

## ACT I

### 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,  
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.

How now, what news from her?

CURIO

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.

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.*