

**SEBASTIAN (Speech)**

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weighed between loathness and obedience at  
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,  
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them.  
The fault's your own.

## Dialogue with ANTONIO

### SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

### ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' climate.

### SEBASTIAN

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

### ANTONIO

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? – No more.  
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

### SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

### ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

### SEBASTIAN

I do, and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open – standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

### ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep – die, rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

### SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

**ANTONIO**

I am more serious than my custom. You  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

**SEBASTIAN**

Well, I am standing water.

**ANTONIO**

I'll teach you how to flow.

**SEBASTIAN**

Do so – to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

**ANTONIO**

O!  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it, how in stripping it  
You more invest it – ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

**SEBASTIAN**

Prithee, say on.  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

**ANTONIO**

Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded –  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade – the king his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned  
As he that sleeps here swims.

**SEBASTIAN**

I have no hope  
That he's undrowned.

**ANTONIO**

O, out of that 'no hope'  
What great hope have you!