

SIDE 2 [Enter SIR ANDREW]

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. **Sir Toby Belch!** how now, **Sir Toby Belch!**

Sir Toby Belch. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria. And you too, sir. 160

Sir Toby Belch. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. What's that?

Sir Toby Belch. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir. 165

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby Belch. You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? 170

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby Belch. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand? 175

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink. 180

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Maria. It's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir. 185

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit]