

Seb. What a strange drowfiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent;
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might?
Worthy *Sebastian* — O, what might? — no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather: wink'st
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so, if you heed me; which to do,
Troubles thee not.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it

You