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, and fools are as like
husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's
the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of
words.
VIOLA I saw thee lately at the Count Orsino's.
FESTE Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,
it shines everywhere. 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.
FESTE [giving money] Hold, there's expenses for thee.
VIOLA [giving money] 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 be out of my welkin—I might say "element," but the word is over-worn.
VIOLA This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art,
For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.