

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL. 447

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is fix pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one kinght give a —

Clo. Would you have a lovesong, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A lovesong, a lovesong.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. 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?

Sir And. An you love me let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo.