Side 2: Sire Toby, Maria and Sir Andrew

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA]

- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
- <u>Maria</u>. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
- Sir Toby Belch. Why, let her except, before excepted.
- Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too.
- <u>Maria</u>. 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 Toby Belch. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
- Maria. Ay, he.
- **<u>Sir Toby Belch</u>**. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
- Maria. What's that to the purpose?
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.
- <u>Maria</u>. 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, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?
- Maria. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly 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 drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

[Enter SIR ANDREW]

- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
- Sir Toby Belch. Sweet Sir Andrew!
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Bless you, fair shrew.
- Maria. And you too, sir.
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. What's that?
- **<u>Sir Toby Belch</u>**. My niece's chambermaid.
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
- Maria. My name is Mary, sir.
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
- Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again.
- Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

- Maria. It's dry, sir.
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
- Maria. A dry jest, sir.
- Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Are you full of them?
- <u>Maria</u>. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit]

- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. 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.
- <u>Sir Toby Belch</u>. No question.
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
- Sir Toby Belch. Pourquoi?
- <u>Sir Andrew Aguecheek</u>. What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing. O, had I but followed the arts!