

SIDE 3

**Sir Toby Belch.** O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down? 190

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. 195

**Sir Toby Belch.** No question.

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

**Sir Toby Belch.** Pourquoi, my dear knight?

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had 200 bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

**Sir Toby Belch.** Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Why, would that have mended my hair? 205

**Sir Toby Belch.** Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

**Sir Toby Belch.** Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off. 210

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

**Sir Toby Belch.** She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man. 215

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 220

**Sir Toby Belch.** Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

**Sir Toby Belch.** What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight? 225

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Faith, I can cut a caper.

**Sir Toby Belch.** And I can cut the mutton to't.

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

**Sir Toby Belch.** Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What 235 dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 230

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels? 240

**Sir Toby Belch.** What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

**Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Taurus! That's sides and heart.

**Sir Toby Belch.** No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt]