



Twelfth Night 1.2.1-26

Group 1 – *This group has it easy.*

What country, friends, is this?

This is Illyria, lady.

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Group 2

Perchance he is not drowned. –What think you, sailors?

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

True, madam. And to comfort you with chance,

Group 3

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself



Group 4

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

Group 5

So long as I could see.
For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto they speech serves for authority,
The like of him.

Group 6 – *This group has one extra line.*

Know'st thou this country?
Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Who governs here?
A noble duke, in nature as in name.