

# Twelfth Night, or What You Will

## 3.2

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian*

**SIR ANDREW** No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

**SIR TOBY** Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**FABIAN** You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW** Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to  
the Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon 5  
me. I saw't i'th' orchard.

**SIR TOBY** Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me  
that.

**SIR ANDREW** As plain as I see you now.

**FABIAN** This was a great argument of love in her toward 10  
you.

**SIR ANDREW** 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

**FABIAN** I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of  
judgement and reason.

**SIR TOBY** And they have been grand-jurymen since before 15  
Noah was a sailor.

**FABIAN** She did show favour to the youth in your sight  
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,  
to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver.  
You should then have accosted her, and with some 20  
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have  
banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for  
at your hand, and this was balked. The double guilt of  
this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are  
now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where 25  
you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard  
unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt  
either of valour or policy.

**SIR ANDREW** An't be any way, it must be with valour, for  
policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician. 30

**SIR TOBY** Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis  
of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with  
him, hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take  
note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker  
in the world can more prevail in man's commendation 35

with woman than report of valour.

**FABIAN** There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

**SIR ANDREW** Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

**SIR TOBY** Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and 40  
brief. It is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and  
full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. If  
thou `thou'st' him some thrice, it shall not be amiss,  
and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,  
although the sheet were big enough for the bed of 45  
Ware, in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let there  
be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a  
goose-pen, no matter. About it.

**SIR ANDREW** Where shall I find you?

**SIR TOBY** We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go. 50

*Exit Sir Andrew*

**FABIAN** This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

**SIR TOBY** I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand  
strong or so.

**FABIAN** We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll  
not deliver't. 55

**SIR TOBY** Never trust me then; and by all means stir on  
the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes  
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were  
opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will  
clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'anatomy. 60

**FABIAN** And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage  
no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria*

**SIR TOBY** Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

**MARIA** If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves  
into stitches, follow me. Yon gull Malvolio is turned 65  
heathen, a very renegado, for there is no Christian that  
means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe  
such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow  
stockings.

**SIR TOBY** And cross-gartered? 70

**MARIA** Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school  
i'th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He  
does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to

betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than  
is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.  
You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly  
forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will  
strike him. If she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great  
favour.

75

**SIR TOBY**     Come bring us, bring us where he is.     80  
*Exeunt*