

*VIOLA is dressed as "Cesario" and has come before the court of Duke Orsino to offer his services. VIOLA is infatuated with Orsino, but cannot tell him. ORSINO has no idea Cesario is a woman, however, has only been there three days and has taken a particular liking to this young man.*

DUKE ORSINO      Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA              On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE ORSINO      Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
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  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE ORSINO      Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds  
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA              Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE ORSINO      O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:  
It shall become thee well to act my woes.

VIOLA              I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO      Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Prosper well in this,



Between that love a woman can bear me  
And 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 melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE ORSINO        But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA                   I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO        Ay, that's the theme.