2 Characters

VIOLA What country, friends, is this?CAPTAINThis is Illyria, lady.VIOLA And what should I do in Illyria?My brother he is in Elysium.Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you?CAPTAINIt is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAINAssure yourself, after our ship did split,I saw your brother, in peril, did bind himself,To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;I saw him hold acquaintance with the wavesSo long as I could see.VIOLA Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,Know'st thou this country?CAPTAINAy, madam, well; for here was I bred and born

VIOLA Who governs here?CAPTAINA noble duke, in nature as in name.VIOLA What is the name?

CAPTAIN Orsino.VIOLA Orsino! I have heard my father name him:He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAINAnd so is now, or was so very late;But he did seek the love of..

CAPTAIN & DUKE ORSINO

Fair Olivia.

3 Characters

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of

her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.MARIA By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights: your cousin, my lady, takes greatexceptions to your ill hours.

You must confine yourself within the modestlimits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Confine! These clothes are good enough to drink in;

MARIA That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heardmy lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolishknave, drunk nightly in your company

that you brought here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

SIR TOBY BELCH With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink toher as long as there is a passage in my throat

And drink in Illyria:

SIR ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!SIR TOBY BELCH Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW What's that?SIR TOBY BELCH My niece's chambermaid.

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR ANDREW Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW  Methinks sometimes I have no more witthan an ordinary man has: but I am agreat eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.SIR TOBY BELCH No question.SIR ANDREW Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niecewill not be seen by me; or if she be, it's four to oneshe'll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by woos her.SIR TOBY BELCH She'll none o' the count: she'll not match aboveher degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit;

SIR ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. Shall we set about some revels?

2 Characters

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to negotiatewith my face? But we will draw the curtain

and show you the picture. Is't not well done?

VIOLAExcellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA 'Twill endure wind and weather.VIOLA 'Tis beauty truly blent, Nature's own hand laid on:Lady, you are the cruell’st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the graveAnd leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will giveout divers schedules of my beauty: it shall beinventoried: as, item, two lips, indifferent red;

item, two brown eyes, with lids to them;

item, one chin, one neck, and so forth. Wereyou sent hither to praise me?VIOLA I see you what you are, you are too proud;But, you are fair. And my master loves you.

OLIVIA How does he love me?

VIOLA With adorations, fertile tears,With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.OLIVIA Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:He might have took his answer long ago.VIOLA If I did love you in my master's flame, in your denial I would not understand it.

OLIVIA Why, what would you?

VIOLA Make me a willow cabin at your gate,And call upon my soul within the house;Write loyal cantons of contemned loveAnd sing them loud even in the dead of night;Halloo your name to the reverberate hillsAnd make the babbling gossip of the air. Cry out 'Olivia!'

2 Characters

ANTONIO Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?SEBASTIAN By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly overme: therefore I shall crave of you:leave - that I may bear my evils alone.

Antonio, my name is Sebastian, my father left behind

him myself and a sister, both born in an hour:

But some hour before you took me from the sea

was my sister drowned with salt water, though

I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO If you will not murder me for my love, let me beyour servant.SEBASTIAN Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness,I am bound to Orsino's court: farewell.

ANTONIO The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,Else would I very shortly see thee there.But, come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go

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ANTONIO I could not stay behind you: my desire,More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;And not all love to see you but:Being skilless in these parts; often prove rough

SEBASTIANMy kind Antonio,I can no other answer make but thanks,Now. What's to do?Shall we go see the reliques of this town?ANTONIO To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.SEBASTIANI am not weary, and 'tis long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes with this city.ANTONIO I do not without danger walk these streets:Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the dukeWe took from them;Most of our city did: only myself stood out;For which, if I be lapsed in this place,I shall pay dear.I did some service; of such note indeed.

SEBASTIAN Do not then walk too open.ANTONIO Sir, It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse. Haply your eye shall light upon some toySEBASTIAN I'll be your purse-bearer and leave youFor an hour.

2 Characters

DUKE ORSINO

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eyeHath stay'd upon some favour that it loves: Hath it not, boy?VIOLA A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO What kind of woman is't?VIOLA Of your complexion.DUKE ORSINO What years, i' faith?VIOLA About your years, my lord.DUKE ORSINO Too old by heaven: let thy love be younger than thyself,Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;For women are as roses, whose fair flow’r

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA And so they are: alas, that they are so;To die, even when they to perfection grow!

DUKE ORSINO Once more, Cesario,Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,Tell her, That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.VIOLA But if she cannot love you, sir?DUKE ORSINO I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA Sooth, but you must.Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,Hath for your love a great a pang of heartAs you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?DUKE ORSINO Make no compareBetween that love a woman can bear meAnd that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA Ay, but I know--DUKE ORSINO What dost thou know?VIOLA Too well what love women to men may owe:In faith, they are as true of heart as we.My father had a daughter loved a man,As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,I should your lordship.DUKE ORSINO And what's her history?VIOLA A blank, my lord. She never told her love,But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,And with a green and yellow melancholyShe sat like patience on a monument,Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

2 Characters

VIOLA Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.OLIVIA My servant, sir!

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.VIOLA And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!VIOLA Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts on his behalf.OLIVIA I bade you never speak again of him (pause)I did send, after the last enchantment you did here,A ring in chase of you: So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.OLIVIA That's a degree to love.VIOLA You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA That you do think you are not what you are.OLIVIA If I think so, I think the same of you.VIOLA Then think you right: I am not what I am.I wish it might, for now I am your fool.OLIVIA O, what a deal of scorn looks beautifulIn the contempt and anger of his lip!Cesario, by the roses of the spring,By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

VIOLA By innocence I swear, and by my youthI have one heart, one bosom and one truth,And that no woman has; nor never noneShall mistress be of it, save I alone.And so adieu, good madam: never moreWill I my master's tears to you deplore.OLIVIA Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst moveThat heart, which now abhors, to like his love.