

SIR ANDREW: Here comes the fool.  
 FESTE: How now, my hearts!  
 SIR TOBY: Welcome, ass. Shall we **rouse** the night-owl in a **catch**?  
 SIR ANDREW: Begin, fool: it begins "**Hold thy peace.**"  
 FESTE: I shall never begin if I hold my peace.  
 SIR ANDREW: Good, i' faith. Come, begin.  
*They sing a round. Enter MARIA.*  
 MARIA: What a **caterwauling**! If my lady have not called Malvolio, never trust me.  
 SIR TOBY: Am not I **consanguineous**? Am I not of her blood? **Tillyvally.**  
 Lady!  
*SIR TOBY sings.*  
 "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"  
 FESTE: The knight's in admirable fooling.  
 SIR ANDREW: Ay, he does well enough, but I do it more natural.  
 SIR TOBY: *(singing)* "On the twelfth day of December..."  
 MARIA: For the love o' God, peace!  
*Enter MALVOLIO.*  
 MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?  
 SIR TOBY: We did keep time, sir, in our catches.  
 MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, my lady bade me tell you, if you can separate yourself and your **misdemeanours**, you are welcome to the house; if not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.  
 SIR TOBY: *(singing)* "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."  
 MARIA: Nay, good Sir Toby.  
 FESTE: *(joining SIR TOBY's song)* "His eyes do show his days are almost done."  
 SIR TOBY: "But I will never die."  
 FESTE: Sir Toby, there you lie.  
 MALVOLIO: *(to MARIA)* This is much credit to you.  
 SIR TOBY: *(to MALVOLIO)* Art any more than a **steward**? Go, sir, rub your **chain** with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!  
 MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary, **if you prized my lady's favour**, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it.  
*Exit MALVOLIO.*

**rouse:** awaken, excite    **catch:** a type of song

**Hold thy peace:** keep quiet

*Feste jokes on the meaning of the phrase.*

**i':** in

*Here is a chance for the performers to create a "round" beginning with "Hold thy peace," as Shakespeare has not provided full lyrics.*

**caterwauling:** howling noise

**consanguineous:** related by blood

**Tillyvally:** nonsense

**o':** of

*Malvolio's stern presence is a chance for humor. And, since it is the middle of the night, his costume—nightgown? robe?—might also be a source of amusement.*

*Malvolio refers to the "time" of night, but Sir Toby puns on "keep time" meaning stay in rhythm, musically.*

**misdemeanours:** minor crimes

*Sir Toby should enjoy taunting the humorless Malvolio. How do the others react?*

*Maria begins here by cautioning Sir Toby to be careful, since Malvolio, if he reports to Olivia, could get Sir Toby in trouble, but Sir Toby continues to taunt Malvolio.*

**This ... you:** Malvolio speaks sarcastically, giving Maria credit for the bad behavior of the men

**steward:** butler (and therefore below Sir Toby's class)

**chain:** a sign of the steward's position

**if you ... favour:** if you appreciated Olivia's kind treatment of you



Up to this warning from Malvolio, Maria has been protecting Sir Toby, but now, she turns against Malvolio. Is she insulted? Is it her love of Sir Toby?

**Go ... ears:** insult. As if Malvolio were an ass with long ears.

**let me alone with him:** let me take care of him

**common recreation:** laughingstock **wit:** brains

**Possess us:** explain what you mean

**obscure epistles:** vague notes or letters

**'twill:** it will

This is the first indication that Sir Toby knows how Maria feels. How does he feel about her? Has the trick she plans to set up had an effect on his feelings?

**burn some sack:** heat up some wine—it was common to heat wine and add sugar for drinking

Viola knows that Olivia loves her (as Cesario) and will never love the Duke. What is it like for her to watch the Duke listening to such sad music when she herself feels little hope of having his love, since she is disguised?

**antique:** in the manner of ancient times

**masterly:** like one who knows about love

**stayed:** looked for a while **favour:** face

MARIA: (to MALVOLIO) **Go shake your ears.** Sweet Sir Toby, be patient. For Monsieur Malvolio, **let me alone with him:** if I do not make him a **common recreation**, do not think I have **wit** enough to lie straight in my bed.

SIR TOBY: **Possess us.**

MARIA: It is his faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find cause to work.

SIR TOBY: What wilt thou do?

MARIA: I will drop in his way some **obscure epistles** of love. I can write very like my lady your niece.

SIR TOBY: He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

SIR ANDREW: O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA: For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

*Exit MARIA.*

SIR ANDREW: Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY: She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.

SIR ANDREW: I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY: Come, come, I'll go **burn some sack**; 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, knight; come, knight.

*They exit.*

*SCENE 9. The DUKE's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and ATTENDANTS.*

ORSINO: Give me some music. Now, that piece of song,  
That old and a **true** song we heard last night.

CURIO: He is not here that should sing it.

ORSINO: Who was it?

CURIO: Feste, the jester, my lord.

ORSINO: Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*Exit CURIO. Music plays.*

How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA: It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

ORSINO: Thou dost speak **masterly**: thine eye  
Hath **stayed** upon some **favour** that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy? What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA: Of your complexion.

END

12 TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

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