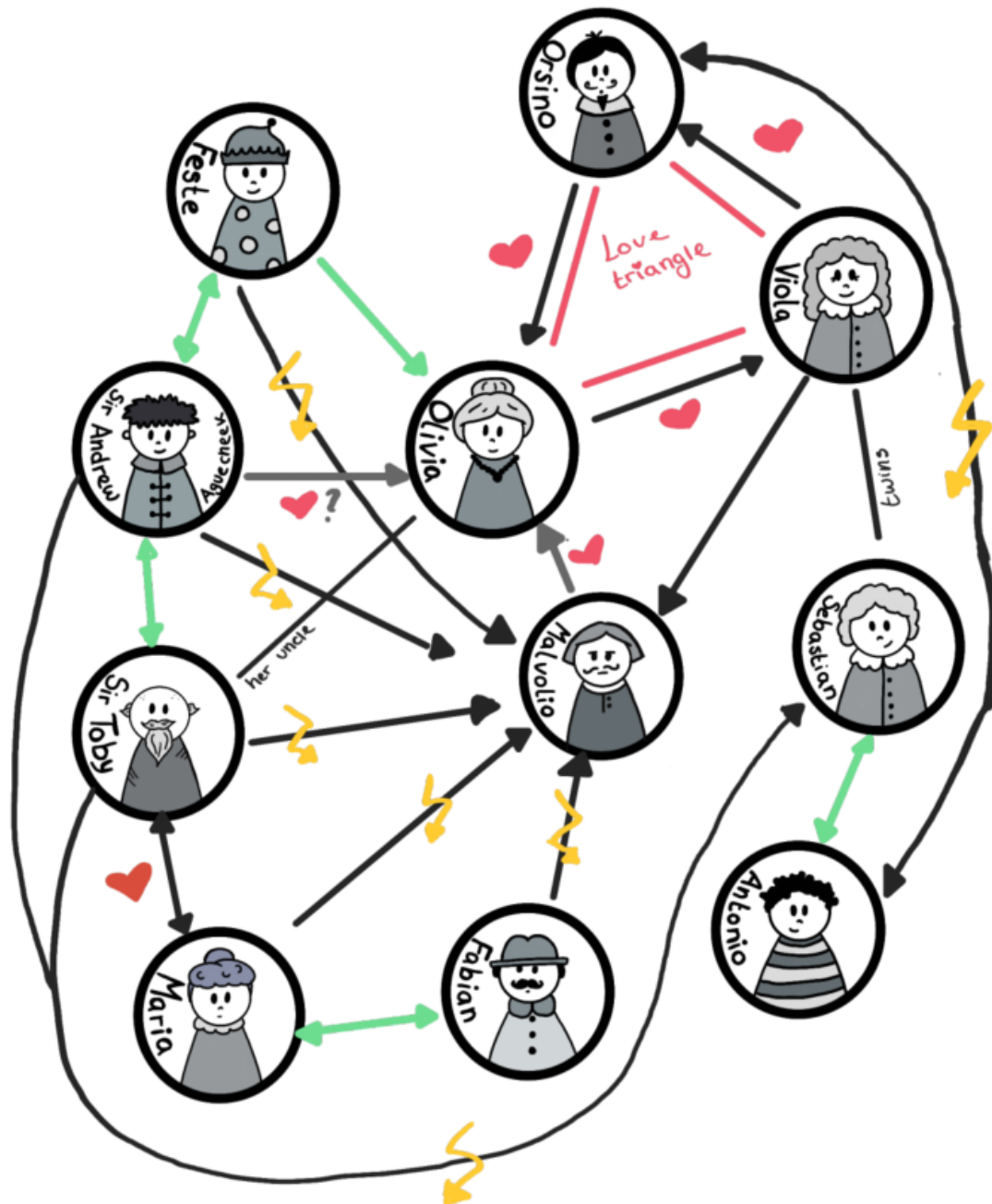


## WS 1: Character relationships in *Twelfth Night* (solutions)



**Quotes about the character relationships (based on the CSS edition<sup>1</sup> of *Twelfth Night*):**

<b>Orsino and Viola</b>	<p><i>Yet a barful strife!</i>  <i>Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.</i>          (CSS, I, v, l. 40-41)</p> <p><i>My father had a daughter loved a man</i>  <i>As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,</i>  <i>I should your lordship.</i>          (CSS, II, iv, l. 103-105)</p> <p><i>Give me thy hand.</i>  <i>And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.</i>          (CSS, V, i, l. 257-258)</p> <p><i>Cesario come-</i>  <i>For so shall be while you are a man,</i>  <i>But when in other habits you are seen,</i>  <i>Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen</i>          (CSS, V, i, l. 362-365)</p>
<b>Orsino and Olivia</b>	<p><i>O when my eyes did see Olivia first,</i>  <i>Methought she purged the air of pestilence;</i>  <i>That instance I was turned into a hart.</i>          (CSS, I, i, l. 19-21)</p> <p><i>O then unfold the passion of my love,</i>          (CSS, I, iv, l. 23)</p>
<b>Olivia and Viola</b>	<p><i>Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit</i>  <i>Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft! Soft!</i>          (...)  <i>Even so quickly may one catch the plague?</i>  <i>Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections</i>  <i>With an invisible and subtle stealth.</i>          (CSS, V, i, l. 247-252)</p> <p><i>Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!</i>          (...)  <i>She loves me sure.</i>          (CSS, II, ii, l. 15-19)</p> <p><i>Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay!</i>          (CSS, V, i, l. 133)</p>
<b>Orsino and Antonio</b>	<p><i>I have many enemies in Orsino's court.</i>          (CSS, II, i, l. 33)</p>

<sup>1</sup> [***Twelfth Night*, CSS edition**] Shakespeare, William: *Twelfth Night* (Cambridge School Shakespeare, edited by Anthony Partington and Richard Spencer). Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2014.

<b>Sebastian and Antonio</b>	<p>If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant. (CSS, II, i, l. 26)</p> <p><i>His life I gave him and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town.</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 69-73)</p> <p><i>My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks.</i> (CSS, III, iii, l. 13-15)</p> <p><i>Antonio! O my dear Antonio, How have the hours racked and tortured my, Since I have lost thee!</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 202-204)</p>
<b>Sebastian and Viola</b>	<p><i>O my poor brother!</i> (CSS, I, ii, l. 7)</p> <p><i>Prove true, imagination, O prove true, That I dear brother, be now tane for you!</i> (CSS, III, iv, l. 326)</p> <p><i>I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 212-213)</p>
<b>Sebastian and Olivia</b>	<p><i>I'll follow this good man, and go with you, And having sworn truth, ever will be true.</i> (CSS, IV, iii, l. 32-33)</p>
<b>Sir Toby and Maria</b>	<p><i>Well; go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.</i> (CSS, I, v, l. 27-28)</p> <p><i>Sweet Sir Toby</i> (CSS, II, iii, l. 112)</p> <p><i>In recompense whereof he hath married her.</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 343)</p>
<b>Olivia and Feste</b>	<p>Feste calls Olivia "madonna" or "my princess". (CSS, V, i, l. 279)</p>

<b>Olivia and Malvolio</b>	<p><i>How will she love me when the rich golden shaft Hath killed the flock of all affections else That live in her?</i> (CSS, I, ii, l. 35-37)</p> <p><i>Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.</i> (CSS, III, iv, l. 5-6)</p> <p><i>To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.</i> (CSS, III, iv, l. 28)</p>
<b>Sir Toby and Sebastian</b>	<p><i>I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 193)</p>
<b>Sir Toby and Olivia</b>	<p><i>With drinking health to my niece!</i> (CSS, I, iii, l. 31)</p>
<b>Malvolio and Fabian / Maria/ Sir Toby / Sir Andrew</b>	<p><i>Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention played on? Tell me why?</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 320-323)</p> <p><i>I'll revenged the whole pack of you!</i> (CSS, V, i, l. 350)</p>
<b>Maria and Sir Andrew</b>	<p><i>He's a very fool and a prodigal.</i> (CSS, I, iii, l. 19)</p> <p><i>He hath the gif of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling.</i> (CSS, I, iii, l. 25)</p>
<b>Sir Andrew and Olivia</b>	<p><i>What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.</i> (CSS, I, iii, l. 1-2)</p>