Act 1 Scene 2

Viola has been saved from a shipwreck, but it seems that her twin brother is lost; she decides to seek service in Illyria, disguised as a boy.

Viola

What country, friends, is this?

Captain

This is Illyria, lady.

Viola

And what should I do in Illyria?

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Captain

It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Captain

True, madam, and to comfort you with chance, Assure yourself, after our ship did split, When you and those poor number sav'd with you Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother, Most provident in peril, bind himself (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice) To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea; Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves So long as I could see.

Viola

For saying so, there's gold: Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,