

Viola  
ORSINO

IS  
IS  
DO  
IS

IS THIS NOT LOVE THAT WE'RE FEELING?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE?

ORSINO

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. Tell her my love.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

FESTE

I'M DESPONDENCE DRESSED LIKE CONFIDENCE  
A LAMB IN LION'S CLOTHES  
I WANNA HOLD YOU SO BAD  
AND I'M NOT THE ONE YOU CHOSE  
BUT SOMETIMES YOUR EYES CATCH MINE  
AND I DARE THINK IT  
OH I THINK YOU KNOW IT

IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE THAT I FEEL FOR YOU?  
DO YOU FEEL IT TOO?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE THAT WE'RE FEELING?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE?

VIOLA

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?

ORSINO

Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know---

ORSINO

What dost thou know?

**VIOLA**

Too well what love women to men may owe: In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man As it might be, perhaps, were I woman, I should your lordship.

**ORSINO**

And what's her history?

**VIOLA**

She never told her love. She pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief.  
Was not this love indeed?

**ORSINO**

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA**

...I know not.

**FESTE**

WILL I DIE WITHOUT SAYING A THING?  
WILL I WAIT HERE FOR YEARS SILENTLY?  
OR WILL I RISK IT ALL  
LAY BARE MY HEART  
AND SAY IT BABY,  
OH I GOTTA SAY IT BABY

IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE THAT I FEEL FOR YOU?  
OH I KNOW YOU FEEL IT TOO

IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE THAT WE'RE FEELING  
WE'RE FEELIN'  
I KNOW WE'RE FEELIN' IT, YEAH,

IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT LOVE?  
IS THIS NOT...

**VIOLA**

Sir, shall I to this lady?

**ORSINO**

To her in haste. Give her this jewel.

*(VIOLA exits)*