Twelfth Night  Act 1  Scene 4

ORSINO [to CURIOS and attendants] Stand you a while
aloof.  [To VIOLA] Cesario,
Thou know'rt no less but all.  I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait into her,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou hast audience.

VIOLA Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
ORSINO Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,1
Rather than make unprofited2 return.

VIOLA Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
ORSINO O then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise3 her with discourse of my dear4 faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes—
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's5 of more grave aspect.6

VIOLA I think not so, my lord.
ORSINO Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet6 belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious;7 thy small pipe8
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,9
And all is semblative10 a woman's part.
I know thy constellation11 is right apt
For this affair. [To CURIOS and attendants] Some four or
five attend him.