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,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. Exeunt ORSINO.

VIOLA I'll do my best

To woo your lady:

Aside. CURIO and VALENTINE over hear this.

yet, a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. Exeunt

SIDE 2 - ORSINO continues to ask VIOLA to woo the lady OLIVIA. VIOLA knows full well that Olivia does not love him - but she does - however, she cannot tell him her true identity.

DUKE ORSINO Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty, Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.

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 heart As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE ORSINO There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

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.