

SC. I.] TWELFTH NIGHT

OLI. Away with him ! Who hath made this havoc  
with them ?

SIR AND. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be  
dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help ? an ass-head and a cox-  
comb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull !

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, and  
SIR ANDREW.

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kins-  
man ;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by  
that

I do perceive it hath offended you :

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two  
persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not !

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,

Since I have lost thee !