

448 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith: come, begin. [*they sing a catch.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my lady have not call'd up her steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians; *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinous? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [*singing.*]

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* O, the twelfth day of december. [*singing.*]

*Mar.* For the love o'god, peace.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Strike up.

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would