

FOOL *sings, in his own voice*
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO Fool!

FOOL *sings*
My lady is unkind, perdy.

MALVOLIO Fool!

FOOL *sings*
Alas, why is she so?

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FOOL *sings*
She loves another—
Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

FOOL Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool.

FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a Fool.

MALVOLIO They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL Advise you what you say. The minister is here.
In the voice of Sir Topas. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas!

FOOL, *as Sir Topas* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. *As Fool.* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir! God buy you, good Sir Topas. *As Sir Topas.* Marry, amen.
As Fool. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!

FOOL Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL Welladay that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FOOL I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, begone.

FOOL *sings*
I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,

*I'll be with you again,
In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
Cries "aha!" to the devil;
Like a mad lad, "Pare thy nails, dad!
Adieu, goodman devil."*

He exits.