

No one can believe what they're seeing.

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Two people with one face, one voice and the same clothing.
It's a trick of the eye that can't be true, yet is.

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Did you divide yourself in half? The two halves of an apple couldn't be more alike than these two people.
Which is Sebastian?

Most wonderful.
It's amazing!



Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges
have devoured...

Were you a woman as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

Is that me? I never had a brother - and
it's impossible I could be in two places
at the same time. I had a sister, but she
drowned in the hungry sea. Otherwise,
if you'd been a woman, I'd wet your face
with tears and say, 'Welcome, welcome,
welcome, my drowned Viola!'

If nothing lets to make us happy
both,
But this my masculine usurped
attire,
Do not embrace me till each
circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere
and jump
That I am Viola.

If it's only my borrowed male
clothes which are getting in the
way of our happiness, hold
back until I've fully explained
everything and proved that
I really am Viola.