

- Side 6: Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, Feste, Maria, Malvolio
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- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. Here comes the fool, i' faith.
- **Feste**. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?
- **Sir Toby Belch**. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?
- **Feste**. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.
- **Sir Toby Belch**. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—
- **Feste**. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
- **Sir Toby Belch**. A love-song, a love-song.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.
- **Feste**. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
- **Feste**. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'
- **Feste**. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek**. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[Catch sung]

[Enter MARIA]

- **Maria.** What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tillyvally. Lady!
[Sings]
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'
- **Feste.** Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—
- **Maria.** For the love o' God, peace!

[Enter MALVOLIO]

- **Malvolio.** My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!
- **Malvolio.** Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'
- **Maria.** Nay, good Sir Toby.
- **Feste.** 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

- **Malvolio**. Is't even so?
- **Sir Toby Belch**. 'But I will never die.'
- **Feste**. Sir Toby, there you lie.
- **Malvolio**. This is much credit to you.
- **Sir Toby Belch**. 'Shall I bid him go?'
- **Feste**. 'What an if you do?'
- **Sir Toby Belch**. 'Shall I bid him go?'
- **Feste**. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'
- **Sir Toby Belch**. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
- **Feste**. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.
- **Sir Toby Belch**. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!
- **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 of it, by this hand.

[Exit]