

TWELFTH NIGHT [ACT V.]

ANT. Sebastian are you?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLI. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
vour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say, 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine.