

# Twelfth Night, or What You Will

## 4.1

*Enter Sebastian and Feste, the clown*

**FESTE** Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

**SEBASTIAN**

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,  
Let me be clear of thee.

**FESTE** Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you, nor 5  
I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak  
with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor  
this is not my nose, neither. Nothing that is so, is so.

**SEBASTIAN**

I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else,  
Thou know'st not me. 10

**FESTE** Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some  
great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly±±  
I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a  
cockney. I prithee now ungird thy strangeness, and tell  
me what I shall `vent' to my lady? Shall I `vent' to her 15  
that thou art coming?

**SEBASTIAN**

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.  
There's money for thee. If you tarry longer  
I shall give worse payment.

**FESTE** By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise 20  
men that give fools money get themselves a good report,  
after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian*

**SIR ANDREW** (to Sebastian) Now, sir, have I met you again?  
(Striking him) There's for you.

**SEBASTIAN** [striking Sir Andrew with his dagger]  
Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. 25  
Are all the people mad?

**SIR TOBY** (to Sebastian, holding him back) Hold, sir, or I'll  
throw your dagger o'er the house.

**FESTE** This will I tell my lady straight, I would not be in  
some of your coats for twopence. 30

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY** Come on, sir, hold.

**SIR ANDREW** Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that. 35

**SEBASTIAN** Let go thy hand.

**SIR TOBY** Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on.

**SEBASTIAN** (*freeing himself*)

I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? 40  
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

**SIR TOBY** What, what? Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Sir Toby and Sebastian draw their swords.*

*Enter Olivia*

**OLIVIA**

Hold, Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

**SIR TOBY** Madam. 45

**OLIVIA**

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preached±±out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.

(*To Sir Toby*) Rudesby, be gone.

*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian*

I prithee, gentle friend, 50

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby 55  
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

**SEBASTIAN**

What relish is in this? How runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. 60

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

**OLIVIA**

Nay, come, I prithee, would thou'dst be ruled by me.

**SEBASTIAN**

Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA** O, say so, and so be.

*Exeunt*