

OLIVIA and FESTE

- **Feste.** Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft
prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may
pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?
'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'
[Enter OLIVIA]
God bless thee, lady!
- **Olivia.** Take the fool away.
- **Feste.** Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
- **Olivia.** Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you:
besides, you grow dishonest.
- **Feste.** Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel
will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is
the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend
himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if
he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing
that's mended is but patched: virtue that
transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that
amends is but patched with virtue. If that this
simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not,
what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but
calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take
away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.
- **Olivia.** Sir, I bade them take away you.
- **Feste.** Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non
facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not
motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to
prove you a fool.
- **Olivia.** Can you do it?
- **Feste.** Dexterously, good madonna.
- **Olivia.** Make your proof.
- **Feste.** I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse
of virtue, answer me.
- **Olivia.** Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

- **Feste.** Good madonna, why mournest thou?
- **Olivia.** Good fool, for my brother's death.
- **Feste.** I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
- **Olivia.** I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
- **Feste.** The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.