

Twelfth Night: Act One Scene Five

1. Below are some quotations from Act One Scene Five (lines 81-266).
 2. Copy, or cut, out each speech.
 3. Write by the tail of each speech bubble who is speaking.
 4. Next write out what you think they are talking about and why they are saying it.
-

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home – what you will to dismiss it.

'Tis a gentleman here –
[Hiccuping] a plague
o'these pickle herring!
How not, sot?

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple.

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty – I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

Good madam, let me see your face.

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned 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!

What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

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.

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not. Tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him.