

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*sir Toby reads.*]

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; and god have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,
Andrew Ague-cheek.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terrour in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth,
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