

**Side #1 — Duke Orsino
(Act I. Scene 1. Line 1)**

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, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
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.

Side #2 — Viola
(Act II. Scene 2. Line 17)

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
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.
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
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;
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!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

**Side #3: Viola and Olivia
(Act I. Scene 5. Line 266)**

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense.
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 contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me.

**Side #4: Feste and Maria
(Act I. Scene 5. Line 1)**

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FESTE

Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

MARIA

You will be hanged for being so long absent. Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FESTE

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA

You are resolute, then?

FESTE

Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA

That if one break, the other will hold, or if both break, your gaskins fall.

FESTE

Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace, you rogue. No more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

FESTE

(Aside) Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit." — God bless thee, lady!

Side #5: Malvolio

(Act II. Scene 5. Line 164)

(Finishes reading note.)

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this... that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

(Reads again.)

“Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.”

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Side #6 — Viola and Olivia

(Act I. Scene 5. Line 243)

VIOLA

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted! I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be
inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled
to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*,
two gray eyes with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one
chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?
How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more—
Unless perchance you come to me again

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.
(She offers money.)

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.

(She exits.)

OLIVIA

"What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee fivefold blazon.
Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

Side #7 — Sebastian

(Act IV. Scene 3. Line 1)

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness...
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Side #8 — Sir Andrew and Sir Toby

(Act I. Scene 3. Line 80)

TOBY

O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see thee so put down?

ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

TOBY

No question.

ANDREW

An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

ANDREW

What is "*pourquoi*"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but

followed the arts! Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby.
Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one
she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by
woos her.

TOBY

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

And I think I have the back-trick simply as
strong as any man in Illyria.

TOBY

Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have
these gifts a curtain before 'em? Is it a world to hide
virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy
leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

ANDREW

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some
revels?

Side #9 — Sir Toby and Malvolio
(Act 2. Scene 3. Line 60)

TOBY

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

[Raucous dancing. Malvolio enters.]

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

TOBY

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would

please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

TOBY

Out o' tune, sir? You lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—
A stoup of wine, Maria!

Side #10 — Maria

(Act 2. Scene 3. Line 145)

MARIA

The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work...

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

I know my physic will work with him.

I will plant you two, and let the

Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter.

Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Side #11 – Orsino and Viola
(Act II. Scene 4. Line 16)

ORSINO:

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is 't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

ORSINO

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord. Ay, but I know
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.

ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' 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.

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?

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.

Side #12 – Antonio
(Act V. Scene 1. Line 69)

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
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 wrack past hope he was.
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;
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
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.