

# Twelfth Night

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Twelfth Night](#) | Act 1, Scene 4  
[Previous scene](#) | [Next scene](#)

## SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire*

### VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favours towards you,  
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath  
known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

### VIOLA

You either fear his humour or my negligence, that  
you call in question the continuance of his love:  
is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

### VALENTINE

No, believe me.

### VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants*

### DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

### VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord; here.

### DUKE ORSINO

Stand you a while aloof, 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;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

## 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. Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

## VIOLA

I'll do my best  
To woo your lady:

*Aside*

yet, a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*Exeunt*