

Twelfth Night *or* You Know What

a comedy in music

adapted from Shakespeare's play

Characters

soprano (S1)

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, acquaintance of Sir Toby

soprano (S2)

OLIVIA, a young countess

mezzo-soprano (A1)

VIOLA, disguised as Cesario, a page

contralto (A2)

MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman
later disguised as a **PRIEST**

counter-tenor (CT)

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria

tenor (T1)

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola

tenor (T2)

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia

baritone (B1)

FESTE, an entertainer

bass (B2)

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia
later disguised as **SIR TOPAS**, a curate

Chorus of Spirits of Humour (pre-recorded) and Townsfolk taken by members of the cast

Instruments

2 clarinets (in Bb) doubling bass clarinets

2 horns (in F)

percussion - triangle, suspended cymbal, cowbell, gong, 5 temple blocks, 2 bongos or high toms, 3 low toms, vibraphone, marimba (5 octave)

strings: violin 1 & 2, viola, cello, double-bass

harpsichord

The score is written in C.

Note - in the full score, the horns' music is written in the *tenor* G clef sounding an octave lower. The parts are conventionally notated in the treble G clef or the bass F clef sounding a fifth below.

A keyboard edition (vocal score) is available for rehearsal purposes

Approximate duration: 2h 05m (Act 1 & 2 - 68 mins, Act 3 & 4 - 55 mins)

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Synopsis

Scene: A town square, Orsino's residence on one side, Olivia's on the other; at the rear, an inn situated on a terrace which is frequented by Sir Toby and his drinking companions and where Feste entertains. Steps down to a fountain at the front with a street running by.

Resumé: Identical twins Viola and Sebastian have been separated following a shipwreck on the island of Illyria. Viola has assumed the identity of a young man called Cesario in order to enter the service of the Duke Orsino as his page. Sebastian was rescued by Feste and has recently arrived to lodge at the inn.

Act 1

Prelude - the company performs a dance.

In the heat of the midday sun, Feste sings [*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*] as Duke Orsino reveals his love for the young Countess Olivia who lives opposite [*Why so I do, the noblest that I have*].

Maria and Sir Toby Belch enter the square complaining of the Countess Olivia's mournful demeanour following the death of her brother.

Viola, who remains in her guise as the youthful page Cesario throughout the play, approaches Orsino and explains that Olivia refuses any amorous overtures. Orsino insists that Cesario woo Olivia on his behalf, while Viola reveals in an aside that she loves the Duke herself.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek joins Sir Toby at his table and their mood livens up [*Ensemble*].

Olivia enters the square and is taunted by Feste. Malvolio, her haughty steward, tells her Cesario is waiting to speak with her.

Viola attempts to represent Orsino's desire for Olivia. Feste, Maria, Sir Andrew & Sir Toby in the inn become ever more rowdy to the point where Malvolio goes over to them and delivers a sharp reprimand [*Ensemble*]. Cesario's eloquence [*Aria: Make me a willow cabin at your gate*] seduces Olivia.

When Cesario leaves, Olivia, suddenly love-struck, sends Malvolio after 'him' with her ring [*Aria: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs*].

Act 2

Sir Toby and Maria meet for an assignation; Maria will play a revengeful trick on Malvolio.

Viola has received the ring and begins to understand that Olivia has fallen for her [*Aria: I left no ring with her*].

Sir Andrew, Maria and Sir Toby, hiding, enjoy Malvolio's reaction when he reads the forged letter that Maria has dropped in his path. It appears to be a love letter addressed to him from Olivia [*Aria: Jove, I thank thee*].

Orsino finds consolation in the power of music as Feste sings in the square [*Aria: If music be the food of love / Song: Come away, death*].

Late in the evening, Feste jests with Sebastian by the inn before retiring for the night [*Duetto: Thou art wise enough*].

Orsino and Olivia, sleepless on their respective balconies, are responded to in turn by Cesario who crosses back and forth across the square as go-between. Viola loves the Duke, who loves Olivia, who in turn is troubled by her growing feelings for Cesario [*Trio*].

Sir Andrew is piqued by Olivia's attentions to Cesario for he has designs on the Countess himself; Sir Toby gets him to write a challenge.

Act 3

At dawn, Sebastian leaves Feste to go sightseeing. Feste lends him his purse.

Maria witnesses Malvolio parading before Olivia in yellow stockings. The Countess fears for his sanity. Malvolio is oblivious of his foolishness [*Aria: Why, everything adheres together*] and Toby is fetched to arrange for his care.

Sir Andrew prepares to deliver his challenge to Cesario. When Cesario enters, Sir Toby goads them on to fight, for each is afraid of the other. As they at last draw swords, Feste, thinking that the duel is for real and that Cesario is Sebastian, runs in to intervene. Sir Andrew faints and lies unconscious on the ground. Feste gets angry when Cesario denies all knowledge of his purse. Sir Toby drags him away before any real damage is done.

Sebastian, returning to the square, is spotted by Maria who mistakes him for Cesario; Olivia desires to see him once more. Sir Andrew revives and, in a panic at seeing Cesario again, draws his sword. Sebastian wounds him with a scratch and he limps away. Olivia appears and begs Sebastian to go with her, something he's delighted to do. He is wondrous about this sudden change of circumstance and the beautiful Countess who's in love with him [*Aria: This is the air; that is the glorious sun*]. Maria, hurriedly dressed as a priest, is fetched to marry them.

Malvolio, bound and blindfolded, is paraded through the square to the mockery of the townsfolk [*Chorus: Meum ist propositum*]. Sir Toby teases him by impersonating the curate 'Sir Topas'.

Act 4

Cesario points Feste out to Orsino as the man who rescued her from the fight. Feste still wants his purse back. Olivia sees Cesario in the square and calls for 'him' to return to her. When she addresses Cesario as 'husband', Orsino is furious at the youth's lack of loyalty [*Aria: Why should I not, in savage jealousy*]. In answer to Cesario's denials, Olivia calls Maria (as the priest) to testify that they are indeed wed.

Sir Andrew enters demanding a surgeon for his wound. Sebastian follows, apologises for hurting him and hands Feste back his purse. The twins now come face to face. Much to everyone's amazement, 'Cesario' is revealed to be Viola, Sebastian's sister [*Ensemble: One face, one voice*]. Viola now pours out her feelings for the Duke who is, happily, content to marry her.

Finally, Malvolio enters and when he learns of the trick that's been played on him, he vows revenge.

Epilogue - Feste leads the ensemble in a song and dance [*When that I was and a little tiny boy*].

Twelfth Night

Scene: A town square, Orsino's residence on one side, Olivia's on the other; at the rear, an inn situated on a terrace which is frequented by Sir Toby and his drinking companions and where Feste entertains. Steps down to a fountain at the front with a street running by.

Dance Prelude

The company performs a *contredanse*.

Act 1 - Episode 1

In the warmth of the midday sun, Orsino cools off by the fountain while Feste sings on the terrace.

FESTE

*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.*

FESTE

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO

What, fool?

FESTE

The hart.

ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
A virtuous maid, the sister of a Count that died
and for whose dear love she has abjured the company of men.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

FESTE

*What is love? 'T is 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. [exit]*

Episode 2

Maria and Sir Toby make their way to the inn.

SIR TOBY

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus?
I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, this quaffing and drinking will undo you.
Your cousin, my lady, talked of it yesterday,
and of a foolish knight that you brought here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY

He has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

Ay, but he's a fool and a prodigal.
And he's drunk daily in your company.

SIR TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her
as long as there's a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

Episode 3

The fountain: Viola enters and approaches Orsino

ORSINO

How now! what news from her?

VIOLA

So please my lord, I do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view; this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

Cesario, I have unclasp'd to thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord, if she be so abandoned to her sorrow
she never will admit me.

ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth...

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

... For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
Prosper well in this, and thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to woo your lady.
(aside) Yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[They leave]

Episode 4

Ensemble

SIR ANDREW *(approaching the inn)*

Sir Toby Belch; how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew Aguecheek!

SIR ANDREW *(to Maria)*

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost...

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost...

SIR TOBY

'Accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen. My lady will hang thee!

FESTE (*entering*)

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

He that is well hanged in this world...

MARIA

Peace, you rogue, no more of that.

(*exit*)

FESTE (*calling to OLIVIA, who has appeared on her balcony*)

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA (*veiled, with MALVOLIO in attendance*)

Take the fool away.

FESTE (*to MALVOLIO*)

Do you not hear? Take away the lady.

MALVOLIO

Go to, you're a dry fool; we'll no more of you.

SIR ANDREW

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else?

SIR ANDREW

I delight in masques and revels altogether.

I can cut a caper as any in Illyria.

SIR TOBY

Wherefore are these things hid? Ha! higher! ha, excellent!
To church in a galliard, home in a coranto, walk in a jig!

(they go into the inn)

Episode 5

OLIVIA makes her way to the fountain; MALVOLIO follows her

FESTE *(calling out)*

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

The more fool, madonna, to mourn your brother's soul in heaven.

Take away the fool!

(exit)

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal.

OLIVIA

You are sick of self-love, Malvolio,
and taste with a distempered appetite.

MALVOLIO *(as VIOLA approaches)*

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.

What is to be said to him?

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

Has been told so; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

What manner of man is he?

MALVOLIO

Of very ill manner...not yet old enough for a man,
nor young enough for a boy; he is very well-favour'd...

OLIVIA

Come, we'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Episode 6

VIOLA (*stepping forward*)

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty...

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

That question's out of my part.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, and yet I swear, I am not that I play.
Madam you do usurp yourself;
for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve.
But I will on with my speech in your praise...

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in it.

VIOLA

I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief.

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,— let me see your face.

OLIVIA

You are now out of your text;
but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.
Look you, sir, is 't not well done? [*Unveiling*]

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted;
I will give out divers schedules of my beauty.
It shall be inventoried, as, item, two lips, indifferent red;
item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, one nose...

Suddenly the door to the inn is flung open and singing is heard

SIR ANDREW, MARIA, FESTE & SIR TOBY

'Hold thy peace, I prithee, hold thy peace, thou knave.'

MALVOLIO (*crossing over to the inn*)

My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty?

No respect of place, nor persons, nor of time, in you?

SIR TOBY

We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, if you cannot separate yourself and your misdemeanours, my lady is willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY

'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

MALVOLIO

Is 't even so?

SIR TOBY

'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Out o' tune, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward?

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

MARIA

Go shake your ears.

MALVOLIO leaves angrily, slamming the door shut

VIOLA

My lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

VIOLA

...virtuous... know him noble... of great estate...

of fresh and stainless youth...a gracious person...
 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 might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well; I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more;
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again. Fare you well.

[VIOLA leaves]

Episode 7

OLIVIA

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
 I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit...
 How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio!

[Re-enter MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that messenger, he left this ring behind.
 If the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will. *[Exit]*

OLIVIA

I do I know not what; and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed must be, and be this so!
[Exit]

Act 2 - Episode 8

Later that day, SIR TOBY and MARIA meet on the terrace

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient;
 I have wit enough to make Monsieur Malvolio
 a common recreation; he is a kind of puritan.

SIR TOBY

An affectioned ass! What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way obscure epistles of love;
 I can write like my lady, your niece.

SIR TOBY

He'll think she's in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
 Dream on the event.

SIR TOBY

And your horse now would make him an ass.
[Exeunt]

Episode 9

The street

VIOLA

I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
 Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
 She made good view of me; and did speak in starts distractedly.
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 Such as we are made of, such we be.
 What will become of this? As I am man,

My state desires my master's love;
 As I am woman—
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie!
 (*Exit*)

Episode 10

Letter scene: MARIA, SIR ANDREW, and SIR TOBY enter and hide by the fountain

SIR ANDREW

We will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Toby?

SIR TOBY

And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

MALVOLIO (*entering along the street*)

'T is but fortune; all is fortune.

I have heard my lady say that, should she fancy,
 it should be one of my complexion. She uses me
 with a more exalted respect than any one else.

SIR TOBY

Here comes the villain.

SIR ANDREW

An overweening rogue!

MARIA [*throws down a letter*]

He's been practising behaviour
 to his own shadow this half hour. Observe!

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio! Three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
 Leaving Olivia on her day-bed, Toby curtsies to me,—
 I extend my hand to him saying,
 'Cousin Toby, amend your drunkenness. —
 you waste your time with a foolish knight.'

SIR ANDREW

That's me, for many do call me a fool.

SIR TOBY

Fie on him! Shall this fellow live? Fire and brimstone!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him! Shall this fellow live? Bolts and shackles!

SIR TOBY

Look how imagination blows him.

MARIA

Peace! Patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO [*Taking up the letter*]

What — what employment have we here?

By my life, this is my lady's hand:

SIR ANDREW, MARIA, SIR TOBY

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

MALVOLIO

These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's;
and thus makes she her great P's.

It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

MARIA

May the spirits of humour fail to resist reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO [*Reads*]

"To the unknown beloved..."

Soft! To whom should this be?

SIR ANDREW

This wins him, liver and all.

SIR TOBY

Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

"Jove knows I love; But who?"

If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY

Excellent wench, say I.

SIR ANDREW

What dish o' poison hast thou dress'd him!

SIR TOBY

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands.

MARIA

It works upon him like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

SIR TOBY

I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

MALVOLIO

"I may command where I adore;

*But silence, like Lucretia's knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."*
Nay, but first, let me see.

SIR ANDREW

A fustian riddle!

MALVOLIO

M,— Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name. Soft! here follows prose. —
*'In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness:
some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.
Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,
and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd.
If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling;
thy smiles become thee well;
therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.
Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;
if not, let me see thee a steward still...'*
Jove, I thank thee: my lady loves me!
I am happy, I will smile in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd.
Jove and my stars be praised! *[Exit]*

SIR ANDREW, MARIA, SIR TOBY

To the gates of Tartarus, thou most excellent devil of wit!
[Exeunt.]

Episode 11

Evening

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 *(appearing on his balcony)*

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

FESTE

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 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, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!*

ORSINO

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch so e'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy
 That it alone is high fantastical.
(exit)

Episode 12

The terrace

SEBASTIAN *(entering as FESTE finishes his song)*

Save thee, friend; dost live by thy music?

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

SEBASTIAN

Art a churchman?

FESTE

My house doth stand by the church.

SEBASTIAN

Thou art wise enough to play the fool...

FESTE

A practice as full of labour as a wise man's art.

SEBASTIAN

For folly that he wisely shows is fit.

FESTE

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.
 Foolery, sir, does walk the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere.

SEBASTIAN

To dally with words makes them wanton.

FESTE

Would my sister had no name.

SEBASTIAN

Why, man?

FESTE

Her name might make her wanton.

SEBASTIAN

My father left behind myself and a sister, both born in an hour:
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me,
was yet of many accounted beautiful
and bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.
She is drowned with salt water,
though I drown her remembrance with more.

FESTE

Alas the day!

(exeunt)

Episode 13

*Night. Moonlight illuminates the square;
ORSINO and OLIVIA sleepless on their respective balconies.*

ORSINO

Once more, Cesario, get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you?

ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must. Say that some lady,
as perhaps there is, hath for your love
as great a pang of heart as you have for Olivia...

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,
I should your lordship.

ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO

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.
Shall I to this lady?

ORSINO

To her in haste; bide no delay.
Women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA

And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

VIOLA crosses to Olivia's house

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours—

OLIVIA

I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA

Dear lady,— I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

OLIVIA

Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.

VIOLA

And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

ORSINO

How will Olivia love, when her sweet perfections
 Are all supplied and filled with one self king!
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
(exit)

OLIVIA

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and pride,
 I love thee so, nor can my passion hide.
 Fare thee well. A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

(VIOLA & OLIVIA exeunt)

Episode 14

The street: SIR ANDREW and SIR TOBY have entered somewhat the worse for drink

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I'll home to-morrow; your niece will have none of me:
 She does more favours to the duke's serving-boy...

SIR TOBY

Why, then, challenge the youth.
 There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
 Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief;
 'tis no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention;
 Let there be gall enough in thy ink. Go!

They enter the inn and the town is peaceful.

Act 3 - Episode 15

Morning: the terrace. FESTE and SEBASTIAN emerge from the inn

FESTE

Will you stay no longer?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me:
 therefore I shall crave of you your leave
 Whiles I beguile the time and feed my knowledge
 with viewing of the town.

FESTE

May the melancholy god protect thee: here's my purse.
 Haply your eye shall light upon some toy—

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.
(*exit*)

Episode 16

OLIVIA (*entering with MARIA*)
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming in very strange manner, he is sure possessed.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MARIA

He does nothing but smile.
Have some guard about you; the man is tainted in his wits.

OLIVIA

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

[*enter MALVOLIO*]

OLIVIA

How now Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

I could be sad; cross-gartering does make obstruction in the blood.

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Why dost thou smile so?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs
to please the eye of her—

OLIVIA

Wilt go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA & MARIA

God comfort thee!

MALVOLIO

(to OLIVIA) '...Be not afraid of greatness...'

'...Some are born great...'

'...Some achieve greatness...'

'...And some have greatness thrust upon them...'

OLIVIA

What meanest thou?

What sayest thou?

Ha, heaven restore thee!

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'...Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,—

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

'...And wish'd to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO

'...Go to, thou art made...'

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'...If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Let this fellow be looked to.

(exit with MARIA)

MALVOLIO

Jove make me thankful! He is the doer of this.

"Fellow!" not "Malvolio", nor after my degree, but "fellow".

Why, every thing adheres together, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle,
no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,— what can be said?

Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes.

MARIA (*returning with SIR TOBY*)

You will laugh into stitches; Malvolio's turned heathen.

SIR TOBY

How is it with you, sir?

MALVOLIO

Go off! I discard you!

MARIA

How hollow the fiend speaks within him!

MALVOLIO

Let me enjoy my private! Go off!

SIR TOBY

All the devils of hell possess him!

MALVOLIO

Go hang yourselves!

MARIA

Pray God he be not bewitched!

SIR TOBY

He's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

You are idle shallow things! I am not of your element.
You shall know more hereafter. (*exit*)

SIR TOBY

Go, have him in a dark room and bound.

MARIA

No way but gentleness; the fiend is rough.
Get him to say his prayers; get him to pray. (*exit*)

SIR TOBY

We must deal gently with him.
If this were play'd upon a stage now,
I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Episode 17

SIR ANDREW

Here's my challenge to the youth.

SIR TOBY

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

There's vinegar and pepper in it.

SIR TOBY

So saucy? *(reads)*

"Thou art but a scurvy fellow..." Good!

"Thou liest in thy throat..." Valiant!

"I will waylay thee where, if it be thy chance to kill me,
thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Exceeding sense...less!

SIR ANDREW

But here the villain comes!

(enter VIOLA)

SIR TOBY

Gentleman, God save thee! This man is incensed against you.
Betake you to your guard!

VIOLA

To my guard? No man hath quarrelled with me.
What is my offence to him? What manner of man is he?

SIR TOBY

Thy assailant is skilful, bloody, and deadly.

VIOLA

Skilful, bloody, and deadly? I am no fighter.
This is as uncivil as strange.

SIR TOBY

(to SIR ANDREW) He's the very devil!

(to VIOLA) He will not now be pacified.

(to SIR ANDREW) Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR ANDREW

I'll not meddle with him. Plague on it! Pox on't!

VIOLA *(aside)*

Would I could tell them how much I lack of a man!

SIR ANDREW & VIOLA

The very devil? Pray God defend me!

SIR TOBY

[to both Sir Andrew & Viola]

There 's no remedy: take up the quarrel for honour's sake!
Come on, draw!

[They draw as FESTE runs from the inn]

FESTE (*to SIR ANDREW*)

Put up your sword.

SIR ANDREW, VIOLA & SIR TOBY

You, what are you?

FESTE (*about to deliver a blow to SIR ANDREW*)

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more.

SIR ANDREW, VIOLA & SIR TOBY

We stand amazed—

SIR TOBY prevents FESTE from causing harm to SIR ANDREW, who has fainted

SIR TOBY (*to FESTE*)

Come, fellow, away.

FESTE

If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me;
(*to VIOLA*) 'tis necessity now to ask for my purse.

VIOLA

What purse? For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
I'll lend you money. My having is not much—

FESTE

Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you can lack persuasion?

VIOLA

I know of none—

FESTE

O heavens!
How vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind.

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now taken for you!
(*exit*)

SIR TOBY

Come, fool, away!

[*SIR TOBY drags FESTE back to the inn;
SIR ANDREW remains unconscious on the ground*]

Episode 18

MARIA and SEBASTIAN enter along the street

MARIA

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish woman; let me be clear of thee.

MARIA

No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN

Vent thy folly somewhere else.

MARIA

Vent my folly! Vent my folly! Tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart!

[SIR ANDREW revives and draws his sword]

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

SEBASTIAN

Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

[SIR ANDREW receives a scratch, just as OLIVIA enters]

OLIVIA

Hold; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR ANDREW

Madam!

OLIVIA

Ungracious wretch, out of my sight!

(SIR ANDREW limps off escorted by MARIA)

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway against thy peace.
Go with me to my house.

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

OLIVIA

Would'st thou be ruled by me?

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!
(exit)

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. This flood of fortune
may be some error, but no madness.
Yet I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; but here she comes.

[OLIVIA returns with MARIA as PRIEST]

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and before this holy man
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[Exeunt]

Act 4 - Episode 19 - The Lord of Misrule

The scene is overcast and thunder is heard.

A macabre procession passes slowly through the square,

its participants, masked and cloaked, leading MALVOLIO crowned as a mock-bishop.

CHORUS

Meum ist propositum in taberna mori,¹

Ut sint vina proxima morientis ori.

Tunc cantabunt letius angelorum chori:

"Sit Deus propitius huic potatori!"

SIR TOBY, disguised as the curate 'Sir Topas', approaches MALVOLIO who is bound and blindfolded.

SIR TOBY

Jove bless thee, master!

MALVOLIO

Who calls there?

SIR TOBY (disguising his voice)

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to comfort Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

SIR TOBY

Fiend! talkest thou of ladies?

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd;
they have led me here in hideous darkness.

SIR TOBY

Say'st thou this day is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

SIR TOBY

There is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO

This day is as dark as ignorance,
though ignorance were as dark as hell;
and I say, there was never man thus abus'd.
I am no more mad than you are.

¹ I intend to die in the pub,
So that wine is near my mouth as I expire.
Then a merry choir of angels will sing:
"God be merciful to this pisshead!" (Archpoet, 12C)

SIR TOBY

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

MALVOLIO

Fool,—

SIR TOBY

Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.*

The procession passes slowly into the distance.

Episode 20

The square, bathed in sunlight once again

ORSINO (*entering*)

How dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE

Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

My foes tell me plainly I am an ass:
so I profit in knowledge of myself;
my friends make an ass of me, so I am abused.

VIOLA (*entering, indicating FESTE*)

There is the man, sir, that did rescue me.
He did me kindness, drew on my side,
yet in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

FESTE

That most ungrateful boy there
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; his life I gave him
 and for three weeks both day and night have we kept company.
 I drew to defend him when he was beset;
 then his false cunning denied me mine own purse
 Which I had recommended to his use not half an hour before.

ORSINO

Fellow, thy words are madness:
 three weeks this youth hath tended upon me.
 But here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

[enter OLIVIA]

OLIVIA

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam!

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?

VIOLA

My duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear as howling after music.

ORSINO

Still so cruel? What shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

Why should I not, in savage jealousy kill what I love?
 This your minion, whom I tender dearly,
 him will I tear out of that cruel eye.
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

I, most willingly, to do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love more than I love these eyes,
more than my life, more than ere I shall love wife.

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
I call forth the holy father.

ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, can he that deny?

ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up!
Be that thou knowest thou art,
and then thou art as great as that thou fearest.

Enter MARIA as PRIEST

OLIVIA

O, welcome, father!
I charge thee here to unfold, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

MARIA

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but ten minutes.

Enter SIR ANDREW, wounded, with SIR TOBY

SIR TOBY

Help! For the love of God, a surgeon!

OLIVIA

What's the matter? What has happened?

SIR ANDREW

Has broke my head across.

ORSINO

Who has done this?

SIR TOBY

Cesario...

SIR ANDREW

... the devil incardinate.

ORSINO

Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Od's lifelings, here he is!

VIOLA

You drew upon me without cause; I hurt you not.

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I hurt your kinsman—

You throw a strange regard upon me.

Pardon me, sweet one...

FESTE

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN (*returning the purse*)

Fearest thou that?

OLIVIA

Which is Cesario?

ORSINO

Most Wonderful!

SIR ANDREW, OLIVIA, MARIA, ORSINO, FESTE, SIR TOBY

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

What kin are you to me? What countryman?
What parentage? What name?

VIOLA

Sebastian was my brother; so went he to his watery tomb.

SEBASTIAN

I had a sister, whom the blind waves devour'd.

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And died that day when Viola from her birth...

VIOLA

...had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

Were you a woman, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola.

I was preserved to serve this noble duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN *[To OLIVIA, as MARIA removes her priestly disguise]*

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
And so I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To VIOLA]

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

ORSINO

Give me thy hand. Your master quits you;

And since you call'd me master for so long,
you shall from this time be your master's mistress.

OLIVIA (*to VIOLA, embracing her*)

A sister! you are she.

(*to ORSINO*)

My lord, so please you,
to think me as well a sister, as a wife;
one day shall crown the alliance on it,
here at my house, and at my proper cost.

[*enter MALVOLIO*]

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned?

OLIVIA

Have I? No.

MALVOLIO

Pray you peruse that letter.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.

SIR TOBY

Excellent wench, say I.
The steward's a rogue and a passy measures pavan!

SIR ANDREW

An ass head and a coxcomb and a thin-faced knave!

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

FESTE

I was one Sir Topas in this interlude.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

MALVOLIO

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

[*Exit.*]

OLIVIA

Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

ORSINO

When golden time convents, sweet sister,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

All leave, except FESTE

Epilogue: Dance-Finale

THE COMPANY

*(Feste) When that I was and a little tiny boy,
(enter Viola, Orsino) With hey-ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day*

*(Feste) But when I came to man's estate,
(enter Olivia, Sebastian) With hey-ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day*

*(Feste) But when I came, alas! to wive,
(enter Malvolio) With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*(Feste) But when I came unto my beds,
(enter Maria, Toby) With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*(Feste) He that has and a little tiny wit,
(enter Andrew) With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*(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,
(Feste) And we'll strive to please you every day.*

