

Side 5 – Toby, Andrew, Feste, Malvolio, Maria

TOBY Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and “*diluculo surgere*,” thou know’st—

ANDREW Nay, by my troth, I know not. But I know to be up late is to be up late.

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?

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

TOBY Thou ’rt a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say, a stoup of wine!

*Enter Feste, the Fool.*

ANDREW Here comes the Fool, i’ faith.

FOOL How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of “We Three”?

TOBY Welcome, ass! Now let’s have a catch.  
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?

ANDREW An you love me, let’s do ’t. I am dog at a catch.

FOOL By ’r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be “Thou Knave.”

FOOL “Hold thy peace, thou knave,” knight? I shall be constrained in ’t to call thee “knave,” knight.

ANDREW ’Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me “knave.” Begin, Fool. It begins “Hold thy peace.”

FOOL I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

ANDREW Good, i’ faith. Come, begin.  
*Round sung – no particular melody, just loud.*  
*“Hold thy peace I prithee hold thy peace.”*

*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.

TOBY My lady’s a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio’s a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Sings. 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.”*

FOOL Beshrew me, the knight’s in admirable fooling.

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.

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

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

MALVOLIO Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady  
bade me tell you that, though she harbors 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.

TOBY *sings*

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