

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Twelfth Night

Ensemble Ring Speech

JOHN-

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

ALLY-

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

LIAM-

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.

EDMUND-

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.

ANNE-

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

NATALIE-

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

VICTOR-

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.

LILA-

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!

OLIVER-

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

ENSEMBLE-

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!