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I mean, to go, sir, to enter. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we | **gait and entrance** A play on Toby's "go" and |
|  | are prevented. | "enter." | **prevented** anticipated (Because Olivia |
|  |  | is coming out, they won't have to go in.) |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA and Gentlewoman* [*MARIA*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain |  |
| 3.1.85 | odours on you! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | That youth's a rare courtier— | **rare** excellent and unique |
|  | "Rain odours," well. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own | **hath no voice . . . but to** may only be spoken to |
|  | most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. | **pregnant** receptive | **vouchsafed** securely granted |
|  |  | (Cesario/Viola wants Olivia to listen carefully, and |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** | he/she wants to talk to her alone.) |
| 3.1.90 | "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed"; I'll get 'em |  |
|  | all three all ready. | **all ready** (Sir Andrew now has three new words |
|  |  | ready to use whenever he should try make an |
|  | **OLIVIA** | impression.) |
|  | Let the garden door be shut, and leave me |  |
|  | to my hearing. | **hearing** As in "court hearing"; Olivia knows that |
|  |  | Cesario/Viola has come to speak on behalf |
|  | *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA* | of Orsino. |
|  |  |  |
|  | Give me your hand, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.1.95 | My duty, madam, and most humble service. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What is your name? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world | **'Twas never merry world / Since** Things have |
|  | Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: | never been as good since | **lowly feigning** pretended |
| 3.1.100 | Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth. | humbleness | **was called** began to be called |
|  |  | **compliment** courtesy, politeness |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: |  |
|  | Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, | **For** as for, concerning |
|  | Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.1.105 | Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts |  |
|  | On his behalf. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, by your leave, I pray you, | **by your leave, I pray you** with your permission, |
|  | I bade you never speak again of him; | please (But Olivia is saying it the way we |
|  | But, would you undertake another suit, | now say "Please EXCUSE me!") |
|  | I had rather hear you to solicit that | **another suit** a different request (She wants Cesario |
| 3.1.110 | Than music from the spheres. | to woo her for himself.) | **spheres** heavens [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_110a.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Dear lady— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, | **Give me leave, beseech you** *i.e.,* Let me talk, I'm |
|  | After the last enchantment you did here, | asking you. | **enchantment you did** spell you cast |
|  | A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse | **abuse** dishonor [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_113.html) |
|  | Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you: | **I fear me** I am afraid |
| 3.1.115 | Under your hard construction must I sit, | **Under your hard construction must I sit** I must |
|  | To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, | submit to your harsh judgment | **that** *i.e.,* the ring |
|  | Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? |  |
|  | Have you not set mine honour at the stake | **stake . . . baited . . . unmuzzled** [**>>>**](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_118.html) |
|  | And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts |  |
| 3.1.120 | That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving | **tyrannous** sadistic | **receiving** understanding, |
|  | Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom, | intelliegence | **cypress** a nearly transparent black |
|  | Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak. | fabric *also,* a cyrpress branch associated with death |
|  |  | (Olivia can't hide her feelings, and it's killing her.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I pity you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | That's a degree to love. | **degree** step *or* stage |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof, | **grize** single step | **vulgar proof** common |
| 3.1.125 | That very oft we pity enemies. | experience |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again. | **then** *i.e.,* since you only pity me [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_126.html) |
|  | O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud! | **how apt the poor are to be proud** *i.e.,* how likely |
|  | If one should be a prey, how much the better | are those who have nothing to (try to) be proud of |
|  | To fall before the lion than the wolf! | something | **lion** *i.e.,* a noble adversary, such as |
|  |  | Cesario (Is Olivia really making herself feel better?) |
|  | *Clock strikes* | **clock** (On Shakespeare's stage, sans scenery, we |
|  |  | don't notice the oddity of a chiming clock being in |
| 3.1.130 | The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. | Olivia's garden.) |
|  | Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you, | **have you** claim you for a husband |
|  | And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, | **when . . . harvest** *i.e.,* when you grow to be a man |
|  | Your wife is like to reap a proper man: | **proper** handsome, worthy |
|  | There lies your way, due west. | **due west** where the sun sets (In other words, "get |
|  |  | out of my sight.") |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Then westward-ho! | **westward-ho!** (Cesario/Viola is outta there.) [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_134b.html) |
| 3.1.135 | Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship! | **good disposition** tranquillity |
|  | You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? | **You'll nothing . . . to my lord . . . ?** you have no |
|  |  | message to Orsino? |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Stay! |  |
|  | I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me. | **thou** (More familiar, and therefore more pleading, |
|  |  | than the "you" that Olivia has been using.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | That you do think you are not what you are. | **That . . . are** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_139.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 3.1.140 | If I think so, I think the same of you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Then think you right: I am not what I am. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | I would you were as I would have you be! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Would it be better, madam, than I am? |  |
|  | I wish it might, for now I am your fool. | **your fool** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_144.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 3.1.145 | O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful | **a deal** a great deal |
|  | In the contempt and anger of his lip! |  |
|  | A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon |  |
|  | Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. |  |
|  | Cesario, by the roses of the spring, |  |
| 3.1.150 | By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing, |  |
|  | I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, | **maugre** despite |
|  | Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. | **Nor wit nor reason** neither wisdom nor reason |
|  | Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, | **Do . . . cause** Do not force the conclusion that you have |
|  | For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause, | no cause to love me because I have wooed you. |
| 3.1.155 | But rather reason thus with reason fetter, | **But . . . fetter** Instead, chain your reasoning to the |
|  | Love sought is good, but given unsought better. | following wisdom | **unsought** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_1_156.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | By innocence I swear, and by my youth |  |
|  | I have one heart, one bosom and one truth, |  |
|  | And that no woman has; nor never none |  |
| 3.1.160 | Shall mistress be of it, save I alone. |  |
|  | And so adieu, good madam: never more |  |
|  | Will I my master's tears to you deplore. | **to you deplore** attempt to arouse your pity for |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move | **move** convince, influence |
| 3.1.164 | That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. | **That heart** *i.e.,* Olivia's own heart | **abhors** *i.e.,* abhors |
|  |  | Orsino's love |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 3, Scene 2**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.2.1 | No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason. | **venom** venomous one |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | You must needs yield your reason, Sir |  |
|  | Andrew. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.2.5 | Marry, I saw your niece do more favours | **Marry** *i.e.,* I swear | **do more favours to** *i.e.,* be nicer to |
|  | to the count's serving-man than ever she | **the count's serving-man** *i.e.,* Cesario/Viola |
|  | bestowed upon me. I saw't i' the orchard. | **orchard** garden |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Did she see thee the while, old boy? | **the while** at that time |
|  | tell me that. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.2.10 | As plain as I see you now. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | This was a great argument of love in her | **argument** proof |
|  | toward you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me? | **'Slight** (by) his (God's) light |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths |  |
| 3.2.15 | of judgment and reason. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And they have been grand-jurymen since | **grand-jurymen** *i.e.,* excellent judges of evidence |
|  | before Noah was a sailor. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | She did show favour to the youth in your sight only |  |
|  | to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, | **exasperate** make rough and violent |
| 3.2.20 | to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. | **dormouse** *i.e.,* sleeping |
|  | You should then have accosted her; and with some |  |
|  | excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should | **fire-new from the mint** freshly minted, original |
|  | have banged the youth into dumbness. This was | **banged the youth into dumbness** beaten ["Cesario"] into |
|  | looked for at your hand, and this was balk'd. The | silence | **looked for at your hand** expected from you |
| 3.2.25 | double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash | **balk'd** let slip | **double gilt** heavy gold-plating |
|  | off, and you are now sailed into the north of my | **north of . . . opinion** *i.e.,* looked upon coldly |
|  | lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle | **icicle . . . beard** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_2_27.html) |
|  | on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by |  |
|  | some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. | **policy** cunning plan |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.2.30 | An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy |  |
|  | I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a | **as lief** as readily | **Brownist** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_2_31.html) |
|  | politician. | **politician** schemer |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of | **build me**, **Challenge me** (In these colloquialisms "me" |
|  | valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight | adds the sense of "I've got a good idea.") |
| 3.2.35 | with him; hurt him in eleven places—my niece shall |  |
|  | take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no |  |
|  | love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's | **love-broker** go-between in matters of the heart |
|  | commendation with woman than report of valour. | **report of** reputation for |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.2.40 | Will either of you bear me a challenge to | **bear me** deliver for me |
|  | him? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief. | **a martial hand** military handwriting | **curst** insulting |
|  | It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full | **so it be** as long as it is |
|  | of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. | **invention** imagination, wit [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_2_44.html) | **licence** freedom (It's safer |
| 3.2.45 | If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be | to be insulting in a letter than face-to-face.) |
|  | amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of | **thou'st him** call him "thou" (insulting to someone who is |
|  | paper, although the sheet were big enough for the | not a friend or a servant) |
|  | bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go about it. | **bed of Ware** (A famous bed, about eleven feet square.) |
|  | Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou | **gall** bitterness *and* Oak gall, an ingredient of ink |
| 3.2.50 | write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it. | **goose-pen** goose-quill pen (And Sir Toby may also mean |
|  |  | that Sir Andrew will write like a silly goose.) |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Where shall I find you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go. | **call thee** call for you | **cubiculo** little chamber |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby. | **dear manikin** beloved puppet |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand | **dear** expensive |
| 3.2.55 | strong, or so. | **two thousand** (Sir Toby has wrangled quite a lot of money |
|  |  | out of Sir Andrew.) |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll | **rare** exceptional, oustanding (but Fabian is being ironic) |
|  | not deliver't? | **but you'll not deliver't?** (Actually delivering the letter |
|  |  | might be carrying the joke too far.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the | **Never trust me, then** *i.e.,* you bet I will |
|  | youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes | **wainropes** wagon ropes |
| 3.2.60 | cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were | **hale** haul, drag |
|  | opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as | **blood in his liver** (Cowards have white, bloodless livers.) |
|  | will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of |  |
|  | the anatomy. | **anatomy** body |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no | **opposite** adversary | **the youth** *i.e.,* Cesario/Viola |
| 3.2.65 | great presage of cruelty. | **visage** face | **presage** sign, prophecy |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Look, where the youngest wren of nine | **youngest wren of nine** *i.e.,* Maria (The runt of a litter of |
|  | comes. | wrens is very small, like Maria.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself | **the spleen** uncontrollable laughter |
|  | into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is | **gull** sucker |
| 3.2.70 | turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no | **renegado** renegade (who has renounced Christianity) |
|  | Christian, that means to be saved by believing |  |
|  | rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages | **impossible passages of grossness** obvious absurdities |
|  | of grossness. He's in yellow stockings. | (in the letter than Maria wrote and Malvolio read) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | And cross-gartered? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 3.2.75 | Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school | **pedant** pompous schoomaster |
|  | i' the church. I have dogged him, like his | **like his murderer** *i.e.,* as if I were going to ambush him |
|  | murderer. He does obey every point of the letter |  |
|  | that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his |  |
|  | face into more lines than is in the new map with the |  |
| 3.2.80 | augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such | **the new map with the augmentation of the Indies** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_2_80.html) |
|  | a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things |  |
|  | at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, |  |
|  | he'll smile and take't for a great favour. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.2.84 | Come, bring us, bring us where he is. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 3, Scene 4**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA and MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** [*aside*] |  |
| 3.4.1 | I have sent after him— he says he'll come; | **him** *i.e.,* "Cesario" | **he says he'll come** *i.e., if he* |
|  | How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? | says he'll come | **bestow of** give to |
|  | For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd. | **youth is bought** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_3.html) |
|  | I speak too loud.— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | [*To Maria*] |  |
|  |  |  |
| 3.4.5 | Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil, | **sad and civil** serious and decorous |
|  | And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. | **suits well . . . my fortunes** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_6.html) |
|  | Where is Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. |  |
|  | He is, sure, possessed, madam. | **possessed** possessed by an evil spirit, crazy |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 3.4.10 | Why, what's the matter? does he rave? | **rave** talk nonsense (like a madman) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your |  |
|  | ladyship were best to have some guard about you, |  |
|  | if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits. | **tainted** diseased | **in's** in his |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Go call him hither. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | I am as mad as he, |  |
| 3.4.15 | If sad and merry madness equal be. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | How now, Malvolio! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Sweet lady, ho, ho. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Smilest thou? |  |
|  | I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. | **sad** serious (But Malvolio takes "sad" to mean |
|  |  | "unhappy" or "painful.") |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.20 | Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some ob- |  |
|  | struction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what |  |
|  | of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as |  |
|  | the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all." | **sonnet** poem, song [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_23.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with |  |
| 3.4.25 | thee? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It | **black . . . yellow** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_26.html) |
|  | did come to his hands, and commands shall be |  |
|  | executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. | **Roman hand** Italian style of handwriting (It was |
|  |  | coming into style at that time.) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? | **to bed** (Olvia means that he should lie down and |
|  |  | rest to alleviate whatever strange afflication he has.) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.30 | To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to | **To bed!** (Malvolio thinks he's just gotten lucky.) |
|  | thee. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss |  |
|  | thy hand so oft? | **kiss thy hand** (Malvolio is kissing his hand to |
|  |  | Olivia.) |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | How do you, Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.35 | At your request! Yes, nightingales answer | **At your request!** *i.e.,* Am I likely to answer your |
|  | daws. | question?—I think not. | **daws** crows, *i.e.,* Maria, |
|  |  | and others like her. (He's being "surly with |
|  | **MARIA** | servants," as the letter said he should.) |
|  | Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness |  |
|  | before my lady? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Be not afraid of greatness"; 'twas well writ. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 3.4.40 | What meanest thou by that, Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Some are born great"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ha? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Some achieve greatness"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What sayest thou? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.45 | "And some have greatness thrust upon them." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Heaven restore thee! | **restore thee** return you to sanity |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Remember who commended thy yellow |  |
|  | stockings"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Thy yellow stockings! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.50 | "And wished to see thee cross-gartered." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Cross-gartered! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | "Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be |  |
|  | so"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Am I made? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.55 | "If not, let me see thee a servant still." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Why, this is very midsummer madness. | **midsummer madness** inexplicable madness (The |
|  |  | midsummer moon was thought to cause sudden |
|  | *Enter Servant* | attacks of insanity.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Servant** |  |
|  | Madam, the young gentleman of the Count | **young gentleman** *i.e.,* "Cesario" |
|  | Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him | **I could hardly entreat him back** I could hardly |
|  | back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure. | persuade him to come back | **attends** awaits |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 3.4.60 | I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant*] Good Maria, let this |  |
|  | fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let | **fellow** *i.e.,* Malvolio ("Fellow" is a nice word for a |
|  | some of my people have a special care of him. I would | servant, but Malvolio later takes it to mean |
|  | not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. | "companion.") | **miscarry** come to harm |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than | **do you come near me now?** do you (Olivia) begin |
| 3.4.65 | Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the | to understand me now? |
|  | letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear |  |
|  | stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. | **stubborn** rude |
|  | "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with |  |
|  | a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang |  |
| 3.4.70 | with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of |  |
|  | singularity"; and consequently sets down the manner | **consequently** after that | **sets down** writes out |
|  | how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow | **the manner how** the way to do it | **sad** serious |
|  | tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. | **reverend carriage** dignified way of walking |
|  | I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove | **habit of some sir of note** clothes of a distinguished |
| 3.4.75 | make me thankful! And when she went away now, | gentleman | **limed** caught (Birdlime, a sticky paste, |
|  | "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow"! not | was used to catch birds.) |
|  | "Malvolio," nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, | **after my degree** according to my position (steward) |
|  | every thing adheres together, that no dram of a | **adheres together** fits | **dram** one-eighth of a fluid |
|  | scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no | ounce | **scruple** one-third of a dram, *and* doubt |
| 3.4.80 | incredulous or unsafe circumstance— What can be | **incredulous** incredible | **unsafe** uncertain |
|  | said? Nothing that can be can come between me and |  |
|  | the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is | **full prospect of my hopes** everything that I have |
|  | the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. | looked forward to |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all | **in the name of sanctity** *i.e.,* by all that's holy |
| 3.4.85 | the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion | **drawn in little** crammed into a small space, |
|  | himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him. | *i.e.,* Malvolio's heart | **Legion** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_86.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? |  |
|  | How is't with you, man? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go | **discard you** cast you off | **private** privacy |
| 3.4.90 | off. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did | **hollow** resoundingly |
|  | not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to | **prays** earnestly requests |
|  | have a care of him. | **have a care of** take care of, keep safe |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Ah, ha! does she so? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.95 | Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently | **Go to** *i.e.,* let's get to work [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_95.html) | **peace** quiet |
|  | with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? | **Let me alone** leave him to me |
|  | How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! | **defy** renounce |
|  | Consider, he's an enemy to mankind. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Do you know what you say? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 3.4.100 | La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he | **La you** *i.e.,* Did you hear that! | **an** if |
|  | takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! | **takes it at heart** resents it (Maria's satirical point is |
|  |  | that Malvolio, possessed by the devil, doesn't like |
|  | **FABIAN** | to hear ill spoken of his master.) |
|  | Carry his water to the wise woman. | **water** urine | **wise woman** white witch (who can |
|  |  | make a diagnosis and provide a charm to cure |
|  | **MARIA** | the patient) |
|  | Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, |  |
|  | if I live. My lady would not lose him for more |  |
| 3.4.105 | than I'll say. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | How now, mistress? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | O Lord! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do |  |
|  | you not see you move him? Let me alone with him. | **move** agitate |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 3.4.110 | No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is |  |
|  | rough, and will not be roughly used. | **rough** violent | **used** treated |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, | **bawcock** fine fellow (From the French *beau coq,* |
|  | chuck? | literally, "handsome rooster.") | **chuck** *i.e.,* chick |
|  |  | ("Chuck" is a term of affection, but of course Sir |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | Toby is not really being affectionate.) |
|  | Sir! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.115 | Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for | **Biddy** (A childish word for "chicken.") |
|  | gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang | **gravity** *i.e.,* a serious man | **cherry-pit** a child's |
|  | him, foul collier! | game in which cherry-pits were thrown into a hole |
|  |  | **foul collier** filthy coal miner (Devils were pictured |
|  | **MARIA** | as coal-black.) |
|  | Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him |  |
|  | to pray. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 3.4.120 | My prayers, minx! | **minx** shrew, mischievous woman |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | No, I warrant you, he will not hear of | **warrant you** promise you, assure you |
|  | godliness. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow | **idle** foolish, worthless |
|  | things. I am not of your element. You shall know | **element** kind (They live in a lower element—place |
| 3.4.125 | more hereafter. | in the universe—than he does.) |
|  |  | **You shall know more hereafter** *i.e.,* You'll hear |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* | from me later. (He's vowing revenge.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Is't possible? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | If this were played upon a stage now, I could |  |
|  | condemn it as an improbable fiction. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | His very genius hath taken the infection of the | **genius** soul (Literally, guiding spirit.) |
| 3.4.130 | device, man. | **device** trick, plot |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air | **take air and taint** (Literally, "be exposed to the air |
|  | and taint. | and rot." Metaphorically, "become known and |
|  |  | be ruined.") |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Why, we shall make him mad indeed. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | The house will be the quieter. | **quieter** calmer (with Malvolio out of the house) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.135 | Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. | **have him** get him put into |
|  | My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We | **a dark room and bound** (Standard treatment for |
|  | may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, | the insane.) | **carry it thus** keep the plot going |
|  | till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt | **out of breath** (Maybe from laughing so hard.) |
|  | us to have mercy on him; at which time we will |  |
| 3.4.140 | bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a | **the bar** *i.e.,* the bar of judgment | **thee** *i.e.,* Maria |
|  | finder of madmen. But see, but see. | **finder** one who, like a judge, makes a finding |
|  |  | (Maria knows a madman when she sees one.) |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | More matter for a May morning. | **More . . . morning** *i.e.,* Here's someone else we can |
|  |  | have a lot of fun with |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's | **warrant** promise |
|  | vinegar and pepper in't. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 3.4.145 | Is't so saucy? | **saucy** heavily spiced *and* insulting |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read. | **I warrant him** I promise him (Sir Andrew is sure his |
|  |  | letter will have a devastating effect on Cesario.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever |  |
|  | thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Good, and valiant. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*] |  |
| 3.4.150 | "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, | **admire** marvel |
|  | why I do call thee so, for I will show thee |  |
|  | no reason for't." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | A good note, that keeps you from the blow | **note** awareness (Sir Andrew has noted that if he |
|  | of the law. | writes anything specific he could be charged with |
|  |  | slander.) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*] |  |
| 3.4.155 | "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my |  |
|  | sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy | **thou liest in thy throat** (A modern equivalent is |
|  | throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for." | "You lie like a rug.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less. | **—less** (Probably an aside to Maria.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "I will waylay thee going home; where if it | **waylay** intercept, ambush |
| 3.4.160 | be thy chance to kill me"— | **if it be thy chance to** if you should happen to |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Good. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "Thou killest me like a rogue and a |  |
|  | villain." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: | **o'** on | **windy** windward, *i.e.,* safe |
| 3.4.165 | good. | **good** (How smart of Sir Andrew to make sure that if |
|  |  | he is killed, he can't be charged with the crime!) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon | **God have mercy upon one of our souls!** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_166.html) |
|  | one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, |  |
|  | but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy | **Thy friend, as thou usest him** your friend, to the |
|  | friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, | extent that you treat him as a friend (Sir Andrew |
| 3.4.170 | ANDREW AGUECHEEK." | wants to make it perfectly clear that this is all |
|  | If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. | Cesario's fault.) | **move him** stir him up (Then Sir |
|  | I'll give't him. | Toby uses the other sense of "move" to make a joke.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now | **fit occasion** convenient opportunity |
|  | in some commerce with my lady, and will by and | **in some commerce** doing some business |
| 3.4.175 | by depart. | **by and by** pretty soon |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the | **scout me for him** keep watch for him (The "me" |
|  | orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest | adds the sense of "I've got a good idea.") |
|  | him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible; for | **bum-baily** sherrif's official who arrested debtors |
|  | it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a | (Like the modern repo man, they were sneaky.) |
| 3.4.180 | swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives | **gives . . . him** gives a greater reputation for manly |
|  | manhood more approbation than ever proof itself | courage than actually doing something courageous |
|  | would have earned him. Away! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Nay, let me alone for swearing. | **let me alone for** *i.e.,* I'm really good at |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior |  |
| 3.4.185 | of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good | **gives him out to be** shows him to be |
|  | capacity and breeding; his employment between his | **capacity** intelligence | **breeding** education |
|  | lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this |  |
|  | letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no | **breed** arouse |
|  | terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a | **find** see, detect that |
| 3.4.190 | clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by | **clodpole** knucklehead |
|  | word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report | **set . . . valour** *i.e.,* say that Aguecheek has a great |
|  | of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his | reputation for valour |
|  | youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous | **his youth will aptly receive it** *i.e.,* his inexperience |
|  | opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. | will make him believe (that Sir Andrew is valorous) |
| 3.4.195 | This will so fright them both that they will kill |  |
|  | one another by the look, like cockatrices. | **cockatrices** basilisks, able to kill by their glance |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till | **Give them way** stay out of their way |
|  | he take leave, and presently after him. | **presently after him** immediately (after Olivia is |
|  |  | gone) intercept him |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I will meditate the while upon some horrid message |  |
| 3.4.200 | for a challenge. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | I have said too much unto a heart of stone |  |
|  | And laid mine honour too unchary on't: | **laid** gambled | **unchary** carelessly |
|  | There's something in me that reproves my fault; | **reproves** reprimands |
|  | But such a headstrong potent fault it is, | **potent** powerful |
| 3.4.205 | That it but mocks reproof. | **but** only |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | With the same havior that your passion bears | **havior** behavior | **With . . . grief** *i.e.,* As your passion |
|  | Goes on my master's grief. | compels you to express your love for me, so Orsino |
|  |  | suffers because his passion compels him to express |
|  | **OLIVIA** | his love for you. |
|  | Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture. | **jewel** anything made by a jeweler (in this case, a |
|  | Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; | locket or brooch containing Olivia's picture) |
| 3.4.210 | And I beseech you come again to-morrow. |  |
|  | What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, |  |
|  | That honour, saved, may upon asking give? | **That honour, saved, may upon asking give** that |
|  |  | honour, sure that it is safe, may give when asked |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Nothing but this—your true love for my master. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | How with mine honour may I give him that |  |
| 3.4.215 | Which I have given to you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I will acquit you. | **acquit you** release you (from any obligation to me) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well. |  |
|  | A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. | **like thee** that looks like you | **might** very easily |
|  |  | could |
|  | *Exit OLIVIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Gentleman, God save thee. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And you, sir. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.220 | That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what | **That defence thou hast** whatever skill in fencing |
|  | nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know | you have |
|  | not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as | **thy intercepter** he who is waiting to ambush you |
|  | the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: | **despite** contempt, malice | **attends thee** waits for you |
|  | dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for | **dismount thy tuck** draw your rapier | **yare** quick |
| 3.4.225 | thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel | **quarrel to me** reason to quarrel with me |
|  | to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from | **remembrance** memory |
|  | any image of offence done to any man. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, |  |
| 3.4.230 | if you hold your life at any price, betake you to | **price** value |
|  | your guard; for your opposite hath in him what | **opposite** adversary |
|  | youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man |  |
|  | withal. | **withal** with |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I pray you, sir, what is he? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.235 | He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on | **unhatched** unhacked *i.e.,* never used in battle |
|  | carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private | **on carpet consideration** *i.e.,* for civilian services, |
|  | brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and | or for having the right friends in high places |
|  | his incensement at this moment is so implacable, | **incensement** anger |
|  | that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death |  |
| 3.4.240 | and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't. | **sepulchre** burial vault | **Hob, nob, is his word** His |
|  |  | motto is "have it, have it not" (He doesn't care |
|  | **VIOLA** | whether he kills or is killed.) |
|  | I will return again into the house and desire some | **desire** ask for |
|  | conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard | **conduct** protective escort |
|  | of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on |  |
|  | others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man | **taste** test |
| 3.4.245 | of that quirk. | **quirk** temperament ("Cesario" is hoping that if he |
|  |  | shows himself to be a coward, his enemy will then |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | let him alone.) |
|  | Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a |  |
|  | very competent injury; therefore, get you on and | **competent injury** sufficient injury or insult |
|  | give him his desire. Back you shall not to the | **get you on** go ahead |
|  | house, unless you undertake that with me which with | **that** *i.e.,* a duel |
| 3.4.250 | as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, |  |
|  | or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you | **strip your sword stark naked** draw your sword |
|  | must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. | **meddle** get involved (in a fight) | **wear iron** carry |
|  |  | a sword |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me |  |
|  | this courteous office, as to know of the knight what | **to know of** find out from |
| 3.4.255 | my offence to him is: it is something of my |  |
|  | negligence, nothing of my purpose. | **purpose** intention |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this |  |
|  | gentleman till my return. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit SIR TOBY BELCH* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 3.4.260 | I know the knight is incensed against you, even | **even to a mortal arbitrement** to the point that |
|  | to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the | nothing can settle it but a fight to the death |
|  | circumstance more. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I beseech you, what manner of man is he? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by | **Nothing . . . valour** *i.e.,* He doesn't look like much, |
| 3.4.265 | his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of | but you'll find that he's fearsome when he fights. |
|  | his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody |  |
|  | and fatal opposite that you could possibly have | **opposite** adversary |
|  | found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards |  |
|  | him? I will make your peace with him if I can. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 3.4.270 | I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that | **much bound** very grateful |
|  | had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I | **sir priest** (Priests were often called "sir.") |
|  | care not who knows so much of my mettle. | **mettle** courage, or lack of it |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt VIOLA and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such |  |
|  | a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard | **firago** virago [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_274.html) | **pass . . . scabbard** practice bout |
| 3.4.275 | and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a | **stuck in** thrust (from the Italian, *stoccado*) |
|  | mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the | **it** *i.e.,* his opponent's death |
|  | answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the | **answer** counterattack | **pays you** repays, makes |
|  | ground they step on. They say he has been fencer | you pay |
|  | to the Sophy. | **Sophy** Shah of Persia |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.4.280 | Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him. | **not meddle with him** not have anything to do |
|  |  | with him |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can |  |
|  | scarce hold him yonder. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant | **an I thought he had been** if I had thought he was |
|  | and so cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him | **I'ld have** I would have |
| 3.4.285 | damned ere I'ld have challenged him. Let him |  |
|  | let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, |  |
|  | grey Capilet. | **Capilet** The name means "little nag." |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good | **motion** offer | **make a good show on't** *i.e.,* put on |
|  | show on't; this shall end without the perdition | a brave face | **perdition of souls** loss of life |
| 3.4.290 | of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as |  |
|  | well as I ride you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | [*To Fabian*] I have his horse to take up the | **take up** settle |
|  | quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and | **He . . . him** He has the same kind of wild ideas |
| 3.4.295 | looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. | about him |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | [*To Viola*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight |  |
|  | with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better | **for's oath sake** for the sake of his vow (to fight) |
|  | bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that | **he . . . quarrel** *i.e.,* he has reconsidered the grounds |
|  | now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, | for his challenge |
| 3.4.300 | for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will | **supportance** upholding | **protests** promises |
|  | not hurt you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would |  |
|  | make me tell them how much I lack of a man. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Give ground, if you see him furious. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.305 | Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman |  |
|  | will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; |  |
|  | he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has | **duello** duelling code of honor |
|  | promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he |  |
|  | will not hurt you. Come on; to't. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 3.4.310 | Pray God, he keep his oath! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I do assure you, 'tis against my will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *They draw* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter ANTONIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Put up your sword. If this young gentleman |  |
|  | Have done offence, I take the fault on me; |  |
|  | If you offend him, I for him defy you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.315 | You, sir! why, what are you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more | **his love** *i.e.,* love of Sebastian |
|  | Than you have heard him brag to you he will. | **do more . . . he will** *i.e.,* I'll do my talking with my |
|  |  | sword. |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. | **undertaker** one who takes on a task for another |
|  |  |  |
|  | *They draw* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter Officers* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.320 | [*To Antonio*] I'll be with you anon. | **I'll be with you anon** I'll join you right away (Sir |
|  |  | Toby is promising to continue the fight as soon as |
|  | **VIOLA** [*To Sir Andrew*] | the officers are gone.) |
|  | Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, |  |
|  | I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you | **He** *i.e.,* Sir Andrew's horse, grey Capilet |
|  | easily and reins well. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **First Officer** |  |
| 3.4.325 | This is the man; do thy office. | **office** duty |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Second Officer** |  |
|  | Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count | **suit** request, lawsuit |
|  | Orsino. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | You do mistake me, sir. | **You do mistake me** *i.e.,* you've got the wrong person |
|  |  |  |
|  | **First Officer** |  |
|  | No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, | **favour** face |
| 3.4.330 | Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. |  |
|  | Take him away, he knows I know him well. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | I must obey. [*To Viola*] This comes with seeking you; |  |
|  | But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. | **answer it** defend myself against the charges *or* pay |
|  | What will you do, now my necessity | the penalty |
| 3.4.335 | Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me |  |
|  | Much more for what I cannot do for you |  |
|  | Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; |  |
|  | But be of comfort. | **But be of comfort** *i.e.,* Don't worry about me. (But |
|  |  | he still needs his money back.) |
|  | **Second Officer** |  |
|  | Come, sir, away. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
| 3.4.340 | I must entreat of you some of that money. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | What money, sir? |  |
|  | For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, |  |
|  | And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, | **part** in part |
|  | Out of my lean and low ability | **ability** means, ability to lend money |
| 3.4.345 | I'll lend you something. My having is not much; | **My having** what I have |
|  | I'll make division of my present with you. | **present** what I have right now |
|  | Hold, there's half my coffer. | **coffer** money I have (Literally, strong box.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Will you deny me now? |  |
|  | Is't possible that my deserts to you | **deserts to you** *i.e.,* what I have done for you |
|  | Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, | **lack persuasion** fail to persuade you (to help me) |
| 3.4.350 | Lest that it make me so unsound a man | **unsound** weak, unhealthy [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/3_4_350.html) |
|  | As to upbraid you with those kindnesses |  |
|  | That I have done for you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I know of none; |  |
|  | Nor know I you by voice or any feature: |  |
|  | I hate ingratitude more in a man |  |
| 3.4.355 | Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, | **vainness** vanity |
|  | Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption |  |
|  | Inhabits our frail blood. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | O heavens themselves! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Second Officer** |  |
|  | Come, sir, I pray you, go. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here |  |
| 3.4.360 | I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, | **I . . . death** I snatched him from the jaws of death, |
|  | Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, | which had half swallowed him | **Reliev'd him** gave |
|  | And to his image, which methought did promise | him help | **such** so much (as in "I like that sooo |
|  | Most venerable worth, did I devotion. | much!") | **his image** what he appeared to be |
|  |  | **venerable worth** worth deserving of veneration |
|  | **First Officer** |  |
|  | What's that to us? The time goes by; away! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
| 3.4.365 | But O how vild an idol proves this god! | **vild** vile |
|  | Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. | **done good feature shame** destroyed the moral |
|  | In nature there's no blemish but the mind; | reputation of good looks |
|  | None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. | **unkind** unnatural (The unnatural deformity of |
|  | Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil | "Sebastian" is ingratitude.) |
| 3.4.370 | Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil. | **the beauteous evil** those who are beautiful but evil |
|  |  | **trunks o'erflourish'd** (1) trunks covered with |
|  | **First Officer** | elaborate carvings; (2) bodies with beautiful |
|  | The man grows mad, away with him! Come, come, sir. | outward appearances |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Lead me on. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit ANTONIO with Officers* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Methinks his words do from such passion fly, |  |
|  | That he believes himself; so do not I. | **so do not I** *i.e,* I can't believe that I'm beginning |
| 3.4.375 | Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, | to believe that my brother is alive |
|  | That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! | **ta'en** mistaken |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll |  |
|  | whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws. | **sage saws** wise sayings |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | He named Sebastian. I my brother know | **I . . . glass** Every time I look in the mirror, I see my |
| 3.4.380 | Yet living in my glass; even such and so | brother. |
|  | In favour was my brother, and he went | **favour** facial appearance |
|  | Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, | **he . . . ornament** he always wore exactly the same |
|  | For him I imitate. O, if it prove, | kind of clothes I'm wearing now | **prove** prove true |
|  | Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.385 | A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward | **dishonest** dishonorable |
|  | than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his | **more a coward than a hare** more cowardly than |
|  | friend here in necessity and denying him; and for | a rabbit | **his friend** *i.e.,* Antonio |
|  | his cowardship, ask Fabian. | **denying him** pretending not to know him |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | A coward, a most devout coward, religious in |  |
| 3.4.390 | it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him. | **'Slid** by God's eyelid (A silly oath from a silly man.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy |  |
|  | sword. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | An I do not— | **An** if ("An I do not" is the first part of the vow of |
|  |  | revenge that Sir mutters as he leaves to pursue |
|  | **FABIAN** | "Cesario.") |
| 3.4.395 | Come, let's see the event. | **event** result, outcome |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 3.4.396 | I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. | **'twill be nothing yet** it still won't be anything |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 4, Scene 1**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.1 | Will you make me believe that I am not sent | **Will you** are you trying to |
|  | for you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow, |  |
|  | Let me be clear of thee. | **clear** rid |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.5 | Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you, | **Well held out** *i.e.,*way to hang in there (with the pretense |
|  | nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you | that you don't know what I'm talking about.) |
|  | come speak with her; nor your name is not Master |  |
|  | Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing |  |
|  | that is so is so. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.10 | I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else; | **vent** air, vent (As in, "He's just venting.") |
|  | Thou know'st not me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some | **that word** *i.e.,* vent (It wasn't, and isn't, an unusual word, |
|  | great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my | even though the Clown mocks it as too high-flown.) |
|  | folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, | **lubber** lout |
| 4.1.15 | will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy | **prove a cockney** will turn out to be an effeminate fop |
|  | strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my | **ungird thy strangeness** (Mockingly fancy for "quit |
|  | lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming? | pretending to be a stranger.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. | **Greek** jester |
|  | There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, |  |
| 4.1.20 | I shall give worse payment. | **worse payment** (Like maybe a whack upside the head.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These | **hast an open hand** are generous (The Clown is probably |
|  | wise men that give fools money get themselves | being sarcastic.) |
|  | a good report—after fourteen years' purchase. | **report** reputation | **fourteen years' purchase** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_1_23.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Now, sir, have I met you again? there's |  |
| 4.1.25 | for you. [*Strikes Sebastian*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. |  |
|  | [*Strikes Sir Andrew*] Are all the people mad? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *SEBASTIAN draws his dagger* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the | **Hold** stop |
|  | house. [*Seizes Sebastian's arm.*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.30 | This will I tell my lady straight. I would not | **straight** straightway, immediately |
|  | be in some of your coats for two pence. | **be in some of your coats** *i.e.,* be in the shoes of some of you |
|  |  | (Apparently the Clown knows that Olivia won't like anyone |
|  | *Exit Clown* | manhandling "Cesario.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come on, sir; hold! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work | **go another way to work with him** *i.e.,* get back at him |
|  | with him; I'll have an action of battery against | another way | **action of battery** lawsuit for assault and |
| 4.1.35 | him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I | battery |
|  | struck him first, yet it's no matter for that. | **it's no matter for that** (Of course Sir Andrew, the natural |
|  |  | fool, is wrong; it would matter that he struck first.) |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Let go thy hand. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my |  |
|  | young soldier, put up your iron; you are well | **you are well fleshed** (To be "fleshed" is to have a taste of |
| 4.1.40 | fleshed. Come on. | battle. Sir Toby seems to be saying that the young man, |
|  |  | by striking Sir Andrew, has done enough fighting.) |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I will be free from thee. [*Breaks away and* |  |
|  | *draws his sword.*] What wouldst thou now? |  |
|  | If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. | **tempt me further** test me some more |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or |  |
|  | two of this malapert blood from you. | **malapert** impudent, insolent |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 4.1.45 | Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold! | **Hold** stop |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Madam— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, | **Ungracious** graceless, uncivilized |
|  | Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, |  |
|  | Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! |  |
| 4.1.50 | Be not offended, dear Cesario. |  |
|  | Rudesby, be gone! | **Rudesby** ruffian |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | I prithee, gentle friend, |  |
|  | Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway | **sway** rule (your mind and emotions) |
|  | In this uncivil and unjust extent | **unjust** unlawful | **extent** outbreak of violence, attack |
|  | Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, |  |
| 4.1.55 | And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks | **fruitless pranks** pointless practical jokes |
|  | This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby | **botch'd up** patched together, clumsily contrived |
|  | Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go; | **this** *i.e.,* what Sir Toby has just done to you |
|  | Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, | **Beshrew his soul for me** curse his soul for me |
|  | He started one poor heart of mine in thee. | **started** startled, terrified [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_1_59.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.60 | What relish is in this? How runs the stream? | **What relish is in this?** *i.e.,* Something's odd in what |
|  | Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. | she just said. What is it? | **Or** either |
|  | Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; | **fancy** imagination | **Lethe** the river of forgetfulness [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_1_62.html) |
|  | If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me! | **be ruled by me** take my advice |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.65 | Madam, I will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, say so, and so be! | **and so be** (If "Cesario" is really ruled by her, he will |
|  |  | return her love.) |
|  | *Exeunt* |  |
|  |  |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 4, Scene 2**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter MARIA and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
| 4.2.1 | Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; |  |
|  | make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. | **him** *i.e.,* Malvolio | **Sir Topas** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_2_2.html) | **curate** a cleric who |
|  | Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. | serves the needs of the people of a single parish |
|  |  | **the whilst** in the meantime |
|  | *Exit MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; | **dissemble myself** disguise myself |
| 4.2.5 | and I would I were the first that ever dissembled | **dissembled** played the hypocrite |
|  | in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the | **tall** large, fleshly | **become the function** suit the role |
|  | function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good | (Stereotypically, priests were fat and scholars were |
|  | student; but to be said an honest man and a good | lean.) | **to be said** to have a reputation (as) |
|  | housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man | **goes as fairly** sounds as well [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_2_9.html) |
| 4.2.10 | and a great scholar. The competitors enter. | **competitors** partners, confederates (in the scheme to |
|  |  | play another trick on Malvolio) |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Jove bless thee, master Parson. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of | ***Bonos dies*** mock Latin for "Good day" (A real parson |
|  | Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily | would know Latin.) | **old hermit of Prague** a religious |
|  | said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is"; | sage, invented by the Clown | **wittily** cleverly, wisely |
| 4.2.15 | so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, | **King Gorboduc** a legendary ancient King of England |
|  | what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"? | **"That that is is," etc.** The Clown is mocking the |
|  |  | scholarly habit of using a lot of words to make a simple |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** | point. In this case the simple point is, "If you say I am |
|  | To him, Sir Topas. | 'Master Parson', why so I am." |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | What, ho, I say! peace in this prison! | **What, ho, I say!** "Sir Topas" is calling out to Malvolio, |
|  |  | who is locked in a dark room. | **prison** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_2_18.html) |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. | **knave** *i.e.,* the Clown | **counterfeits** plays the role |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | [*Within*] Who calls there? | ***Within*** *i.e.,* offstage, out of sight |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio |  |
|  | the lunatic. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to |  |
|  | my lady. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.2.25 | Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this | **hyperbolical fiend** rowdy devil (who has taken |
|  | man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? | possession of Malvolio) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Well said, Master Parson. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir |  |
|  | Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me |  |
| 4.2.30 | here in hideous darkness. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most |  |
|  | modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones | **modest** moderate |
|  | that will use the devil himself with courtesy. |  |
|  | Sayest thou that house is dark? | **house** *i.e.,* room |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.35 | As hell, Sir Topas. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Why it hath bay windows transparent as |  |
|  | barricadoes, and the clerestories toward | **barricadoes** barricades | **clerestories** windows in an |
|  | the south north are as lustrous as ebony; | upper wall | **south north** There is no such direction. |
|  | and yet complainest thou of obstruction? | **ebony** black wood (Ebony is naturally dull and not |
|  |  | suitable for use as window glass.) | **obstruction** shutting |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | out of light |
| 4.2.40 | I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house |  |
|  | is dark. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness |  |
|  | but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled | **puzzled** confused, lost |
|  | than the Egyptians in their fog. | **the Egyptians in their fog** See Exodus 10:20-23 [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_2_44.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.45 | I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though |  |
|  | ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there |  |
|  | was never man thus abused. I am no more mad |  |
|  | than you are; make the trial of it in any constant | **make . . . question** test my sanity in any rational |
|  | question. | discourse |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.2.50 | What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning | **Pythagoras** Greek philosopher (fl. 530 BCE.) who |
|  | wild fowl? | taught that a soul can transmigrate from one creature |
|  |  | to another |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit | **happily** haply, perhaps, by chance |
|  | a bird. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | What thinkest thou of his opinion? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.55 | I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his | **I think nobly of the soul** Malvolio adheres to traditional |
|  | opinion. | Christian belief. | **approve** agree with, confirm |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou |  |
|  | shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow | **ere** before | **allow of thy wits** acknowledge that you are |
|  | of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou | sane | **fear to** *i.e.,* you must be afraid to | **woodcock** a |
| 4.2.60 | dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. | really stupid bird | **dispossess** evict (from the dead |
|  |  | woodcock) | **Fare thee well** *i.e.,* good-bye (The Clown |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | steps out of the earshot of Malvolio.) |
|  | Sir Topas, Sir Topas! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | My most exquisite Sir Topas! | **exquisite** perfectly done (Sir Toby is praising the |
|  |  | Clown's playing of Sir Topas.) |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Nay, I am for all waters. | **I am for all waters** *literally,* "I can sail any sea"; |
|  |  | *metaphorically,* "I can play many different roles" |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and |  |
| 4.2.65 | gown; he sees thee not. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how |  |
|  | thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this |  |
|  | knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I | **delivered** released from prison |
|  | would he were, for I am now so far in offence with | **so far in offence** in so trouble |
| 4.2.70 | my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this |  |
|  | sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. | **to the upshot** *i.e.,* any further [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/4_2_71.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings*] |  |
|  | "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, | **"Hey, Robin . . . She loves another"** The Clown sings |
|  | Tell me how thy lady does." | lines from an old song, the moral of which is that you |
|  |  | can trust women only to be untrustworthy. |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Fool! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.2.75 | "My lady is unkind, perdie." | **perdie** indeed, certainly |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Fool! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | "Alas, why is she so?" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Fool, I say! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | "She loves another"—Who calls, ha? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.80 | Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my |  |
|  | hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: |  |
|  | as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to |  |
|  | thee for't. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Master Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.85 | Ay, good fool. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? | **how fell you besides your five wits?** how did you fall |
|  |  | out of sanity? (The five wits are common sense, fantasy, |
|  | **MALVOLIO** | memory, judgment, and imagination.) |
|  | Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused; | **notoriously abused** outrageously slandered |
|  | I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no |  |
| 4.2.90 | better in your wits than a fool. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, | **propertied me** treated me as mere property |
|  | send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to | **ministers** agents, surrogates |
|  | face me out of my wits. | **face me out of my wits** drive me insane by pretending |
|  |  | that I am insane (The sort of thing that "Sir Topas" has |
|  | **Clown** | just been doing.) |
|  | Advise you what you say; the minister is here. | **Advise you** think about, be careful of |
|  | [*As Sir Topas*] | **the minister** *i.e.,* "Sir Topas" |
| 4.2.95 | —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! |  |
|  | endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain | **endeavour thyself to sleep** try to go to sleep |
|  | bibble babble. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Sir Topas! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Maintain no words with him, good fellow. |  |
|  | [*As himself*] |  |
| 4.2.100 | —Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God buy you, good | **God buy you** good-bye |
|  | Sir Topas. |  |
|  | [*As Sir Topas*] |  |
|  | —Marry, amen |  |
|  | [*As himself*] |  |
|  | —I will, sir, I will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Fool, fool, fool, I say! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am |  |
|  | shent for speaking to you. | **shent** scolded, rebuked |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.105 | Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. |  |
|  | I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in |  |
|  | Illyria. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Well-a-day that you were, sir! | **Well-a-day that you were** *i.e.,* Alas, I wish that |
|  |  | you really were (sane) |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper |  |
| 4.2.110 | and light; and convey what I will set down to my | **convey** deliver |
|  | lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the | **advantage** benefit |
|  | bearing of letter did. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you | **But . . . counterfeit?** *i.e.,* Isn't it true that you really are |
|  | not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? | mad? Or are you just pretending to be mad? |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 4.2.115 | Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his | **see his brains** Maybe that would be when they've |
|  | brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. | been knocked out and the man is dead. |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. | **requite it** return the favor (of bringing me writing |
|  | I prithee, be gone. | materials) | **be gone** Malvolio wants the fool to hurry |
|  |  | up and get those writing materials |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings.*] |  |
| 4.2.120 | I am gone, sir, |  |
|  | And anon, sir, |  |
|  | I'll be with you again, |  |
|  | In a trice, | **trice** moment |
|  | Like to the old Vice, | **Vice** A mischievous character in medieval drama. |
| 4.2.125 | Your need to sustain; | **Your need to sustain** to sustain you in your time |
|  |  | of need |
|  | Who, with dagger of lath, | **dagger of lath** wooden dagger (The Vice often carried |
|  | In his rage and his wrath, | one, beat the devil with it, and threatened to trim the |
|  | Cries, ah, ha! to the devil: | devil's long nails with it.) |
|  | Like a mad lad, |  |
| 4.2.130 | Pare thy nails, dad; |  |
| 4.2.131 | Adieu, goodman devil. | **goodman devil** This "devil" is the one which has taken |
|  |  | possession of Malvolio. "Goodman" is appropriate |
|  | *Exit Clown* | when you're talking to a humble farmer, insulting when |
|  |  | you're talking to a Devil. |
|  |  |  |

***Twelfth Night*: Act 5, Scene 1**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter Clown and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
| 5.1.1 | Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter. | **his** *i.e.,* Malvolio's |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Good Master Fabian, grant me another | **another request** a counterpart to the request |
|  | request. | you're making of me |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Any thing. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.5 | Do not desire to see this letter. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | This is, to give a dog, and in recompense |  |
|  | desire my dog again. | **to give a dog . . . desire my dog again** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_7.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.10 | I know thee well; how dost thou, my good |  |
|  | fellow? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the | **for** because of |
|  | worse for my friends. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Just the contrary: the better for thy friends. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.15 | No, sir, the worse. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | How can that be? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | 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 |  |
| 5.1.20 | myself, and by my friends, I am abused; so that, | **abused** *i.e.,* falsely flattered |
|  | conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives | **conclusions . . . affirmatives** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_21.html) |
|  | make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse |  |
|  | for my friends and the better for my foes. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Why, this is excellent. | **this** *i.e.,* the Clown's foolery, his word play |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.25 | By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be |  |
|  | one of my friends. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's | **there's gold** Duke Orsino gives the Clown a coin. |
|  | gold. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would |  |
| 5.1.30 | you could make it another. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O, you give me ill counsel. | **ill counsel** evil advice (The Duke is picking up on the |
|  |  | Clown's begging joke that giving another coin would |
|  | **Clown** | be double-dealing.) |
|  | Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, | **grace** virtue, *also* generosity |
|  | and let your flesh and blood obey it. | **flesh and blood** *i.e.,* human weakness | **it** *i.e.,* the "ill |
|  |  | counsel" |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a |  |
| 5.1.35 | double-dealer. There's another. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the | **Primo, secundo, tertio** one, two, three (Latin), *also,* |
|  | old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, | *perhaps,* a lucky roll of the dice |
|  | sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of | **the third pays for all** (It still is an "old saying," in |
|  | Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, | another form: "the third time's the charm.") |
| 5.1.40 | two, three. | **triplex** triple time in music | **tripping** dancing |
|  |  | **Saint Bennet** a church across the Thames from the |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | Globe theater |
|  | You can fool no more money out of me at this | **fool** cheat, *also* charm with your foolery |
|  | throw. If you will let your lady know I am here | **at this throw** at this time, *also* in this way |
|  | to speak with her, and bring her along with you, |  |
|  | it may awake my bounty further. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.45 | Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come |  |
|  | again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think | **I would not . . . the sin of covetousness** (The Clown is |
|  | that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; | more interested in the art of begging than the actual |
|  | but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I | money.) |
|  | will awake it anon. | **anon** in a little while |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit Clown* |  |
|  | *Enter ANTONIO and Officers* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 5.1.50 | Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | That face of his I do remember well; |  |
|  | Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd |  |
|  | As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. | **Vulcan** (He was the smith of the gods, and had a face |
|  | A baubling vessel was he captain of, | blackened with smoke.) | **baubling** toy-like |
| 5.1.55 | For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, | **For . . . unprizable** not worth taking as a prize |
|  | With which such scathful grapple did he make | because of its flat bottom and small size |
|  | With the most noble bottom of our fleet, | **scathful grapple** damaging battle | **bottom** ship |
|  | That very envy, and the tongue of loss | **envy** enmity | **tongue of loss** the talk of the losers of |
|  | Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter? | the battle | **matter** charge (against Antonio) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **First Officer** |  |
| 5.1.60 | Orsino, this is that Antonio |  |
|  | That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy; | **fraught** freight | **from Candy** on her return from Crete |
|  | And this is he that did the *Tiger* board, |  |
|  | When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: |  |
|  | Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, | **desperate of** with reckless disregard for |
| 5.1.65 | In private brabble did we apprehend him. | **shame and state** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_65.html) | **brabble** brawl |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; | **drew on my side** drew his sword in defense of me |
|  | But in conclusion put strange speech upon me. | **put strange speech upon me** said strange things to me |
|  | I know not what 'twas but distraction. | **'twas** it (*i.e.,* the "strange speech") was |
|  |  | **distraction** madness |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! |  |
| 5.1.70 | What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, | **to their mercies** under the control of those |
|  | Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, | **in terms** in a manner | **dear** costly (to your enemies) |
|  | Hast made thine enemies? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Orsino, noble sir, |  |
|  | Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me. |  |
|  | Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, |  |
| 5.1.75 | Though I confess, on base and ground enough, | **base and ground** basis and grounds |
|  | Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: | **witchcraft** *i.e.,* Sebastian's bewitching appearance |
|  | That most ingrateful boy there by your side | **boy there by your side** (Antonio looks at "Cesario" |
|  | From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth | and thinks he sees Sebastian.) |
|  | Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: |  |
| 5.1.80 | His life I gave him and did thereto add |  |
|  | My love, without retention or restraint, | **without retention or restraint** without holding |
|  | All his in dedication. For his sake | anything back | **All his in dedication** all (my love |
|  | Did I expose myself (pure for his love) | was) dedicated to him | **pure** purely |
|  | Into the danger of this adverse town; | **Into** to | **adverse** hostile |
| 5.1.85 | Drew to defend him when he was beset; | **beset** under attack |
|  | Where being apprehended, his false cunning, | **Where being apprehended** at which time, when I was |
|  | (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) | arrested | **Not . . . danger** not wanting to share my |
|  | Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, | danger | **face me out of his acquaintance** hypo- |
|  | And grew a twenty years removed thing | critically pretend that he didn't know me |
| 5.1.90 | While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, | **While one would wink** in the blink of an eye |
|  | Which I had recommended to his use | **denied . . . purse** *i.e.,* denied that my money was mine |
|  | Not half an hour before. | **recommended** generously offered and freely given |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | How can this be? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | When came he to this town? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | To-day, my lord; and for three months before, |  |
| 5.1.95 | No interim, not a minute's vacancy, | **No** without a | **vacancy** gap, interval |
|  | Both day and night did we keep company. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth. |  |
|  | But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness: |  |
|  | Three months this youth hath tended upon me, |  |
| 5.1.100 | But more of that anon. Take him aside. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What would my lord, but that he may not have, | **What . . . not have** What does my lord (*i.e.,* Orsino) |
|  | Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? | want, except for that which he may not have (*i.e.,* my |
|  | Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. | love) | **seem serviceable** be of assistance |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Madam! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.105 | 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 | **fat and fulsome** gross and distasteful |
| 5.1.110 | As howling after music. | **As howling after music** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_110a.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Still so cruel? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Still so constant, lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady, | **uncivil** rude, lacking in feeling for others |
|  | To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars | **ingrate** ungrateful |
|  | My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out | **unauspicious** unwelcoming, unrewarding |
| 5.1.115 | That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do? | **e'er** ever | **tender'd** offered |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Even what it please my lord, that shall become him. | **become him** be becoming to him (Orsino has already |
|  |  | shown some unbecoming behavior by throwing |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | insults at Olivia, whom he professes to love.) |
|  | Why should I not (had I the heart to do it) |  |
|  | Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, | **Egyptian thief** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_118.html) |
|  | Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy | **what I love** *i.e.,* "Cesario" |
| 5.1.120 | That sometimes savours nobly), but hear me this: | **savours nobly** has a flavor of nobility |
|  | Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, | **non-regardance** neglect | **cast** discard |
|  | And that I partly know the instrument | **faith** constant love | **partly know** *i.e.,* can guess |
|  | That screws me from my true place in your favour, | **screws** pries, forces |
|  | Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still. | **marble-breasted** *i.e.,* stony-hearted |
| 5.1.125 | But this your minion, whom I know you love, | **this** *i.e.,* "Cesario" | **minion** darling, favorite |
|  | And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, | **tender dearly** deeply care for |
|  | Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, | **that cruel eye** *i.e.,* Olivia's sight and concern |
|  | Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. | **in his master's spite** to the mortification of his |
|  | Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief: | master (*i.e.,* Orsino) |
| 5.1.130 | I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, |  |
|  | To spite a raven's heart within a dove. | **a raven's heart within a dove** *i.e.,* the black heart |
|  |  | of the beautiful white Olivia |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, | **jocund** cheerfully | **apt** readily |
|  | To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. | **To do you rest** to give you peace and satisfaction |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Where goes Cesario? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | After him I love |  |
| 5.1.135 | More than I love these eyes, more than my life, |  |
|  | More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. | **by all mores** *i.e,* beyond all comparison |
|  | If I do feign, you witnesses above | **feign** lie, pretend |
|  | Punish my life for tainting of my love! | **Punish my life for tainting of my love** put me to |
|  |  | death for dishonoring my love |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled! | **detested** renounced | **beguiled** fooled, conned |
|  |  | (Olivia thinks that "Cesario" is denying his vows to |
|  | **VIOLA** | her, but it was Sebastian who made those vows.) |
| 5.1.140 | Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? |  |
|  | Call forth the holy father. | **Call . . . father** (An attendant leaves and soon returns |
|  |  | with the priest who witnessed the betrothal.) |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Come, away! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Husband! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay, husband. Can he that deny? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.145 | Her husband, sirrah! | **sirrah** (A contemptuous form of address.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, my lord, not I. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear |  |
|  | That makes thee strangle thy propriety. | **strangle** smother, cover up | **thy propriety** your true |
|  | Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; | identity (as my betrothed husband) |
|  | Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art | **take thy fortunes up** lay claim to what good fortune |
| 5.1.150 | As great as that thou fear'st. | has given you | **As great as that thou fear'st** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_150a.html) |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter Priest* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | O, welcome, father! |  |
|  | Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, |  |
|  | Here to unfold, though lately we intended | **unfold** reveal, explain |
|  | To keep in darkness what occasion now | **occasion** the necessities of the present occasion |
|  | Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know |  |
| 5.1.155 | Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me. | **newly** very recently |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Priest** |  |
|  | A contract of eternal bond of love, |  |
|  | Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, | **joinder** joining |
|  | Attested by the holy close of lips, | **close** coming together |
|  | Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; |  |
| 5.1.160 | And all the ceremony of this compact |  |
|  | Seal'd in my function, by my testimony; | **Seal'd** ratified | **in my function** in my official capacity |
|  | Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave |  |
|  | I have travell'd but two hours. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be |  |
| 5.1.165 | When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? | **sow'd** planted | **grizzle** a salt-and-pepper growth of |
|  | Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, | hair | **case** skin, pelt | **craft** craftiness |
|  | That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? | **thine own trip shall be thine overthrow** your own |
|  | Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet | tricks (or traps) will trick (or trap) you |
|  | Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 5.1.170 | My lord, I do protest— | **protest** promise, swear |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, do not swear! |  |
|  | Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. | **Hold little** keep a little (Olivia wants Cesario to not |
|  |  | swear his faith to Orsino, so that he may keep a little |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW* | of the faith he swore to her in their betrothal.) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently | **presently** immediately |
|  | to Sir Toby. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What's the matter? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.175 | H'as broke my head across and has given Sir | **H'as broke my head across** he has given me a scalp |
|  | Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of | wound | **coxcomb** head (But "coxcomb" is also the |
|  | God, your help! I had rather than forty pound | name of the fool's cap that looks like a rooster's |
|  | I were at home. | comb.) | **I . . . home** I would rather be at home than |
|  |  | have forty pounds (quite a lot of money) |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Who has done this, Sir Andrew? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.180 | The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took |  |
|  | him for a coward, but he's the very devil |  |
|  | incardinate. | **incardinate** (There's no such word. Sir Andrew |
|  |  | probably means "incarnate," but "incardinate" also |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | suggests "incarnadine," blood-red.) |
|  | My gentleman, Cesario? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for | **'Od's lifelings** by God's little lives (A senseless oath.) |
| 5.1.185 | nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't | **for nothing** for no reason | **set on** goaded (Note Sir |
|  | by Sir Toby. | Andrew's contradiction: he didn't do anything and |
|  |  | what he did do was Sir Toby's fault.) |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: |  |
|  | You drew your sword upon me without cause; |  |
|  | But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not. | **bespake you fair** spoke courteously to you |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.190 | If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. |  |
|  | I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. | **set nothing by** don't care about (Sir Andrew is in full |
|  |  | pout mode.) |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Here comes Sir Toby halting—you shall hear more. | **halting** limping | **more** *i.e.,* more about all the |
|  | But if he had not been in drink, he would have | horrible things you did | **in drink** drunk |
|  | tickled you othergates than he did. | **tickled you othergates than he did** touched you (with |
|  |  | his sword) otherwise than he did (Sir Toby didn't hurt |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | Sebastian at all.) |
| 5.1.195 | How now, gentleman! how is't with you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | That's all one. H'as hurt me, and there's the end | **That's all one** it doesn't matter | **H'as** he has |
|  | on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot? | **there's the end on't** that's all there is to it |
|  |  | **Sot** fool (But it's ironic that the drunken Sir Toby uses |
|  | **Clown** | a word which also means "drunkard.") |
|  | O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes |  |
|  | were set at eight i' the morning. | **were set** went dark (Compare to "The sun has set.") |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 5.1.200 | Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. | **a passy-measures pavin** [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_200.html) |
|  | I hate a drunken rogue. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Away with him! Who hath made this havoc |  |
|  | with them? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed | **help you** *i.e.,* help you to walk | **dressed** bandaged |
| 5.1.205 | together. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb | **coxcomb** fool |
|  | and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull! | **gull** dupe, sucker |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH,* |  |
|  | *and SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  | *Enter SEBASTIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman, |  |
| 5.1.210 | But, had it been the brother of my blood, | **brother of my blood** biological brother |
|  | I must have done no less with wit and safety. | **with wit and safety** with wisdom and caution (In |
|  | You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that | other words, he acted in self-defense.) |
|  | I do perceive it hath offended you: | **throw a strange regard upon me** look at me as |
|  | Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows | though I were a stranger | **for the vows** for the sake of |
| 5.1.215 | We made each other but so late ago. | the vows | **but so late ago** only recently |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, | **habit** manner of dress, as in "nun's habit" |
|  | A natural perspective, that is and is not! | **natural perspective** optical illusion produced by |
|  |  | nature (Like water on the road on a hot summer's day.) |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Antonio, O my dear Antonio! |  |
|  | How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, |  |
| 5.1.220 | Since I have lost thee! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Sebastian are you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Fear'st thou that, Antonio? | **Fear'st thou that** do you doubt that? |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | How have you made division of yourself? |  |
|  | An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin |  |
|  | Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 5.1.225 | Most wonderful! | **wonderful** amazing |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** [*Seeing "Cesario"*] |  |
|  | Do I stand there? I never had a brother; | **there** *i.e.,* where Viola is standing |
|  | Nor can there be that deity in my nature, | **deity . . . every where** divine ability to be |
|  | Of here and every where. I had a sister, | omnipresent |
|  | Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. | **blind** insensitive, remorseless |
| 5.1.230 | Of charity, what kin are you to me? | **Of charity** please, kindly (tell me) |
|  | What countryman? what name? what parentage? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father; |  |
|  | Such a Sebastian was my brother too, | **Such a Sebastian** *i.e.,* such a Sebastian as you are |
|  | So went he suited to his watery tomb: | **suited** dressed (as you are) |
| 5.1.235 | If spirits can assume both form and suit | **spirits** ghosts | **form and suit** human form and clothes |
|  | You come to fright us. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | A spirit I am indeed, | **spirit** soul |
|  | But am in that dimension grossly clad | **But . . . participate** but I am wearing the same earthly |
|  | Which from the womb I did participate. | form which I've had since birth |
|  | Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, | **as the rest goes even** since the rest (of your character- |
| 5.1.240 | I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, | istics) agree (with the idea that you are my sister) |
|  | And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | My father had a mole upon his brow. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | And so had mine. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And died that day when Viola from her birth |  |
| 5.1.245 | Had number'd thirteen years. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | O, that record is lively in my soul! | **record** memory | **lively** vivid |
|  | He finished indeed his mortal act | **mortal act** life on earth |
|  | That day that made my sister thirteen years. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | If nothing lets to make us happy both | **If nothing lets to make us happy both** if nothing else |
| 5.1.250 | But this my masculine usurp'd attire, | prevents us from both being happy |
|  | Do not embrace me till each circumstance | **usurp'd** *i.e.,* deceptive |
|  | Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump | **cohere and jump** fit together and point directly to |
|  | That I am Viola—which to confirm, | the conclusion that |
|  | I'll bring you to a captain in this town, |  |
| 5.1.255 | Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help | **Where** at whose house | **weeds** clothes |
|  | I was preserved to serve this noble count. |  |
|  | All the occurrence of my fortune since | **All . . . lord** *i.e.,* the only thing I've done since then |
|  | Hath been between this lady and this lord. | is serve as a messenger between Orsino and Olivia |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** [*To OLIVIA*] |  |
|  | So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: |  |
| 5.1.260 | But nature to her bias drew in that. | **nature . . . that** *i.e.,* in your affection for Cesario you |
|  | You would have been contracted to a maid, | were drawn on by your natural inclination (for some- |
|  | Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, | one like me) | **maid** young woman |
|  | You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. | **maid** virgin (*i.e.,* Sebastian) |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. | **amazed** astounded and fearful |
| 5.1.265 | If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, | **glass** mirror (Sebastian is the mirror of Viola and |
|  | I shall have share in this most happy wrack. | vice-versa.) | **wrack** goods salvaged from a wrecked |
|  |  | ship |
|  | *To VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times |  |
|  | Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. | **like to me** *i.e.,* as much as you love me |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And all those sayings will I over swear; | **over swear** swear again |
| 5.1.270 | And those swearings keep as true in soul |  |
|  | As doth that orbed continent the fire | **orbed continent** sphere (of the sun) [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_271.html) |
|  | That severs day from night. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Give me thy hand, | **Give me thy hand** *i.e.,* marry me |
|  | And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. | **weeds** clothes |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The captain that did bring me first on shore |  |
| 5.1.275 | Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action |  |
|  | Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, | **in durance** imprisoned |
|  | A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. | **at Malvolio's suit** because of a lawsuit brought by |
|  |  | Malvolio |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither. | **enlarge** release |
|  | And yet, alas, now I remember me, | **remember me** recall |
| 5.1.280 | They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. | **much distract** mentally confused |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | A most extracting frenzy of mine own | **extracting frenzy of mine own** madness that took me |
|  | From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. | away from myself (Olivia's frenzy was her pursuit of |
|  | How does he, sirrah? | "Cesario.") | **From . . . his** *i.e.,* made me forget |
|  |  | Malvolio's problems |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end | **holds Belzebub at the stave's end** staves off the devil |
| 5.1.285 | as well as a man in his case may do. H'as here writ a | **H'as here writ a letter** he has written a letter which I |
|  | letter to you; I should have given't you to-day | have here | **given't you** given it to you |
|  | morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, | **today morning** this morning |
|  | so it skills not much when they are delivered. | **a madman's . . . gospels** a madman's letters aren't |
|  |  | gospel truth | **it skills not much** doesn't matter much |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Open't, and read it. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.290 | Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers | **delivers** speaks the words of |
|  | the madman. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Reads madly* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | "By the Lord, madam"— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | How now! art thou mad? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | No, madam, I do but read madness. An your lady- |  |
| 5.1.295 | ship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow |  |
|  | *Vox.* | ***Vox*** voice (Latin); a dramatic reading |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Prithee, read i' thy right wits. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is |  |
|  | to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, | **perpend** listen, pay attention |
| 5.1.300 | and give ear. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA**[*To FABIAN*] |  |
|  | Read it you, sirrah. | (Apparently Olivia tires of the Clown's joke about |
|  |  | how the letter should be read.) |
|  | **FABIAN** [*Reads*] |  |
|  | "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the |  |
|  | world shall know it. Though you have put me into |  |
|  | darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over | **your drunken cousin** *i.e.,* Sir Toby ("Cousin" had a |
| 5.1.305 | me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as | broader meaning than it does now.) |
|  | your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced |  |
|  | me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt | **the which** *i.e.,* the letter (which will prove his case) |
|  | not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. |  |
|  | Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little | **my duty** *i.e.,* my duty, as your steward, to be |
| 5.1.310 | unthought of and speak out of my injury. | polite and deferential |
|  | The Madly-Used Malvolio." |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Did he write this? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Ay, madam. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | This savours not much of distraction. | **distraction** madness |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 5.1.315 | See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. | **deliver'd** released |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | My lord so please you, these things further thought on, | **these things further thought on** *i.e.,* taking into con- |
|  | To think me as well a sister as a wife, | sideration what we have just seen and heard |
|  | One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, | **To . . . sister** to think as well of me as a sister-in-law |
|  | Here at my house and at my proper cost. | **One . . . on't** *i.e.,* On one day we'll have the two |
|  |  | weddings that will make me your sister-in-law. |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** | **my proper cost** my own expense |
| 5.1.320 | Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. | **apt** ready and willing |
|  |  |  |
|  | *To VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Your master quits you; and for your service done him, | **quits you** frees you from service |
|  | So much against the mettle of your sex, | **mettle** essential nature |
|  | So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, | **breeding** upbringing, family status (Viola wasn't raised |
|  | And since you call'd me master for so long, | to be a servant.) |
| 5.1.325 | Here is my hand—you shall from this time be |  |
|  | Your master's mistress. | **mistress** female master |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | A sister! you are she. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Is this the madman? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay, my lord, this same. |  |
|  | How now, Malvolio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | Madam, you have done me wrong, |  |
|  | Notorious wrong. | **Notorious** obvious |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Have I, Malvolio? No. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
| 5.1.330 | Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. | **peruse** read, examine |
|  |  |  |
|  | [*Showing the letter which Maria wrote* |  |
|  | *and dropped for Malvolio to find*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | You must not now deny it is your hand; | **hand** handwriting |
|  | Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; | **from it** differently | **in hand or phrase** in handwriting |
|  | Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention, | or phraseology | **invention** composition |
|  | You can say none of this. Well, grant it then |  |
| 5.1.335 | And tell me, in the modesty of honour, | **in the modesty of honour** with the sincerity proper to |
|  | Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, | an honorable person | **lights** signs |
|  | Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, |  |
|  | To put on yellow stockings and to frown |  |
|  | Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; | **lighter** lesser |
| 5.1.340 | And, acting this in an obedient hope, |  |
|  | Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, | **suffer'd** allowed |
|  | Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, |  |
|  | And made the most notorious geck and gull | **geck and gull** fool and sucker |
|  | That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why! | **invention** cunning trickery |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 5.1.345 | Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, |  |
|  | Though, I confess, much like the character; | **much like the character** *i.e.,* it looks a lot like my |
|  | But out of question 'tis Maria's hand. | handwriting | **out of question** beyond doubt |
|  | And now I do bethink me, it was she | **hand** handwriting |
|  | First told me thou wast mad. Then camest in smiling, |  |
| 5.1.350 | And in such forms which here were presupposed | **in . . . letter** in the forms (in clothing and manners) |
|  | Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content: | suggested to you in the letter | **content** *i.e.,* not so |
|  | This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; | upset | **practise** practical joke |
|  | But when we know the grounds and authors of it, | **shrewdly pass'd upon thee** cruelly fooled you |
|  | Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge | **grounds and authors** motivations and perpetrators |
| 5.1.355 | Of thine own cause. | **cause** case |
|  |  |  |
|  | **FABIAN** |  |
|  | Good madam, hear me speak, |  |
|  | And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come | **to come** in the future |
|  | Taint the condition of this present hour, | **Taint** cast a shadow over |
|  | Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, | **the condition of this present hour***i.e.,* the surprised |
|  | Most freely I confess, myself and Toby | joy of Orsino, Olivia, Viola, and Sebastian |
| 5.1.360 | Set this device against Malvolio here, | **have wonder'd at** been amazed by | **device** plot, trick |
|  | Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts | **Upon** because of | **stubborn** arrogant | **parts** qualities |
|  | We had conceived against him. Maria writ | *or* actions | **conceived against him** observed in him |
|  | The letter at Sir Toby's great importance, | and resented | **great importance** urgent request [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_363.html) |
|  | In recompense whereof he hath married her. |  |
| 5.1.365 | How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, | **sportful** jesting | **it** *i.e.,* the practical joke played on |
|  | May rather pluck on laughter than revenge, | Malvolio | **follow'd** carried out | **pluck on** incite |
|  | If that the injuries be justly weigh'd |  |
|  | That have on both sides pass'd. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee! | **baffled thee** put you down |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 5.1.370 | Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, |  |
|  | and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was |  |
|  | one, sir, in this interlude—one Sir Topas, sir; but | **interlude** farce |
|  | that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." | **"By . . . mad."** (See [4.2.106](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/TN_4_2.html#106)*ff.*) |
|  | But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you | **"Madam . . . gagged."** (See [1.5.83](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/TN_1_5.html#83)*ff.*) |
| 5.1.375 | at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's |  |
|  | gagged." And thus the whirligig of time brings in his | **whirligig** spinning top |
|  | revenges. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MALVOLIO** |  |
|  | I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit MALVOLIO* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | He hath been most notoriously abused. | **notoriously** blatantly |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.380 | Pursue him and entreat him to a peace; |  |
|  | He hath not told us of the captain yet. | **the captain** (Who has Viola's woman's clothes and |
|  | When that is known and golden time convents, | who has been jailed because of a lawsuit filed by |
|  | A solemn combination shall be made | Malvolio.) | **convents** suits |
|  | Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, | **solemn combination** *i.e.,* marriage |
| 5.1.385 | We will not part from hence. 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. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt all, except Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** [*Sings*] |  |
|  | When that I was and a little tiny boy, |  |
| 5.1.390 | With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, |  |
|  | A foolish thing was but a toy, | **A foolish thing was but a toy** *i.e.,* mischief and |
|  | For the rain it raineth every day. | mistakes weren't taken seriously |
|  |  |  |
|  | But when I came to man's estate, |  |
|  | With hey, ho, etc. |  |
| 5.1.395 | 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate, |  |
|  | For the rain, etc. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | But when I came, alas! to wive, |  |
|  | With hey, ho, etc. |  |
|  | By swaggering could I never thrive, | **swaggering** bragging and bluffing |
| 5.1.400 | For the rain, etc. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | But when I came unto my beds, |  |
|  | With hey, ho, etc. |  |
|  | With toss-pots still had drunken heads, | **toss-pots** drunkards [>>>](http://shakespeare-navigators.com/TN_Navigator/5_1_403.html) |
|  | For the rain, etc. |  |
|  |  |  |
| 5.1.405 | A great while ago the world begun, |  |
|  | With hey, ho, etc. |  |
|  | But that's all one, our play is done, |  |
| 5.1.408 | And we'll strive to please you every day. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit* |  |