

TOBY O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see thee so put down?

ANDREW 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.

TOBY No question.

ANDREW An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

TOBY *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

ANDREW What is "*pourquoi*"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

ANDREW Why, would that have mended my hair?

TOBY Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

ANDREW But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

TOBY Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

ANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, 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.

TOBY She'll none o' th' 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.

ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

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

TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.

TOBY And I can cut the mutton to 't.

ANDREW And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

TOBY 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 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.

ANDREW Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

TOBY What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

ANDREW Taurus? That's sides and heart.

TOBY No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee  
caper. *Sir Andrew dances.* Ha, higher! Ha, ha,  
excellent!

*They exit.*