

## VIOLA – THE TWELFTH NIGHT – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“I left no ring with her: what means this Lady:  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm’s 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, if 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 t’ untie.”

*Exit*