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Twelfth Sight By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH DETAILED NOTES

FROM THE WORLD'S

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SHAKESPEARE STUDIES

EDITED BY BARBARA A. MOWAT AND PAUL WERSTINE

ACT 1

Scene 1 Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords, with Musicians playing.

ORSINO If music be the food of love, play on. Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken and so die. That strain again! It had a dying fall. O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more. 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou, That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe'er, But falls into abatement and low price Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO What, Curio?

CURIO The hart.

ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

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Methought she purged the air of pestilence. That instant was I turned into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now, what news from her?

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VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But like a cloistress she will veilèd walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine—all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

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ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

They exit.

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Scene 2 Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

VIOLA What country, friends, is this? CAPTAIN This is Illyria, lady. VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

| 11 | Iweifth Night | ACT 1. SC. 2 |
|--------------------|--|---|
| My brothe | er he is in Elysium. | |
| Perchance sailors? | e he is not drowned.—What | t think you, |
| CAPTAIN | | |
| It is perch | nance that you yourself were | e saved. |
| VIOLA | | |
| O, my poo | or brother! And so perchance | e may he be. |
| CAPTAIN | and the state of t | |
| True, mad | lam. And to comfort you wi | th chance, |
| Assure you | urself, after our ship did spl | lit, |
| When you | and those poor number sa | ved with you |
| Hung on | our driving boat, I saw your | brother, |
| | ident in peril, bind himself | I DO THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE |
| (Courage | and hope both teaching him | n the practice) |
| To a stron | g mast that lived upon the s | sea, |
| Where, lik | ke Arion on the dolphin's l | back, |
| I saw him | hold acquaintance with the | waves |
| So long as | I could see. | |
| VIOLA, givin | g him money For saying so | o, there's gold. |
| Mine own | escape unfoldeth to my hop | pe, 2 |
| Whereto t | hy speech serves for author | ity, |
| The like o | f him. Know'st thou this con | untry? |
| CAPTAIN | | |
| Ay, madar | n, well, for I was bred and b | oorn |
| Not three | hours' travel from this very | place. |
| VIOLA Who | governs here? | 2 |
| CAPTAIN | | |
| A noble di | ike, in nature as in name. | |
| VIOLA What | t is his name? | |
| CAPTAIN Or | sino. | |
| VIOLA | | |
| | have heard my father name | him. |
| He was a | bachelor then. | 3 |

CAPTAIN And so is now, or was so very late; For but a month ago I went from hence,

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Essay by Catherine Belsey

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