

SC. I.] TWELFTH NIGHT

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her  
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola : which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle  
help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEB. [*To OLIVIA*] So comes it, lady, you have been  
mistook :

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid ;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.