

would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

[singing.

*Mal.* Nay, good fir Toby.

*Clo.* His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

[singing.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?

[singing.

*Clo.* What an if you do?

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o'tune, fir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by faint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, fir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

*Mal.* Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

*Mar.* Go, shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet fir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.