

Joel Feigin

# Twelfth Night

*Opera in two acts  
after Shakespeare's comedy*

## Libretto

## Cast

Viola	full lyric soprano
Olivia	light lyric soprano
Orsino	full lyric tenor
Sebastian	light lyric tenor
Feste	baritone
Malvolio	baritone
Sir Toby Belch	bass
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	tenor
Maria	coloratura soprano
Antonio	bass
Fabian *	baritone
A Captain *	baritone
Officer **	baritone
Priest**	baritone

Attendants on Orsino and Olivia, Officers.  
(small chorus, SATB: if need be, 2 to a part is sufficient)

\* The parts of the Captain and Fabian may be taken by the same singer.

\*\*These parts may be taken by members of the chorus.

# Twelfth Night

## Act One

### Scene One. The coast of Illyria.

Sounds of a sea-storm; Viola's voice is heard stage left, Sebastian's voice stage right.

Sebastian.     Viola!  
                  Beloved sister,  
                  my twin!  
Viola.           Sebastian!  
                  Beloved brother,  
                  my twin!

They are separated. The storm rises to its height; in the distance a ship is seen splitting. A little later Viola and Sebastian are seen coming into shore, calling faintly to each other.

Viola.           Sebastian!  
Sebastian.     Viola!

Behind a scrim, the lights go up on Viola and the Captain, stage left, and Sebastian and Antonio, stage right.

Viola.           What country, friends, is this?  
Sebastian.     What country's this?  
Captain.        This is Illyria, lady.  
Antonio.        This is Illyria, sir.  
Viola.           What should I do in Illyria?  
                  My brother, he is in Elysium.  
                  What should I do here now?  
Sebastian.     What should I do in Illyria?  
                  My sister, she is in Elysium.  
                  Born in an hour--oh, would we had so ended.

Sebastian collapses in Antonio's arms.

Antonio.        My darling boy—

Viola and the Captain continue--

Viola. Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you, Captain?  
 Captain. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.  
 Viola. So may he be, so may he be.  
 Viola. Know'st thou this country?  
 Captain. Well. Orsino governs here.  
 Viola. My father named him.  
 He was a bachelor then.  
 Captain. Yes, but he seeks the love of fair Olivia--  
 Viola. Who's she?  
 Captain. A countess, who, since her brother's death,  
 avoids the sight of men.  
 Viola. O, that I served that lady.  
 Captain. She will admit no suit,  
 no, not the duke's.  
 Viola. Good Captain, conceal me. Give me aid in my disguise.  
 I'll serve this Duke, for I can sing  
 and speak to him in many sorts of music.  
 Captain. I'll help you.

The Captain helps Viola disguise herself as a man, stage left.  
 Sebastian awakens, stage right.

Sebastian. Antonio, forgive me your trouble.  
 Antonio. Will you have me go with you?  
 Sebastian. No, no, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.  
 Antonio. Let me be your servant.  
 Sebastian. No: Fare ye well at once;  
 upon the least occasion  
 my eyes will tell tales of me.  
 Viola. I'll serve this Duke, for I can sing  
 and speak to him in many sorts of music.  
 Antonio. The gentleness of all the gods  
 go with thee in this thy golden time,  
 master-mistress of my passion!  
 Captain. He is a noble Duke, in nature as in name.  
 He seeks the love of fair Olivia.  
 Sebastian. I am bound for Orsino's court:  
 Farewell. (Exit, stage right)  
 Antonio. I have many enemies in Orsino's court.  
 But I do adore thee,  
 and I will go. (exit, stage right.)  
 Viola. I thank thee. Lead on.  
 (to Captain)

Viola and the Captain exit stage left. The lights dim

**Scene 2. Olivia's house.**

Enter Feste quickly.

Feste. Foolery, foolery, foolery!  
(to the audience) Feste, the jester, friends,  
the fool who delighted Olivia's father.  
God give them wisdom that have it,  
but as for fools, let them use their talents.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria

Toby. What means my niece  
to take the death of her brother thus?  
Maria. Sir Toby!  
Toby. Care's an enemy to life.  
Maria. Sir Toby, this quaffing and drinking  
will undo you. And that foolish knight --

Enter Sir Andrew.

Toby. Sir Andrew Aguecheek!  
Andrew. Sir Toby Belch! Sweet Sir Toby!  
Bless you, fair shrew!  
Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.  
Andrew. Fair Maria, do you think  
you have fools in hand?  
Maria. I have not you by the hand.  
Farewell.

Toby and Andrew freeze in place.  
Maria pretends to exit, but instead turns to the fool.

Maria. Feste!  
Where hast thou been?  
You will be turned away,  
or my lady will hang thee  
for thy absence.  
Clown. Let her!  
He that's well hung  
needs to fear no colors.  
Maria. Rogue!

Maria runs off. Feste follows her laughing.  
Toby and Andrew resume their dialogue

Andrew. I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby.  
Your niece will not be seen.

Toby. There's life in 't, man.  
There's life in 't, man.

Andrew. I'll stay a month longer.  
I am a fellow  
of the strangest mind in the world.  
I delight in masques and revels.

Both We delight in masques and revels.  
Let us set about some revels!

Feste, Maria and Fabian run on and join the others.

All. Revels! Revels!  
We delight in masques and revels!

Toby We have the back-trick  
strong as any in Illyria.

Fabian My walk will be a jig.

Andrew. I will make water  
in a sink-a-pace.

All. Is it a world to hide virtues in?  
We delight in masques and revels!

Exit all but Feste.

Feste. See this age!  
Foolery! Foolery!  
Words are rascals, grown false.  
I am not a fool, but a corrupter of words.

O foolery doth walk the orb like the sun.  
It shines everywhere,  
as often with my mistress  
as with his lord.  
Foolery! Foolery!  
Foolery, foolery, foolery!

### Scene 3: Orsino's court.

Sad music is being played on stage. Viola, disguised as a page-boy, attends Orsino. Feste continues to look on from the side.

Feste. Our new page-boy, Cesario.  
(pointing) And our noble Duke, Orsino--  
Now the melancholy god protect thee.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.  
 Give me excess of it--  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more!  
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
 O spirit of love--

Viola.(aside) Orsino!

Duke. --how quick and fresh art thou,  
 That receiveth as the sea.

Viola (aside) I adore thee!

Duke. So full of shapes is fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

A messenger enters with a letter and hands it to Orsino, who reads it, crumbles it,  
 and throws it on the floor.

Orsino. Cesario!

Viola. My lord. (coming forward)

Duke. Stand you aloof. (to the others)

Exit all but Orsino and Viola, Feste always looking on from the side.

Orsino Cesario, I have unclasped  
 To thee even my secret soul.  
 Therefore, go, and unfold my love.  
 She will attend it best in thy youth.

Viola. Not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;  
 For they deny thy happy years  
 That say thou art a man.  
 Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious,  
 for all resembles a woman's part.  
 Thy constellation is apt  
 For this affair. Prosper well in this  
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord  
 To call his fortune's thine.

Viola. I'll do my best  
 To woo your lady.

Exit Orsino.

Viola(aside) Yet barful strife!  
 Where'er I woo, myself would be his wife.  
 O Orsino, Orsino,  
 Orsino, when my eyes did see you first,

Methought you purged the air of pestilence.  
 That instant was I turned into a hart,  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.  
 Orsino, Orsino--  
 I love you more than I love these eyes,  
 More than my life:  
 I love you more than my life.  
 I love you more than I love my life.

The lights dim.

My brother, how you could help me now!  
 Live still, Sebastian,  
 live upon the sea,  
 hold acquaintance with the waves,  
 live still, Sebastian. (exit)

#### Scene 4: Olivia's house.

The lights suddenly come up on Olivia's house. Feste comes forward and points to where Olivia and attendants--including Malvolio, Maria, and Fabian--are entering.

Feste	My lady Olivia! Wit! Put me into good fooling! The lady Olivia, and Malvolio.
Olivia.	Abandon me to my sorrow. The sun itself shall not behold my face for veiled and sad, I weep once a day my brother's love. I grieve for my dead brother. Oh, abandon me to my sorrow: all this to guard my brother's love in my sad remembrance.
Fool.	Wit, put me into good fooling!

Feste comes forward and approaches Olivia.

Fool	God bless thee, lady!
Olivia	Take the fool away.
Feste	Take away the lady. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
Olivia.	For want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
Feste.	Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Olivia. For my brother's death.  
 Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.  
 Olivia. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.  
 Clown. The more fool, madonna,  
 to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven.  
 Take away the fool, gentlemen.  
 Olivia. What think you of this fool,  
 Malvolio? Does he not mend?  
 Malvolio. Yes, and shall till the pangs of death do shake him.  
 I marvel your ladyship takes delight  
 in such a barren rascal.  
 Olivia. You are sick of self-love.  
 Feste. Thou speakest well of fools.

Enter Sir Toby suddenly, very drunk.

Sir Toby There's one at the gate.  
 There's one at the gate. (he falls down)  
 Olivia. Go, Malvolio. If it's from the Duke, dismiss it. (Exit Malvolio)  
 (to Toby) Who's at the gate?  
 Toby. A plague o' these pickled herring!  
 Olivia. Who is it?  
 Toby. The devil. I care not. (exit noisily.)  
 Olivia. What's a drunken man like?  
 Feste. A drowned man, a fool, and a madman.  
 Olivia. Look after him, he's mad.

Exit Feste, following Toby. Malvolio returns and bows to Olivia--

Malvolio. Madam, yond fellow was told you were sick;  
 he understood so much, and therefore --  
 Olivia. He shall not speak to me.  
 Malvolio. Has been told so; therefore he'll speak with you.  
 Olivia. What manner of man is he?  
 Malvolio. Of very ill manner.  
 Olivia. His person? His years?  
 Malvolio. Not old enough for a man,  
 nor young enough for a boy.  
 Olivia. Let him approach.

Exit Malvolio

(to Maria) Give me my veil; we'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.



Viola. The lady of the house, which is she?  
 Olivia. Speak to me.

Viola. “Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty” --  
 Are you the lady of the house, for I never saw her?  
 Olivia. Are you a comedian?  
 Viola. No; and yet I am not that I play. Are you the lady?  
 Olivia. I am. Begone. If you’re not mad, be brief.  
 Viola. My words are full of peace.  
 Olivia. What are you? What would you?  
 Viola. What I am, and what I would,  
 are as secret as maidenhead:  
 to your ears, divinity;  
 to any other’s, profanation.  
 Olivia. Give us this place alone; we will hear this divinity.

Exit Maria and the other attendants.

Now, sir?  
 Viola. Good madam, let me see your face. (Olivia lifts her veil)  
 ‘Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
 Why refuse to share your beauty?  
 Olivia. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.  
 My beauty shall be inventoried--  
 item, two lips, indifferent red;  
 item, two grey eyes --  
 Viola. You are proud, but you are fair.  
 My lord and master loves you.  
 Olivia. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.  
 I suppose him virtuous, know him noble.  
 But yet I cannot love him:  
 He might have took his answer long ago.  
 Viola. If I did love you in my master’s flame,  
 In your denial I would find no sense;  
 I would not understand it.  
 Olivia. Why, what would you?  
 Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Hallow your name to the reverberate hills  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out “Olivia!” O, you should not rest  
 Between the elements of air and earth  
 But you should pity me.

Olivia.        You'd make me a willow cabin at my gate--  
                   Write loyal cantons—(loses her train of thought)  
                   Hallow my name to the reverberate hills  
                   And make the babbling gossip of the air  
                   Cry out "Olivia!" O, I should not rest  
                   Between the elements of air and earth  
                   But I should pity you.

Olivia.        You might do much. Who are your parents?  
 Viola.        I am a gentleman.

Olivia.                                Get you to your lord:  
                   I cannot love him-- (handing Viola some coins)  
                   Spend this for me.

Viola.        Keep your purse; my master, not myself,  
                   Lacks recompense. Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit Viola. Feste quietly enters from the side.

Olivia.        Not too fast; soft, soft,  
                   Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
                   Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
                   With an invisible and subtle stealth  
                   To creep in at my eyes.  
                   Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit  
                   Do give thee fivefold blazon.  
                   Well--let it be.  
                   I do I know not what.  
                   What is decreed must be -- and be this so.

Exit Olivia.

### **Scene 5. that night; a room in Olivia's house.**

The Fool steps forward and sings--

Clown.        O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
                   O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming,  
                               That can sing both high and low.  
                   Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
                   Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
                               Every wise man's son doth know.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Toby.        Good, good.

Andrew.       Excellent good, i' faith.

Fool.  
(singing)       What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
                  What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Toby.       A mellifluous voice.

Andrew.       Excellent good i' faith.

Toby.       Let's make the welkin dance!

Andrew.       Let's do it.

All.       "Hold thy peace, and I prithee hold thy peace,  
thou knave."

Enter Maria.

Maria.       My lady has called Malvolio  
to turn you out of doors.

Toby.       My lady's a Cataian,  
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey and—

All the men.   "Three merry men, and three merry men,  
and three merry men are we."

Maria.       Tilly-valley! Tilly-valley!

Clown.       The knight's in admirable fooling.

Andrew.       So am I.

All the men.   "On the twelfth day of December"

Maria.       For the love o' God--

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.       My masters, are you mad?  
Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house?  
Have you no wit, manners, or honesty?

Have you no respect?

Sir Toby, my lady is very willing to bide you farewell.

Toby.       Ye lie.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,  
there'll be no more cakes and ale?

I'll drink to my niece  
as long as there's drink in Illyria.

A stoup of wine, Maria. (Maria freezes in place)

Malvolio.       Mistress Mary, my lady shall know of this. (exit)

Maria       Go shake your ears. (shouting after him)

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight.  
 Let me alone with Monsieur Malvolio.  
 I will gull him into a nayword.  
 I know I can do it.  
 Toby Tell us of him.  
 Andrew. Tell us.  
 Maria. A time-pleaser,  
 An affectioned ass,  
 The best persuaded of himself,  
 So crammed with excellencies --  
 It is his faith that all  
 that look on him do love him;  
 and on that vice in him  
 will my revenge find  
 notable cause to work.  
 Toby. What wilt thou do?  
 Andrew. What wilt thou do?  
 Maria. I will drop in his way  
 some obscure epistles of love.  
 Toby. Excellent. I smell a device.  
 Andrew. I have it in my nose too.  
 Toby. He shall think the letters come from my niece,  
 and that she's in love with him.  
 Maria. My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.  
 Andrew. And your horse now would make him an ass.  
 Maria. Ass, I doubt not.  
 Andrew. O, 'twill be admirable.  
 All. We will gull him into a nayword  
 And make him a common recreation:  
 The time-pleaser  
 An ass, an ass, an affectioned ass!

They all run off laughing, except Feste, who looks on from the side. The lights gradually dim—

### Scene 5. Orsino's Court.

--as Orsino, Viola, and Attendants enter.

Orsino. Fellow, come. (Feste steps forward)  
 Mark it, Cesario.  
 Feste Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
 Fly away, fly away, breath;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 O, prepare it.  
 My part of death, no one so true  
 Did share it.

Orsino        How dost thou like this tune?  
 Viola.        It gives a very echo to the seat  
                   Where love is throned.  
 Orsino        Young though thou art, thou hast loved.  
                   What kind of woman is it?  
 Viola.        Of your complexion.  
 Orsino        She is not worth thee then. What years?  
 Viola         About your years, my lord.  
 Orsino        Too old!

Feste                Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
                           On my black coffin let there be strewn;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
                           My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
                           thrown.  
                           A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
                           Lay me, O, lay me, where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
                           To weep there.

Orsino gestures for all to leave, and he gives Feste some money.

Orsino.                                Once more, Cesario,  
                           Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.  
 Viola.        But if she cannot love you, sir?  
 Orsino.        I cannot be so answered.  
 Viola.        Sooth, but you must.  
                           Say 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.  
                           My father had a daughter loved a man  
                           As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,

Orsino. I should your lordship.  
 Viola. And what's her history?  
 Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.  
 Orsino. She never told her love,  
 but let concealment — (loses his chain of thought)  
 She pined in thought;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.  
 Viola. Smiling at grief--  
 Orsino. Your father had a daughter loved a man.  
 She never told her love,  
 but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.  
 Viola. My father had a daughter loved a man.  
 She never told her love,  
 but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud--  
 (she loses her train of thought)  
 She pined in thought;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.  
 Viola. Was not this love indeed?  
 We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
 Much in our vows but little in our love.  
 Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?  
 Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.  
 Sir, shall I to this lady?  
 Duke. Ay, that's the theme.  
 To her in haste. My love can bide no deny. (exeunt)

### Scene 6. the garden of Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Toby           Come, Fabian.  
 Fabian        I'll come.

Enter Maria, who puts down a letter in a conspicuous place.

Maria.        Malvolio's coming!  
                 Observe him,  
                 for the love of mockery.

She leaves. The others hide in a box-tree. Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.     'Tis but fortune,  
                 all is but fortune.  
                 Maria once told me she did affect me.  
                 What should I think on it?

Toby.         An overweening rogue!

Fabian .      A turkey-cock!

Malvolio.     To be Count Malvolio.

Andrew.      Pistol him.

Fabian.       Peace.

Toby          Peace.

Malvolio.     Three months married, sitting in my state --

Toby.         Hit him!

Malvolio.     In my branching velvet gown; having come from a  
                 day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping --

Toby.         Fire and brimstone!

Fabian.       O, peace, peace!

Malvolio.     And then to ask for my kinsman Toby --

Toby.         Bolts and shackles!

Fabian .      O, peace, peace, now, now.

Malvolio.     My people make out for him. I frown the while, and  
                 perchance wind up my watch, or play with my --  
                 some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies --

Toby.         Shall this fellow live?

Fabian.       Peace.

Malvolio.     I extend my hand, quenching my familiar smile --

Toby.         Pistol him! Pistol him!

Malvolio.     "Cousin Toby, you must amend your drunkenness."

Toby.         Out, scab!

Malvolio.     "Besides, you waste your time with a foolish knight"--

Andrew.      That's me.

Malvolio.     "One Sir Andrew"--

Andrew.      I knew't for many do call me fool.

Malvolio.     To be Count Malvolio--

Toby.         Shall this fellow live?

Andrew. Hit him! Pistol him!  
 Fabian. Peace, peace. Now, now.  
 Malvolio. To be married-- (he sees the letter)  
 What employment do we have here? (takes up letter and reads)  
 "To the unknown beloved -- "  
 my lady! (reads)  
 "Jove knows I love,  
 But who?"  
 If this should be thee, Malvolio?  
 "I may command where I adore,  
 M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."  
 Let me see, let me see, let me see.  
 Fabian. What a dish o' poison!  
 Malvolio. "I may command where I adore."  
 Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady.  
 And the end--if I could make that resemble something in me!  
 Softly, "M.O.A.I."  
 Toby. A cold scent.  
 Malvolio. "M" -- Malvolio. Why, that begins my name.  
 Fabian. Did I not say he would work it out?  
 Malvolio. Soft! (reads) "Be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great,  
 some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.  
 Remember who commended thy yellow stockings  
 and wished to see thee cross-gartered.  
 Thou art made, if thou desir'st.  
 If not, let me see you a steward still, the fellow of servants.  
 Farewell. The fortunate unhappy."  
 Daylight discovers not more. This is open.  
 I do not now fool myself:  
 My lady loves me.  
 She did commend my yellow stockings of late--  
 The Others. 'tis a color she abhors.  
 Malvolio. She did praise me cross-gartered--  
 The Others. A fashion she detests.  
 Malvolio I thank my stars, I am happy! Jove and my stars be praised!  
 A postscript.  
 "Thy smiles become thee well."  
 Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything.  
 I will smile!

Exit Malvolio.

Others. An ass! An ass! An ass!  
 An affectioned ass! (Exeunt.)

*End of Act One.*



## Act Two

### Scene 1. the garden outside Olivia's house

Enter Viola, carrying a ring.

Viola.       What means this lady?  
               She'll none of my lord's ring?  
               Why, he sent her none.  
               What means this lady?  
               Fortune forbid my outside  
               have not charmed her.  
               She made good view of me;  
               She spoke in starts distractedly.  
               She loves me sure,  
               poor lady, she loves me sure.  
               I am the man.  
               She were better love a dream.  
               What will become of this?  
               My master loves her dearly;  
               And I (poor monster) fond as much on him;  
               And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me.  
               What will become of this?  
               O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
               It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

Enter Sir Andrew and Sir Toby

Toby         Save you, sir.  
 Andrew     Save you.  
 Toby         Encounter the house.  
 Andrew     Taste your legs.  
 Viola        Taste my legs?  
 Toby         Enter.

Enter Olivia and Maria. Toby and Andrew exit quickly, tripping over each other.

Olivia.       Let the garden door be shut,  
               and leave me to my hearing.

Exit Maria.

Olivia.       Your hand, sir.  
 Viola.        My duty, madam, and most humble service.  
 Olivia.       What is your name?

Viola. Cesario, your servant.  
 Olivia. You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.  
 Viola. And he is yours.  
 Olivia. I think not on him.  
 Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
 on his behalf.  
 Olivia. I pray you, I pray you,  
 Never speak of him.  
 But undertake another suit,  
 I'd hear it as music of the spheres.  
 After your last enchantment,  
 I sent a ring in chase of you.  
 So did I abuse myself,  
 my servant, and I fear me, you. (pause)  
 Enough is shown. Let me hear you speak.  
 Viola. I pity you.  
 Olivia. That's a degree to love.  
 Viola. No, very oft we pity enemies.  
 Olivia. 'Tis time to smile again.  
 Be not afraid, good youth,  
 I will not have you,  
 And yet, your wife will reap a proper man.

She desperately tries to embrace Viola. A clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me.  
 There lies your way, due west.  
 Viola. Then, westward ho! (she starts to leave...)  
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?  
 Olivia. Stay.  
 Tell me what thou think'st of me.  
 Viola. You think you are not what you are.  
 Olivia. I think the same of you.  
 Viola. Then think you right. I am not what I am,  
 and now I am your fool.  
 Olivia. What a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
 In the contempt and anger of his lip.  
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
 By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,  
 I love thee so --  
 Viola. I have but one heart, one bosom, one truth,  
 And that no woman has save I alone.  
 And so adieu. (exit)  
 Olivia. Yet come again --  
 O, I have said too much!  
 Maria, come!

Enter Maria

How can I feast him? What bestow?  
Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil.  
Maria. He's coming, madam--possessed.  
Olivia. Does he rave?  
Maria. He smiles.

Enter Malvolio in yellow stockings and cross-gartered.

Olivia. Malvolio?  
Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho!  
Olivia. Smil'st? I sent for thee on a sad occasion.  
Malvolio. Sad, lady? I could be sad.  
This makes for some obstruction,  
  
this cross-gartering; but what of that?  
Please one, and please all.  
Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man?  
Malvolio. Not black in my mind,  
though yellow in my legs.  
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.  
I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

He attempts to embrace Olivia.

Olivia. Wilt thou go to bed?  
Malvolio. To bed? Ay, sweetheart, I'll come to thee.  
Olivia. God comfort thee. Why do you smile so, and kiss thy  
hand so oft?  
Maria. How do you, Malvolio?  
Malvolio. To bed? To bed?  
Aye, sweetheart, I'll come to thee.  
Olivia. God comfort thee. Why do you smile so,  
And kiss thy hand so oft?  
Maria. How do you, Malvolio?  
Malvolio. "Be not afraid of greatness."  
Olivia. Malvolio?  
Malvolio. "Some are born great."  
Olivia. Ha?  
Malvolio. "Some achieve greatness."  
Olivia. What?  
Malvolio. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."  
Olivia. Heavens!  
Malvolio. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings."

Olivia. Yellow stockings?  
 Malvolio. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."  
 Olivia. Cross-gartered?  
 Malvolio. "Thou art made, if thou desirest."  
 Olivia. Am I made?  
 Malvolio. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, the Count's gentleman.  
 Olivia. I come. (exit Servant)  
 Maria, let this fellow be looked to.  
 Where's Toby? Have a special care of him.

Exit Olivia and Maria.

Malvolio. Everything adheres together.  
 no scruple, no obstacle,  
 nothing can come between me  
 and my hopes.  
 Jove, not I, is the doer of this,  
 and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Toby. Where is he?  
 Malvolio. Go off; I discard you.  
 Toby. How is it with you?  
 Fabian. How is it with you?  
 Malvolio. Let me enjoy my private.  
 Maria. Sir Toby, my lady prays you have a care for him.  
 Malvolio. Aha!  
 Toby. Gently--  
 Maria. Pray God he be not bewitched  
 Fabian. Carry his water to the wise woman.  
 Malvolio. I discard you.  
 Toby. Gently, gently--  
 Maria. Get him to pray, Sir Toby.  
 Get him to pray.  
 Malvolio. Go hang yourselves!  
 Idle, shallow things.  
 I am not of your element.  
 You shall know more hereafter. (exit)  
 Toby. We'll have him in a dark room and bound.  
 Maria. The house will be quieter.

Toby            My niece believes he's mad.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Andrew.        I'll not stay.  
                   Your niece did more favors  
                   to the Count's servant  
                   than to me.  
 Fabian.        She favored the youth to awake your valor.  
 Toby.           You should then have accosted him.  
 Fabian.        Redeem yourself.  
 Toby            Challenge the Count's youth.  
 Fabian.        There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.  
 Andrew.        Will you challenge him for me?  
 Toby.           Ay, go!

Sir Andrew steps aside. Enter Olivia and Viola.

Olivia.          O, heart of stone!  
                   What can I grant?  
 Viola.          Your true love for my master.  
 Olivia.          It is yours.  
 Viola.          I'll forgive you.  
 Olivia.          Fiend!

Exit Olivia. Toby approaches Viola.

Toby.           Prepare thy defense.  
 Viola.          No man hath a quarrel with me.  
 Toby.           You'll find it otherwise.  
                   Thy interceptor attends thee,  
                   quick, skillful and deadly!  
 Viola.          I will return to the house.  
 Toby.           Sir, no.  
 Viola.          What's my offense?

Toby crosses over to Sir Andrew, leaving Fabian with Viola.

Fabian.          The knight is incensed against you.  
 Toby.           The boy is incensed against you.  
 Viola.          I'll not fight.  
 Andrew.        I'll not meddle.  
 Fabian.        The knight is incensed against you.  
                   Toby can scarce hold him yonder.  
 Toby            The boy is incensed against you.  
                   Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Andrew. Let the matter slip, let it slip.  
 Viola. Let the matter slip, let it slip.  
 Fabian. I'll make peace if I can.  
 Toby. I'll make peace if I can.

Toby goes to Viola, Fabian to Andrew.

Toby. There's no remedy.  
 Fabian. There's no remedy.  
 Viola. A little thing would make me tell them  
 how much I lack a man. Yes,  
 a little thing would make me tell them  
 how much I lack a man.  
 Fabian. He will fight, but not hurt you.  
 Toby. He will fight, but not hurt you.  
 Andrew. Pray God he keeps his oath.

Andrew and Viola draw their swords and start to duel. Enter Antonio followed by officers. Antonio intervenes in the fight--

Antonio. Hold. (to Andrew and Viola)  
 Officer. Antonio, I arrest thee.  
 Antonio. Be of comfort.  
 I must entreat that money. (to Viola)  
 Viola. Money? For your kindness  
 I'll lend you half my coffer.  
 Antonio. Is it possible? O, heavens!  
 Sebastian, you have done good feature shame.

Exit Antonio as prisoner of the officers, followed by Fabian, Andrew, and Toby.

Viola. My brother lives!  
 He named Sebastian--  
 my brother, living in my glass.  
 If it prove true,  
 tempests are kind,  
 and salt waves are fresh  
 in love!

Exit Viola, left. The stage is briefly clear.  
 Enter Sebastian and afterwards Feste, right.

Sebastian. I do not know you.  
 Clown. Your name is not Cesario.  
 I am not sent for by my lady.  
 Sebastian. Lady?

Feste           And this is not my nose.  
                   Nothing that is, is.  
 Sebastian.    Vent thy folly somewhere else.  
 Clown.        Folly! Folly!  
                   He heard the word of a great man  
                   and applies it to a fool.  
 Sebastian.    Depart!

Exit Fool. Enter Toby, Andrew, and Fabian. Andrew strikes Sebastian,  
 who draws his sword.

Sebastian.    There, there, and there.

Enter Olivia.

Olivia.        Out!

Exit Toby, Andrew, and Fabian.

Olivia        O, gentle friend, come, come with me.  
                   I pray thee, be ruled by me.  
 Sebastian.    Madam, I will.  
 Olivia.        O, say so, and so be.

Exit Olivia and Sebastian.

## **Scene 2. A darkened room in Olivia's house.**

Malvolio within. Enter Toby, Maria and Feste, dressed as a curate.

Maria.        To him, Sir Topas, the curate!  
 Toby.        To him, Sir Topas, the curate!  
 Feste .       Peace in this prison.  
 Malvolio.    Who calls?  
 Feste.        Sir Topas, the curate, visits Malvolio the lunatic.  
 Malvolio.    Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.  
 Feste.        Talkest thou nothing but ladies?  
 Malvolio.    Sir Topas, never was man so wronged.  
                   Do not think I am mad, Sir Topas.  
                   They have laid me here in hideous darkness.  
 Feste.        Say'st thou this house is dark?  
 Malvolio.    As Hell, Sir Topas.  
 Feste.        Why, it hath bay-windows, clerestories;  
                   yet complainest thou of obstruction?  
 Malvolio.    I am not mad, Sir Topas. This house is dark.  
 Feste.        Madman, thou errest.

There is no darkness but ignorance.  
 Thou art puzzled in a fog.  
 Malvolio. There was never man thus abused.  
 I am no more mad than you.  
 Feste. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.  
 Toby. Use thine own voice. (to Feste)  
 I would we were rid of this knavery. (to Maria)

Exit Toby and Maria.

Feste (sings) "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
 Tell me how thy lady does."  
 Malvolio. Fool--  
 Feste. "My lady's unkind, perdie!"  
 Malvolio. Fool--  
 Feste. "Alas, why is she so?"  
 Malvolio. Fool, I say--  
 Feste. "She loves another."  
 Who calls?  
 Malvolio. Good fool, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper.  
 Feste. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?  
 Malvolio. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused.  
 I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.  
 Feste. You are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.  
 Malvolio. Fool, fool, fool, I say!  
 I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.  
 Feste. Well-a-day that you were, sir.  
 Malvolio. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light;  
 and convey a letter to my lady.  
 Feste. I will help you to't.  
 Malvolio. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree.  
 Be gone.  
 Feste. (sings) "I am gone, sir,  
 And anon, sir,  
 I'll be with you again,  
 In a trice, in a trice,  
 Like to the old Vice,  
 Your need to sustain."

Exit Feste. Lights down on Malvolio.

### **Scene 3. The street outside Olivia's house.**

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;



This pearl she gave me, I feel it and see it.  
 'Tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
 but not madness.  
 This flood of fortune exceeds all discourse.  
 I am mad, or else the lady's mad.

Enter Olivia with a Priest.

Olivia.        Blame not this haste.  
                  Come, and plight your faith,  
 Sebastian.    I'll go with you, and having sworn truth,  
                  ever will be true.

The priest withdraws into the background.

Olivia        Heavens shine, O gentle friend.  
                  Come, O come with me.  
 Sebastian    I'll go with you, my gentle love,  
                  and having sworn truth, ever will be true.  
 Both.        Heavens shine, my gentle friend.  
                  Come, my gentle friend.  
                  Heavens shine, and fairly note this act of mine.

Exeunt left. Enter Feste, right, looking after them.

Feste.        Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 (sings)        Every wise man's son doth know.  
                  Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
                  Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Enter Orsino, Viola, and Attendants.

Feste.        (to Orsino, continuing his song) Youth's a stuff will not endure.  
 Orsino.       Good morrow, friend. Bring your lady.

Orsino hands Feste some gold; Feste leaves. Enter Antonio and Officers.

Viola.        Sir, the man who rescued me. (pointing to Antonio)  
 Antonio.    Orsino, noble sir, witchcraft drew me hither.  
                  That ingrateful boy did I redeem  
                  From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth.  
 Orsino.       When came he here?  
 Antonio.    Today, my lord; and for three months before,  
                  Both day and night did we keep company.  
 Orsino.       Thy words are madness.  
                  Three months this youth hath tended me--

Enter Olivia, with Maria, Fabian, and Attendants.

The Countess; now heaven walks on earth.  
 Olivia. Cesario, your promise. (to Viola)  
 Viola. Madam?  
 Orsino. Gracious Olivia – (to Olivia)  
 Olivia. Cesario! (to Viola)  
 Viola. My lord would speak.  
 Olivia. Howling after music.  
 Orsino. Still so cruel? (to Olivia.)  
 Olivia. Still so constant, my lord. (to Orsino.)  
 Orsino. Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still. (to Olivia)  
 But this thy minion, (turning to Viola)  
 whom I know you love,  
 him will I tear out of that cruel eye  
 where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
 Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief. (going)  
  
 Viola. Most willingly would I die. (following Orsino)  
 Olivia. Where goes Cesario?  
 Viola. After him I love.  
 Olivia. Detested! Beguiled!  
 Viola. Who does you wrong?  
 Olivia. Cesario, husband, stay!  
 Orsino. Husband?  
 Olivia. Husband.  
 Viola. No!  
 Olivia. Father, what is newly passed between this youth and me? (To Priest)  
 Priest. An eternal bond of love --  
 Orsino. Take him and leave. (to Olivia and Viola)

Enter Andrew and Toby, both wounded, attended by Feste.

Andrew. He's hurt me.  
 Toby. He's hurt me.  
 Olivia. Who?  
 Andrew. Cesario.  
 Orsino. Cesario?  
 Andrew. Here he is!  
 Viola. I never hurt you.  
 Olivia. Look to them. (to Feste)

Exit Toby and Andrew, supported by Feste. Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;  
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

The bystanders, including Maria, Fabian, and Priest,  
join together as a chorus, and sing--

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

Sebastian.     Antonio, my dear Antonio --

Antonio.        Sebastian, are you?  
                    How have you made division of yourself?

Olivia.          Most wonderful.

Antonio.        Which is Sebastian?

Chorus.        One face, one voice, one habit, two persons--

Antonio.        Which is Sebastian?

Sebastian.     Do I stand there?  
                    I never had a brother.  
                    I had a sister,  
                    Whom the waves and surges have devoured.  
                    Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
                    What country? What name? What parentage?

Viola.          Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;  
                    Such a Sebastian was my brother too;  
                    So went he suited to his watery tomb.

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

Viola.          My father had a mole on his brow.

Sebastian.     So had mine.

Viola.          And died that day when Viola,  
                    from her birth,  
                    Had numbered thirteen years.

Sebastian.     O, that record is lively in my soul!

Viola.          Yes--  
                    O usurp'd attire  
                    O place, time, fortune,  
                    cohere and jump--  
                    I am Viola.

Chorus.        Most wonderful.

Sebastian.     Thrice welcome, drowned Viola.

Viola.          Thrice welcome, drowned Sebastian.

Olivia.        Oh, master-mistress of my passion.

Viola.          The master-mistress of their passion.

Sebastian.     The master-mistress of their passion.

Antonio. Oh, master-mistress of my passion.  
 Viola. My tears I let fall on your cheek.  
 Sebastian. My tears I let fall on your cheek.  
 Orsino. Thrice welcome.  
 Olivia. Thrice welcome.  
 Antonio. Farewell, oh youth, whom I relieved with love.  
 Chorus. This great sea of joys drowns us with its sweetness.  
 Viola. The gentleness of all the gods preserved thee—  
 (to Seb.) In this, thy golden time.  
 set most rich in youth before my sight,  
 the world's freshest ornament  
 and only herald to the gaudy spring.  
 This great sea of joys drowns us  
 With its sweetness.  
 Oh, master-mistress of my passion.  
 Sebastian (to Viola) The gentleness of all the gods preserved thee,  
 set most rich in youth before my sight,  
 the world's freshest ornament  
 and only herald to the gaudy spring.  
 This great sea of joys drowns us  
 with its sweetness--  
 the master-mistress of their passion--  
 Olivia. One face, one voice, one habit, two persons,  
 Cesario? Sebastian?  
 master-mistress of my passion—  
 This great sea of joys drowns us  
 with its sweetness,  
 oh, master-mistress of my passion.  
 Orsino. One face, one voice, one habit, two persons,  
 Cesario? Viola?  
 master-mistress of my passion—  
 This great sea of joys drowns us  
 with its sweetness,  
 oh, master-mistress of my passion.  
 Antonio. Sebastian, beloved--  
 Farewell, o youth, whom I relieved with love,  
 master-mistress of my passion.  
 Chorus. This great sea of joys drowns us with its sweetness.

Enter Feste, who looks on. Olivia signals for Maria, Fabian, Priest, and attendants to leave. Orsino signals for all his attendants to leave as well.

Viola. My fortunes since we parted  
 (to Sebastian) Have been between this lady and this lord.  
 Sebastian. Lady, you have been mistook.  
 (to Olivia) You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Boy, thou hast said  
 (to Viola) Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.  
 Viola. And all those sayings will I overswear,  
 (to Orsino) And all those swearings ever keep true.  
 Duke. Let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.  
 Viola. The captain has my garments.  
 He is held at Malvolio's suit.  
 Olivia. Fetch Malvolio.

Feste comes forward with a letter and hands it to Olivia.

Clown. He's here writ a letter to you.

Olivia reads the letter quickly.

Olivia. See him delivered, Feste.

Exit Feste.

(to Orsino) My lord, so please you,  
 To think me a sister, not a wife.  
 Duke. I embrace your offer.  
 (to Viola) Here is my hand--  
 Be your master's mistress.  
 Olivia. A sister; you are she. (to Viola)  
 Viola. My sister. (to Olivia)  
 Sebastian. Thrice welcome, drowned Viola.

Enter Malvolio, led by Fabian.

Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong,  
 Notorious wrong.  
 Peruse that letter. It is in your hand.  
 Tell me why you bade me come smiling,  
 cross-gartered, in yellow stockings,  
 and why you have imprisoned me,  
 made me the most notorious geck and gull  
 That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

Feste enters quietly and looks on.

Olivia. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my hand:  
 'Tis Maria's hand. Be content,

both plaintiff and judge of thine own cause.  
 Fabian. Good madam, let no quarrel taint this hour.  
 Myself and Toby set this device.  
 Maria writ the letter, and, in recompense,  
 Sir Toby hath married her.  
 Olivia. Alas, poor fool. (to Malvolio)

Feste comes forward, and says—

Feste. Remember: "If you smile not, he is gagged?"  
Thus the whirligig of time brings his revenges.

Malvolio. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!

Malvolio exits noisily.

Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abused.  
Duke. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:  
He hath not told us about the captain yet.  
When that is known, a solemn combination  
shall be made of our dear souls. Cesario,  
come --for so you shall be while a man,  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

All exit, Viola with Orsino, and Olivia with Sebastian. Feste remains, looking after them all, shaking his head. He comes forward and sings--

Feste

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day

Re-enter first Viola, Orsino, Olivia and Sebastian, and then Maria, Toby, Andrew, Fabian, and Antonio. They all join Feste in singing--

All.                   A great while ago the world begun,  
                          With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
                          And we'll strive to please you every day.

*End of the Opera.*