**Dear Students: the aim of this task is primarily for you to read more of the play!!!**

**Once you get familiar with the play, analysis of theme and characters become much easier**

***Twelfth Night*: Act 1, Scene 1**

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending*

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 1.1.1 | If music be the food of love, play on; |  |
|  | Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, |  |
|  | The appetite may sicken, and so die. |  |

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Act 1, Scene 3**

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 1.3.1 | What a plague means my niece, to take the |  |
|  | death of her brother thus? I am sure care's |  |
|  | an enemy to life. |  |

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**Act 1, Scene 4**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | *Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire* |  |
| *Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants* | | |  |
|  | | |  |

**DUKE ORSINO**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |
|  | Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd |  |
|  | To thee the book even of my secret soul: |  |
| 1.4.15 | Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; |  |
|  | Be not denied access, stand at her doors, |  |
|  | And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow |  |
|  | Till thou have audience. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Sure, my noble lord, |  |
|  | If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow |  |
| 1.4.20 | As it is spoke, she never will admit me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds |  |
|  | Rather than make unprofited return.  …   |  |  | | --- | --- | | **VIOLA** |  | |  | I'll do my best |  | |  | To woo your lady. [*Aside.*] Yet, a barful strife! |  | | 1.4.42 | Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. |  | |  |

Act 1, Scene 5

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.165 | Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face. |  |
|  | We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The honourable lady of the house, which is she? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Speak to me; I shall answer for her. |  |
|  | Your will? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.170 | Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty— |  |
|  | I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, |  |
|  | for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away |  |
|  | my speech, for besides that it is excellently well |  |
|  | penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good |  |
| 1.5.175 | beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very |  |
|  | comptible, even to the least sinister usage. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Whence came you, sir? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I can say little more than I have studied, and that |  |
|  | question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me |  |
| 1.5.180 | modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, |  |
|  | that I may proceed in my speech. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Are you a comedian? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs |  |
|  | of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you |  |
| 1.5.185 | the lady of the house? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | If I do not usurp myself, I am. | **usurp** wrongly take the place of |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp |  |
|  | yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours | **what is yours to bestow** *i.e.,* love |
|  | to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will | >>> |
| 1.5.190 | on with my speech in your praise, and then show |  |
|  | you the heart of my message. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Come to what is important in't: I forgive you |  |
|  | the praise. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Alas, I took great pains to study it, and |  |
| 1.5.195 | 'tis poetical. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, |  |
|  | keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, |  |
|  | and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you |  |
|  | than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if |  |
| 1.5.200 | you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of |  |
|  | moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **MARIA** |  |
|  | Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little |  |
|  | longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet |  |
| 1.5.205 | lady. Tell me your mind—I am a messenger. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, |  |
|  | when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture |  |
|  | of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive |  |
| 1.5.210 | in my hand; my words are as full of peace as |  |
|  | matter. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Yet you began rudely. What are you? What |  |
|  | would you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I |  |
| 1.5.215 | learned from my entertainment. What I am, and |  |
|  | what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to |  |
|  | your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Give us the place alone: we will hear this |  |
|  | divinity. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt MARIA and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 1.5.220 | Now, sir, what is your text? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Most sweet lady— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said |  |
|  | of it. Where lies your text? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | In Orsino's bosom. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 1.5.225 | In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | To answer by the method, in the first of his |  |
|  | heart. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no |  |
|  | more to say? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 1.5.230 | Good madam, let me see your face. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Have you any commission from your lord to |  |
|  | negotiate with my face? You are now out of your |  |
|  | text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the |  |
|  | picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Unveiling* |  |
|  |  |  |
| 1.5.235 | Is't not well done? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Excellently done, if God did all. |  |
|  |  |  |

Act 2, Scene 2

**VIOLA**

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion | | |  | | |
|  | | | Invites me in this churlish messenger. | | |  |
|  | | | None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none. | | |  |
| 2.2.25 | | | I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis, | | |  |
|  | | | Poor lady, she were better love a dream. | | |  |
|  | | | Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, | | |  |
|  | | | Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. | | |  |
|  | | | How easy is it for the proper-false | | |  |
| 2.2.30 | | | In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! | | |  |
|  | | | Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! | | |  |
|  | | | For such as we are made of, such we be. | | |  |
|  | | | How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly; | | |  |
|  | | | And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; | | |  |
| 2.2.35 | | | And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. | | |  |
|  | | | What will become of this? As I am man, | | |  |
| My state is desperate for my master's love; | |  | | |
|  | | As I am woman—now alas the day!— | | |  | |
|  | | What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! | | |  | |
| 2.2.40 | | O time! thou must untangle this, not I; | | |  | |
| 2.2.41 | | It is too hard a knot for me to untie! | | |  | |
|  | | Act 3, Scene 1 | | |  | |
| Clown |  | | |
|  | Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, | | |  | | |
|  | it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but | | |  | | |
| 3.1.40 | 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. | | |  | | |
|  | Hold, there's expenses for thee. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **Clown** | | |  | | |
|  | Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee | | |  | | |
| 3.1.45 | a beard! | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **VIOLA** | | |  | | |
|  | By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one— | | |  | | |
|  | [*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. | | |  | | |
|  | Is thy lady within? | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **Clown** | | |  | | |
|  | Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **VIOLA** | | |  | | |
| 3.1.50 | Yes, being kept together and put to use. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **Clown** | | |  | | |
|  | I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring | | |  | | |
|  | a Cressida to this Troilus. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **VIOLA** | | |  | | |
|  | I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **Clown** | | |  | | |
|  | The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but | | |  | | |
| 3.1.55 | a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. 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 "element," but the | | |  | | |
|  | word is over-worn. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | *Exit Clown* | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |
|  | **VIOLA** | | |  | | |
| 3.1.60 | 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, cheque at every feather | | |  | | |
| 3.1.65 | That comes before his eye. This is a practise | | |  | | |
|  | As full of labour as a wise man's art | | |  | | |
|  | For folly that he wisely shows is fit; | | |  | | |
|  | But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit. | | |  | | |
|  |  | | |  | | |

Act 3, Scene 4

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Will you deny me now? |  |
|  | Is't possible that my deserts to you |  |
|  | Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, |  |
| 3.4.350 | Lest that it make me so unsound a man |  |
|  | As to upbraid you with those kindnesses |  |
|  | That I have done for you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | I know of none; |  |
|  | Nor know I you by voice or any feature: |  |
|  | I hate ingratitude more in a man |  |
| 3.4.355 | Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, |  |
|  | Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  Inhabits our frail blood.  … |  |
| ANTONIO | Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here |  |
| 3.4.360 | I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, |  |
|  | Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, |  |
|  | And to his image, which methought did promise |  |
|  | Most venerable worth, did I devotion. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **First Officer** |  |
|  | What's that to us? The time goes by; away! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
| 3.4.365 | But O how vild an idol proves this god! |  |
|  | Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. |  |
|  | In nature there's no blemish but the mind; |  |
|  | None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. |  |
|  | Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil |  |
| 3.4.370 | Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.  Act 4, Scene 1 |  |
|  |  |  |
| *Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.1 | Will you make me believe that I am not sent |  |
|  | for you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow, |  |
|  | Let me be clear of thee. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.5 | Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you, |  |
|  | nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you |  |
|  | come speak with her; nor your name is not Master |  |
|  | Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing |  |
|  | that is so is so. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.10 | I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else; |  |
|  | Thou know'st not me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some |  |
|  | great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my |  |
|  | folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, |  |
| 4.1.15 | will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy |  |
|  | strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my |  |
|  | lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. |  |
|  | There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, |  |
| 4.1.20 | I shall give worse payment. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These |  |
|  | wise men that give fools money get themselves |  |
|  | a good report—after fourteen years' purchase. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Now, sir, have I met you again? there's |  |
| 4.1.25 | for you. [*Strikes Sebastian*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. |  |
|  | [*Strikes Sir Andrew*] Are all the people mad? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *SEBASTIAN draws his dagger* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the |  |
|  | house. [*Seizes Sebastian's arm.*] |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
| 4.1.30 | This will I tell my lady straight. I would not |  |
|  | be in some of your coats for two pence. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exit Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come on, sir; hold! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work |  |
|  | with him; I'll have an action of battery against |  |
| 4.1.35 | him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I |  |
|  | struck him first, yet it's no matter for that. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Let go thy hand. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my |  |
|  | young soldier, put up your iron; you are well |  |
| 4.1.40 | fleshed. Come on. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I will be free from thee. [*Breaks away and* |  |
|  | *draws his sword.*] What wouldst thou now? |  |
|  | If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or |  |
|  | two of this malapert blood from you. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 4.1.45 | Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Madam— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, |  |
|  | Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, |  |
|  | Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! |  |
| 4.1.50 | Be not offended, dear Cesario. |  |
|  | Rudesby, be gone! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW,* |  |
|  | *and FABIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | I prithee, gentle friend, |  |
|  | Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway |  |
|  | In this uncivil and unjust extent |  |
|  | Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, |  |
| 4.1.55 | And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks |  |
|  | This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby |  |
|  | Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go; |  |
|  | Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, |  |
|  | He started one poor heart of mine in thee. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.60 | What relish is in this? How runs the stream? |  |
|  | Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. |  |
|  | Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; |  |
|  | If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
| 4.1.65 | Madam, I will. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, say so, and so be! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt*  Act 5, Scene 1 |  |
| **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Orsino, noble sir, |  |
|  | Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me. |  |
|  | Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, |  |
| 5.1.75 | Though I confess, on base and ground enough, |  |
|  | Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: |  |
|  | That most ingrateful boy there by your side |  |
|  | From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth |  |
|  | Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: |  |
| 5.1.80 | His life I gave him and did thereto add |  |
|  | My love, without retention or restraint, |  |
|  | All his in dedication. For his sake |  |
|  | Did I expose myself (pure for his love) |  |
|  | Into the danger of this adverse town; |  |
| 5.1.85 | Drew to defend him when he was beset; |  |
|  | Where being apprehended, his false cunning, |  |
|  | (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) |  |
|  | Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, |  |
|  | And grew a twenty years removed thing |  |
| 5.1.90 | While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, |  |
|  | Which I had recommended to his use |  |
|  | Not half an hour before. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | How can this be? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | When came he to this town? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | To-day, my lord; and for three months before, |  |
| 5.1.95 | No interim, not a minute's vacancy, |  |
|  | Both day and night did we keep company. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter OLIVIA and Attendants* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth. |  |
|  | But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness: |  |
|  | Three months this youth hath tended upon me, |  |
| 5.1.100 | But more of that anon. Take him aside. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What would my lord, but that he may not have, |  |
|  | Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? |  |
|  | Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Madam! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.105 | Gracious Olivia— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | My lord would speak; my duty hushes me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, |  |
|  | It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear |  |
| 5.1.110 | As howling after music. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Still so cruel? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Still so constant, lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady, |  |
|  | To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars |  |
|  | My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out |  |
| 5.1.115 | That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Even what it please my lord, that shall become him. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Why should I not (had I the heart to do it) |  |
|  | Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, |  |
|  | Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy |  |
| 5.1.120 | That sometimes savours nobly), but hear me this: |  |
|  | Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, |  |
|  | And that I partly know the instrument |  |
|  | That screws me from my true place in your favour, |  |
|  | Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still. |  |
| 5.1.125 | But this your minion, whom I know you love, |  |
|  | And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, |  |
|  | Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, |  |
|  | Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. |  |
|  | Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief: |  |
| 5.1.130 | I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, |  |
|  | To spite a raven's heart within a dove. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, |  |
|  | To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Where goes Cesario? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | After him I love |  |
| 5.1.135 | More than I love these eyes, more than my life, |  |
|  | More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. |  |
|  | If I do feign, you witnesses above |  |
|  | Punish my life for tainting of my love! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 5.1.140 | Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? |  |
|  | Call forth the holy father. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Come, away! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Husband! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Ay, husband. Can he that deny? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.145 | Her husband, sirrah! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | No, my lord, not I. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear |  |
|  | That makes thee strangle thy propriety. |  |
|  | Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; |  |
|  | Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art |  |
| 5.1.150 | As great as that thou fear'st. |  |
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|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be |  |
| 5.1.165 | When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? |  |
|  | Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, |  |
|  | That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? |  |
|  | Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet |  |
|  | Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
| 5.1.170 | My lord, I do protest— |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | O, do not swear! |  |
|  | Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently |  |
|  | to Sir Toby. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | What's the matter? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.175 | H'as broke my head across and has given Sir |  |
|  | Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of |  |
|  | God, your help! I had rather than forty pound |  |
|  | I were at home. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Who has done this, Sir Andrew? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.180 | The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took |  |
|  | him for a coward, but he's the very devil |  |
|  | incardinate. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | My gentleman, Cesario? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for |  |
| 5.1.185 | nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't |  |
|  | by Sir Toby. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: |  |
|  | You drew your sword upon me without cause; |  |
|  | But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
| 5.1.190 | If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. |  |
|  | I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Clown* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Here comes Sir Toby halting—you shall hear more. |  |
|  | But if he had not been in drink, he would have |  |
|  | tickled you othergates than he did. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
| 5.1.195 | How now, gentleman! how is't with you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | That's all one. H'as hurt me, and there's the end |  |
|  | on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **Clown** |  |
|  | O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes |  |
|  | were set at eight i' the morning. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
| 5.1.200 | Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. |  |
|  | I hate a drunken rogue. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Away with him! Who hath made this havoc |  |
|  | with them? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR ANDREW** |  |
|  | I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed |  |
| 5.1.205 | together. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SIR TOBY BELCH** |  |
|  | Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb |  |
|  | and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH,* |  |
|  | *and SIR ANDREW* |  |
|  | *Enter SEBASTIAN* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman, |  |
| 5.1.210 | But, had it been the brother of my blood, |  |
|  | I must have done no less with wit and safety. |  |
|  | You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that |  |
|  | I do perceive it hath offended you: |  |
|  | Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows |  |
| 5.1.215 | We made each other but so late ago. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, |  |
|  | A natural perspective, that is and is not! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Antonio, O my dear Antonio! |  |
|  | How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, |  |
| 5.1.220 | Since I have lost thee! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | Sebastian are you? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | Fear'st thou that, Antonio? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **ANTONIO** |  |
|  | How have you made division of yourself? |  |
|  | An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin |  |
|  | Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
| 5.1.225 | Most wonderful! |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** [*Seeing "Cesario"*] |  |
|  | Do I stand there? I never had a brother; |  |
|  | Nor can there be that deity in my nature, |  |
|  | Of here and every where. I had a sister, |  |
|  | Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. |  |
| 5.1.230 | Of charity, what kin are you to me? |  |
|  | What countryman? what name? what parentage? |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father; |  |
|  | Such a Sebastian was my brother too, |  |
|  | So went he suited to his watery tomb: |  |
| 5.1.235 | If spirits can assume both form and suit |  |
|  | You come to fright us. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | A spirit I am indeed, |  |
|  | But am in that dimension grossly clad |  |
|  | Which from the womb I did participate. |  |
|  | Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, |  |
| 5.1.240 | I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, |  |
|  | And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | My father had a mole upon his brow. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | And so had mine. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And died that day when Viola from her birth |  |
| 5.1.245 | Had number'd thirteen years. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** |  |
|  | O, that record is lively in my soul! |  |
|  | He finished indeed his mortal act |  |
|  | That day that made my sister thirteen years. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | If nothing lets to make us happy both |  |
| 5.1.250 | But this my masculine usurp'd attire, |  |
|  | Do not embrace me till each circumstance |  |
|  | Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump |  |
|  | That I am Viola—which to confirm, |  |
|  | I'll bring you to a captain in this town, |  |
| 5.1.255 | Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help |  |
|  | I was preserved to serve this noble count. |  |
|  | All the occurrence of my fortune since |  |
|  | Hath been between this lady and this lord. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **SEBASTIAN** [*To OLIVIA*] |  |
|  | So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: |  |
| 5.1.260 | But nature to her bias drew in that. |  |
|  | You would have been contracted to a maid, |  |
|  | Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, |  |
|  | You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. |  |
| 5.1.265 | If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, |  |
|  | I shall have share in this most happy wrack. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | *To VIOLA* |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times |  |
|  | Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | And all those sayings will I over swear; |  |
| 5.1.270 | And those swearings keep as true in soul |  |
|  | As doth that orbed continent the fire |  |
|  | That severs day from night. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **DUKE ORSINO** |  |
|  | Give me thy hand, |  |
|  | And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **VIOLA** |  |
|  | The captain that did bring me first on shore |  |
| 5.1.275 | Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action |  |
|  | Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, |  |
|  | A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | **OLIVIA** |  |
|  | He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither. |  |
|  | And yet, alas, now I remember me, |  |
| 5.1.280 | They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. |  |
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