Twelfth Night Memory Passages

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Choose memory passages from the following pages. Then print out this first page along with any other page on which your passages appear. You must memorize passages whose **line totals add up to 25**. Also, you must recite at least **one passage that is longer than 12 lines or longer**, and you may **not** recite more than two passages that are shorter than 5 lines. Your lines may total up to 30 lines, but no more. When you recite a passage, you must (1) **identify the speaker**, (2) **identify the act and scene**, and (3) **explain the context** in which the passage is spoken.

Act I, Scene 1, Lines 1-15

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..

out of 15 lines

Act I, Scene 5, Lines 89-95

Olivia

O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

out of 7 lines

Act I, Scene 5, Lines 266-279

Viola and Olivia

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.

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Act II, Scene 2, Lines 17-41

Viola

I left no ring with her. What means this lady? [She picks up the ring.]

Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her! She made good view of me, indeed so much That 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!

out of 25 lines

Act II, Scene 3, Lines 48-53

Feste

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter.

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I.

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

out of 6 lines

Act II, Scene 5, Lines 147-163

Malvolio (reading)

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, *The Fortunate-Unhappy.*

out of 17 lines

Act III, Scene 1, Lines 152-164

Olivia

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is
noon.—

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

out of 12 lines

Act III. Scene 4. Lines 70-90

Malvolio

O ho, do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter: "Cast thy humble slough," says she. "Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity," and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to." "Fellow!" Not "Malvolio," nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can

be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

out of 21 lines

Act IV, Scene 3, Lines 1-4, 8-22

Sebastian

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. Where's Antonio, then?
His counsel now might do me golden service.
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 deceivable. But here the lady comes.

out of 18 lines

Act V, Scene 1, Lines 119-134

Orsino

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in
mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

out of 15 lines

Act V, Scene 1, Lines 226-227

Orsino

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons! A natural perspective, that is and is not!

out of 2 lines