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2
3 **MARIA**
4 They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
5 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
6 With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to
7 her as long as there is a passage in my throat and
8 drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill
9 that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn
10 o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench!
11 Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

12 *Enter SIR ANDREW*

13 **SIR ANDREW**
14 Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
15 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
16 Sweet Sir Andrew!
17 **SIR ANDREW**
18 Bless you, fair shrew.
19 **MARIA**
20 And you too, sir.
21 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
22 Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
23 **SIR ANDREW**
24 What's that?
25 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
26 My niece's chambermaid.
27 **SIR ANDREW**
28 Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
29 **MARIA**
30 My name is Mary, sir.
31 **SIR ANDREW**
32 Good Mistress Mary Accost,--
33 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
34 You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board
35 her, woo her, assail her.
36 **SIR ANDREW**
37 By my troth, I would not undertake her in this
38 company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
39 **MARIA**
40 Fare you well, gentlemen.
41 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
42 An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst
43 never draw sword again.
44

1 **SIR ANDREW**
2 An you part so, mistress, I would I might never
3 draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have
4 fools in hand?
5 **MARIA**
6 Sir, I have not you by the hand.
7 **SIR ANDREW**
8 Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.
9 **MARIA**
10 Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring
11 your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
12 **SIR ANDREW**
13 Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?
14 **MARIA**
15 It's dry, sir.
16 **SIR ANDREW**
17 Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can
18 keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
19 **MARIA**
20 A dry jest, sir.
21 **SIR ANDREW**
22 Are you full of them?
23 **MARIA**
24 Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry,
25 now I let go your hand, I am barren.

26 *Exit*

27 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
28 O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I
29 see thee so put down?
30 **SIR ANDREW**
31 Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary
32 put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit
33 than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a
34 great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.
35 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
36 No question.
37 **SIR ANDREW**
38 An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home
39 to-morrow, Sir Toby.
40 **SIR TOBY BELCH**
41 Pourquoi, my dear knight?
42 **SIR ANDREW**
43 What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had
44 bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in