

Antonio:

Orsino: Noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

Antonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,

Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

Orsino's enimie. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingratefull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde

My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing

While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,

Which I had recommended to his vse,

Not halfe an houre before.