

Audition Scene 1: Orsino, Curio, Valentine

[Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending]

- **Orsino.** If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again!
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
- **Curio** Will you go hunt, my lord?
- **Orsino** What, Curio?
- **Curio** The hart.
- **Orsino** Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.
[Enter VALENTINE]
How now! what news from her?
- **Valentine** So please my lord,
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
- **Orsino** O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.