

Clown (Feste):

Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
he is no longer dishonest; As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I
say againe, take her away.

Clown (Feste):

Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constan-
cie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing,
and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Clown (Feste):

No indeed sir, the Lady Oliuia has no folly, shee
will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are
as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Hus-
bands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir cor-
rupter of words. My Lady is within sir. I
will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and
what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Ele-
ment, but the word is ouer-worne