

BETTER A
WITTY
FOOL
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Costume design for Feste

O, Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty,
Come and kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sung by Feste, Act II, Scene iii, Twelfth Night

William Shakespeare