

ORSINO: She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA: About your years, my lord.

ORSINO: Too old: let the woman take
An elder than herself: so **wears she to him**,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our **fancies** are more **giddy** and unfirm,
Than women's are.

Re-enter CURIO with FESTE.

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario.

FESTE: Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO: Ay; prithee, sing.

Music.

FESTE: *(singing)* 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: **There's for thy pains.**

FESTE: No pains; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Now, the **melancholy** god protect thee. Farewell.

Exit FESTE.

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: Say that some lady,
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: There is no woman's sides
Can **bide** the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; they lack **retention**.

VIOLA: Ay, but I know
Too well what love women to men may owe:
My father had a daughter loved a man,

Viola is pretty direct about her love for Orsino. Does he have any idea by the end of the scene? He has already praised Cesario's "womanly" appearance and voice.

wears she to him: she comes to fit him (like clothing)

fancies: desires **giddy**: unsteady

Mark it: pay attention to it

Feste sings the song of a man who died of unrequited love.

cypress: wood used in coffins

yew: a type of tree common in graveyards

There's for thy pains: here is money for your efforts

melancholy: sad, depressed

sovereign cruelty: the cruel Countess Olivia (but also meaning "The Queen of Cruelty")

bide: stand

retention: thee ability to hold or keep (their passion, in this case)

JOHN MINIGAN 13

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Again, Viola hints repeatedly, describing her feelings for Orsino, declaring that her "woman's" love is as true and powerful as his.

I am ... too: a riddle in which Viola claims she is a woman, but also a hint of her sorrow that Sebastian is believed dead
I know not: she doesn't know how bad the result of her unrequited love will be

theme: idea, point

give no place: give up no ground

bide no deny: stand no denial

How much of "Cesario's" hinting does Orsino understand? This scene can have great tension, as both characters fall deep into torment and confusion about their love.

The tricking of Malvolio, with Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and their friend Fabian hiding and watching gives lots of opportunity for physical and visual comedy.

sheep-biter: a sneak (he is referring to Malvolio)

exult: celebrate

metal of India: gold, hence precious—a sign of Sir Toby's affection for Maria

contemplative: thoughtful, but also practicing contemplation as a spiritual exercise—a joke about Malvolio's supposed religious morality

Although Malvolio cannot, the audience must be able to see and hear Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian as they eavesdrop on Malvolio. Where are they hiding on stage? Are they always visible or do they pop into view when they speak?

fortune: chance; luck

she ... me: Olivia had affection for me

overweening: arrogant

Malvolio is already fantasizing that Olivia loves him, and he will therefore be a Count, much to the anger of his three observers.

Malvolio cites an example of a "lady" marrying a "yeoman," beneath her class.

Jezebel: cruel wife of King Ahab in the bible (Sir Andrew's use of the term is nonsense)

employment: business

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.
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

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.**
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO: Ay, that's the **theme**.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can **give no place, bide no deny**.

They exit.

END

SCENE 10. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY: Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. Wouldst thou not be glad to
have the rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN: I would **exult**, man.

SIR TOBY: We will fool him black and blue. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my **metal of India**.

MARIA: Malvolio's coming down this walk: observe him, for I know this
letter will make a **contemplative** idiot of him. Lie thou there.

MARIA puts down the letter and exits. SIR TOBY, SIR
ANDREW and FABIAN hide. Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: 'Tis but **fortune**; all is **fortune**. Maria once told me **she did
affect me**.

SIR TOBY: Here's an **overweening** rogue!

MALVOLIO: To be Count Malvolio!

SIR ANDREW: Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY: Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO: There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the
yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW: Fie on him, **Jezebel**!

MALVOLIO: What **employment** have we here?

MALVOLIO picks up the letter.

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