

# Twelfth Night, or What You Will

## 2.3

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew*

**SIR TOBY** Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diliculo surgere*, thou knowest.

**SIR ANDREW** Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late. 5

**SIR TOBY** A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

**SIR ANDREW** Faith, so they say, but I think it rather 10 consists of eating and drinking.

**SIR TOBY** Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say, a stoup of wine.

*Enter Feste, the clown*

**SIR ANDREW** Here comes the fool, i'faith.

**FESTE** How now, my hearts. Did you never see the picture 15 of `we three'?

**SIR TOBY** Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

**SIR ANDREW** 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, 20 thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

**FESTE** I did impetico thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is 25 no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

**SIR ANDREW** Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

**SIR TOBY** (to Feste) Come on, there is sixpence for you. 30 Let's have a song.

**SIR ANDREW** (to Feste) 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? 35

**SIR TOBY** A love song, a love-song.

**SIR ANDREW** Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

**FESTE** (*sings*)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low. 40  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting.  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

**SIR ANDREW** Excellent good, i'faith.

**SIR TOBY** Good, good. 45

**FESTE**

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,  
Present mirth hath present laughter.  
What's to come is still unsure.  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty. 50  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

**SIR ANDREW** A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

**SIR TOBY** A contagious breath.

**SIR ANDREW** Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

**SIR TOBY** To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. 55  
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we  
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three  
souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

**SIR ANDREW** An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a  
catch. 60

**FESTE** By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

**SIR ANDREW** 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** 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one 65  
to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins `Hold thy peace'.

**FESTE** I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

**SIR ANDREW** Good, i'faith. Come, begin.  
*They sing the catch.*  
*Enter Maria*

**MARIA** What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my  
lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid 70

him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

**SIR TOBY** My lady's a Cathayan, we are politicians,  
Malvolio's a Peg-o'-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be  
we'. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood?  
Tilly-vally±±'lady!' 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, 75  
lady, lady.'

**FESTE** Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

**SIR ANDREW** 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. 80

**SIR TOBY**

'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 you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble  
like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an 85  
alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your  
coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of  
voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time  
in you?

**SIR TOBY** We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! 90

**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 misdemeanours you are  
welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you 95  
to take leave of her she is very willing to bid you  
farewell.

**SIR TOBY**

'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

**MARIA** Nay, good Sir Toby.

**FESTE**

'His eyes do show his days are almost done.' 100

**MALVOLIO** Is't even so?

**SIR TOBY**

'But I will never die.'

**FESTE**

'Sir Toby, there you lie.'

**MALVOLIO** This is much credit to you.

**SIR TOBY**

`Shall I bid him go?'

105

FESTE

`What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY

`Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

FESTE

`O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY     Out o' tune, sir, ye lie. *(To Malvolio)*     Art any  
more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou 110  
art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?

FESTE     Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'th'  
mouth, too.

SIR TOBY     Thou'rt i'th' right. *(To Malvolio)*     Go, sir, rub  
your chain with crumbs. *(To Maria)*     A stoup of wine, 115  
Maria.

MALVOLIO     Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour  
at anything more than contempt you would not give  
means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by  
this hand. 120

*Exit*

MARIA     Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW     'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a  
man's a-hungry to challenge him the field and then to  
break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY     Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll 125  
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA     Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the  
youth of the Count's was today with my lady she is  
much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone  
with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and 130  
make him a common recreation, do not think I have  
wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do  
it.

SIR TOBY     Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

MARIA     Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. 135

SIR ANDREW     O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TOBY     What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason,  
dear knight.

SIR ANDREW     I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have  
reason good enough. 140

**MARIA** The dev'l a puritan that he is, or anything  
constantly but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass that  
cons state without book and utters it by great swathes;  
the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks,  
with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all 145  
that look on him love him; and on that vice in him  
will my revenge find notable cause to work.

**SIR TOBY** What wilt thou do?

**MARIA** I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of  
love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of 150  
his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his  
eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself  
most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady  
your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make  
distinction of our hands. 155

**SIR TOBY** Excellent, I smell a device.

**SIR ANDREW** I have't in my nose too.

**SIR TOBY** He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop  
that they come from my niece, and that she's in love  
with him. 160

**MARIA** My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

**SIR ANDREW** And your horse now would make him an  
ass.

**MARIA** Ass I doubt not.

**SIR ANDREW** O, 'twill be admirable. 165

**MARIA** Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will  
work with him. I will plant you two~~±±~~and let the fool  
make a third~~±±~~where he shall find the letter. Observe  
his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream  
on the event. Farewell. 170

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY** Good night, Penthesilea.

**SIR ANDREW** Before me, she's a good wench.

**SIR TOBY** She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores  
me. What o' that?

**SIR ANDREW** I was adored once, too. 175

**SIR TOBY** Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for  
more money.

**SIR ANDREW** If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul  
way out.

**SIR TOBY** Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not 180  
i'th' end, call me cut.

**SIR ANDREW** If I do not, never trust me, take it how you  
will.

**SIR TOBY** Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late  
to go to bed now. Come knight, come knight. 185

*Exeunt*