

FESTE is playing music at the top of this scene, outside Olivia's house. VIOLA has returned, dressed as Cesario to woo the lady Olivia. FESTE, having seen how VIOLA acted at Duke Orsino's is distrusting of him. FESTE also uses this interchange to extort money out of Cesario/Viola.

VIOLA Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

FESTE No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for
I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell
near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

FESTE You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is
but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the
wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with
words may quickly make them wanton.

FESTE I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA Why, man?

FESTE Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that
word might make my sister wanton.

VIOLA I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

FESTE Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my
conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be
to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she
will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; I am indeed not
her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FESTE Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,
it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but
the fool should be as oft with your master as with
my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.
Hold, there's expenses for thee.

FESTE Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; *[Aside]*
though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

FESTE Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FESTE I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

FESTE The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar:
Cressida was a beggar. My lady is
within, sir. I will construe to them whence you
come; who you are and what you would are out of my
welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.*[Exit]*