

The Riverside Literature Series

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# TWELFTH NIGHT

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE RIVERSIDE EDITION EDITED BY  
RICHARD GRANT WHITE

*WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES*

By HELEN GRAY CONE



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## NOTE.

THE plan adopted in this edition is the same as that followed in *As You Like It* in this series, Number 93, and in *Hamlet*, Number 116. Mr. White's text and apparatus have been used, and the necessary additions enclosed in brackets. In the *Suggestions for Special Study*, the intention has been to point out the most profitable lines of investigation, and to assist the student in forming a clear and consistent notion of the characters.

The editor is indebted to Mr. Joseph H. Beale, Jr., for the suggestion in the Appendix of an arrangement of the play for amateurs.



## INTRODUCTION.

THE story which furnishes the plot of this comedy is to be found in various degrees of development in the writings of various Italian and French novelists and dramatists of the sixteenth century. Of these a comedy called *Gl' Ingannati* (The Mistaken Ones), first printed in 1537, by an unknown author, is most like *Twelfth Night*, to which, indeed, it corresponds in plot almost point for point. Such knowledge, however, as Shakespeare had of *Gl' Ingannati* was, we may be sure, through some English translation, or some play founded upon it, which has been lost. The principal serious incidents of his own play he might have found in *Apollonius and Silla*, the second of a collection of tales published by Barnaby Rich, in 1581 ; but from whatever quarter he took these, there can be no doubt that he himself added the inferior comic personages, and worked their doings up with those of their enamored superiors. *Twelfth Night* was first printed in the folio of 1623 ; but the contemporary diary of John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple, in London, records its performance in the Temple hall on the 2d February, 1601-2. As Meres does not mention it in 1598, we may be sure that it was written about 1599-1600. It is printed in the folio with a remarkable degree of correctness. There is little doubt as to any important passage in its text ; and none, I believe, has ever been expressed as to the authorship of any part of it. We feel the gentle touch of Shakespeare's gentlest hand in it, from the first scene to the last. As to the period of the action and the costume, there is a delightful uncertainty ; but in regard to other points, an equally delightful certainty. Whoever the Duke of Illyria or Sebastian of Mitylene may be, Toby Belch, Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio, Fabian, and Maria are English men and women of Shakespeare's own day. As to them we may be sure ; and let the uncertain follow the certain.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, <i>Duke of Illyria.</i>	MALVOLIO, <i>steward to Olivia.</i>
SEBASTIAN, <i>brother to Viola.</i>	FABIAN, } <i>servants to</i>
ANTONIO, <i>a sea captain, friend to</i>	FESTE, <i>a Clown,</i> } <i>Olivia.</i>
<i>Sebastian.</i>	
A Sea Captain, <i>friend to Viola.</i>	OLIVIA.
VALENTINE, } <i>gentlemen attending</i>	VIOLA.
CURIO, } <i>on the Duke.</i>	MARIA, <i>Olivia's woman.</i>
SIR TOBY BELCH, <i>uncle to Olivia.</i>	<i>Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers,</i>
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.	<i>Musicians, and other Attendants.</i>

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

# TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

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

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die. [*Music.*]  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! [*Music.*] Enough; no  
more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,

5. [*sound.* This is the reading of the folio of 1623. Pope altered it to "south," assuming that the south wind was meant. It is natural that the Duke should compare a strain of music to the *sound* of the breathing wind; fragrance, an associated idea, thrusts itself in before the first thought has been completely expressed. The passage is really elliptical:—

"Like the sweet sound

[Of the wind] that breathes upon a bank of violets."

The Duke is not comparing sound to fragrance (see *Comus*, l. 555, and Shelley's *Skylark*, stanza xi.); he is enriching his first image. For Shakespeare's method see *Hamlet*, *Riverside Literature Series*, p. 80.]

That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord ?

*Duke.* What, Curio ?

*Cur.* The hart.

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

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now ! what news from her ?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer :  
 The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine : all this to season  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

14. [fancy = love.]

26. [The element = the sky.]

35. the rich golden shaft = Cupid's "best arrow" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I., sc. i., l. 170), fabled to be all of gold.



Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her ; when liver, brain and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
 Her sweet perfections, with one self king !  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers : 40  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *The sea-coast.**Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this ?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd : what think you, sail-  
 ors ?*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were saved.*Vio.* O my poor brother ! and so perchance may  
 he be.*Cap.* True, madam : and, to comfort you with  
 chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
 When you and those poor number saved with you 10  
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
 Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,  
 To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;  
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

37-40. [The phrase **with one self king** has the same relation to *supplied* as to *filled*. Some editors read ("Her sweet perfections)."  
 This alters the construction, placing *perfections* in apposition with *thrones* and the preceding nouns.]

39. [**self** = same.]15. [**like Arion**. See Classical Dictionary.]

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there 's gold :  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him :  
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late ; 30  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 't was fresh in murmur, — as, you know  
What great ones do the less will prattle of, —  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What 's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company 40  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;

43. [Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., sc. ii., l. 72 :  
"Upon the mellowing of occasion," i. e., when time is ripe.]

Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit; 55  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

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

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

51. [*character.* The word is here used, not in the most common sense, but figuratively. What is the metaphor? See Act V., sc. i., l. 345.]

53. [*Conceal me what I am.* *Me* is here what Dr. Abbott calls "the redundant object," the clause *what I am* being also objective. A construction similar in principle is found in lines 42-44; but there the appositional clause *what my estate is* is nominative, as the passive form of the verb is used.]

56. [We are to find later that Viola's plan has been altered in its details. She is presented to the Duke as a page, but not expressly as a singer. It is necessary that Shakespeare should give the songs of the play to Feste the jester; and he neglects or dislikes to cancel the pleasing lines 57-59.]

## SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

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

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the

5. [cousin. The term was loosely used by the Elizabethans.]

7. except, before excepted: a whimsical use of a law phrase.

12. [an = if; sometimes written "an if."]

20. tall = able.

viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

29

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

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

38

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

27. **viol-de-gamboys** = *viol-da-gamba* (Ital.), a viol held between the legs, like the violoncello.

30. [**natural.** Maria plays upon the word, which is sometimes a noun meaning "a foolish person." See *As You Like It*, Act I., sc. ii., lines 52 and 57.]

36. [**subtractors**: a variation of "subtractors," with the sense of "detractors."]

41. **coystril.** The base hangers-on of military men and armies were called coystrials.

43. **parish-top.** In Shakespeare's day it was a common custom to have a large whipping-top for parish use. **Castiliano vulgo.** Probably Sir Toby's Italian for *Castiliano volto* = (put on) a Spanish face; that is, a sober face.

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. 50

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 61

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, "thought is free:" I pray you, bring your hand to the butt'ry-bar and let it drink.

48. [*shrew*. The tiny shrew-mouse, it was believed, was "deadly to other beasts if he bit them" (Florio's *World of Wordes*, 1598); hence came the use of *shrew* to mean a sharp-tongued person, generally a woman. Sir Andrew uses the term carelessly, as equivalent to "damsel."]

68. [*thought is free*: a familiar saying. For the application here, look back to line 63.]

69. *butt'ry-bar*. The buttery was the room in great houses where meat and drink are dispensed to the household. [Maria puns on the word *dry* = thirsty. The implication is that Sir Andrew's hand is like that of a feeble old man. "A dry hand" is one of the signs of old age imputed by the Chief Justice to Falstaff, *Henry IV.*, Pt. II., Act I., sc. ii., l. 204.]

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor? 71

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down? 80

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

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

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear knight? 89

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not? 100

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

91. *tongues* — curl by nature. In some parts of England *tongue* and *tong* are pronounced alike.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' th' count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 111

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

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

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to 't. 120

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard. 130

104. [the count: Orsino is called indifferently "the Duke" and "the count."]

117. galliard, coranto = lively dances.

125. Mistress Mall: generic; meaning only, young lady.

130. [The meaning is made clearer in line 134. Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II., sc. i., l. 349.]



*Sir And.* Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels ?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else ? were we not born under Taurus ?

*Sir And.* Taurus ! That 's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir ; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper : ha ! higher : ha, ha ! excellent !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced : he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love : is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho ?

18

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord ; here.

*Duke.* [*To Attend.*] Stand you a while aloof. —

Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul :  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;  
Be not denied access ; stand at her doors,

136. **Taurus ! That 's sides,** etc. The knight refers to the astrological notion that certain organs of the body were ruled by certain constellations. [Taurus was really supposed to have influence over the neck and throat. Sir Andrew's mind is somewhat vague ; and Sir Toby is here as elsewhere superior to fact.]

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

20

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds  
Rather than make unprofited return.

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

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :  
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

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

30

28. [nuncio's. This is the folio reading. It presents a difficulty, as relating to *youth*, understood ; a graver *nuncio* would probably have passed his youth. The 's is therefore generally dropped by editors. *aspect* must be accented on the second syllable, as in *Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. i., l. 54.]

33. [shrill in sound. Mr. White's reading. The folio has "shrill and sound," which seems acceptable, *sound* meaning "pure, uncracked."]

34. [semblative = resembling ; part has the dramatic sense.]

35. [See sc. iii., lines 130, 134.]

Vio. I'll do my best 40  
To woo your lady : [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife !  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house*.

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* 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.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." 10

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it ;  
and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then? 21

41. [barful = creating a bar, or hindrance. "My inward struggle makes it hard to keep my promise."]

6. **fear no colours:** that is, probably, no enemy ; the phrase being of martial origin.

9. [lenten = spare, scanty.]

20. let **summer**, etc.: he could make his way, if he were turned off in summer. [Possibly Feste's meaning is less practical: "Let coming time prove the truth of what you say."]

*Clo.* Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith ; very apt. Well, go thy way ; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 23

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

*Clo.* Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says Quinapalus ? " Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

*Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady !

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady. 40

*Oli.* Go to, y' are a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd : virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin ; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve,

24. if one break, etc. Maria quibbles : the strings that tied the gaskins, or loose breeches, to the doublet were called points.

35. Quinapalus. Who this sage was, is known only to Feste.

so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away. 54

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum* ; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it ? 56

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechise you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool. 70

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him : infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 78

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn

56. **Misprision** = misapprehension.

57. *cucullus non facit monachum* : the cowl does not make the monk. [as much to say as = as much as to say that ; for which it is possibly a misprint.]