

*Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare

Act IV, Scene iii

SEBASTIAN:

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?  
His counsel now might do me a golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
that I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad.  
Or else the lady's mad: yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does. There's something in't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes