– PIANO-VOCAL SCORE –

Book, Music, and Lyrics by PETER MILLS
Adapted by PETER MILLS & CARA REICHEL
From Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*

Orchestrations by Daniel Feyer
Music Preparation by Christopher Deschene and Anna Jacobs

Originally Produced by Prospect Theatre Company, New York, NY
Cara Reichel, Producing Artistic Director Melissa Huber, Managing Director

ILLYRIA received its Regional Premiere at The Shakespeare Theatre of New Jersey
Bonnie J. Monte, Artistic Director Stephen Klein, Managing Director

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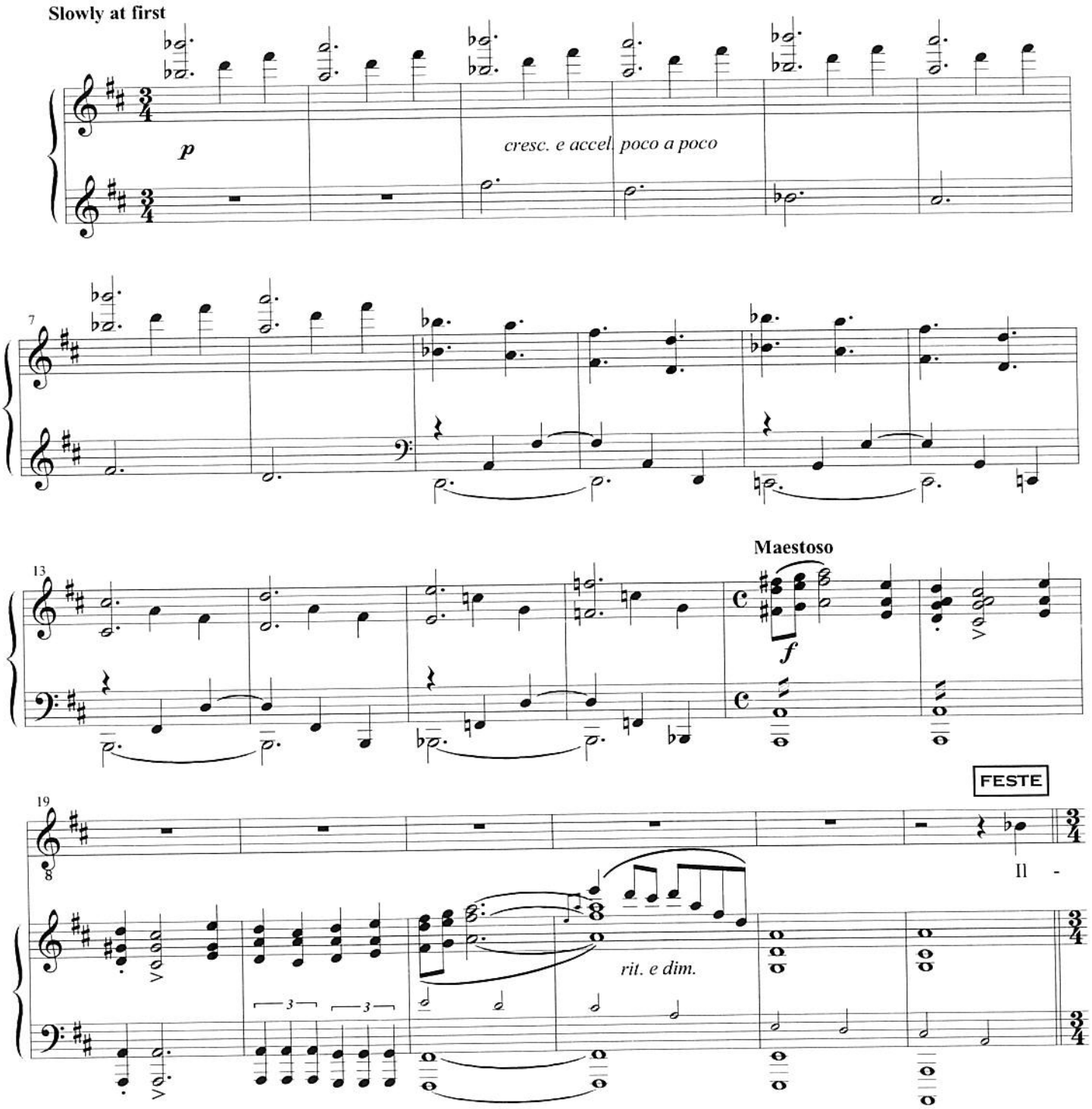
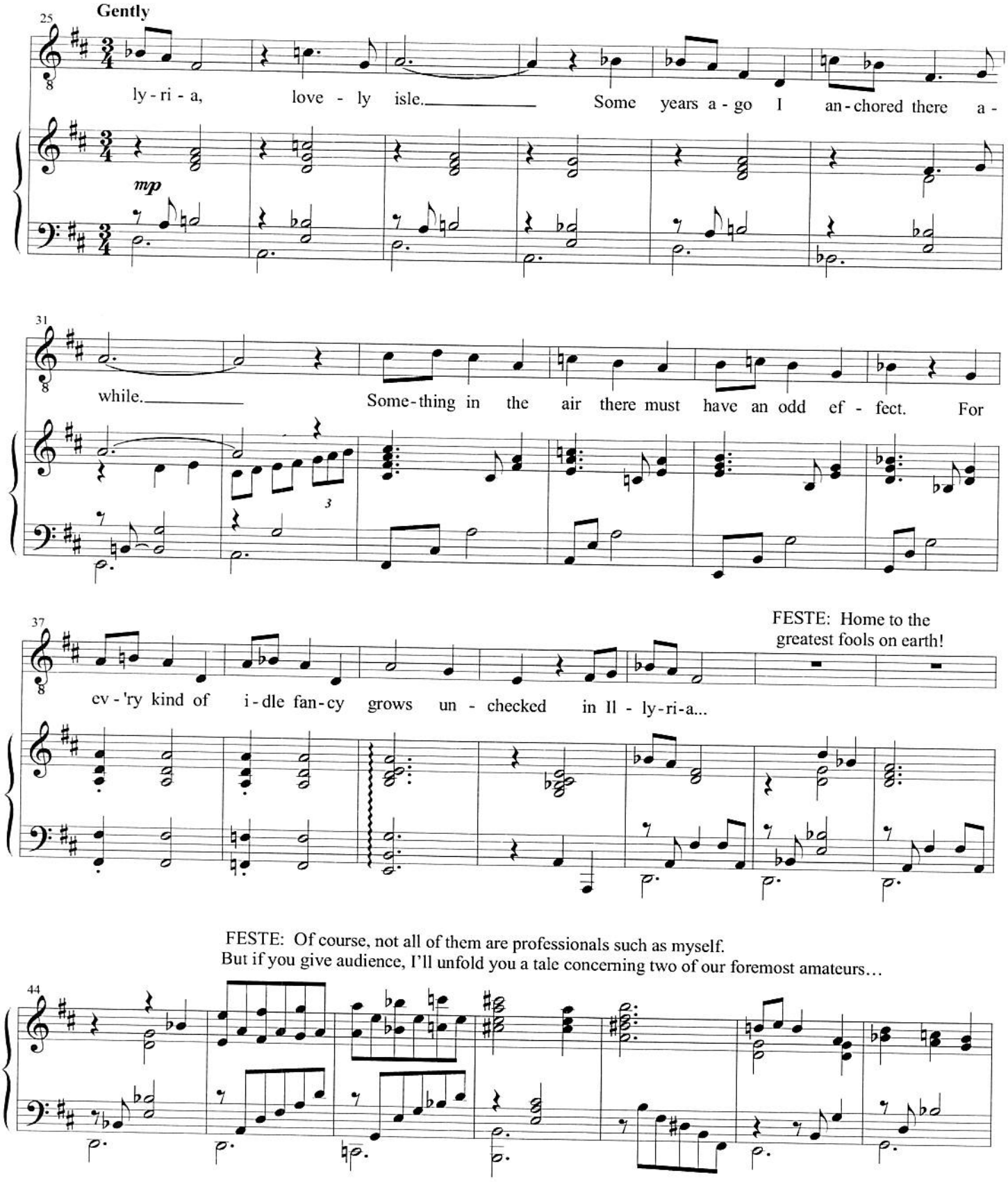
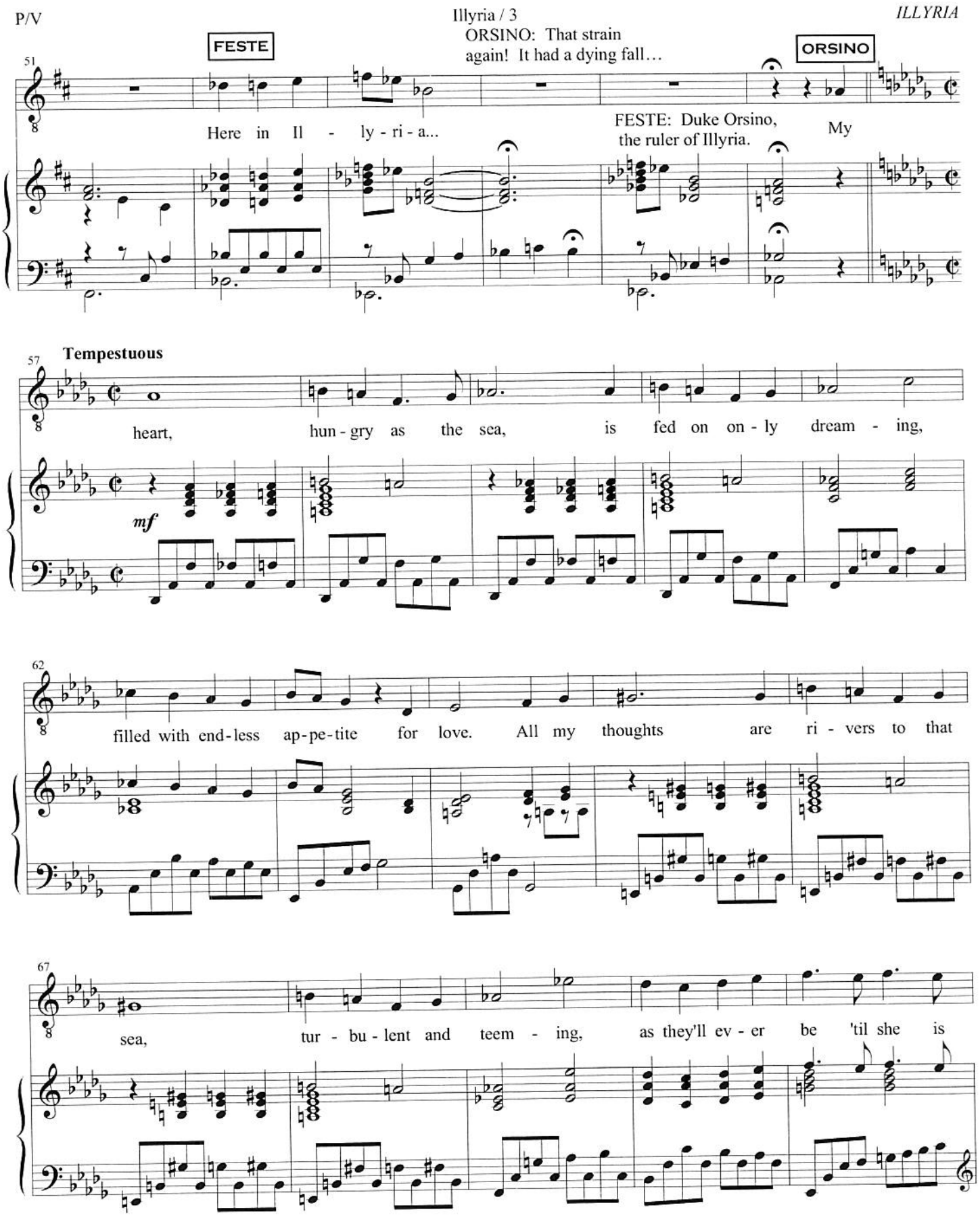
Illyria

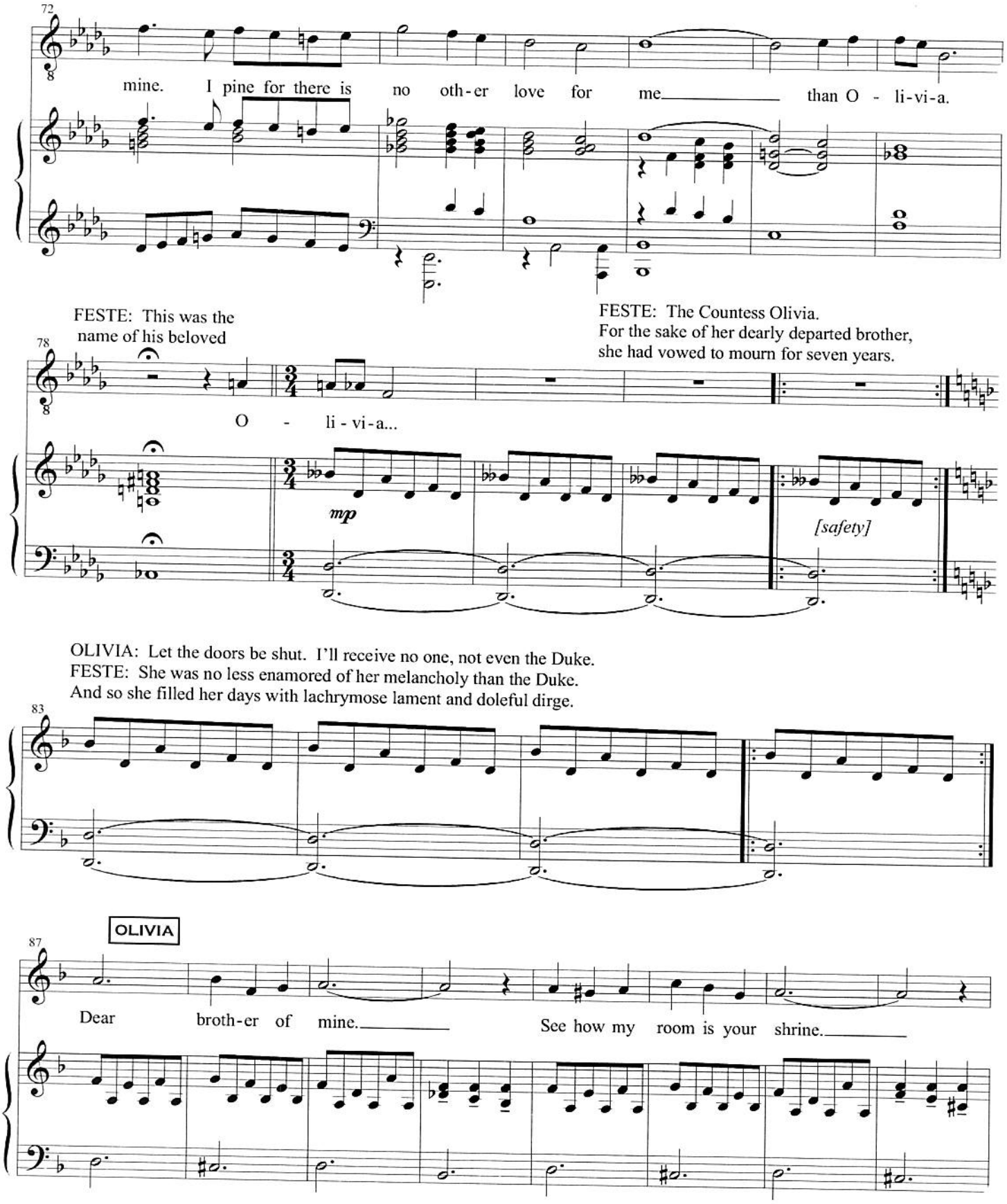
(Company)

Top of show




Gently
25
ly - ri - a, love - ly isle. Some years a - go I an - chored there a -
mp
31
while. Some - thing in the air there must have an odd ef - fect. For
37
ev - 'ry kind of i - dle fan - cy grows un - checked in Il - ly - ri - a...
FESTE: Home to the greatest fools on earth!
FESTE: Of course, not all of them are professionals such as myself.
But if you give audience, I'll unfold you a tale concerning two of our foremost amateurs…
44


FESTE
ORSINO: That strain again! It had a dying fall…
ORSINO
51
Here in Il - ly - ri - a...
FESTE: Duke Orsino, the ruler of Illyria.
My
57
Tempestuous
heart, hun - gry as the sea, is fed on on - ly dream - ing,
mf
62
filled with end - less ap - pe - tite for love. All my thoughts are ri - vers to that
67
sea, tur - bu - lent and teem - ing, as they'll ev - er be 'til she is


72
mine. I pine for there is no oth-er love for me than O - li-vi-a.
FESTE: This was the name of his beloved
FESTE: The Countess Olivia. For the sake of her dearly departed brother, she had vowed to mourn for seven years.
78
O - li - vi - a...
mp
[safety]
OLIVIA: Let the doors be shut. I'll receive no one, not even the Duke.
FESTE: She was no less enamored of her melancholy than the Duke. And so she filled her days with lachrymose lament and doleful dirge.
83
OLIVIA
87
Dear broth-er of mine. See how my room is your shrine.

OLIVIA exits to her private chamber. MALVOLIO and MARIA are slowly closing the doors behind her. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, trying to get MARIA's attention.

95

Long in my mem-ory the im-age will shine of you, dear broth-er of mine.

8va

[safety]

TOBY: Maria…
MARIA: What is it?!
TOBY: A catastrophe:
the ale seems to be locked up.

TOBY: Psst.
MARIA: Shh.

TOBY: Psst!
MARIA: Shh!
MALVOLIO: Shh!

103

(8va)

subito ***p***

Slowly

MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, my Ladyship will no longer tolerate your drinking. Apart from a glass of wine with your meals, any drink you desire you must pay for out of your own pocket. I have made strict account of our present stores, so I will know exactly how much you consume. Maria, see to it that he pays.

Exit MALVOLIO. TOBY and MARIA exchange glances.

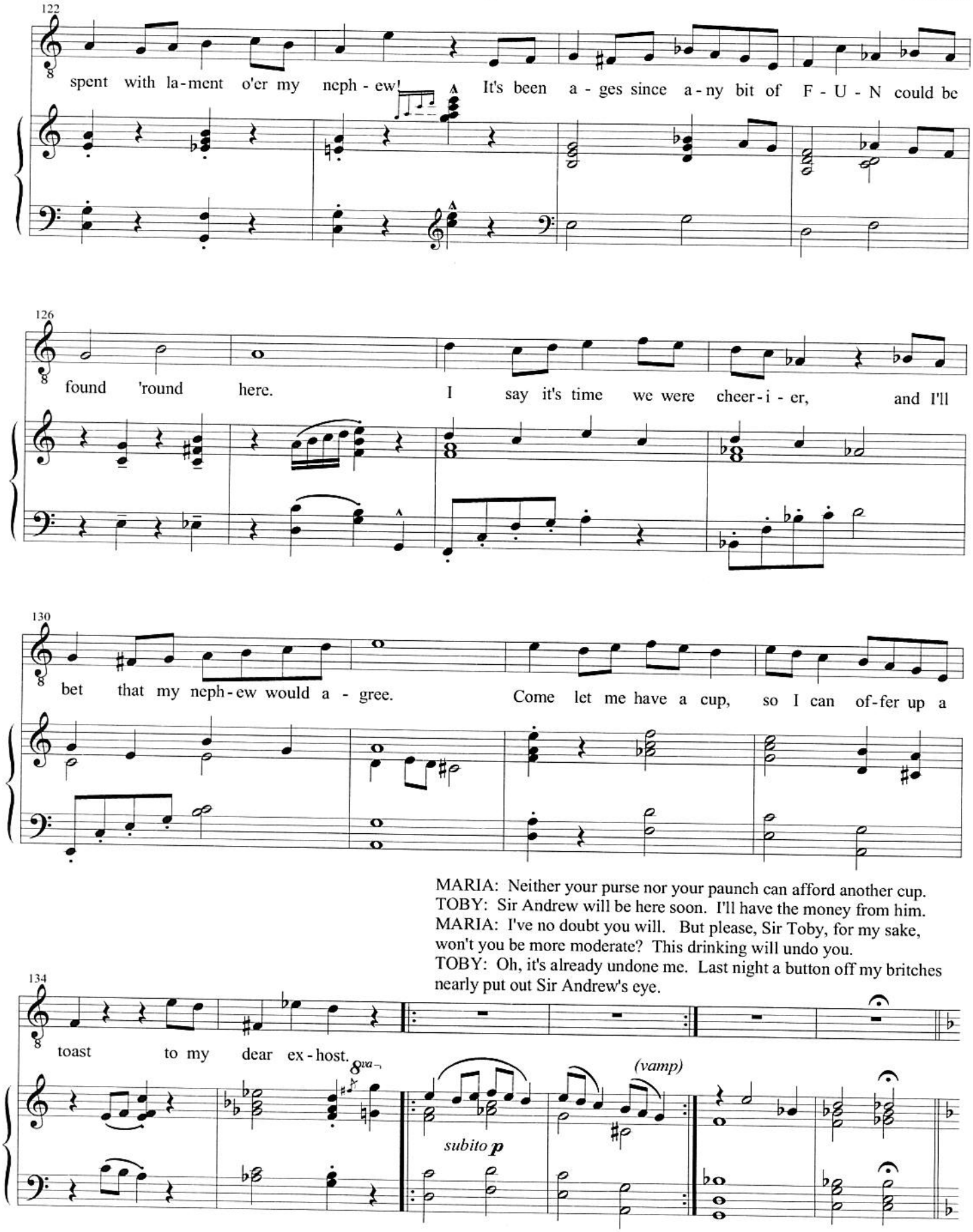
110

mp

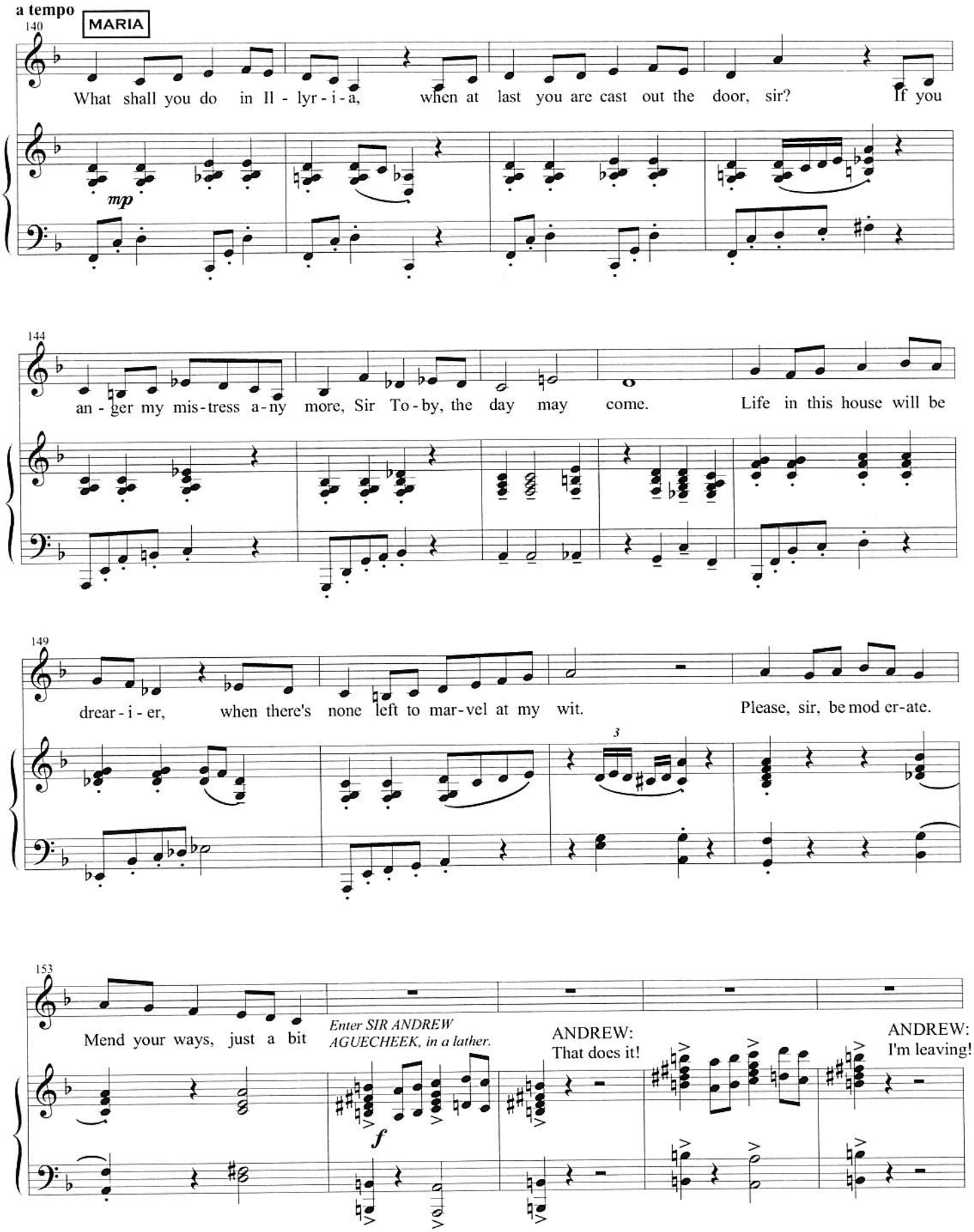
117

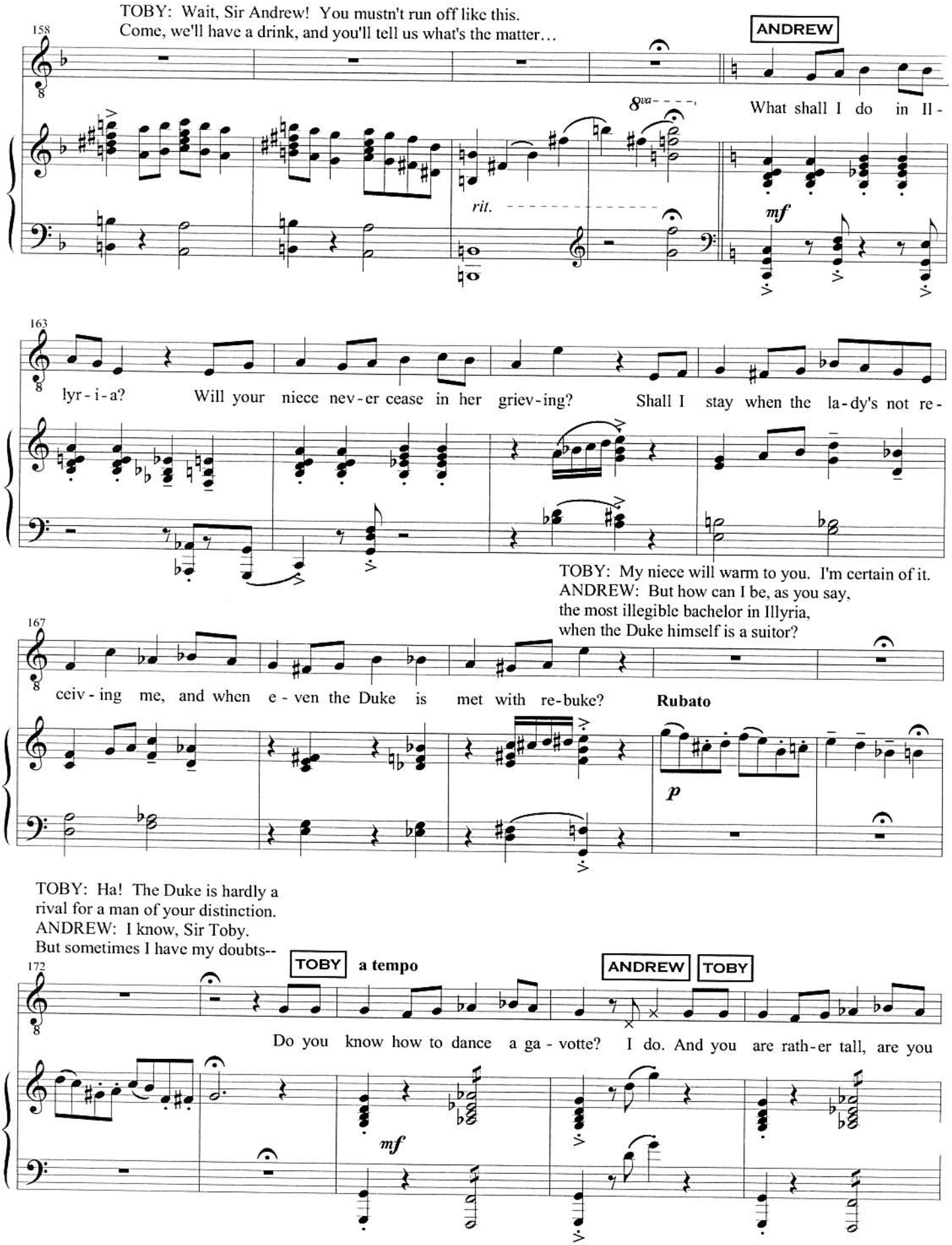
TOBY

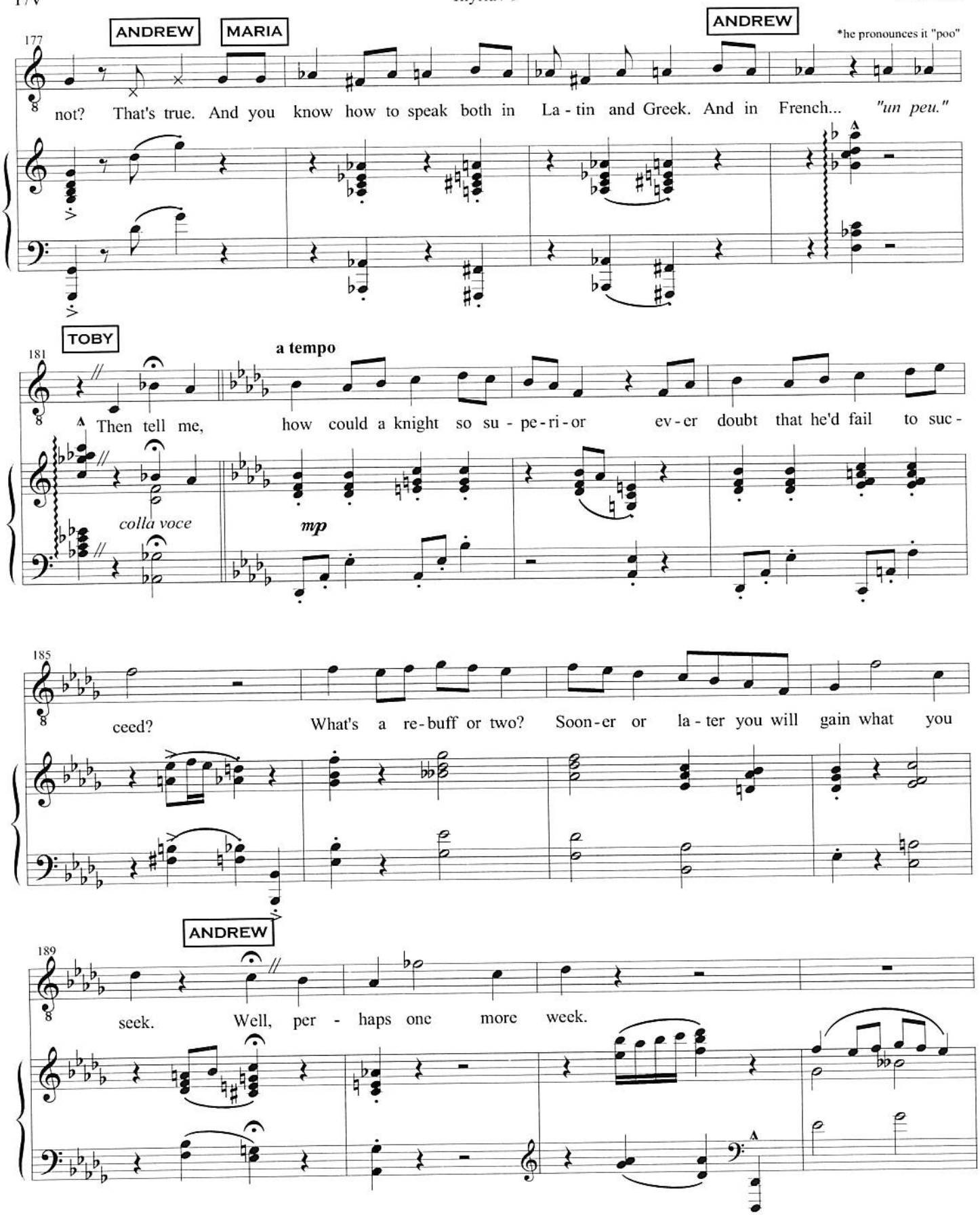
What shall I do in Il - ly - ri - a? I am



MARIA: Neither your purse nor your paunch can afford another cup.
TOBY: Sir Andrew will be here soon. I'll have the money from him.
MARIA: I've no doubt you will. But please, Sir Toby, for my sake, won't you be more moderate? This drinking will undo you.
TOBY: Oh, it's already undone me. Last night a button off my britches nearly put out Sir Andrew's eye.

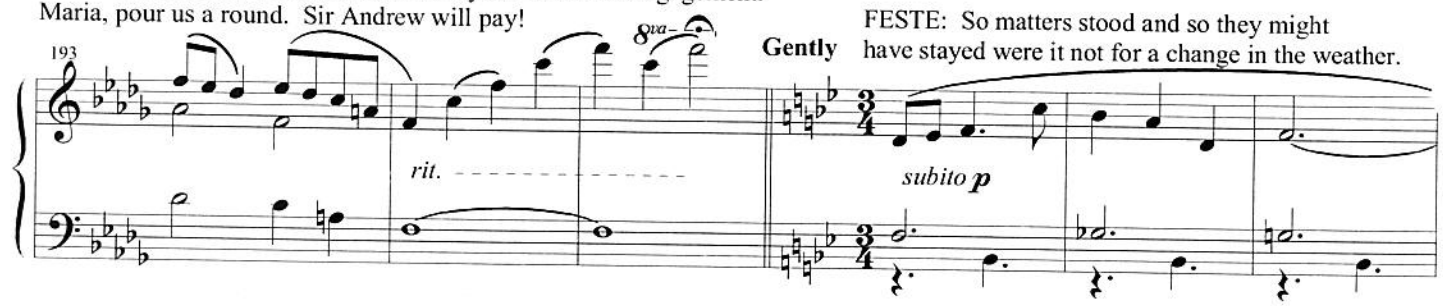

a tempo
MARIA
140
What shall you do in Il - lyr - i - a, when at last you are cast out the door, sir? If you
mp
144
an - ger my mis - tress a - ny more, Sir To - by, the day may come. Life in this house will be
149
drear - i - er, when there's none left to mar - vel at my wit. Please, sir, be mod er - ate.
3
153
Mend your ways, just a bit
Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, in a lather.
f
ANDREW: That does it!
ANDREW: I'm leaving!


TOBY: Wait, Sir Andrew! You mustn't run off like this.
Come, we'll have a drink, and you'll tell us what's the matter…
158
ANDREW
What shall I do in Il-
8va
rit.
mf
163
lyr-i-a? Will your niece nev-er cease in her griev-ing? Shall I stay when the la-dy's not re-
TOBY: My niece will warm to you. I'm certain of it.
ANDREW: But how can I be, as you say,
the most illegible bachelor in Illyria,
when the Duke himself is a suitor?
167
ceiv-ing me, and when e-ven the Duke is met with re-buke?
Rubato
p
TOBY: Ha! The Duke is hardly a
rival for a man of your distinction.
ANDREW: I know, Sir Toby.
But sometimes I have my doubts--
172
TOBY
a tempo
ANDREW
TOBY
Do you know how to dance a ga-votte? I do. And you are rath-er tall, are you
mf

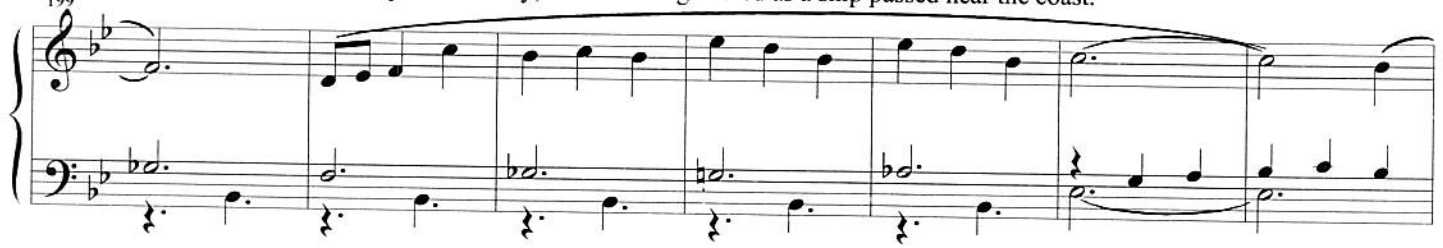

177
ANDREW
MARIA
ANDREW
*he pronounces it "poo"
not? That's true. And you know how to speak both in La - tin and Greek. And in French... "un peu."
181
TOBY
a tempo
Then tell me, how could a knight so su - pe - ri - or ev - er doubt that he'd fail to suc -
colla voce
mp
185
ceed? What's a re - buff or two? Soon - er or la - ter you will gain what you
ANDREW
189
seek. Well, per - haps one more week.

TOBY: Excellent! Then let us drink to your imminent engagement.
Maria, pour us a round. Sir Andrew will pay!

FESTE: So matters stood and so they might have stayed were it not for a change in the weather.

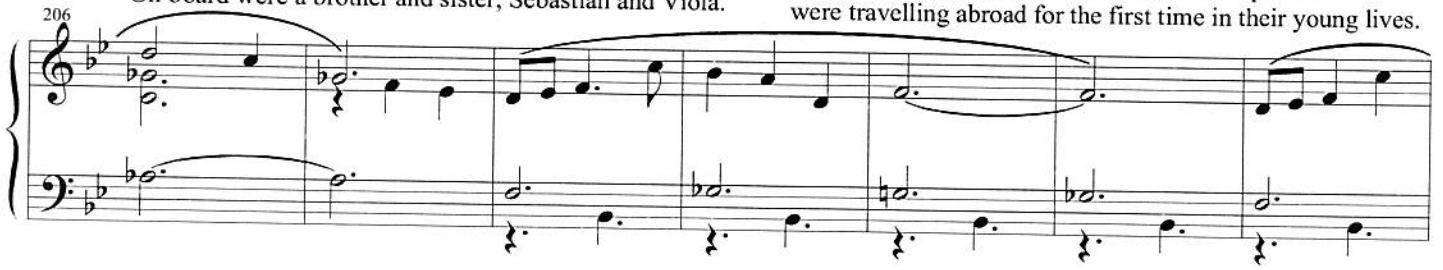


One particular day, dark clouds gathered as a ship passed near the coast.

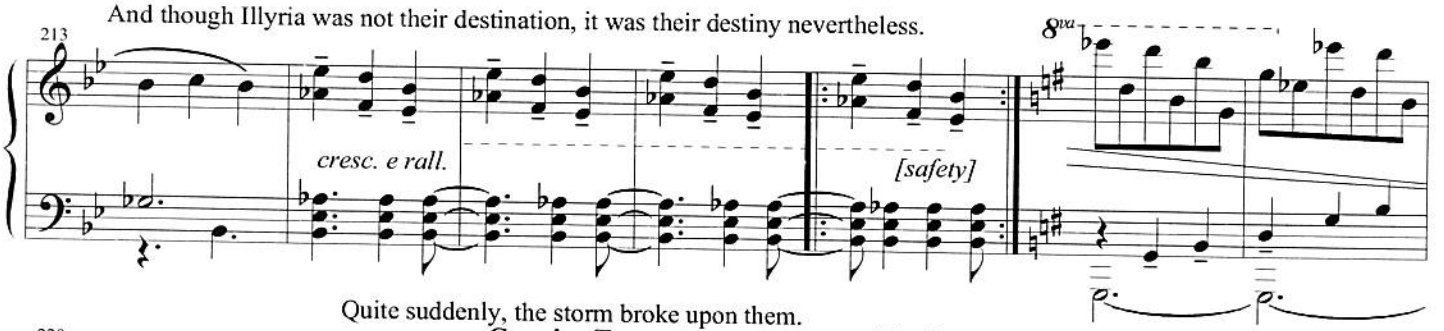


On board were a brother and sister, Sebastian and Viola.

Born of a single hour, the two constant companions were travelling abroad for the first time in their young lives.

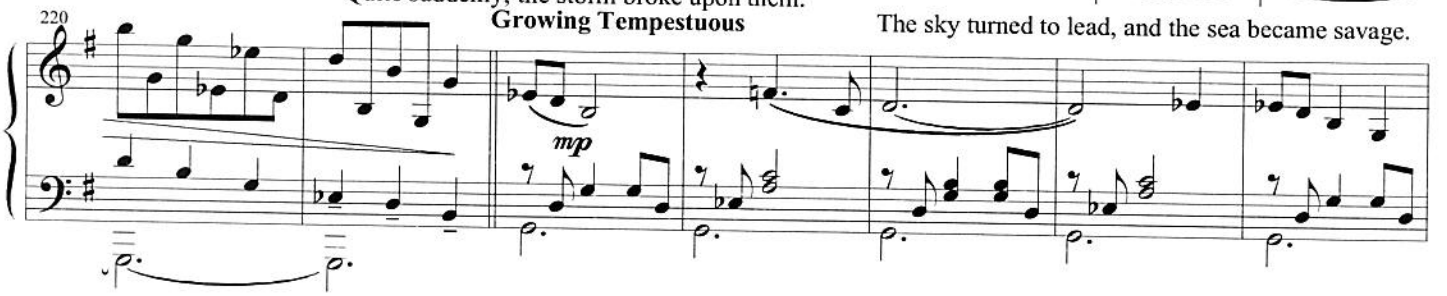


And though Illyria was not their destination, it was their destiny nevertheless.

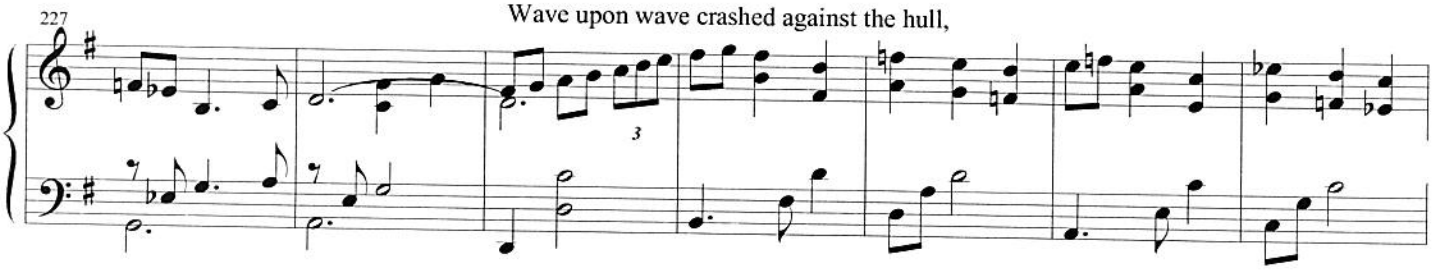


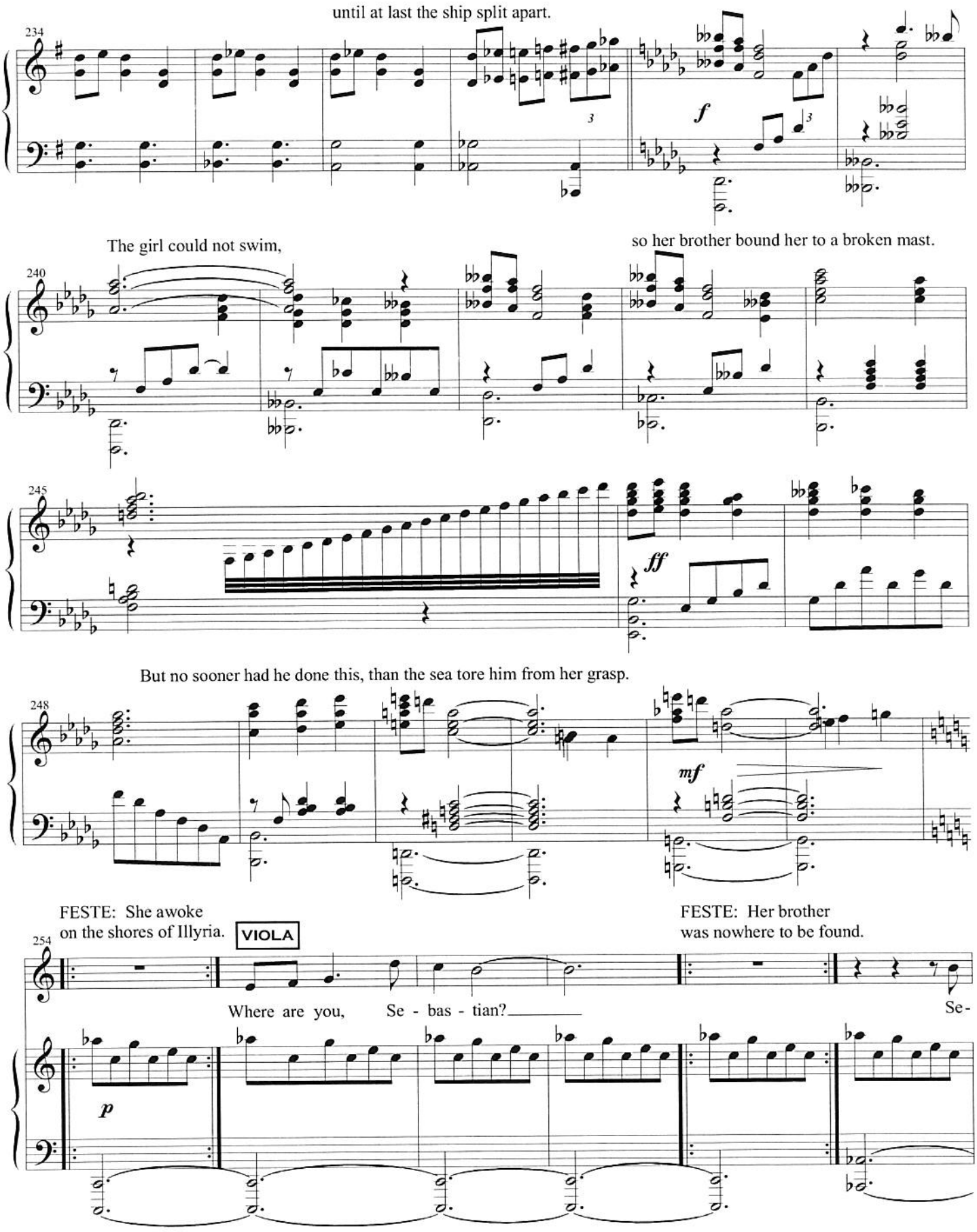
Quite suddenly, the storm broke upon them.

The sky turned to lead, and the sea became savage.



Wave upon wave crashed against the hull,




until at last the ship split apart.
234
f
The girl could not swim,
so her brother bound her to a broken mast.
240
245
ff
But no sooner had he done this, than the sea tore him from her grasp.
248
mf
FESTE: She awoke on the shores of Illyria.
VIOLA
FESTE: Her brother was nowhere to be found.
254
Where are you, Se - bas - tian?
Se-
p

FESTE: Fearful of what dangers might await a young girl on her own, Viola took refuge in the only protection she knew.

260

bas - tian...

VIOLA sees her brother's coat on the shore and picks it up.

what count-ry is this?

VIOLA puts on the coat, and slowly exits.

267

FESTE

Il - - ly-ri-a, love - ly isle. Some years a-go I

OTHERS appear as they join, singing.

OLIVIA Dear broth-er of mine,

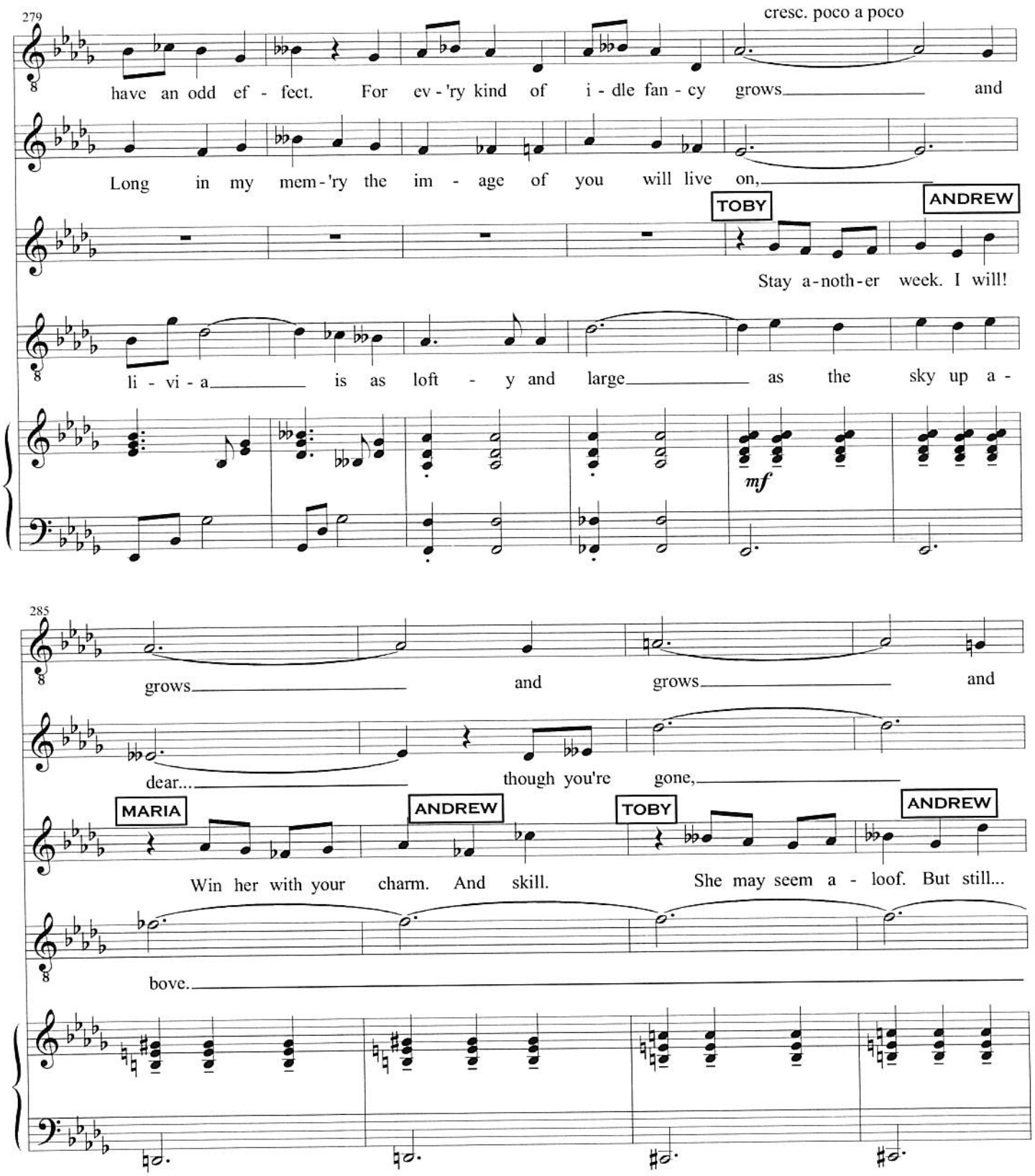
mp

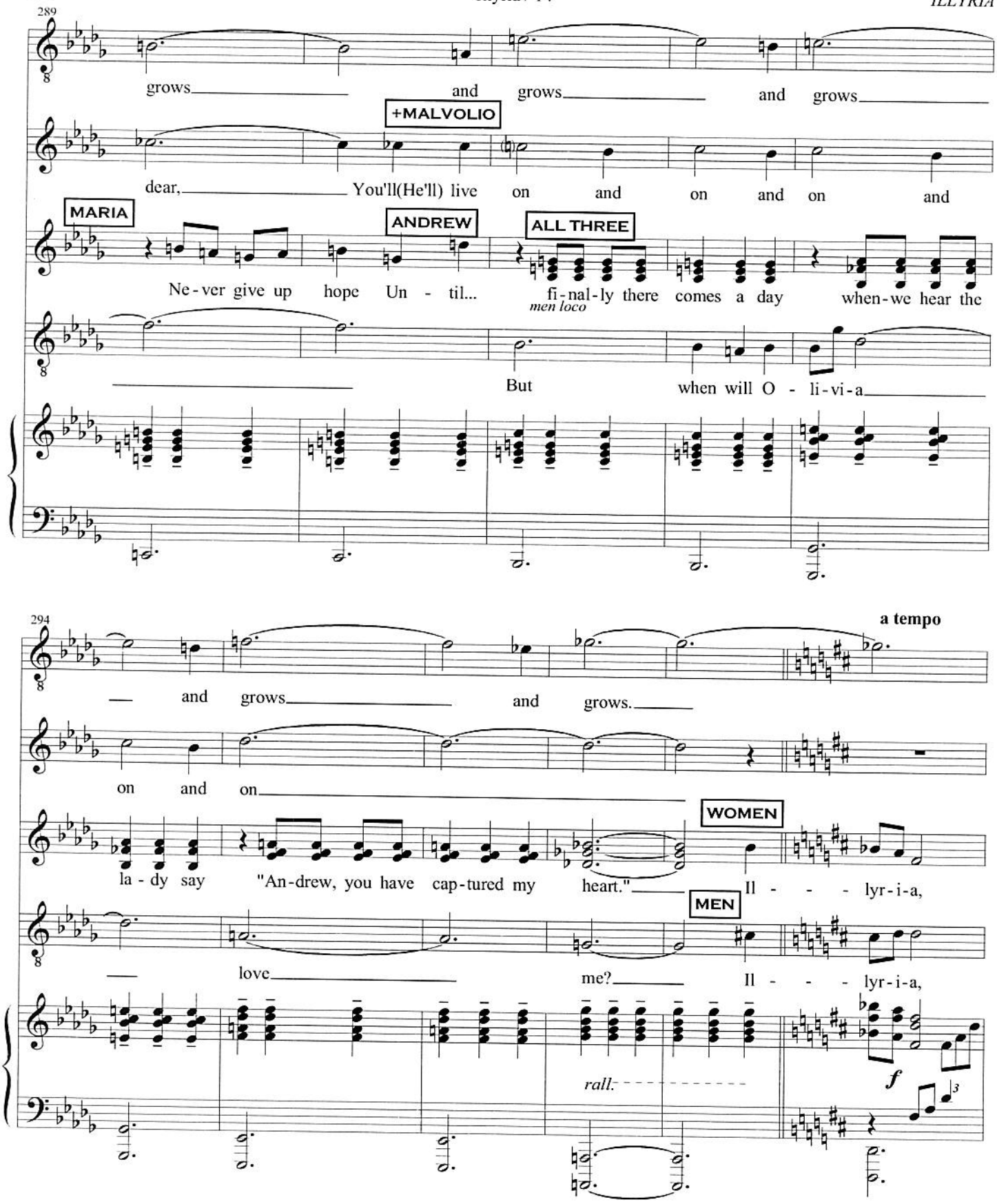
274

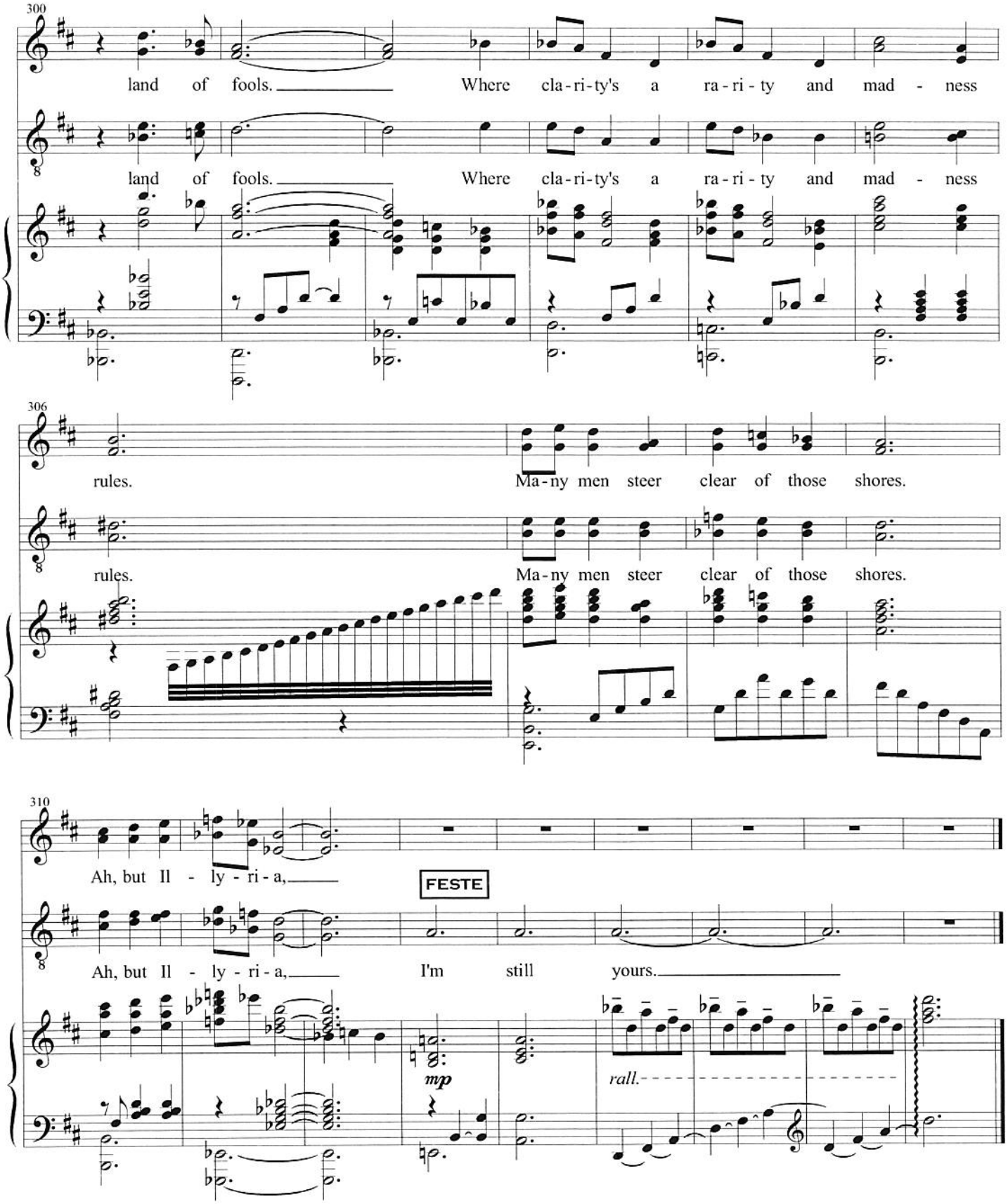
an-chored there a - while. Some-thing in the air there must

see how my room is your shrine.

ORSINO My love for O -


279
cresc. poco a poco
have an odd ef - fect. For ev - 'ry kind of i - dle fan - cy grows and
Long in my mem - 'ry the im - age of you will live on,
TOBY
ANDREW
Stay a - noth - er week. I will!
li - vi - a is as loft - y and large as the sky up a -
mf
285
grows and grows and
dear... though you're gone,
MARIA
ANDREW
TOBY
ANDREW
Win her with your charm. And skill. She may seem a - loof. But still...
bove.


289
grows and grows and grows
+MALVOLIO
dear, You'll(He'll) live on and on and on and
MARIA
ANDREW
ALL THREE
Ne-ver give up hope Un - til... fi-nal-ly there comes a day when-we hear the
men loco
But when will O - li-vi-a
294
a tempo
and grows and grows.
on and on
WOMEN
la - dy say "An-drew, you have cap-tured my heart." Il - - - lyr-i-a,
MEN
love me? Il - - - lyr-i-a,
rall.
f


300
land of fools. Where cla-ri-ty's a ra-ri-ty and mad - ness
land of fools. Where cla-ri-ty's a ra-ri-ty and mad - ness
306
rules. Ma-ny men steer clear of those shores.
rules. Ma-ny men steer clear of those shores.
310
Ah, but Il - ly-ri-a,
FESTE
Ah, but Il - ly-ri-a, I'm still yours.
mp
rall.

Segue

1A

Sebastian

(Viola)

Applause segué

Simply

VIOLA

mp

Se - bas-tian, please un - der

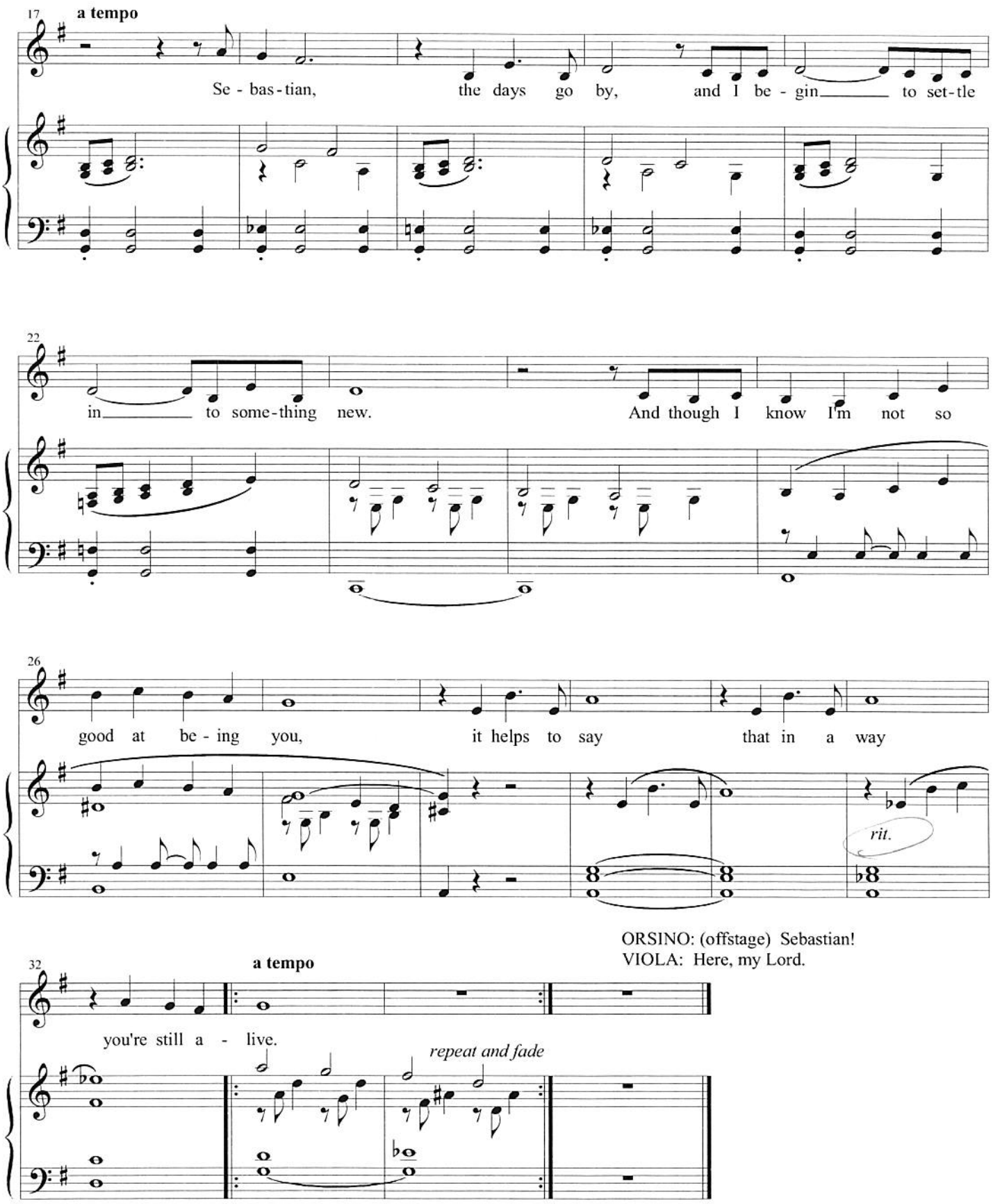
6

stand. I was a - lone. I did-n't know what I should do. I thought if

11

on - ly you were there to see me through, I might sur - vive.

poco rall.


17
a tempo
Se - bas - tian, the days go by, and I be - gin to set - tle
22
in to some - thing new. And though I know I'm not so
26
good at be - ing you, it helps to say that in a way
rit.
ORSINO: (offstage) Sebastian!
VIOLA: Here, my Lord.
32
a tempo
you're still a - live.
repeat and fade

How These Things Start

2

(Orsino, Viola)

Cue:
ORSINO: Bear in mind,
this is only a first effort.

Colla Voce

ORSINO

ad lib. arp.

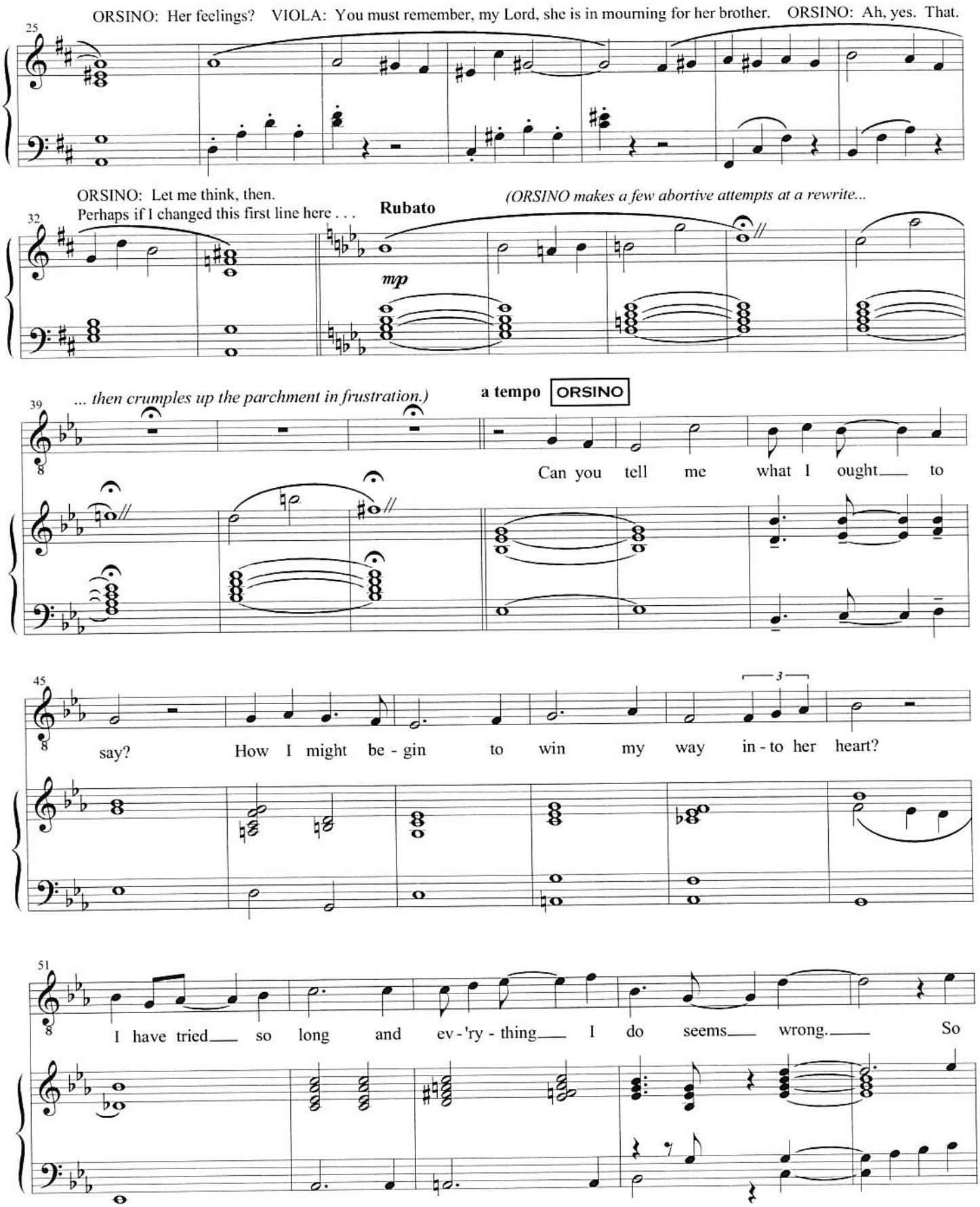
mf

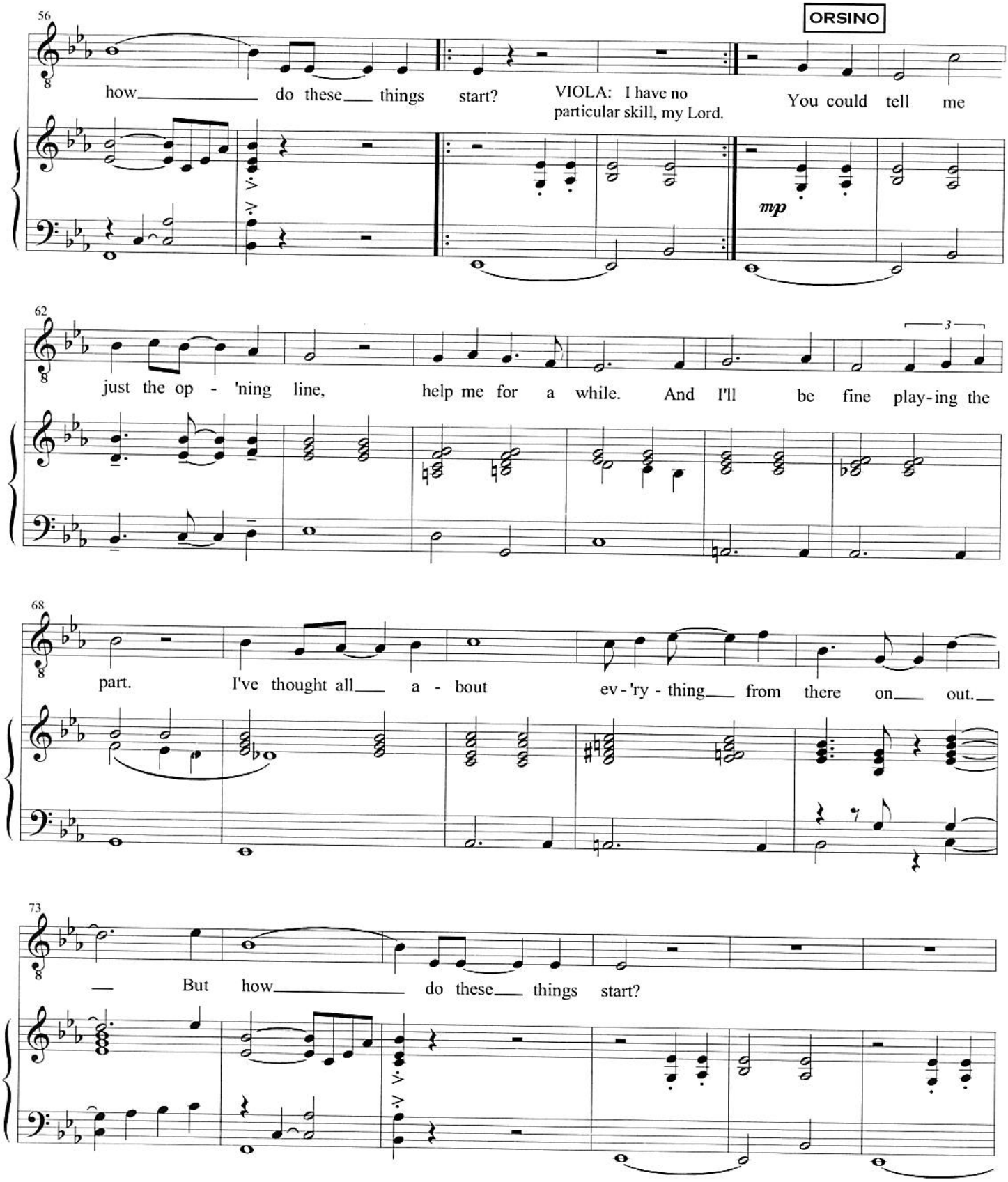
My love for O - li-vi-a is like no-thing that the world has e-ver known. My love is a mi-ra-cle...

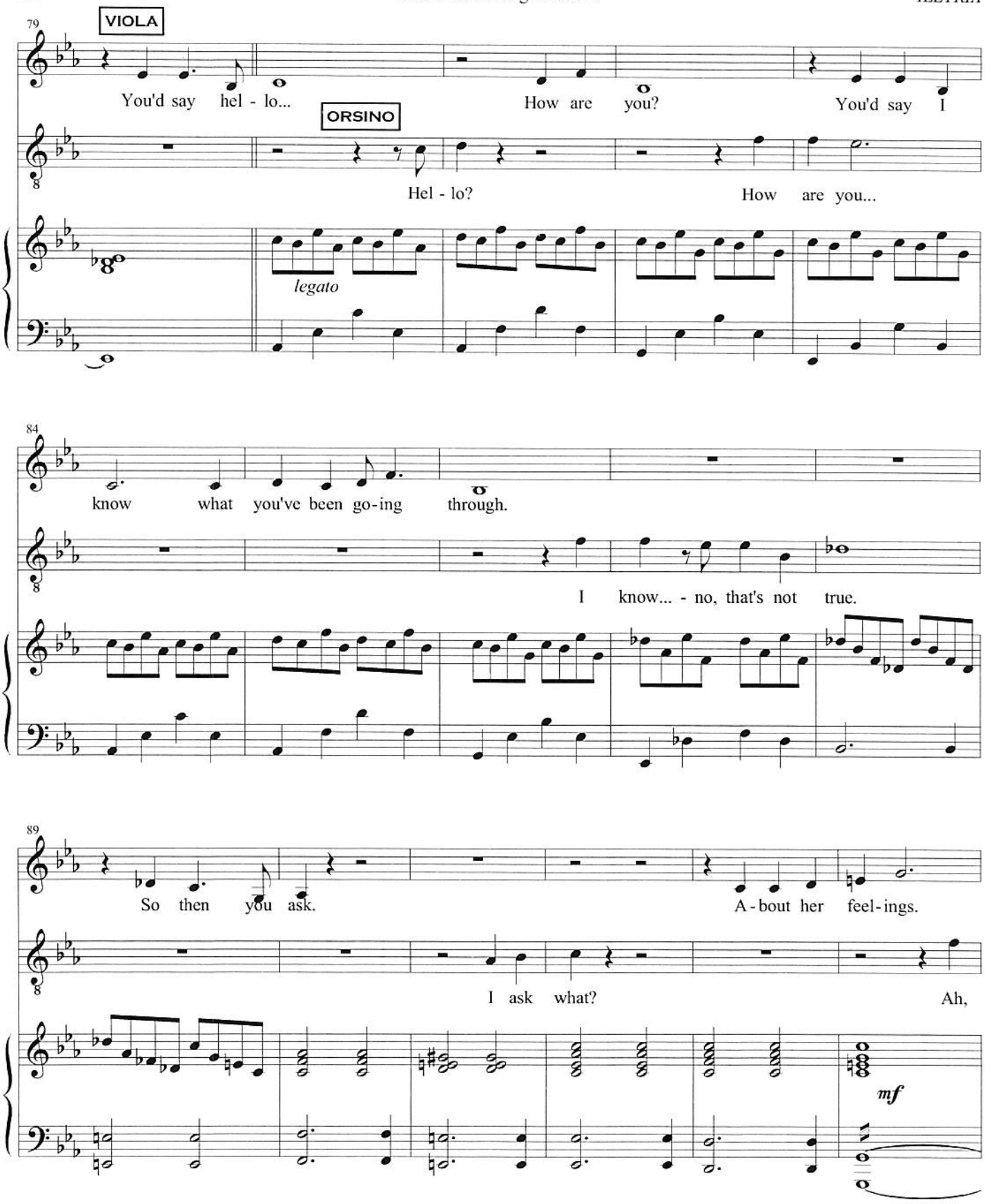
ORSINO: You don't like it. I can tell. VIOLA: No, it's beautiful, but . . .
ORSINO: Out with it. You know how much I value your opinion, Sebastian.

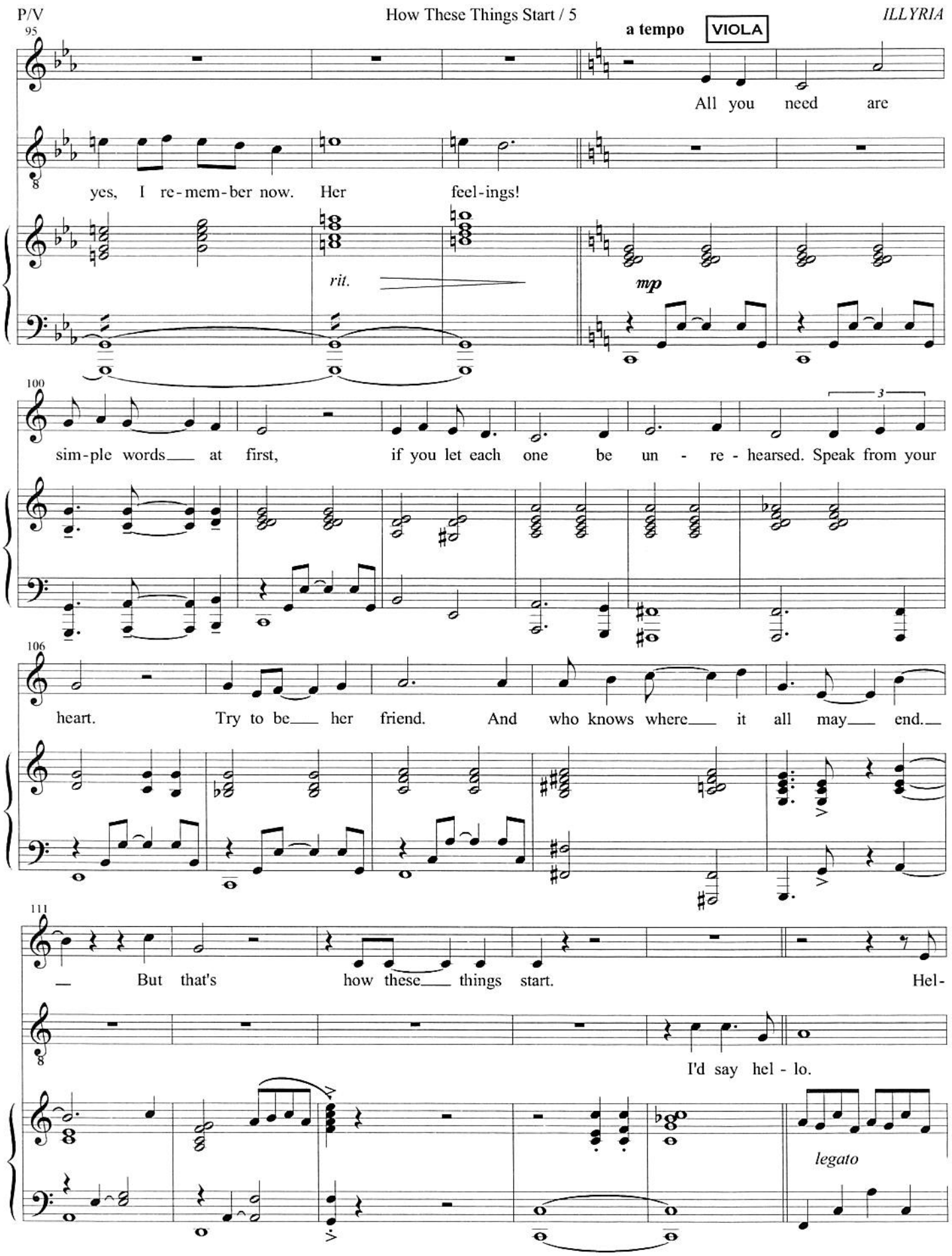
VIOLA: My Lord, in these poems you speak often of your feelings, but perhaps you ought sometimes to speak of her feelings as well as yours.

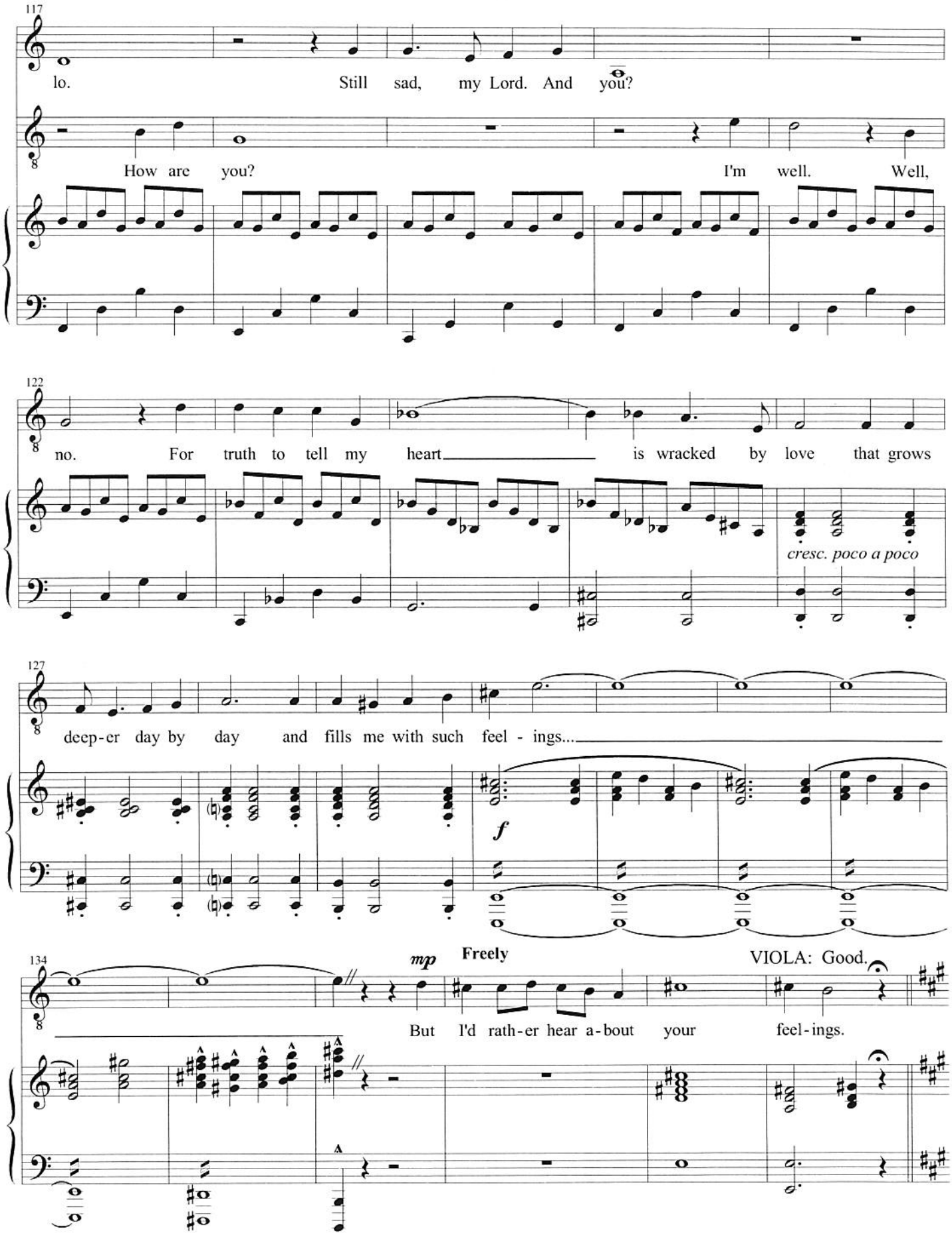
subito p

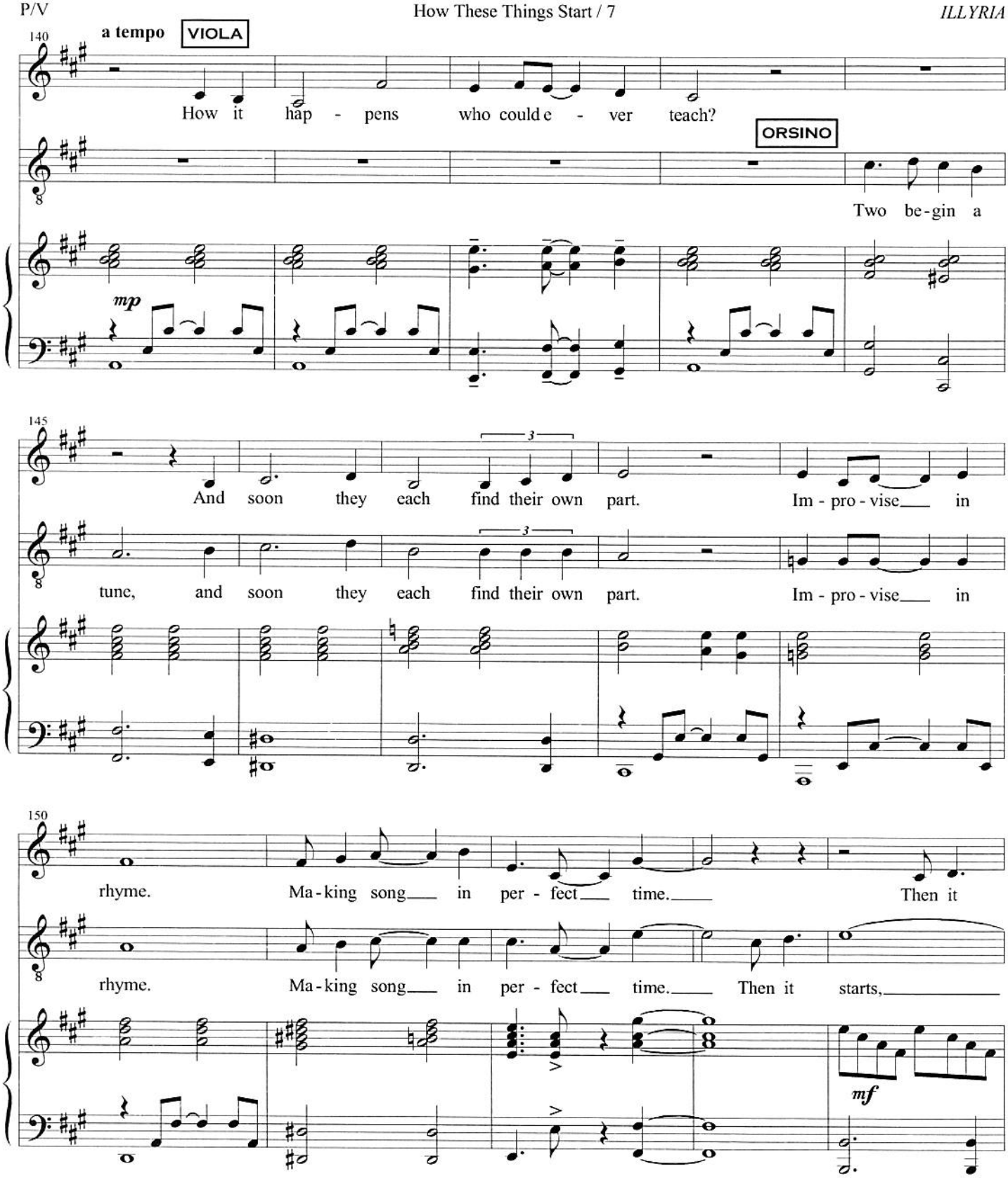

ORSINO: Her feelings? VIOLA: You must remember, my Lord, she is in mourning for her brother. ORSINO: Ah, yes. That.
25
ORSINO: Let me think, then.
Perhaps if I changed this first line here . . .
Rubato
(ORSINO makes a few abortive attempts at a rewrite...
32
mp
... then crumples up the parchment in frustration.)
a tempo
ORSINO
39
Can you tell me what I ought to
45
say? How I might be - gin to win my way in - to her heart?
3
51
I have tried so long and ev - 'ry - thing I do seems wrong. So

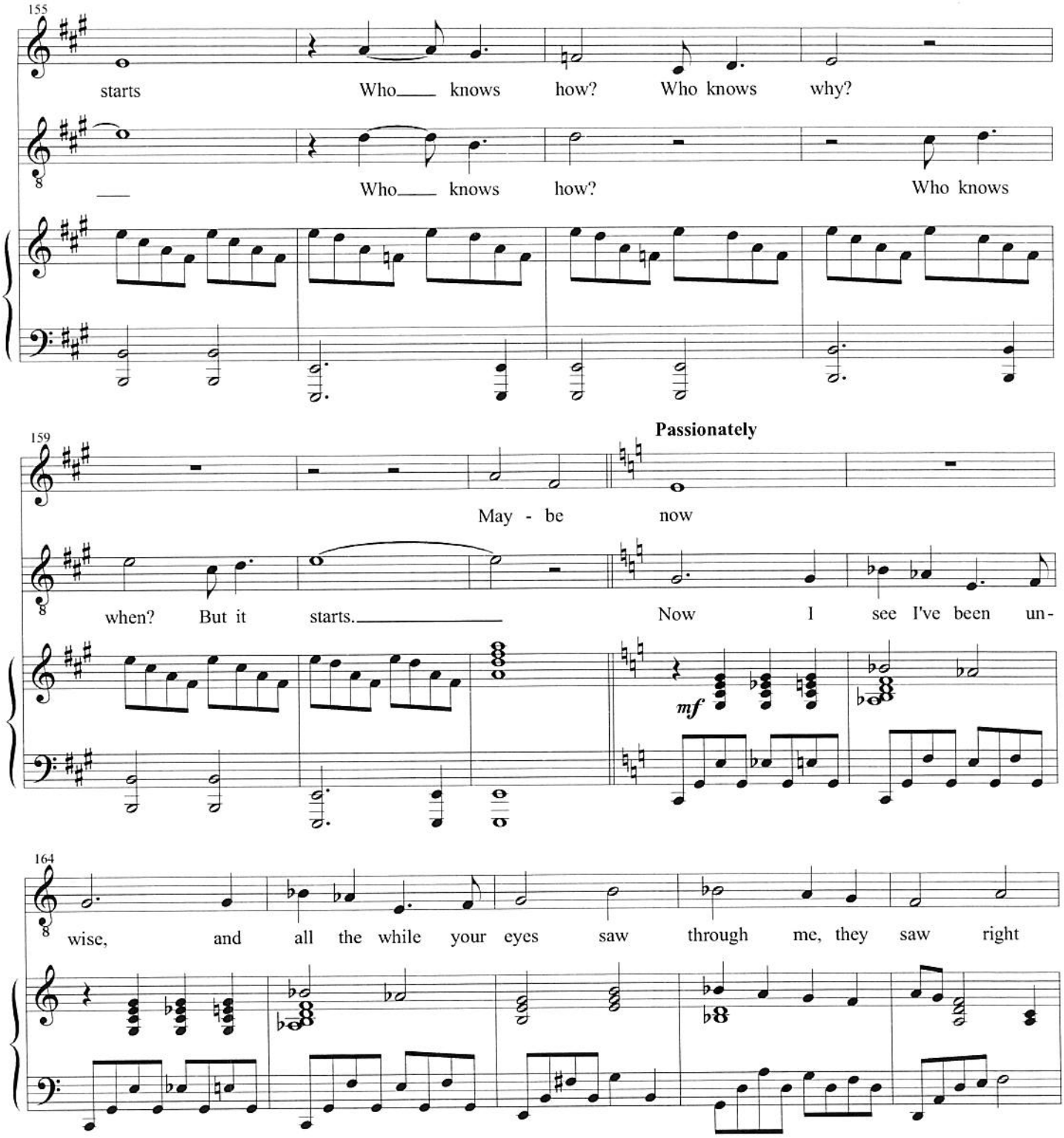

56
ORSINO
how do these things start?
VIOLA: I have no particular skill, my Lord.
You could tell me
mp
62
just the op - 'ning line, help me for a while. And I'll be fine play-ing the
3
68
part. I've thought all a - bout ev-'ry - thing from there on out.
73
But how do these things start?


79
VIOLA
You'd say hel - lo...
How are you?
You'd say I
ORSINO
Hel - lo?
How are you...
legato
84
know what you've been go-ing through.
I know... - no, that's not true.
89
So then you ask.
A-bout her feel-ings.
I ask what?
Ah,
mf


95
a tempo
VIOLA
All you need are
yes, I re-mem-ber now. Her feel-ings!
rit.
mp
100
sim-ple words at first, if you let each one be un - re - hearsed. Speak from your
106
heart. Try to be her friend. And who knows where it all may end.
111
But that's how these things start. Hel-
I'd say hel - lo.
legato


117
lo. Still sad, my Lord. And you?
How are you? I'm well. Well,
122
no. For truth to tell my heart is wracked by love that grows
cresc. poco a poco
127
deep-er day by day and fills me with such feel - ings...
f
134
mp
Freely
VIOLA: Good.
But I'd rath-er hear a-bout your feel-ings.


140
a tempo
VIOLA
How it hap - pens who could e - ver teach?
ORSINO
Two be-gin a
mp
145
And soon they each find their own part. Im - pro - vise in
tune, and soon they each find their own part. Im - pro - vise in
150
rhyme. Ma-king song in per - fect time. Then it
rhyme. Ma-king song in per - fect time. Then it starts,
mf


155
starts Who___ knows how? Who knows why?
___ Who___ knows how? Who knows
159
Passionately
May - be now
when? But it starts.___ Now I see I've been un-
mf
164
wise, and all the while your eyes saw through me, they saw right

169

through me to how my fool - ish - ness was fear of let - ting you come

174

near - er to me. Yes, I tried my best to hide my heart a - way but you al - ways

f

ORSINO: What would she say to that?
VIOLA: *(mesmerized)* Who?
ORSINO: Olivia, of course.

179

knew me.

p

Slower

VIOLA: Oh. I'm sure she would receive it well, my Lord.

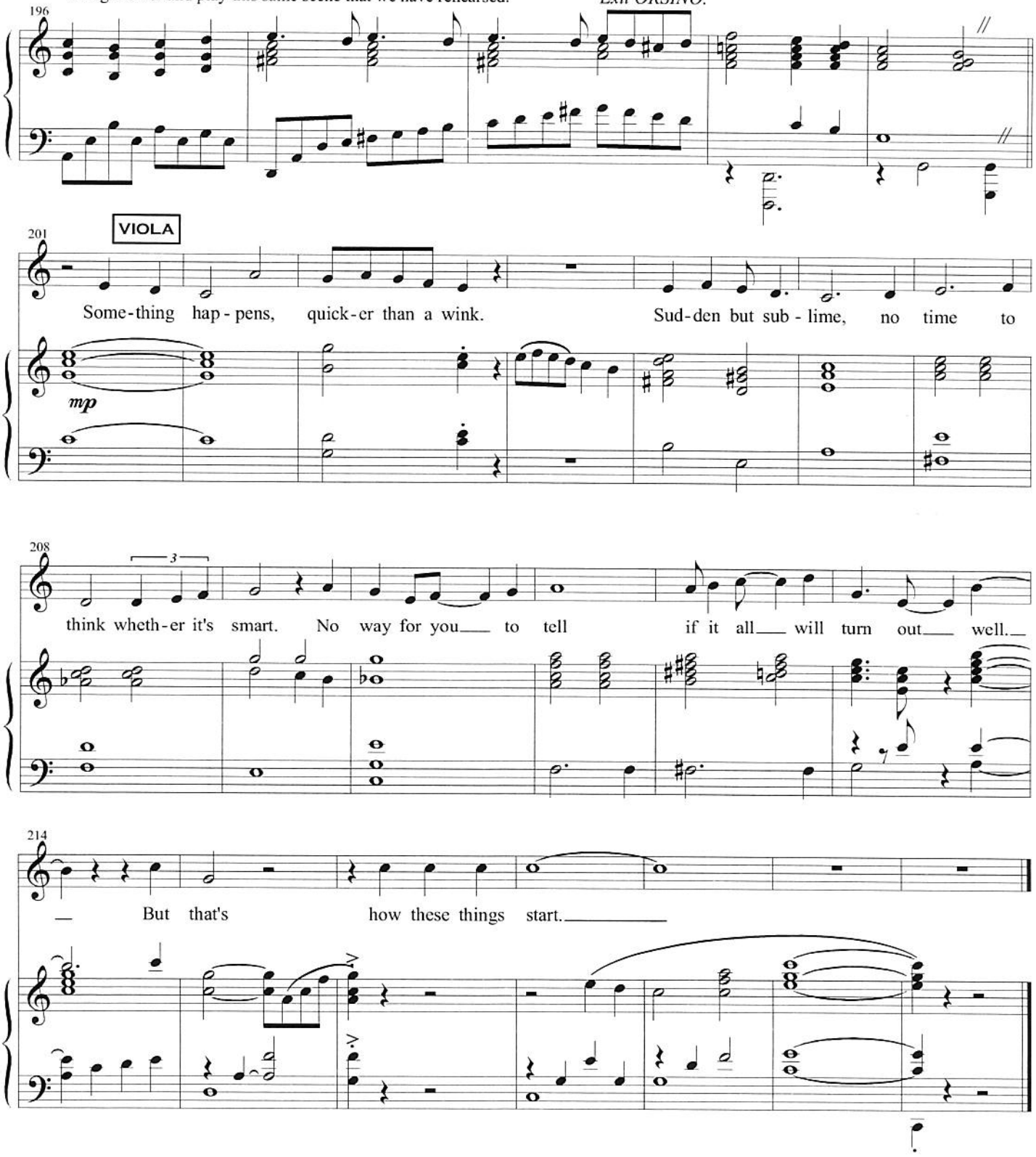
ORSINO: Don't flatter me, Sebastian. I know I haven't the gift for this kind of talk. VIOLA: No, you spoke very well.

185

ORSINO: With your guidance, perhaps. Left to my own devices, I would no doubt fare miserably. But you, you have such delicacy in your manner, Sebastian. I know she would be pleased by it. <u>You</u> will go to the Lady Olivia and plead my suit to her!

191

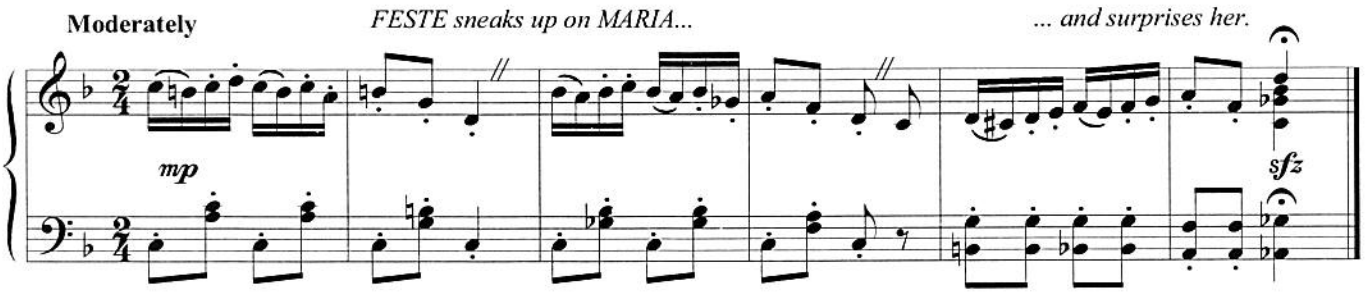
VIOLA: Oh, no my Lord. It's your heart that must plead—
ORSINO: You know it better than I do myself. This afternoon you will go to her and play this same scene that we have rehearsed.
VIOLA: But, my Lord— ORSINO: Go to it then!
VIOLA: I'll do my best to win your lady.
Exit ORSINO.



Segue

Feste's Entrance

2A



Silly Little Syllogisms

3

(Feste, Olivia)

Cue:
FESTE: Oh, don't be coy, Mistress Mary.
If Sir Toby would ever leave off drinking long enough,
I have no doubt you'd make as witty a wife as any in Illyria.

OLIVIA

FESTE: Is the Lady Olivia still in mourning?

MARIA: Peace! I hold no hope for that.
Sir Toby would never marry beneath his rank.

Dear bro - ther of mine,

p

MARIA: As ever, good fool.
FESTE: This has gone on far too long. I must put a stop to it.

7

morn - ing and eve - ning I pine...

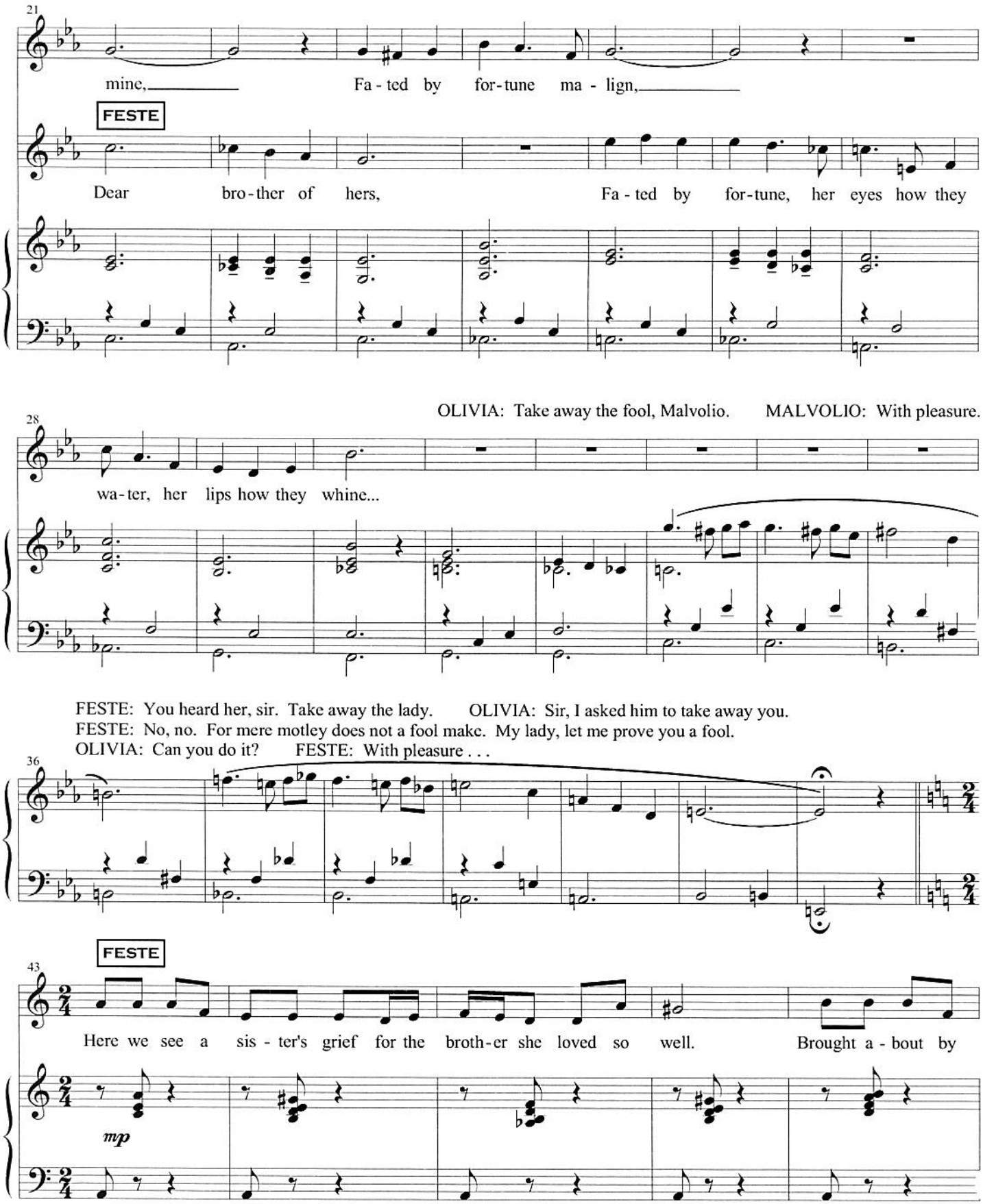
14

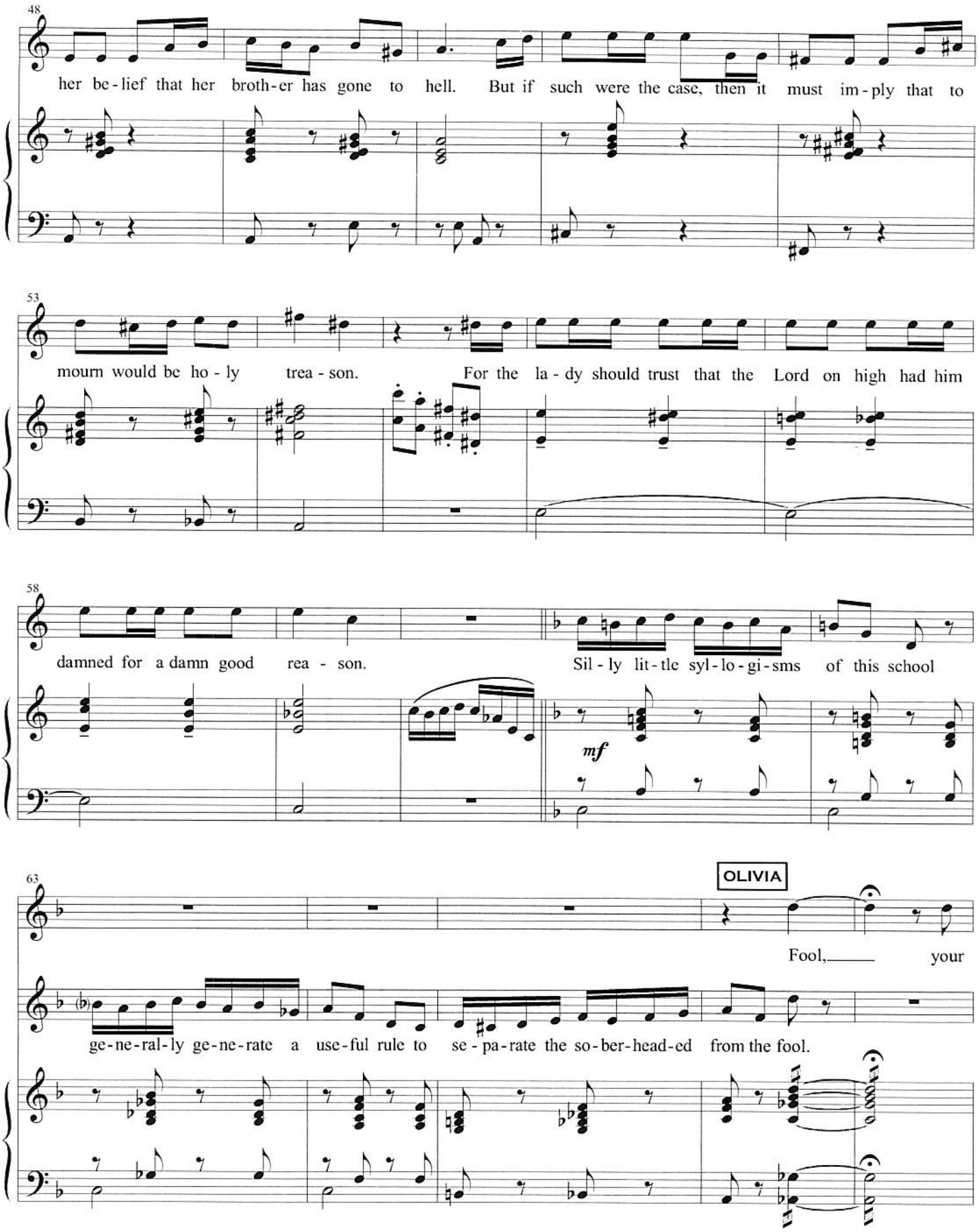
OLIVIA

MARIA: It's no use. She is completely abandoned to her melancholy.

Dear bro - ther of

mp


21
mine, Fa - ted by for - tune ma - lign,
FESTE
Dear bro - ther of hers, Fa - ted by for - tune, her eyes how they
OLIVIA: Take away the fool, Malvolio. MALVOLIO: With pleasure.
28
wa - ter, her lips how they whine...
FESTE: You heard her, sir. Take away the lady. OLIVIA: Sir, I asked him to take away you.
FESTE: No, no. For mere motley does not a fool make. My lady, let me prove you a fool.
OLIVIA: Can you do it? FESTE: With pleasure . . .
36
FESTE
43
Here we see a sis - ter's grief for the broth - er she loved so well. Brought a - bout by
mp


48
her be-lief that her broth-er has gone to hell. But if such were the case, then it must im-ply that to
53
mourn would be ho-ly trea-son. For the la-dy should trust that the Lord on high had him
58
damned for a damn good rea-son. Sil-ly lit-tle syl-lo-gi-sms of this school
mf
63
OLIVIA
Fool, your
ge-ne-ral-ly ge-ne-rate a use-ful rule to se-pa-rate the so-ber-head-ed from the fool.

68

rea-son-ing is flawed, I fear. You seem to have for-got-ten that that dear bro-ther of

mp

74

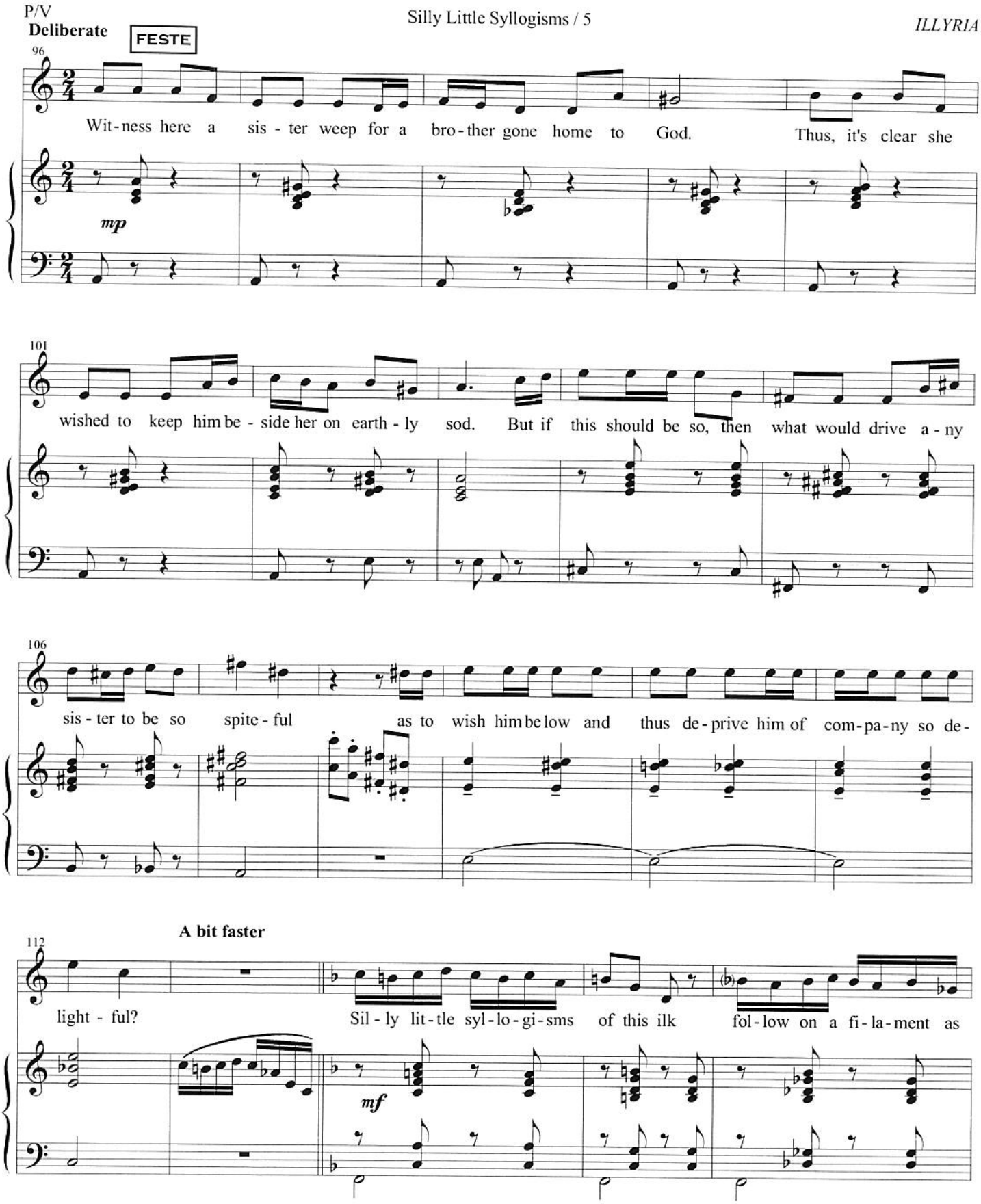
mine was blessed with a spi-rit so fine, it's hard to i-

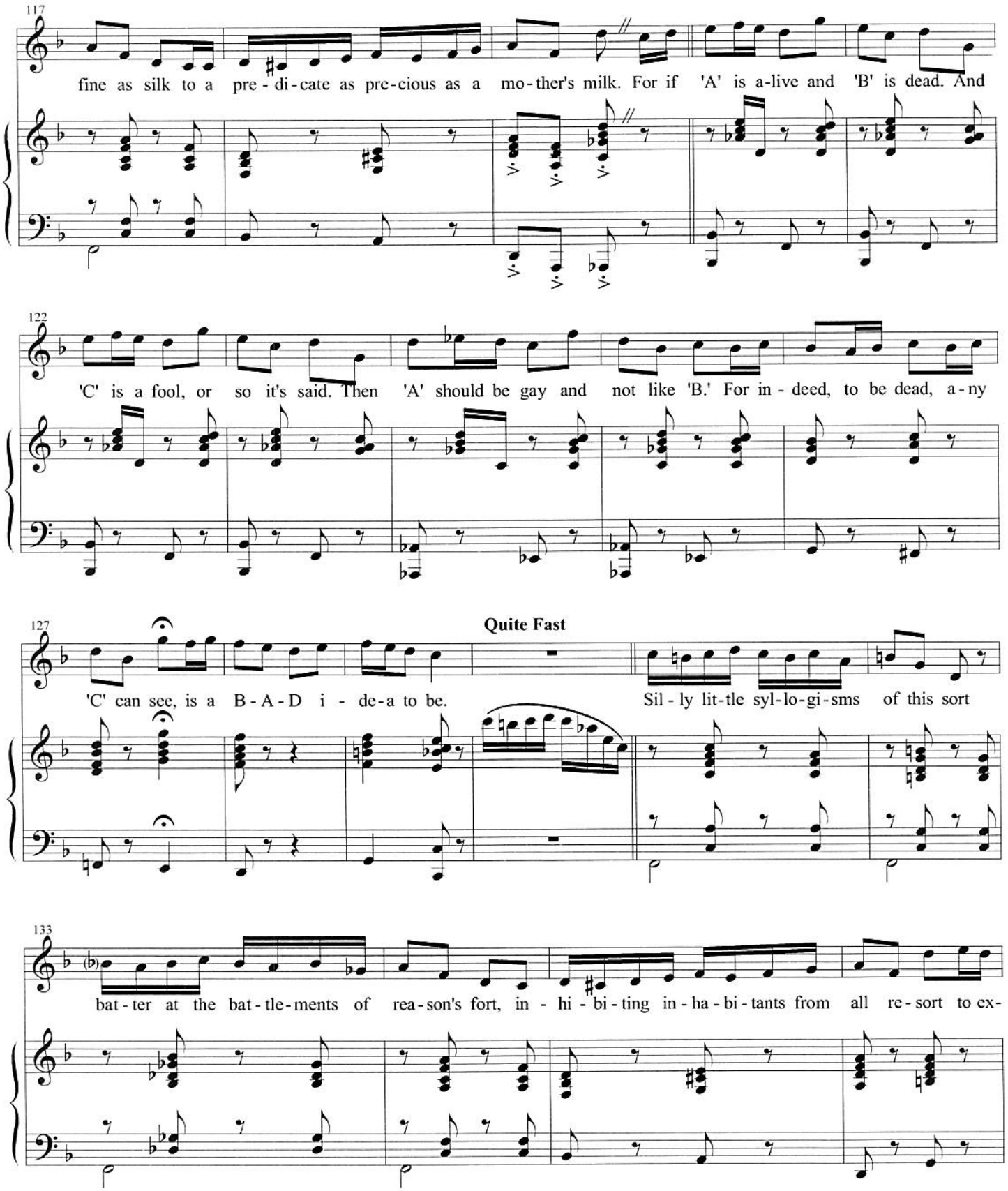
81

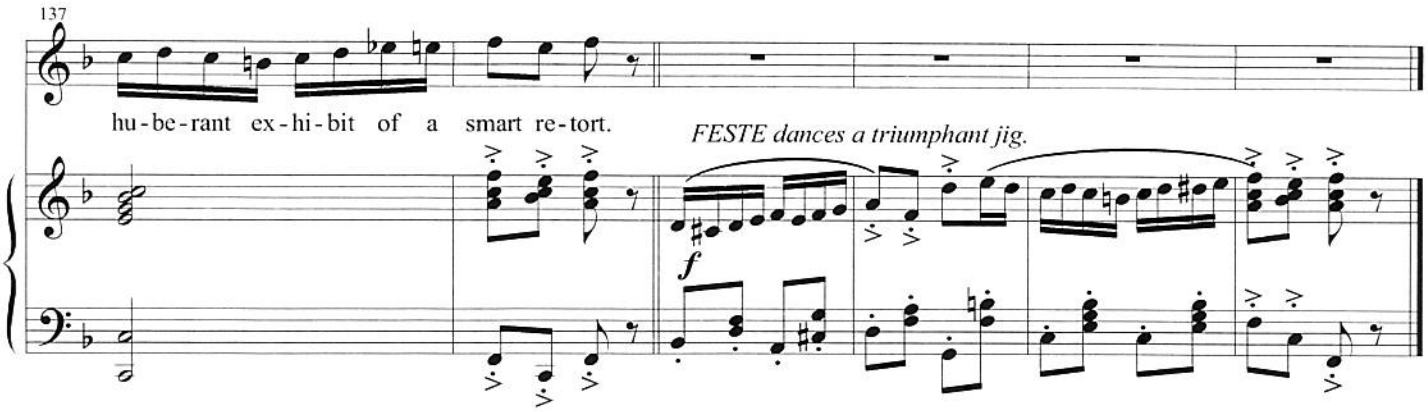
ma-gine a soul more di-vine than that dear bro-ther of mine.

FESTE: Forgive me, my lady. I see now I began from false premises. Please, let me try again.

88


P/V
Deliberate
FESTE
96
Wit-ness here a sis-ter weep for a bro-ther gone home to God. Thus, it's clear she
mp
101
wished to keep him be-side her on earth-ly sod. But if this should be so, then what would drive a-ny
106
sis-ter to be so spite-ful as to wish him be low and thus de-prive him of com-pa-ny so de-
A bit faster
112
light-ful? Sil-ly lit-tle syl-lo-gi-sms of this ilk fol-low on a fi-la-ment as
mf


117
fine as silk to a pre - di - cate as pre - cious as a mo - ther's milk. For if 'A' is a-live and 'B' is dead. And
122
'C' is a fool, or so it's said. Then 'A' should be gay and not like 'B.' For in - deed, to be dead, a - ny
127
Quite Fast
'C' can see, is a B - A - D i - de - a to be. Sil - ly lit - tle syl - lo - gi - sms of this sort
133
bat - ter at the bat - tle - ments of rea - son's fort, in - hi - bi - ting in - ha - bi - tants from all re - sort to ex-


137
hu-be-rant ex-hi-bit of a smart re-tort.
FESTE dances a triumphant jig.
f

Syllogisms Playoff

3A

Cue:
OLIVIA: And Feste, look to my uncle, if you would.

A flurry of activity. FESTE exits, escorting TOBY. MALVOLIO exits to fetch VIOLA.

Lively

f

MARIA enters with a veil for OLIVIA then departs.
MALVOLIO presents VIOLA and leaves the two alone.

Gently

5

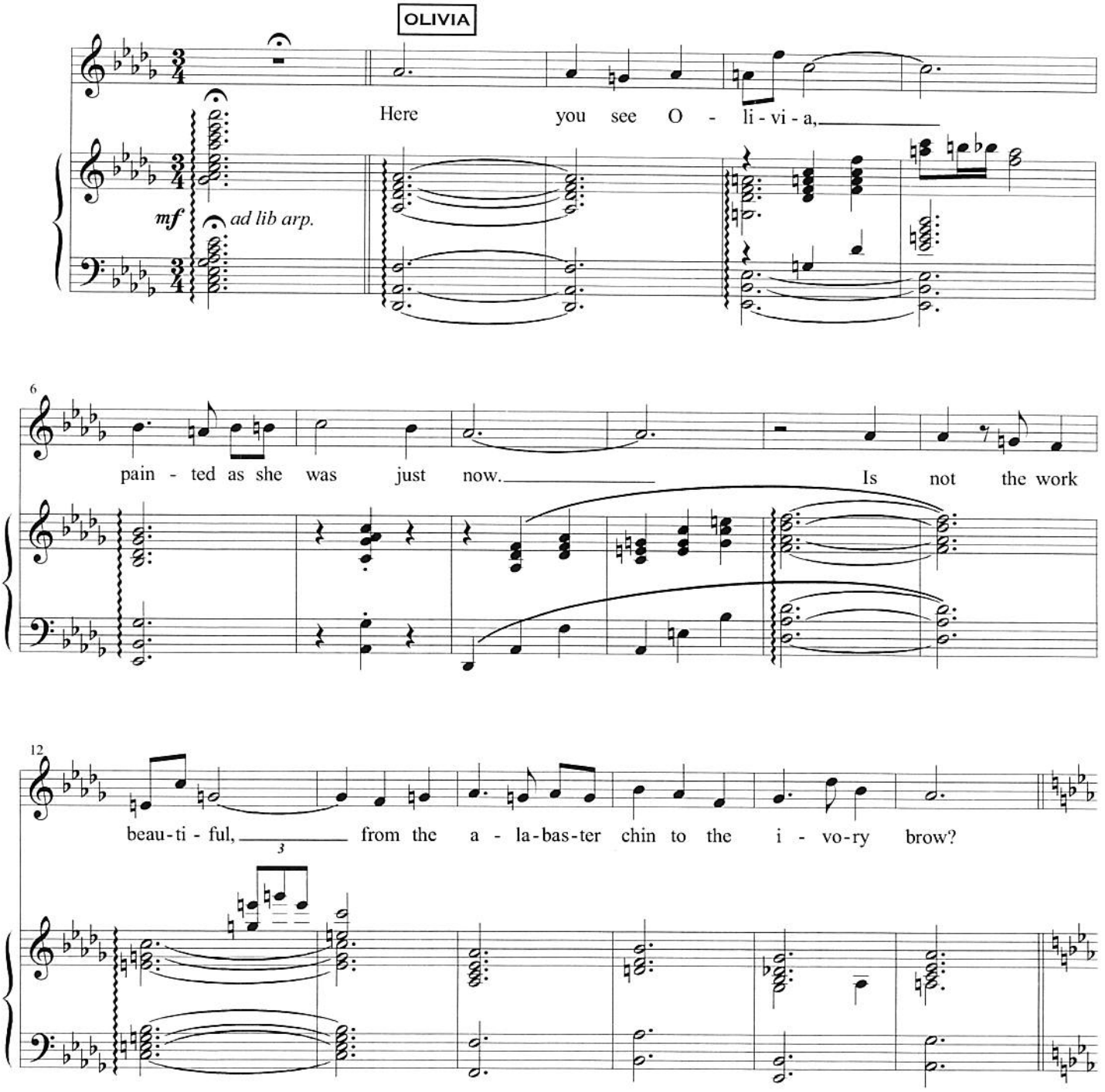
mp

(Vamp until ready)

Olivia

(Olivia, Viola)

Cue:
OLIVIA: Very well, then.
We shall draw the curtains and show you the portrait.
(OLIVIA lifts her veil.)



VIOLA: You are beautiful, madam. And yet your beauty lives neither in your chin nor your brow, but in a certain sadness that haunts your eyes, an inconsolable grief for a brother lost.

18

subito p

OLIVIA: You see a great deal. You seem to have a better understanding than I would expect of a man—especially at your tender age.

VIOLA: No, in truth I can hardly understand you at all.

25

VIOLA

32

If I were loved the way my mas - ter loves you, I'd ask no oth - er joy in life.

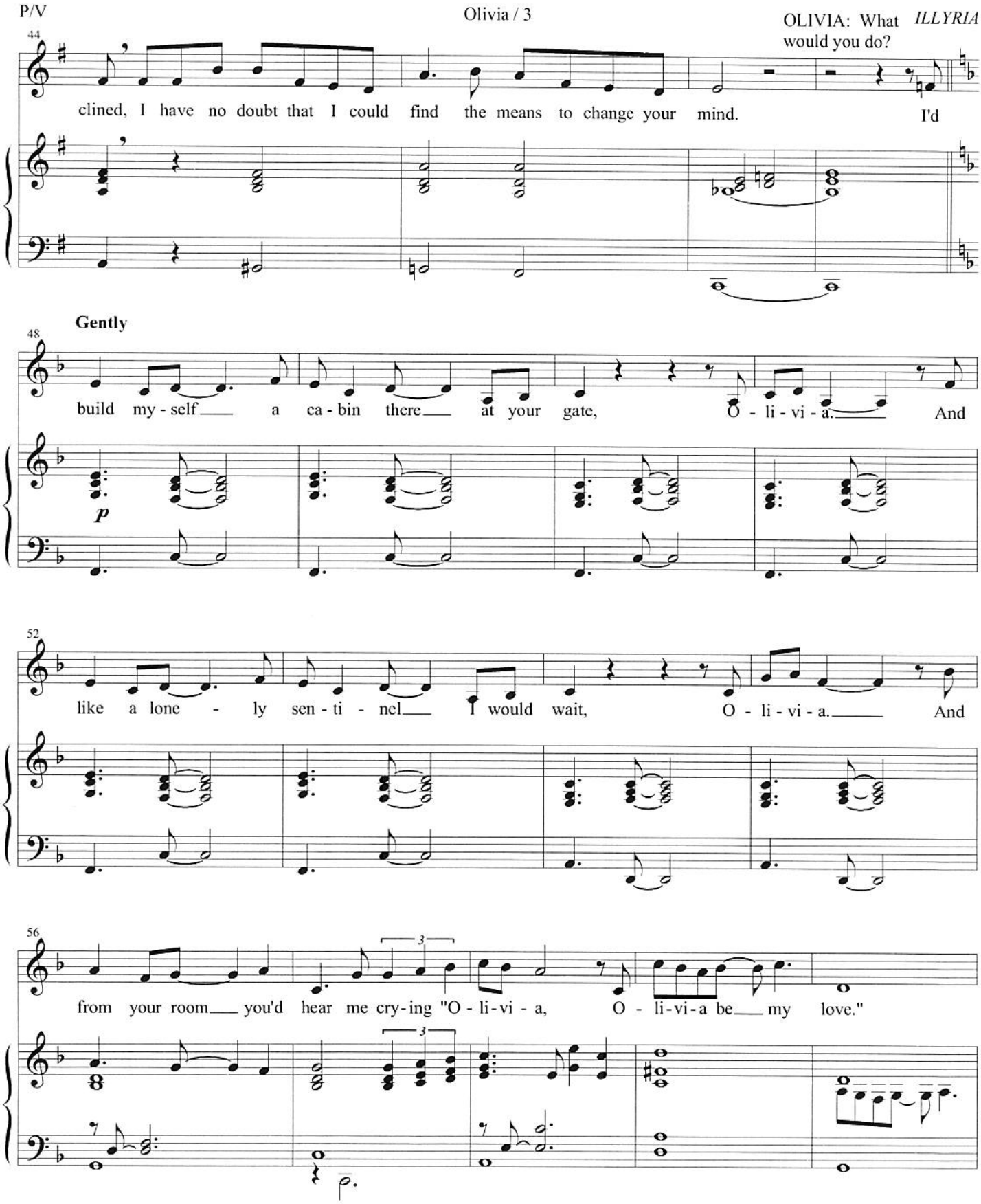
mp

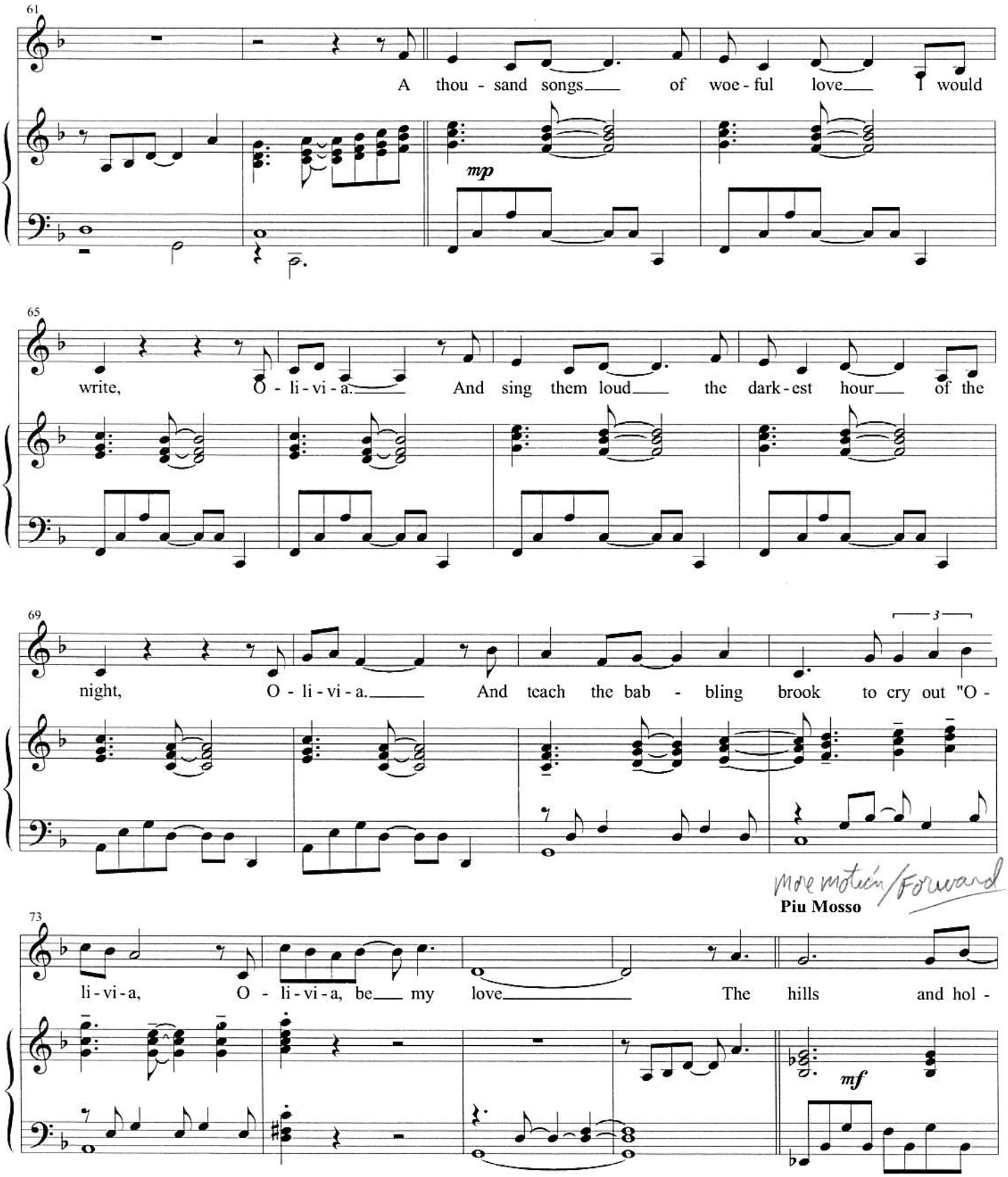
36

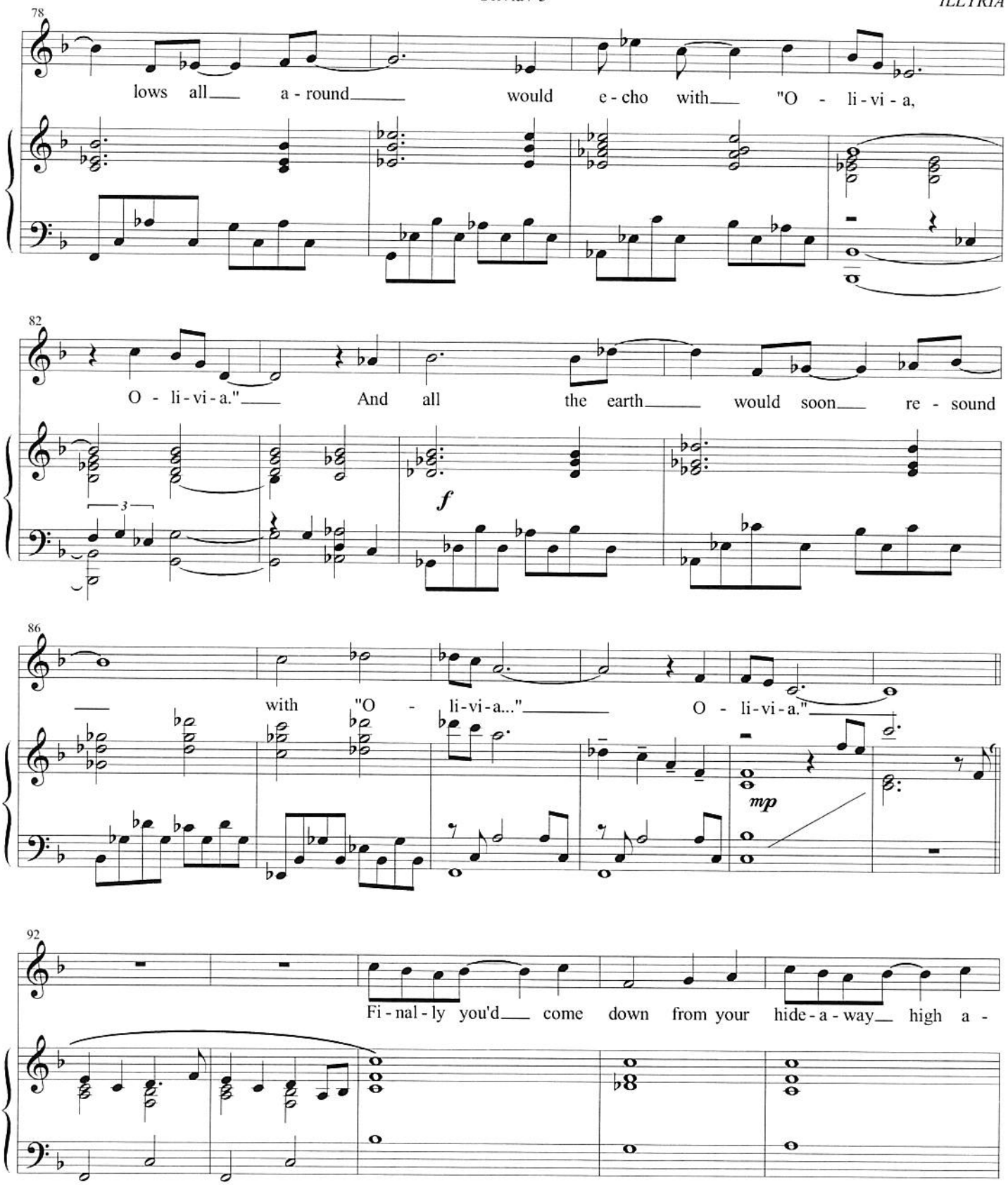
In - stead of dri - ving him a - way as you do, I'd glad - ly go to be his wife.

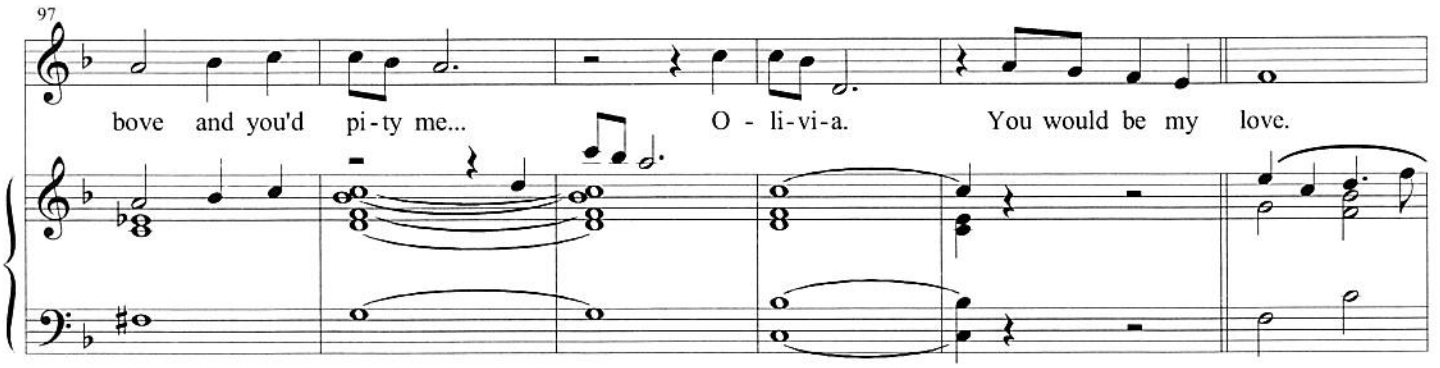
41

But if I cared for you as deep - ly as he, and found my o - ver - tures de -

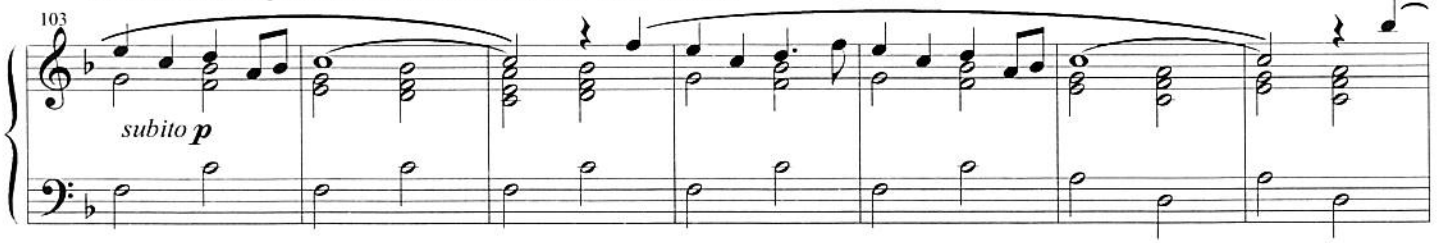

OLIVIA: What would you do?
44
clined, I have no doubt that I could find the means to change your mind. I'd
Gently
48
build my - self a ca - bin there at your gate, O - li - vi - a. And
p
52
like a lone - ly sen - ti - nel I would wait, O - li - vi - a. And
56
from your room you'd hear me cry - ing "O - li - vi - a, O - li - vi - a be my love."
3
3

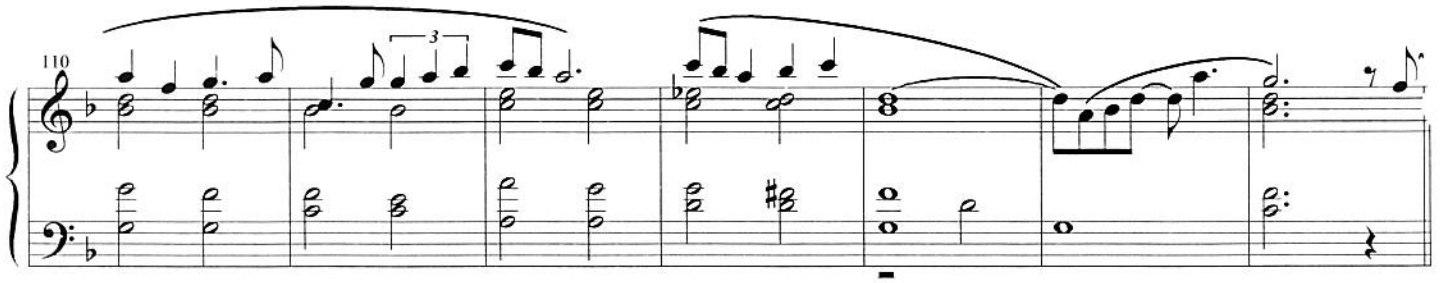

61
A thou - sand songs of woe - ful love I would
mp
65
write, O - li - vi - a. And sing them loud the dark - est hour of the
69
night, O - li - vi - a. And teach the bab - bling brook to cry out "O -
3
more motion / Forward
Piu Mosso
73
li - vi - a, O - li - vi - a, be my love The hills and hol -
mf


78
lows all a - round would e - cho with "O - li - vi - a,
82
O - li - vi - a." And all the earth would soon re - sound
f
86
with "O - li - vi - a..." O - li - vi - a."
mp
92
Fi - nal - ly you'd come down from your hide - a - way high a -

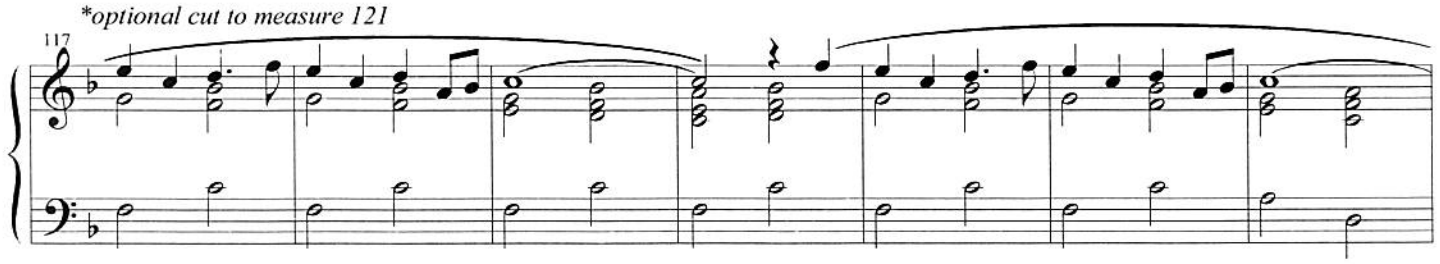


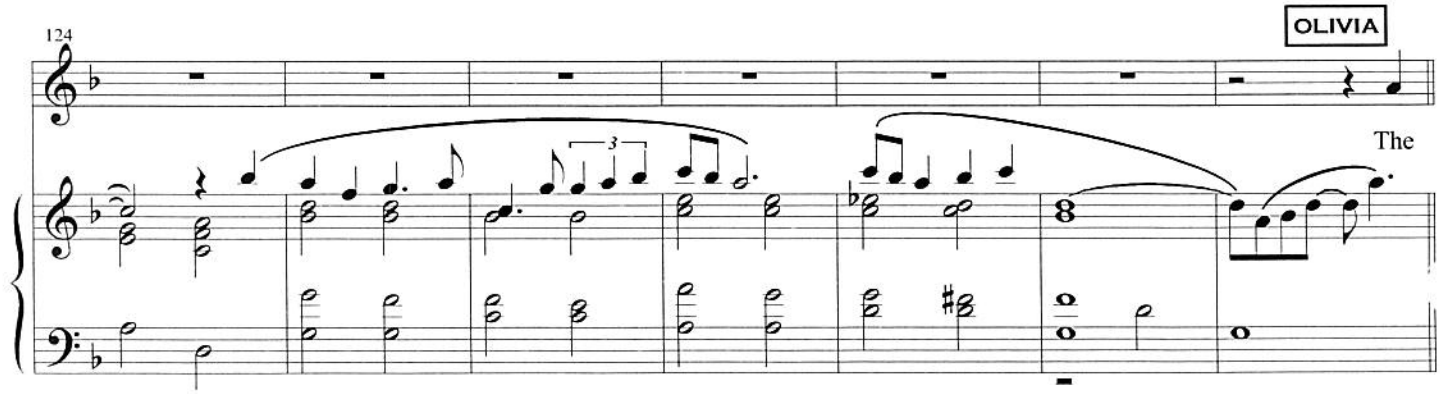
OLIVIA: You would do much. VIOLA: No more than any true lover ought. OLIVIA: Yet more than the Duke has done.
VIOLA: My lady, I can bear witness to his passion—the sighs, the groans, the tears. Such love should be requited—
OLIVIA: And yet I cannot love him. Let him send no more—only, perhaps you might come again, to tell me how he takes it.
OLIVIA: *(offering a coin)* Here. For your pains...
VIOLA: Keep your money! It is my master, not myself,
who lacks recompense. Farewell, cruel Olivia. *(exit VIOLA)*





**optional cut to measure 121*





131

hills and hol - lows all a - round would e - cho with "O - li - vi - a,

p

136

O - li - vi - a." And all the earth would soon re - sound

mp

140

with "O - li - vi - a..." And

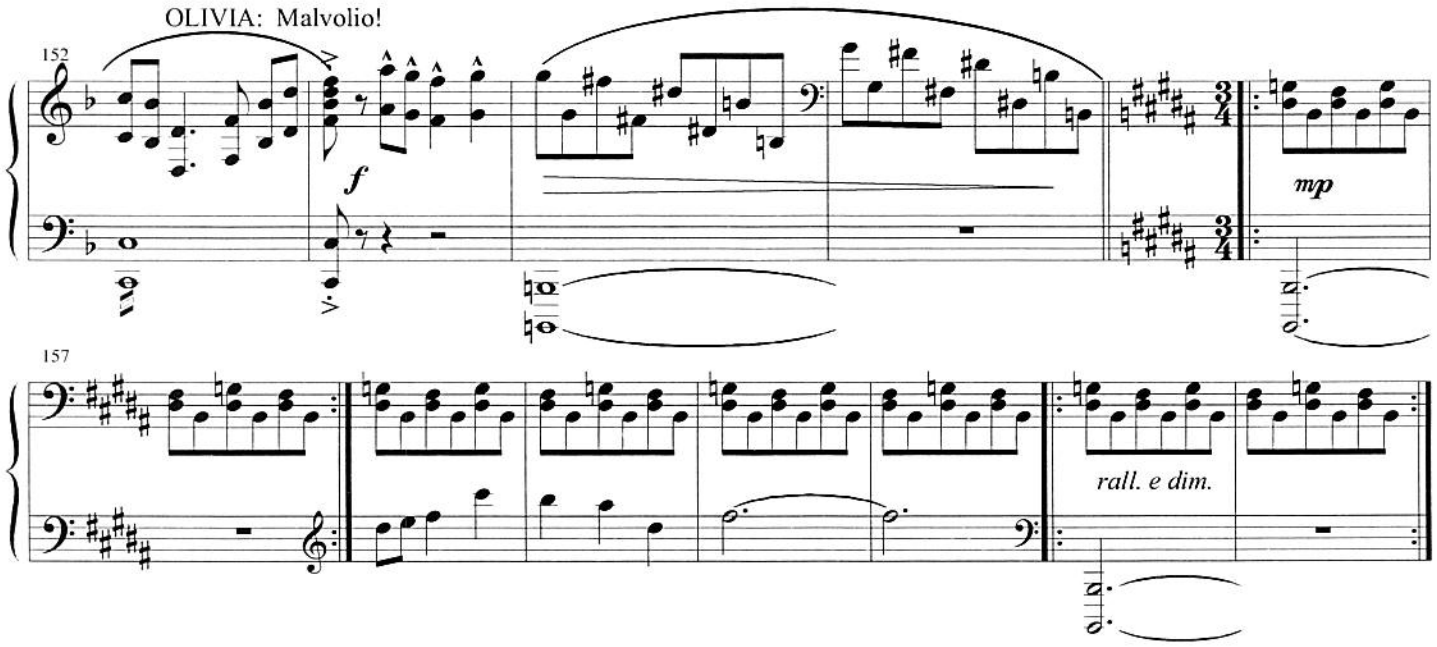
(She looks at a ring on her finger.
Then, with a sudden impulse,
she slips off the ring and runs to the door.)
OLIVIA: Malvolio!

146

fi - nal - ly I'd come down from my hide - a - way high a - bove...

p

cresc.



Segue as one

Crossovers

(Sebastian, Viola)

Segué as one

SEBASTIAN

Vi-o - la, you stay in my

mp

7

mind. Ma-ny used to say that we tru - ly were two of a kind.

14

But they were blind. Vi-o - la, so young and so

21

fair. No-thing of my per-son with - in or with - out could com - pare to

28

you. How can I do with - out you? You were drowned in the

mf

34

salt wa - ter then, but I seem to drown you a - gain each day with

(Enter ANTONIO.)

ANTONIO: Sebastian, I cannot in good conscience leave you here. This land is dangerous for the lone traveler.

41

o - - - ceans of tears.

p

SEBASTIAN: Kind Antonio, I cannot trouble you further.
You saved my life, and now you've brought me here to Illyria. You've done enough.
ANTONIO: At least tell me where you are bound.
SEBASTIAN: To the court of Duke Orsino. I'll offer myself to him as a servant.
ANTONIO: Orsino! The man's a sworn enemy of mine. I would hate to see you involve yourself with him.
SEBASTIAN: On what grounds is he your enemy?
ANTONIO: I have on occasion quarreled with the Duke's navy, and these disputes have cost him several ships.
Now he brands me a pirate and would happily see me hanged. It is very dangerous for me even to have brought you here.
But come with me-we can leave this land together.
SEBASTIAN: No, Antonio. Whatever fate is left me, I feel it must unfold in Illyria.
My sister lost her life in these waters, so I will live out mine on these shores.
ANTONIO: Then let me accompany you at least until you find lodging.
SEBASTIAN: I see you won't be persuaded otherwise. So lead me on.

48

55

62

69

cresc. e rall.

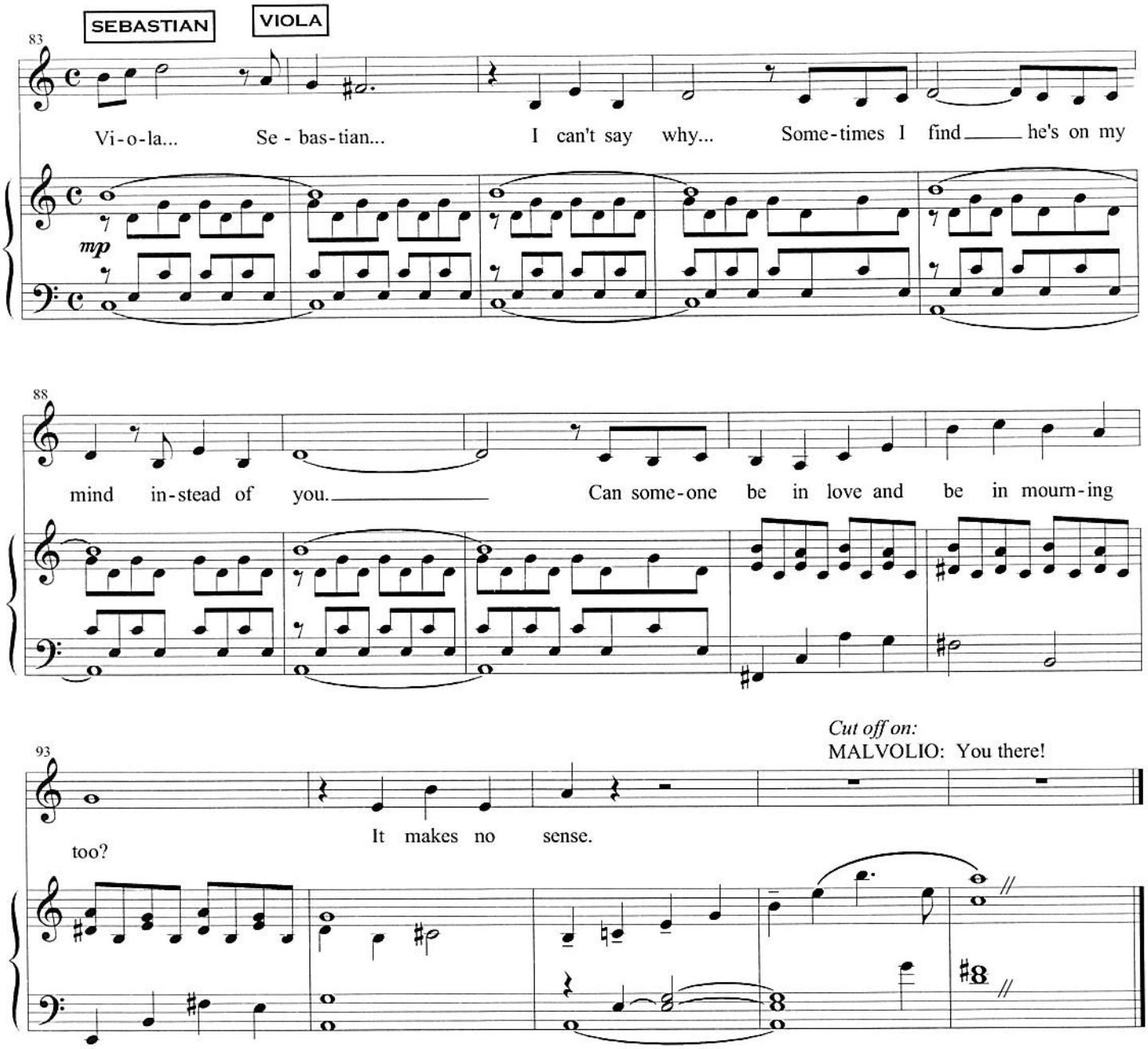
(SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit as VIOLA enters.)

76

8va

mf

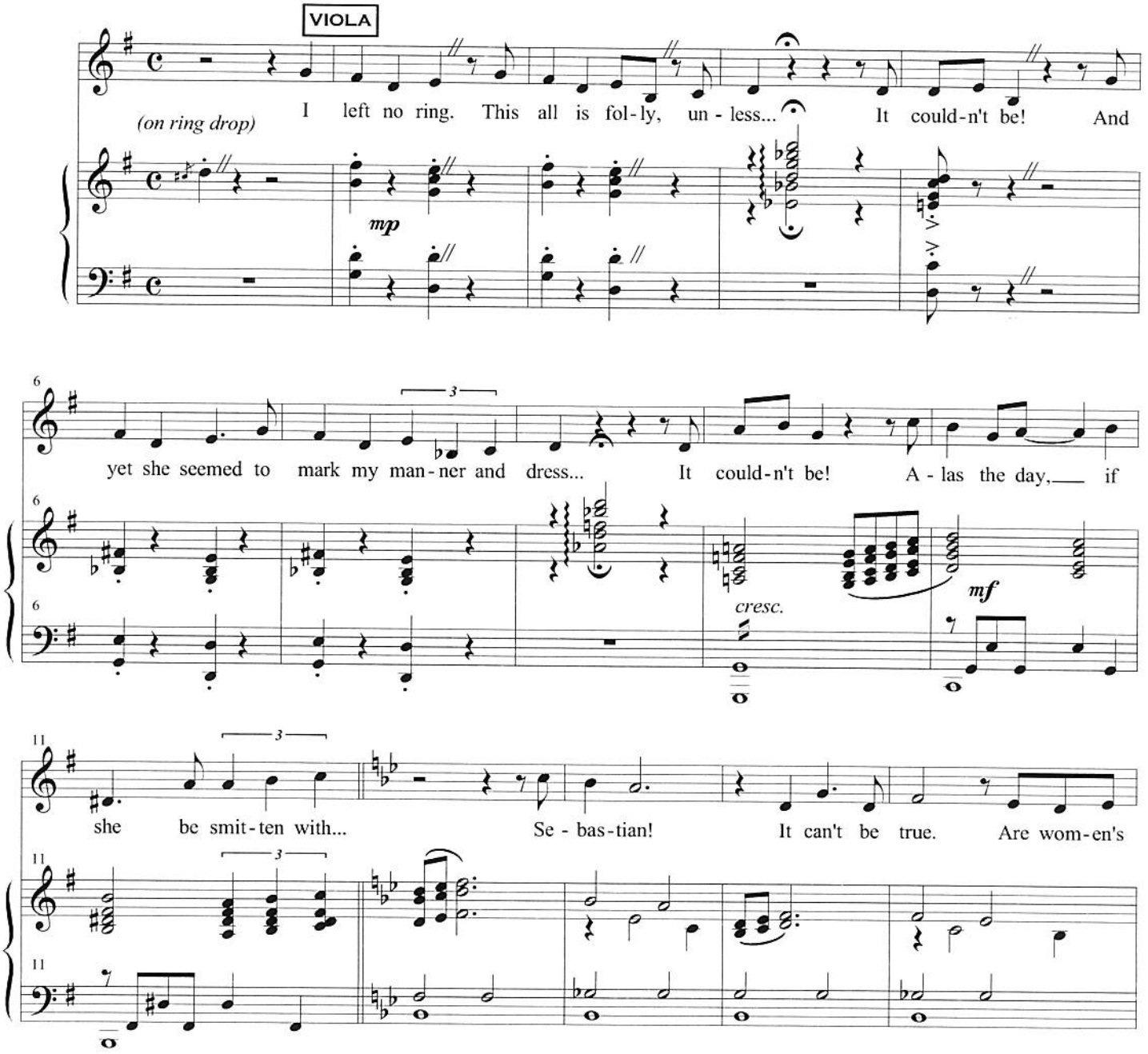
p


SEBASTIAN
VIOLA
83
Vi-o-la... Se-bas-tian... I can't say why... Some-times I find he's on my
mp
88
mind in-stead of you. Can some-one be in love and be in mourn-ing
93
too?
It makes no sense.
Cut off on:
MALVOLIO: You there!

The Ring

(Viola)

Cue:
MALVOLIO: So be it.
I therefore let it fall upon the ground.
(He drops the ring.)
Let it be his who finds it.
(Exit MALVOLIO. VIOLA picks up the ring.)



16

hearts such fick-le parts to fal-ter so? Can some-one fall in love yet

21

mourn a broth-er— Oh! But God for-bid, for if she did,

mp

27

(She pockets the ring. Exit VIOLA.)

what hap-pens— now?

Applause segue

Late Night Syllogism

(Feste)

Applause segue

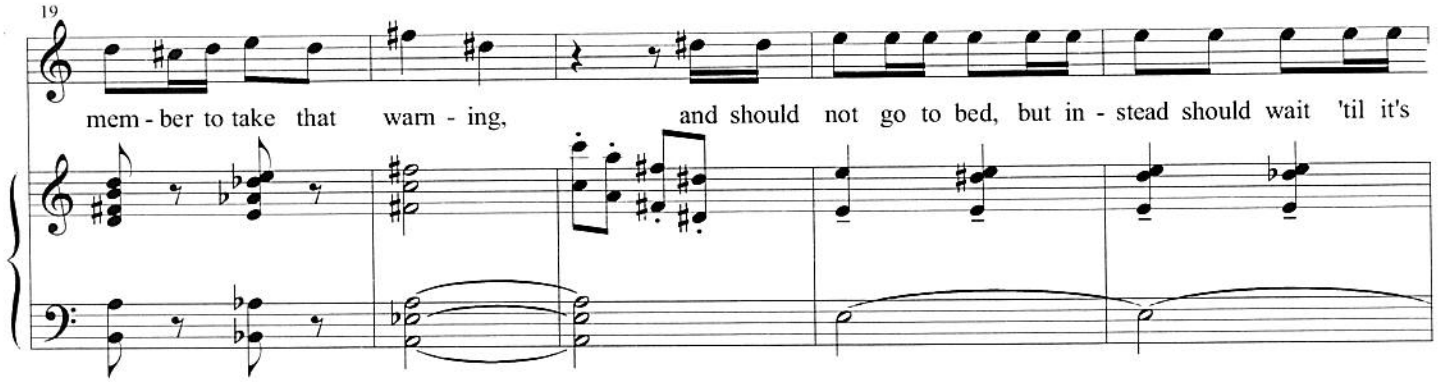
ANDREW: Still, it worries me, Sir Toby. For I have always heard that it is wicked not to be abed after midnight.
TOBY: Fool, speak sense to the man.

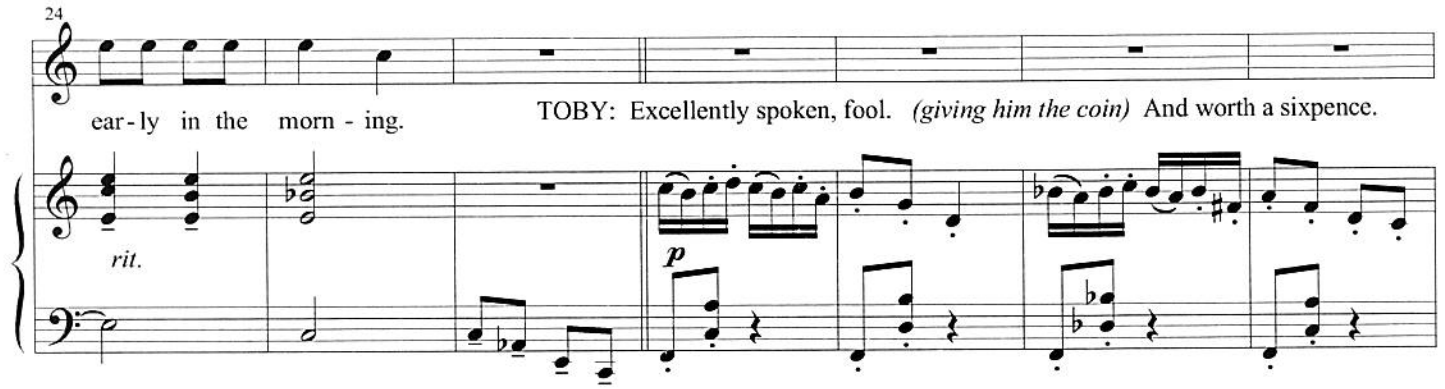
mp

FESTE

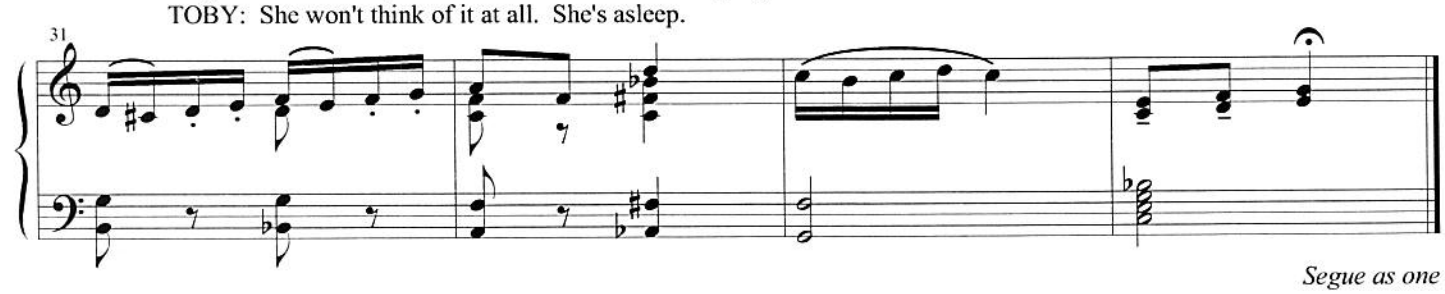
During Feste's ditty, TOBY slyly extracts a coin from ANDREW's purse

Sure - ly sir, you've heard it said by the pro - vi - dent and the wise, ear - ly, sir, to go to bed and be ear - li - er still to rise. So a man who's a - wake when the hour is late should re -





ANDREW: Yes. This is the best kind of fooling. You'll have sixpence from me too.
(HE gives FESTE another coin.)
Only I wonder what your niece will think of our keeping such ill hours.
TOBY: She won't think of it at all. She's asleep.



Segue as one

Cakes and Ale

Direct segue

(Toby, Andrew, Feste, Maria)

Toby

Some go ear-ly to bed, like my sis-ter's daugh-ter. Some are hap-pi-ly fed

mf

T

just on bread and wa-ter. I have fi-gured a way life can be much ri-cher, the

ANDREW: I do indeed get the picture, Sir Toby.
TOBY: Of ale. ANDREW: Oh.

T

sec-ret of which I will con-vey, if you get the pit-cher.

Slowly

T

First, you take a ti-ny swig of ale, your thirst to

mp

26

T

slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some

32

T

cake. Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry! So first you

A bit faster

slow arp.

mf

38

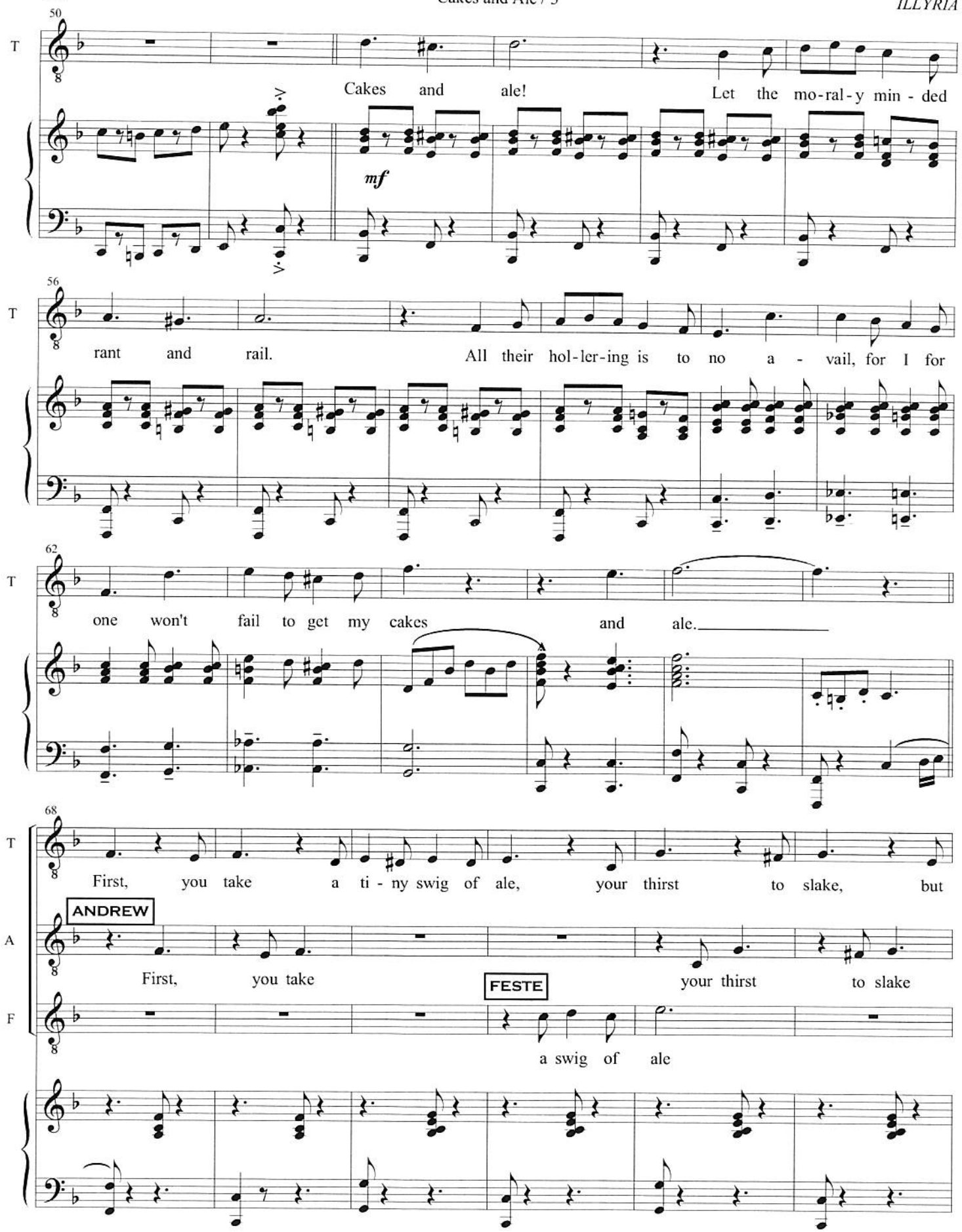
T

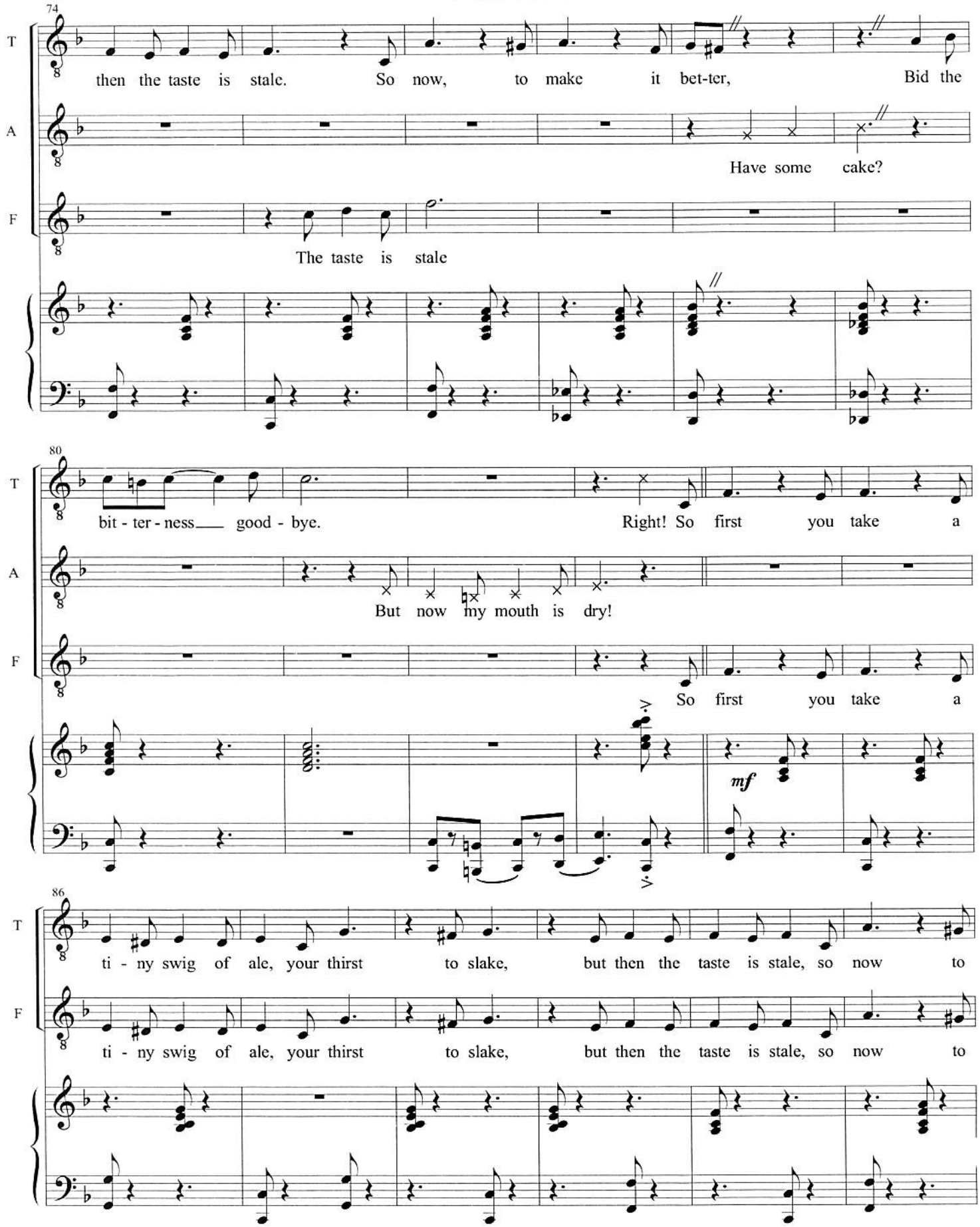
take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale. So

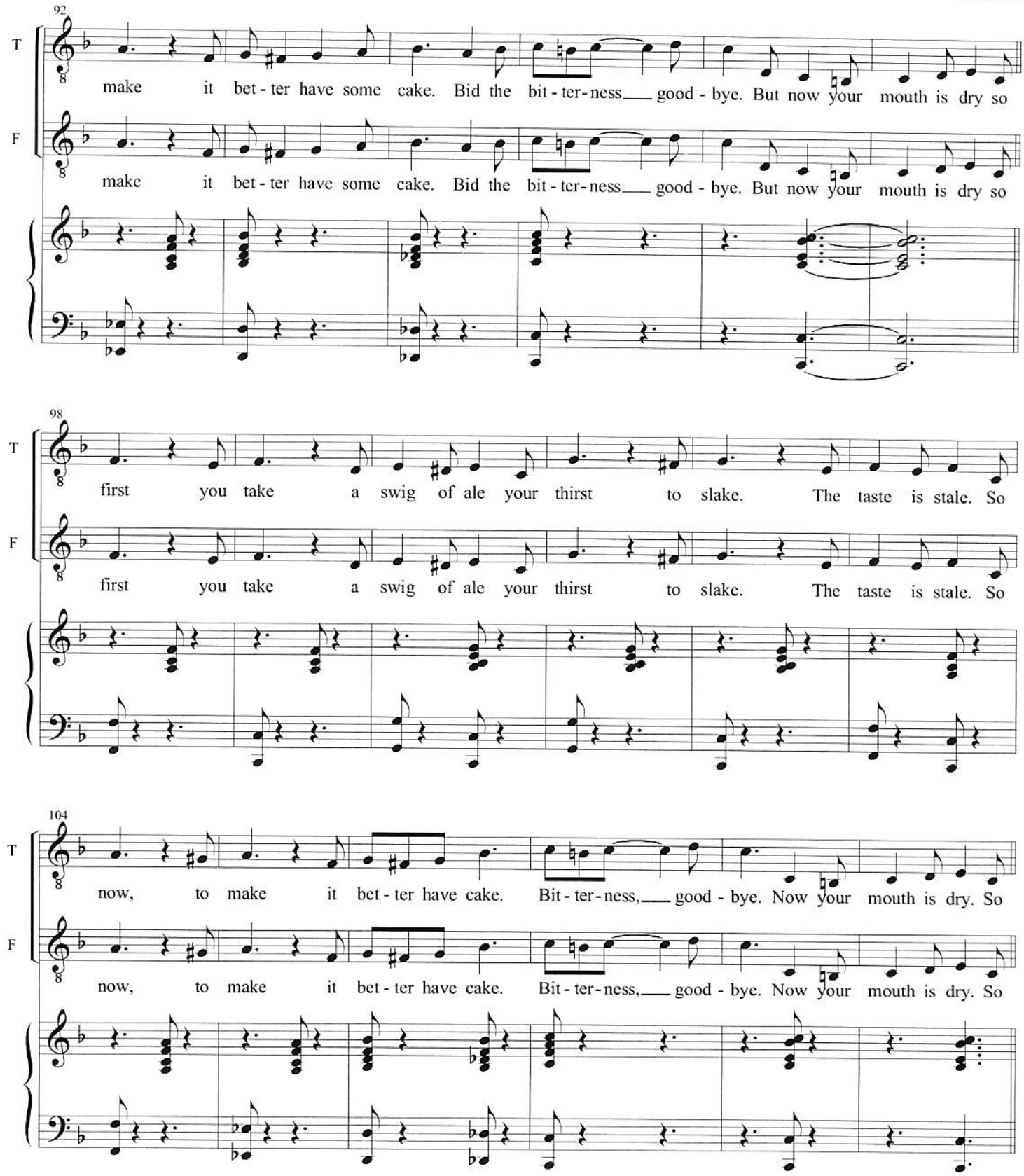
44

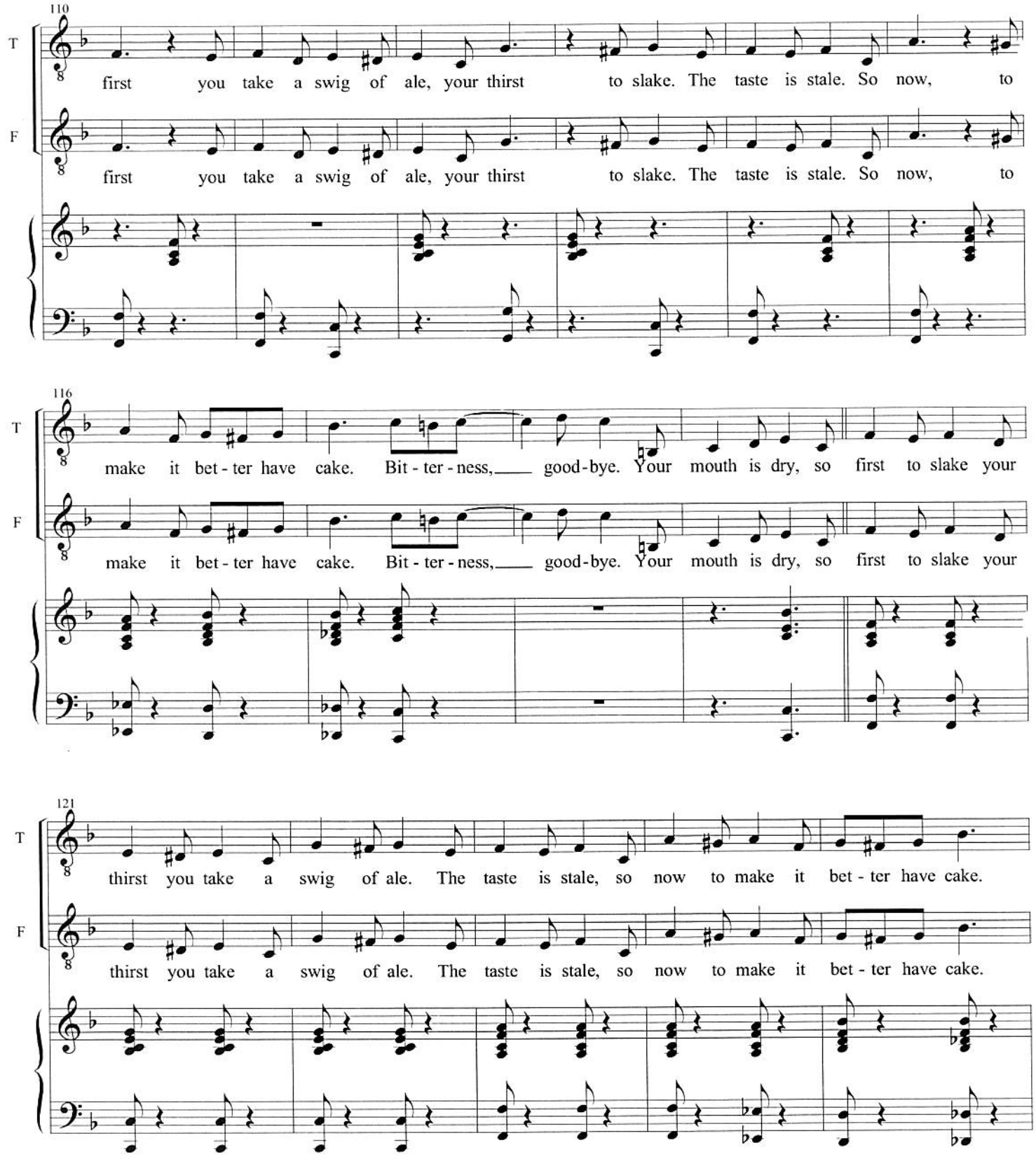
T

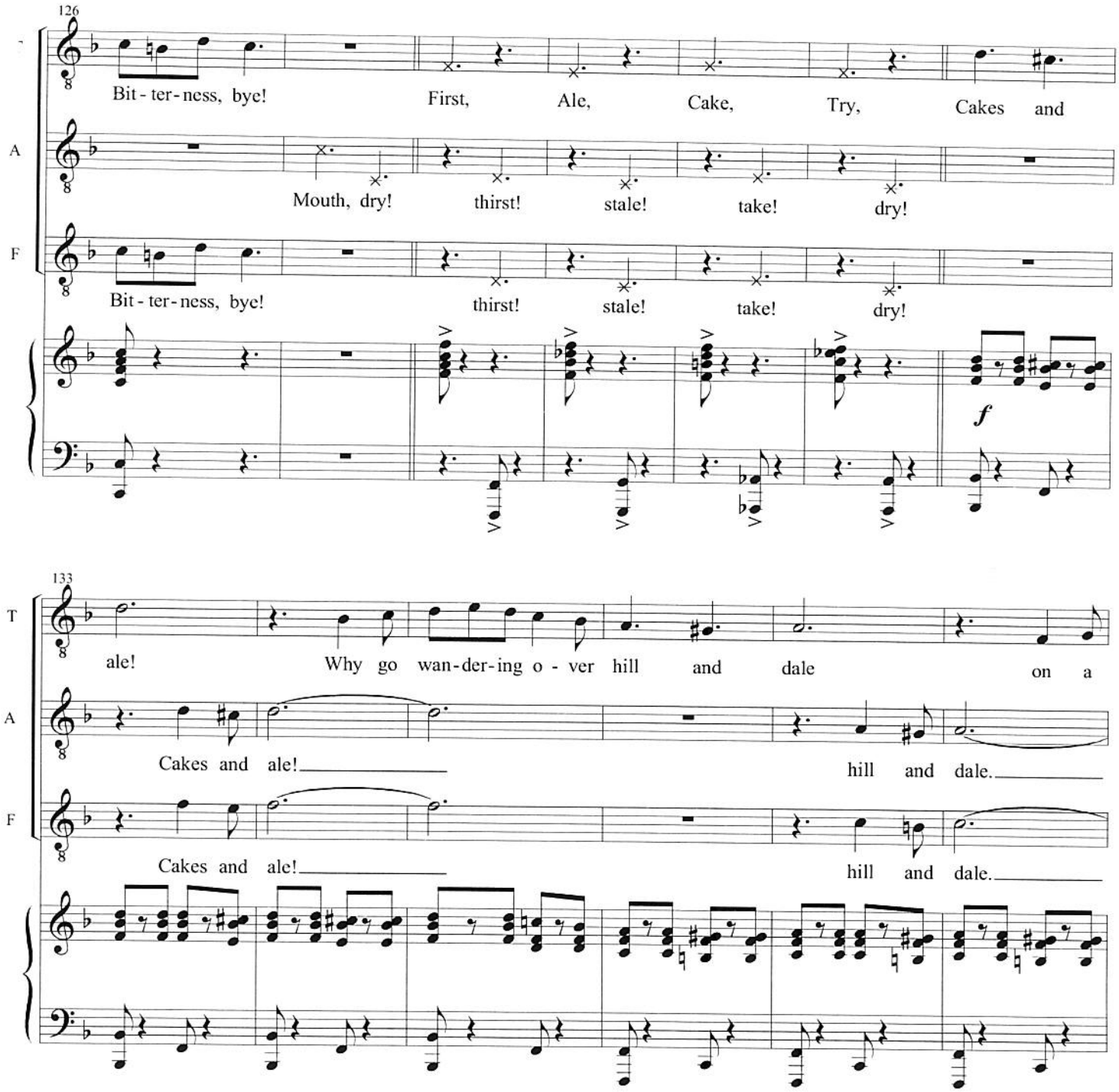
now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake. Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye.


50
T
Cakes and ale! Let the mo-ral-y min - ded
mf
56
T
rant and rail. All their hol-ler-ing is to no a - vail, for I for
62
T
one won't fail to get my cakes and ale.
68
T
First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but
ANDREW
A
First, you take your thirst to slake
FESTE
F
a swig of ale


74
T
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet-ter, Bid the
A
Have some cake?
F
The taste is stale
80
T
bit - ter - ness good - bye. Right! So first you take a
A
But now my mouth is dry!
F
So first you take a
mf
86
T
ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale, so now to
F
ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale, so now to


92
T
make it bet - ter have some cake. Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry so
F
make it bet - ter have some cake. Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry so
98
T
first you take a swig of ale your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So
F
first you take a swig of ale your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So
104
T
now, to make it bet - ter have cake. Bit - ter - ness, good - bye. Now your mouth is dry. So
F
now, to make it bet - ter have cake. Bit - ter - ness, good - bye. Now your mouth is dry. So


110
T
first you take a swig of ale, your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So now, to
F
first you take a swig of ale, your thirst to slake. The taste is stale. So now, to
116
T
make it bet - ter have cake. Bit - ter - ness, good-bye. Your mouth is dry, so first to slake your
F
make it bet - ter have cake. Bit - ter - ness, good-bye. Your mouth is dry, so first to slake your
121
T
thirst you take a swig of ale. The taste is stale, so now to make it bet - ter have cake.
F
thirst you take a swig of ale. The taste is stale, so now to make it bet - ter have cake.


126
Bit-ter-ness, bye!
First, Ale, Cake, Try, Cakes and
Mouth, dry! thirst! stale! take! dry!
Bit-ter-ness, bye!
thirst! stale! take! dry!
f
133
T
ale! Why go wan-der-ing o-ver hill and dale on a
A
Cakes and ale!
hill and dale.
F
Cakes and ale!
hill and dale.

139

T: mis-sion to find the Ho - ly Grail, when there's a well - worn trail that leads to cakes

A: that leads to cakes

F: that leads to cakes

145

T: and ale?

A: and ale?

F: and ale?

MARIA: What in God's name is going on down here?

p

8vb

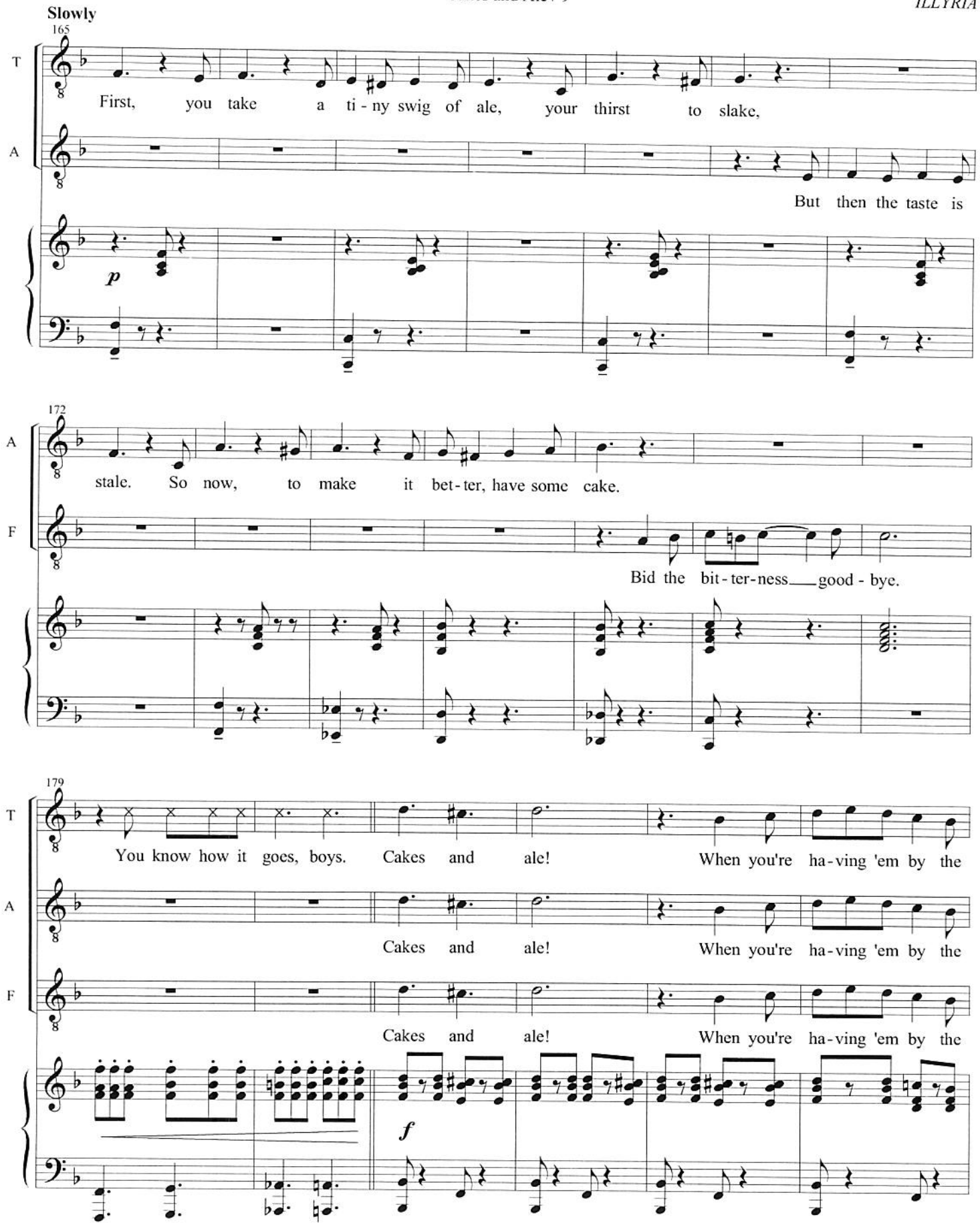
TOBY: Hush, woman. We are conducting very important research here. MARIA: Well your research has awakened the whole house, and I have no doubt Master Malvolio is on his way even now to throw you all out.

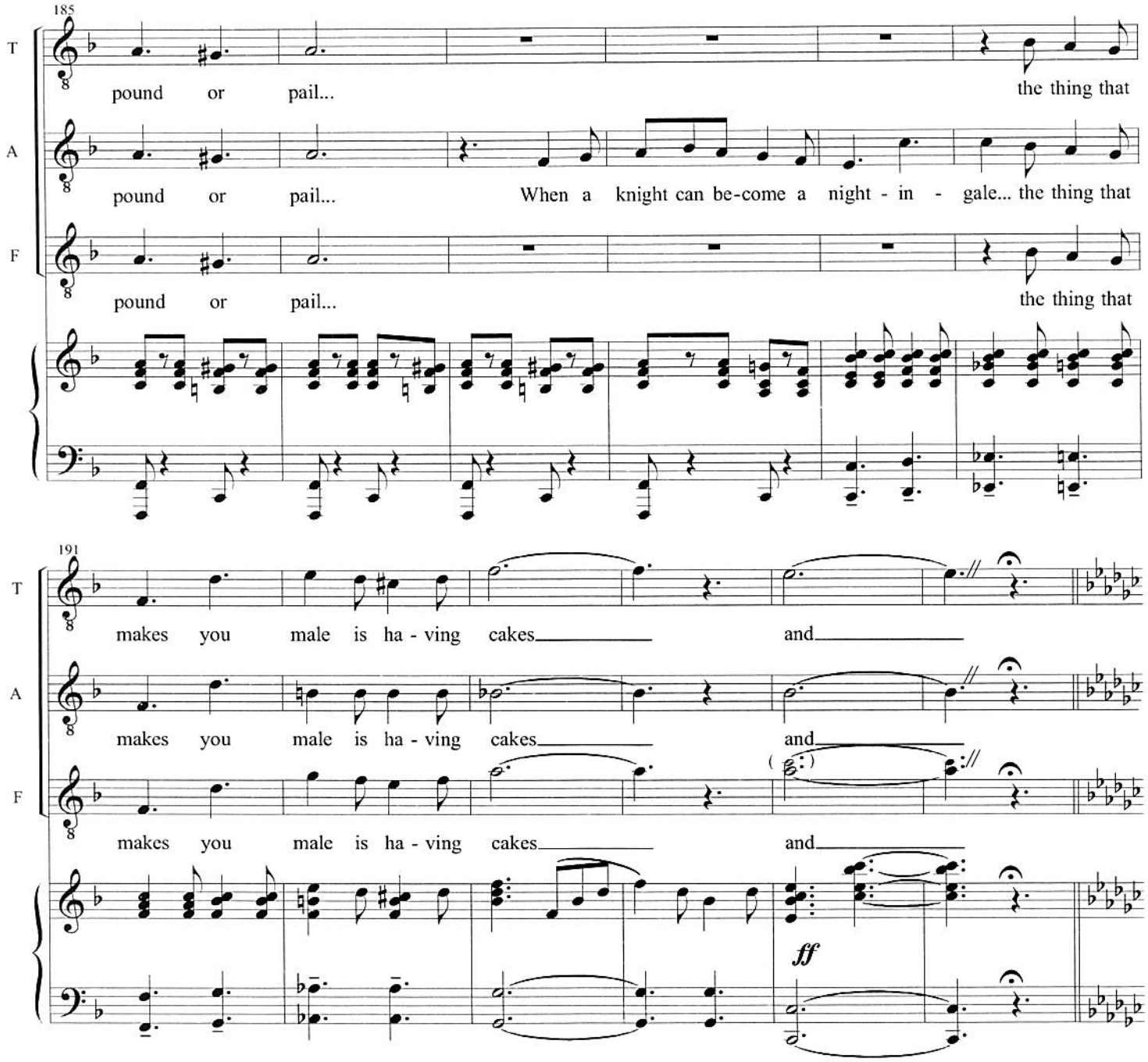
152

TOBY: But listen, Maria. We have made a discovery. MARIA: What is that? TOBY: Observe.

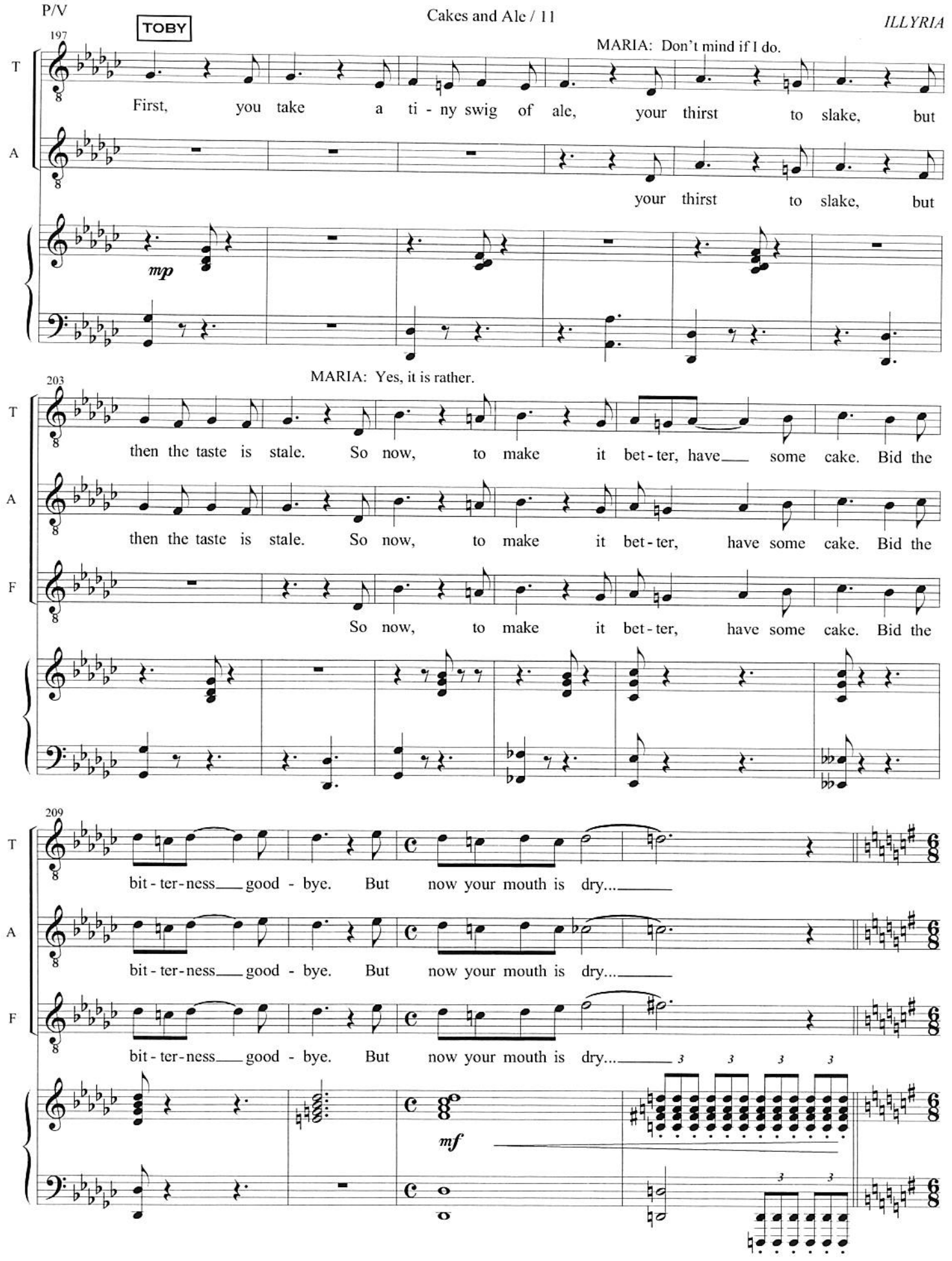
157

slow C7 arp.


Slowly
165
T
First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake,
A
But then the taste is
p
172
A
stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake.
F
Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye.
179
T
You know how it goes, boys. Cakes and ale! When you're ha - ving 'em by the
A
Cakes and ale! When you're ha - ving 'em by the
F
Cakes and ale! When you're ha - ving 'em by the
f



MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad?! Have you no respect for persons, place, or time?
TOBY: We did keep time, sir—in our music.
MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. Though my lady harbors you as a kinsman, she has little patience for your habits. And if you do not amend yourself, I will very happily throw you and your drunken rabble out of the house.
TOBY: Are you anything more than a servant? Do you think because you a virtuous that there will be no more cakes and ale? Go! Rub your chain with crumbs.
MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary, if you had any consideration for Lady Olivia, you would put a stop to this drunken riot rather than encouraging it.
MARIA: I came down here for that very purpose, Master Malvolio. I have been scolding them, pleading with them, threatening them. The truth of it is, I have spoke so many words trying to maintain order in this house that now... my mouth is dry!
TOBY: May I make a suggestion?
MARIA: By all means, Sir Toby.


TOBY
197
MARIA: Don't mind if I do.
T
First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but
A
your thirst to slake, but
mp
203
MARIA: Yes, it is rather.
T
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake. Bid the
A
then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake. Bid the
F
So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake. Bid the
209
T
bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry...
A
bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry...
F
bit - ter - ness good - bye. But now your mouth is dry...
mf

Broad Strut

MALVOLIO: So that's how it is, then?

213

T: First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

A: First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

F: First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

M: First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

f

MALVOLIO: All four of you, united in your depravity.

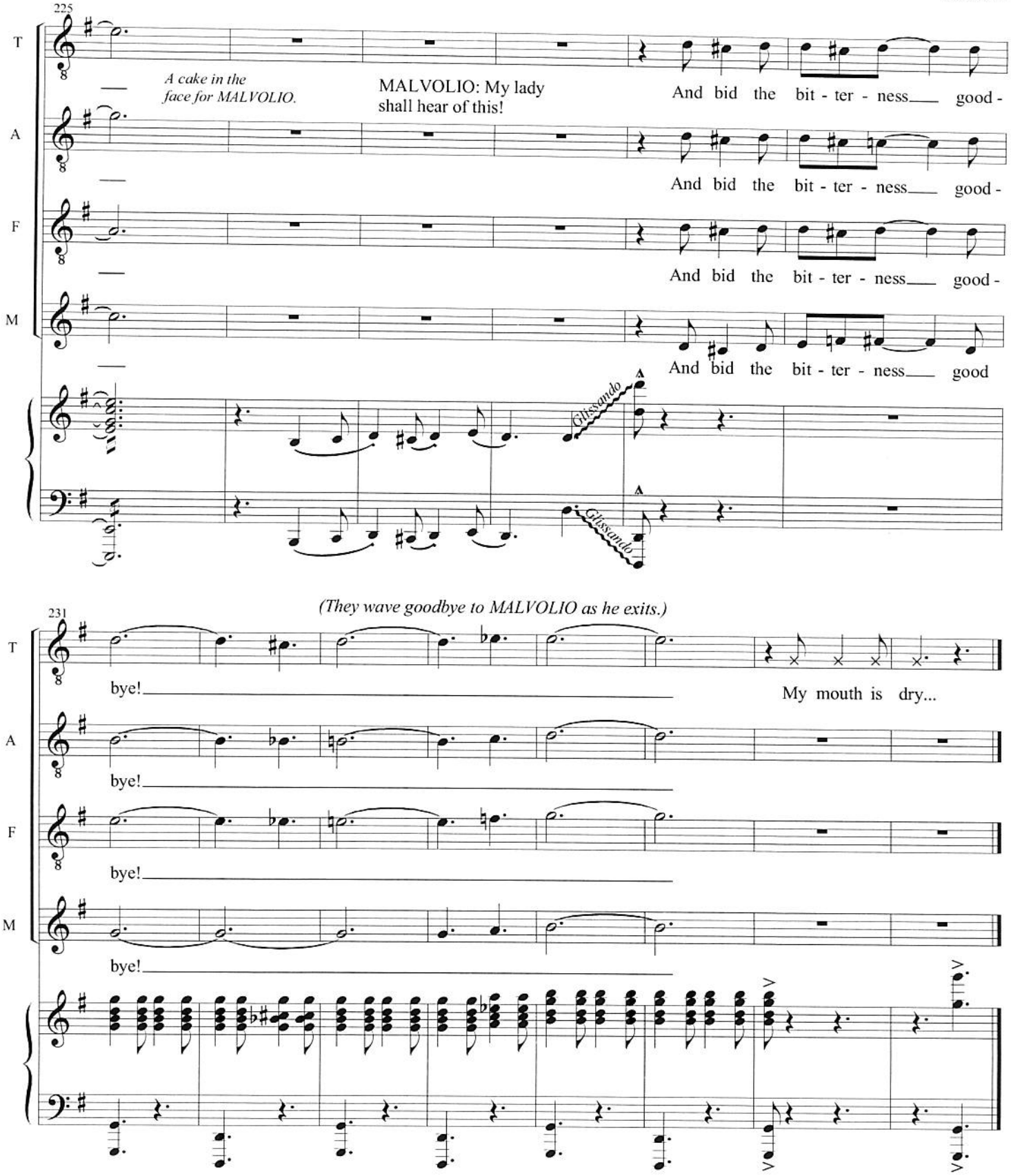
219

T: then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake.

A: then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake.

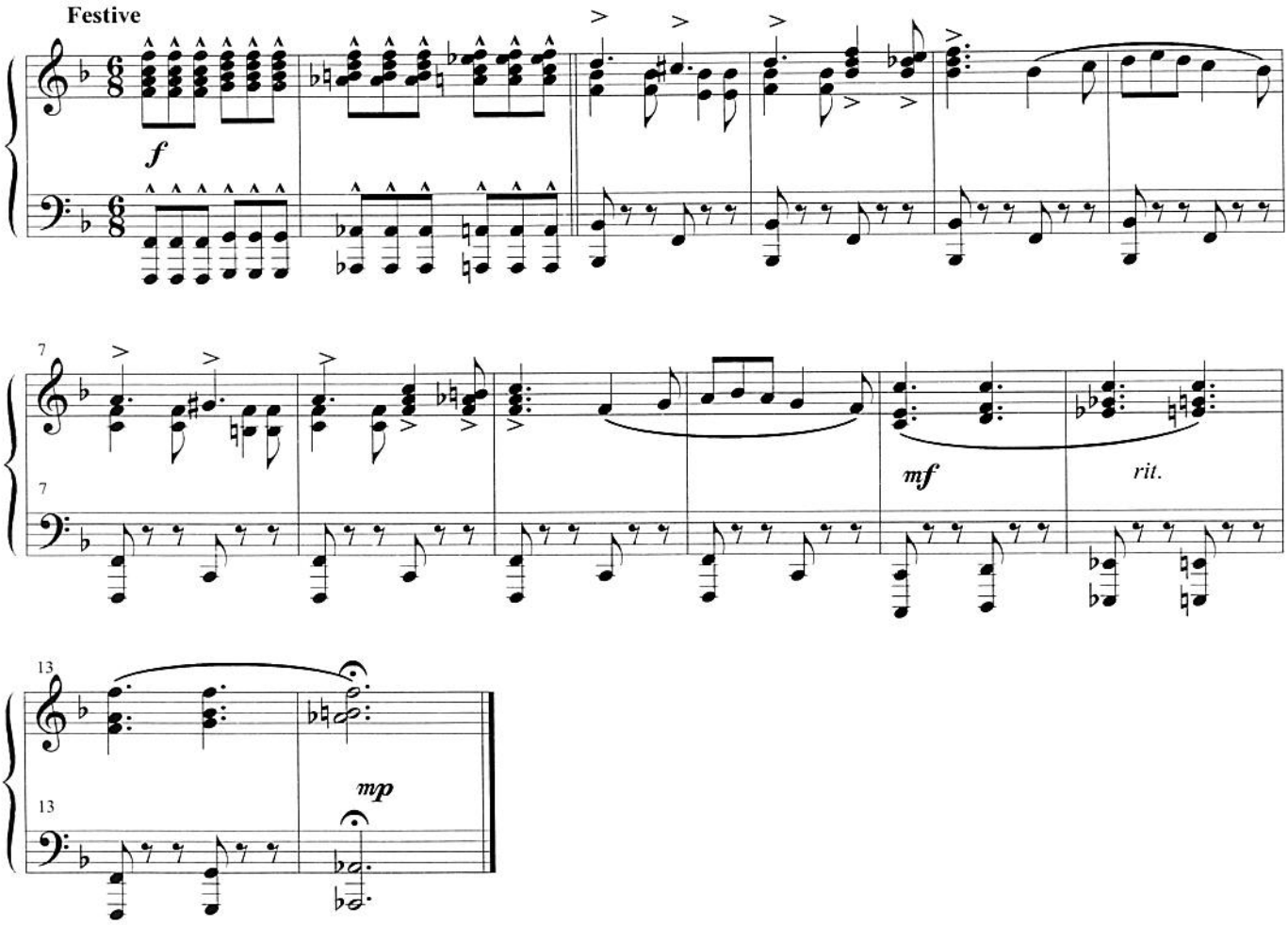
F: then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake.

M: then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet - ter, have some cake.



Attacca playoff

Cakes Playoff



Patience

(Viola)

Cue:
VIOLA: And they die even as they grow to perfection.
ORSINO: Good night, Sebastian.
(Exit ORSINO)

Moderately, in 4

agitated

So shall I join the pot-ted plants,

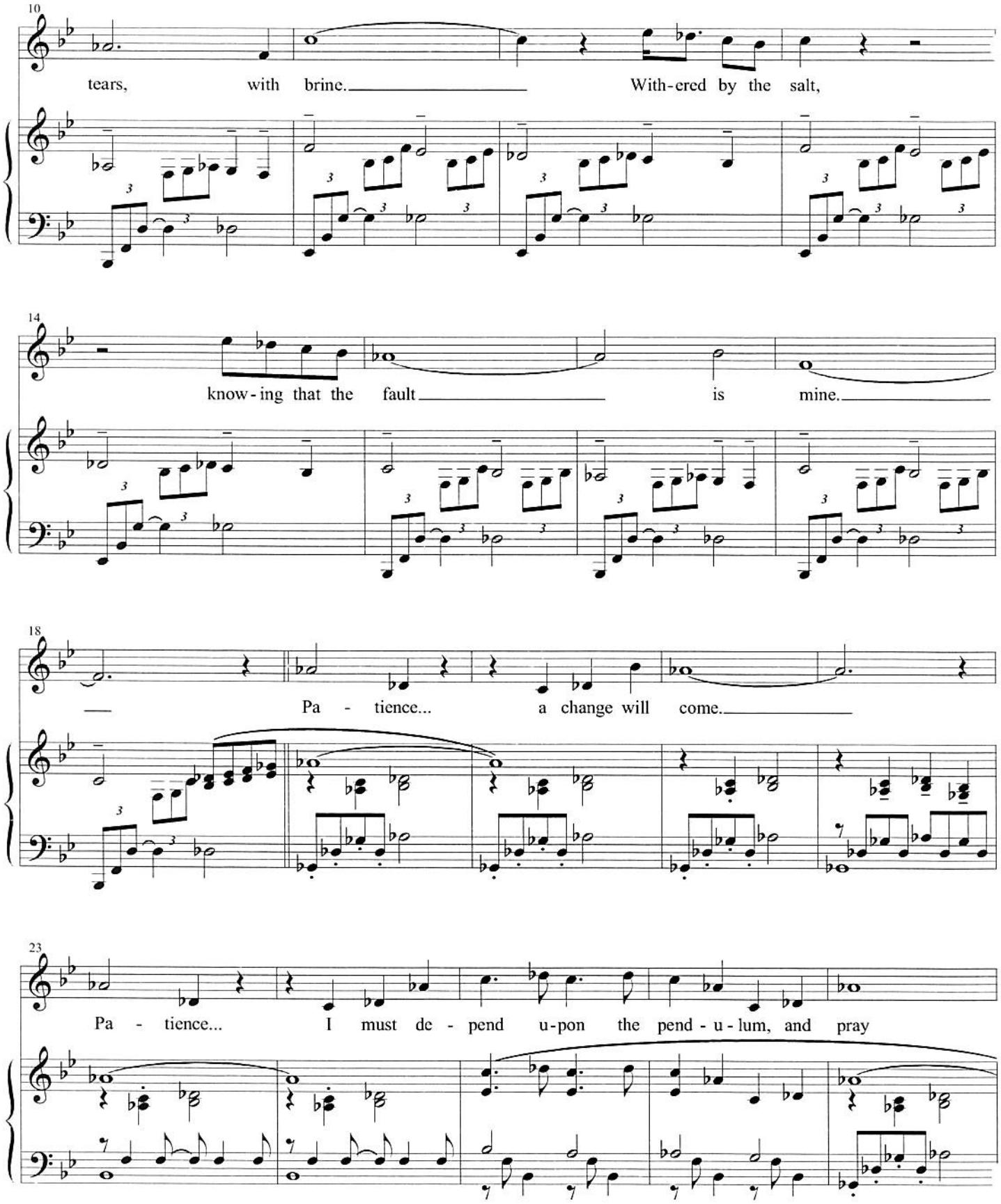
mp *molto legato* *simile*

4

— and perch u-pon your shelf for years?

7

Im-pri-soned not in pot,— but pants, and wa-ter-ing my-self with


10
tears, with brine. With-ered by the salt,
14
know-ing that the fault is mine.
18
Pa - tience... a change will come.
23
Pa - tience... I must de - pend u-pon the pend - u - lum, and pray

28

a change will come some - day, some -

33

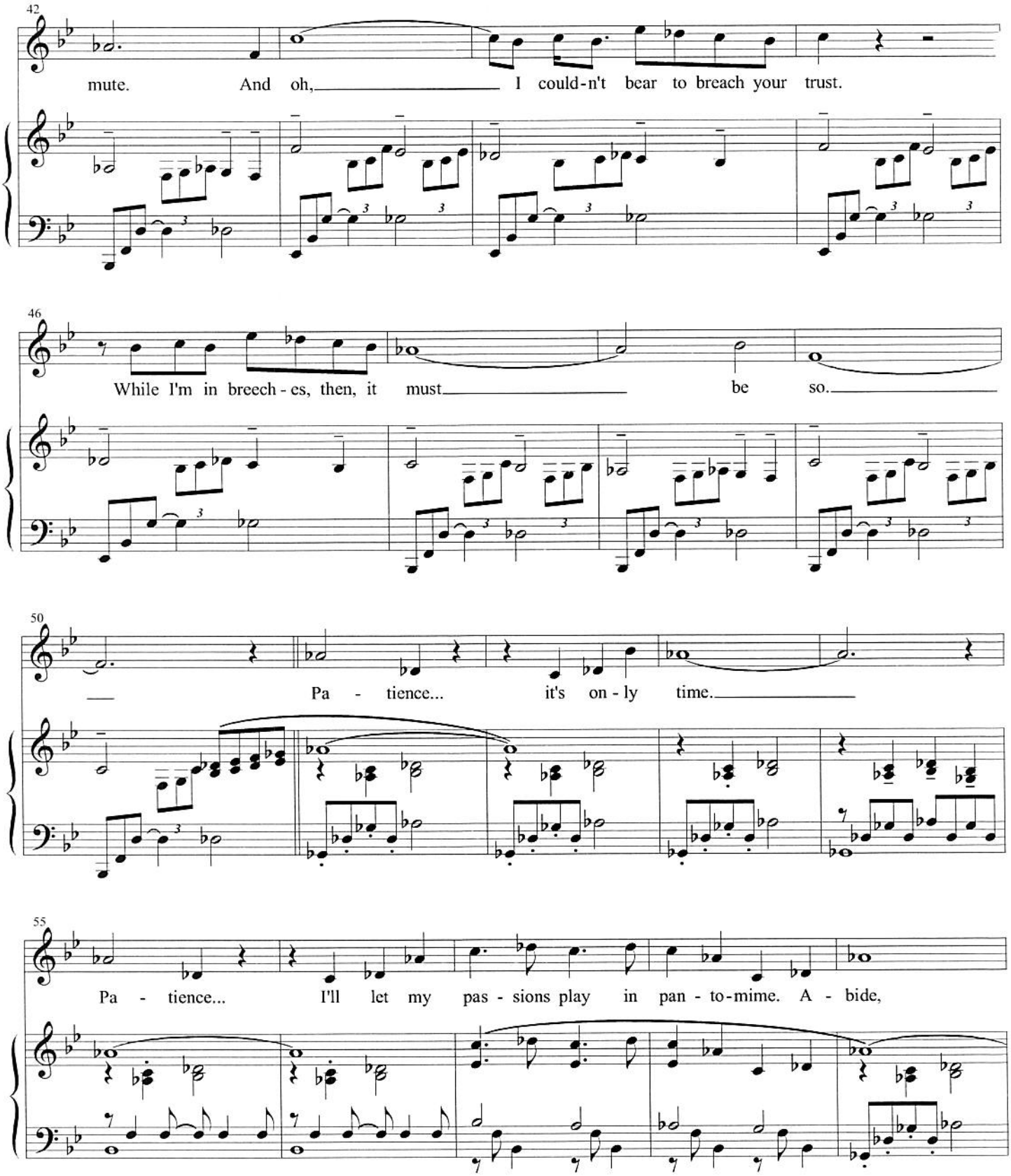
how. You'd think that dressed the way I am,

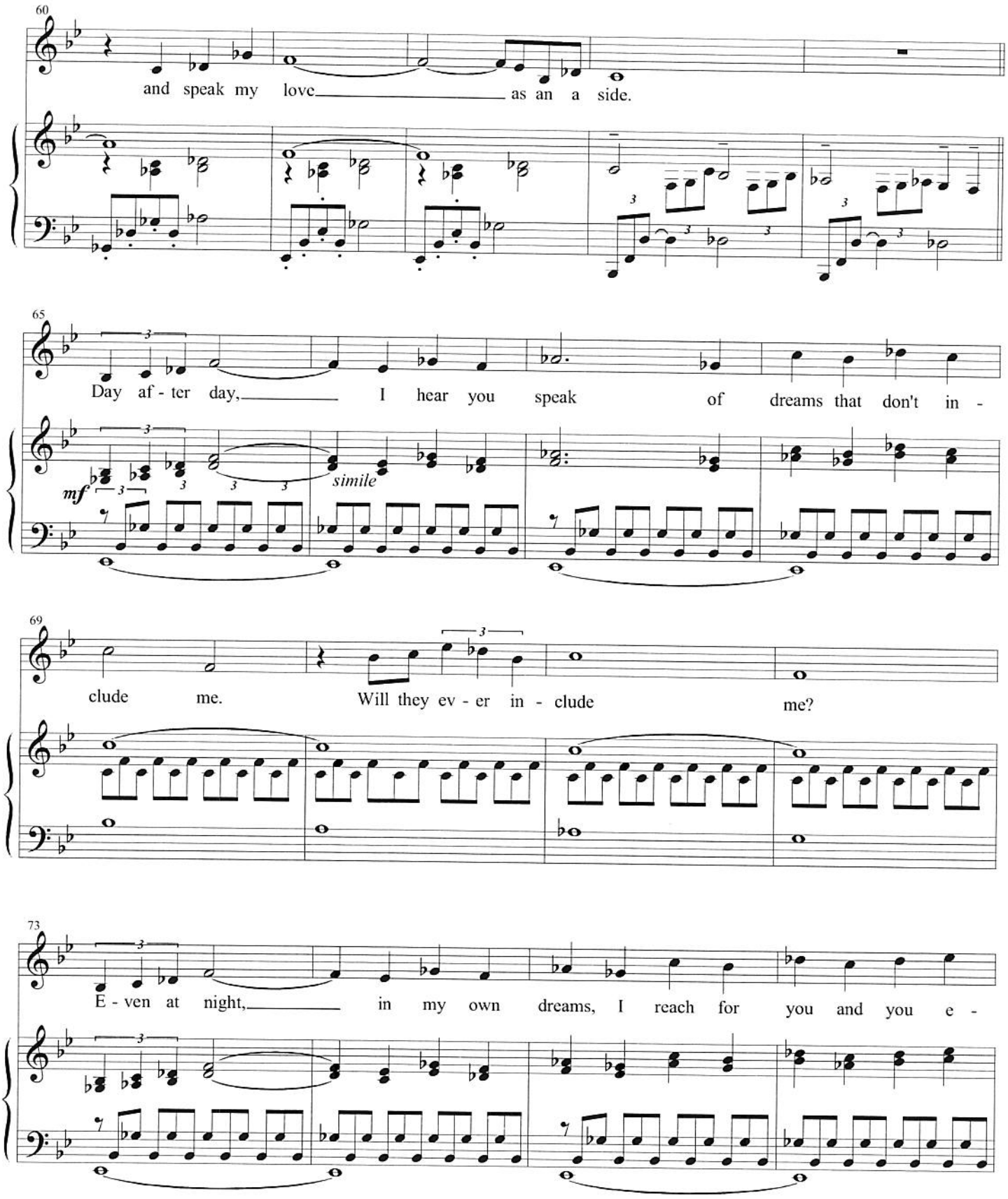
36

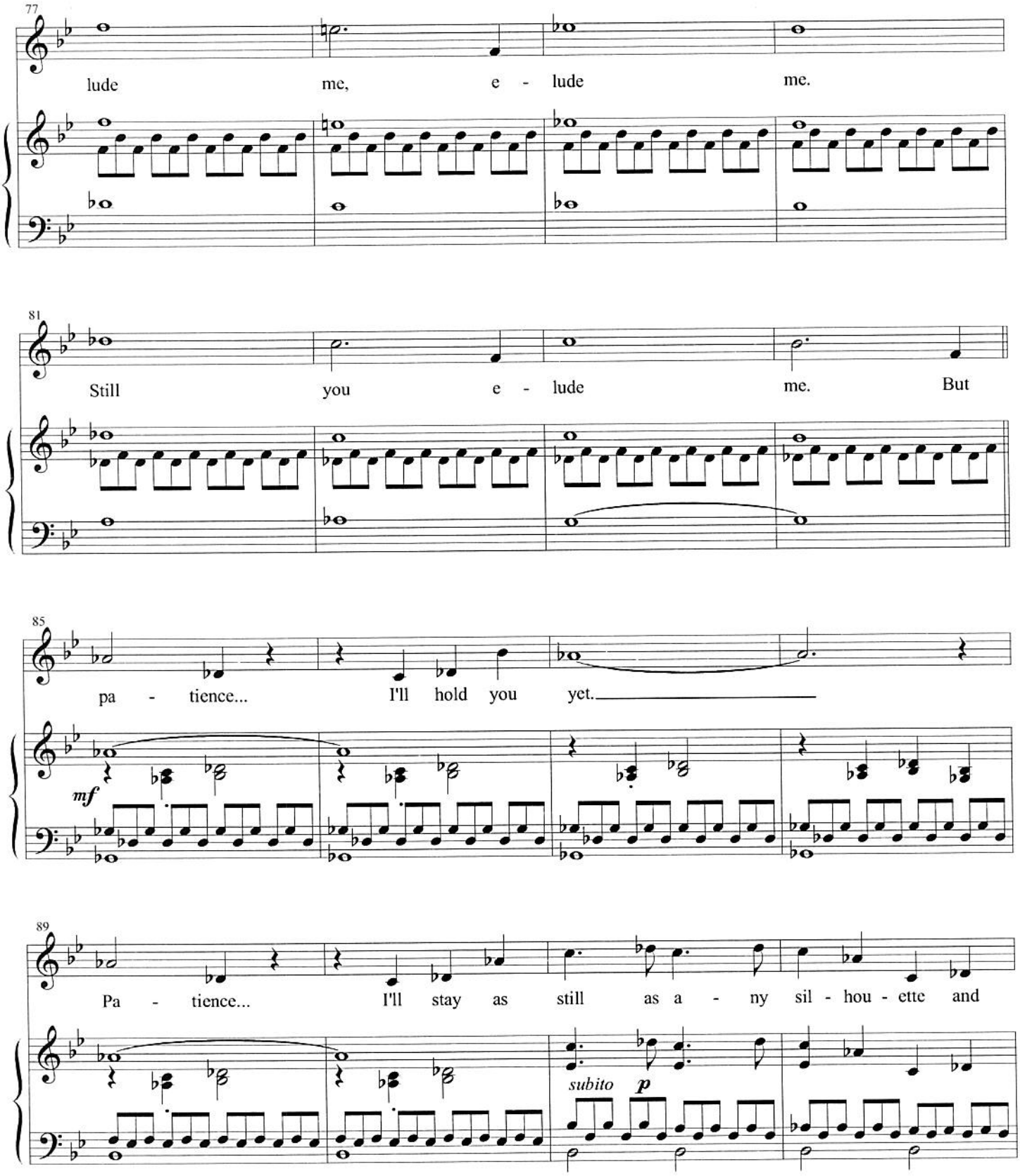
I'd play the part and plead my suit.

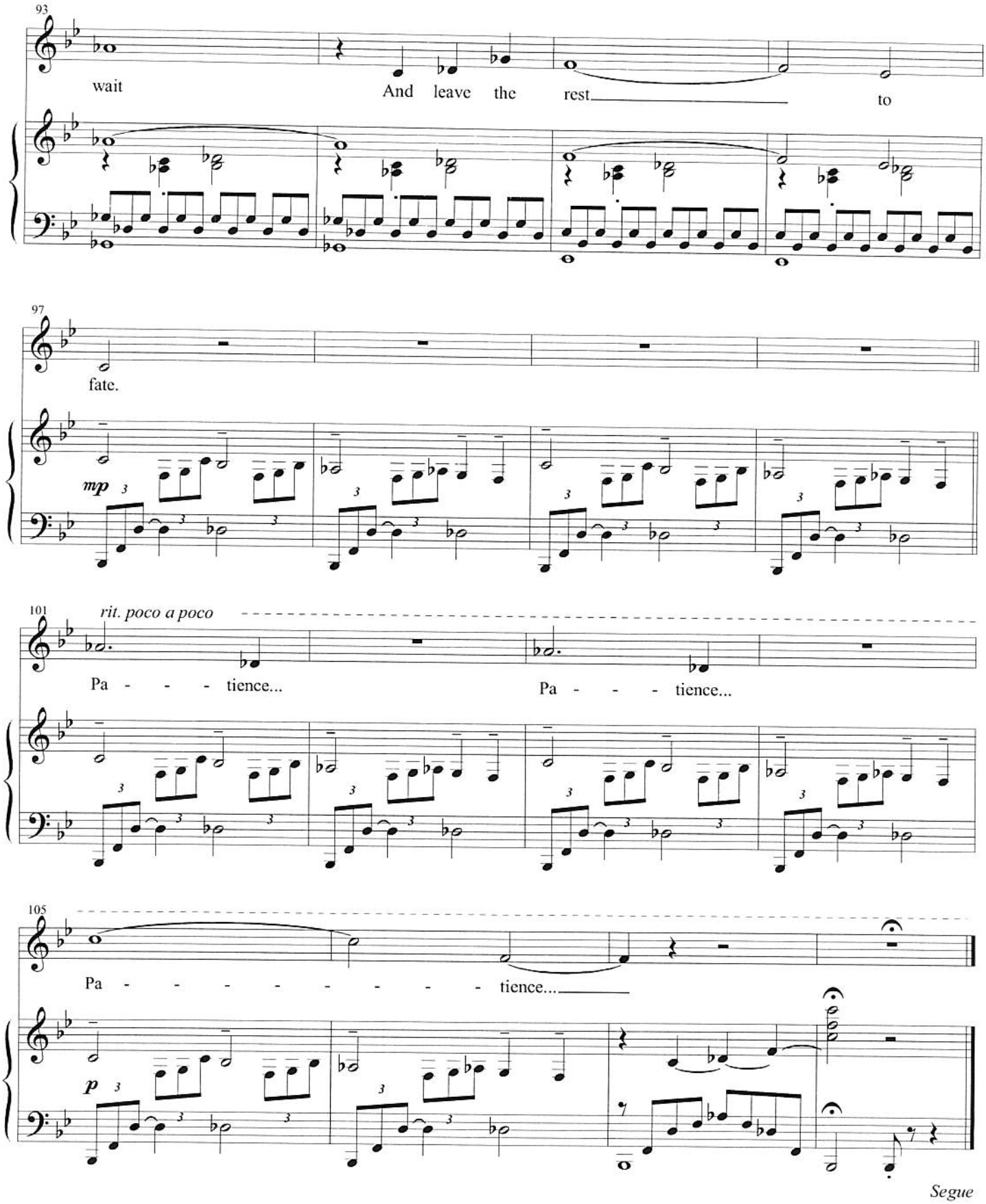
39

But since this suit of mine's a sham, dis - cre - tion says I need be


42
mute. And oh, I could-n't bear to breach your trust.
46
While I'm in breech-es, then, it must be so.
50
Pa - tience... it's on-ly time.
55
Pa - tience... I'll let my pas-sions play in pan-to-mime. A - bide,


60
and speak my love as an a side.
65
Day af - ter day, I hear you speak of dreams that don't in -
mf
simile
69
clude me. Will they ev - er in - clude me?
73
E - ven at night, in my own dreams, I reach for you and you e -


77
lude me, e - lude me.
81
Still you e - lude me. But
85
pa - tience... I'll hold you yet.
mf
89
Pa - tience... I'll stay as still as a - ny sil - hou - ette and
subito p


93
wait
And leave the rest
to
97
fate.
mp
101
rit. poco a poco
Pa - - - tience...
Pa - - - tience...
105
Pa - - - - - - - - tience...
p
Segue

The Man Is Mine

(Maria, Toby, Andrew, Feste)

ANDREW: The man's an insufferable prig. I have a notion to challenge him to a duel.
ANDREW: And then not show up, to make a fool of him. TOBY: Do it, Knight. Write him a challenge, and I'll deliver it.
MARIA: Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. My Lady was unsettled after the visit from the Duke's boy, and she needs her sleep.

subito p

7

13

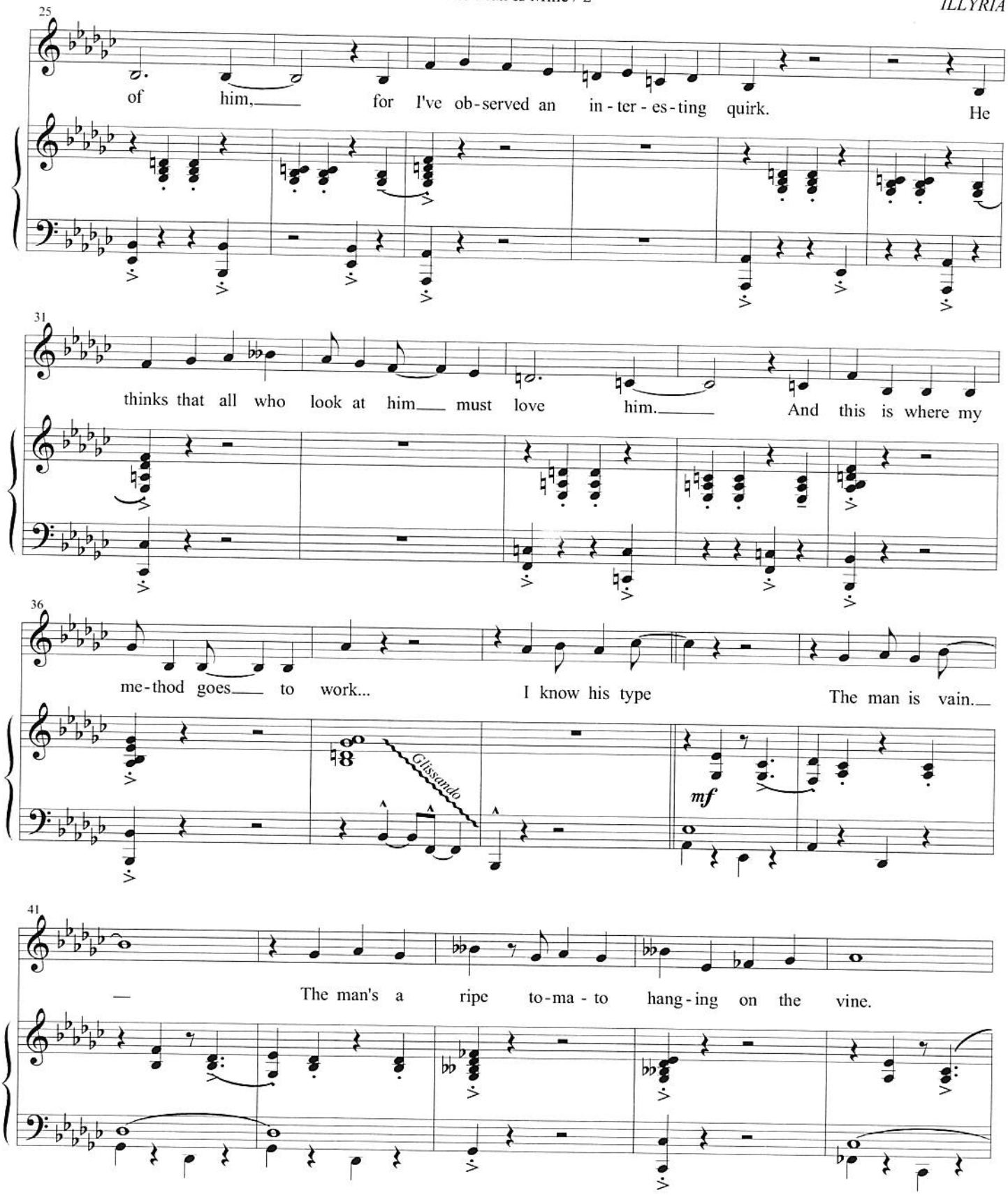
MARIA: As for Monsieur Malvolio, leave him to me.
TOBY: Why? What do you have in mind?

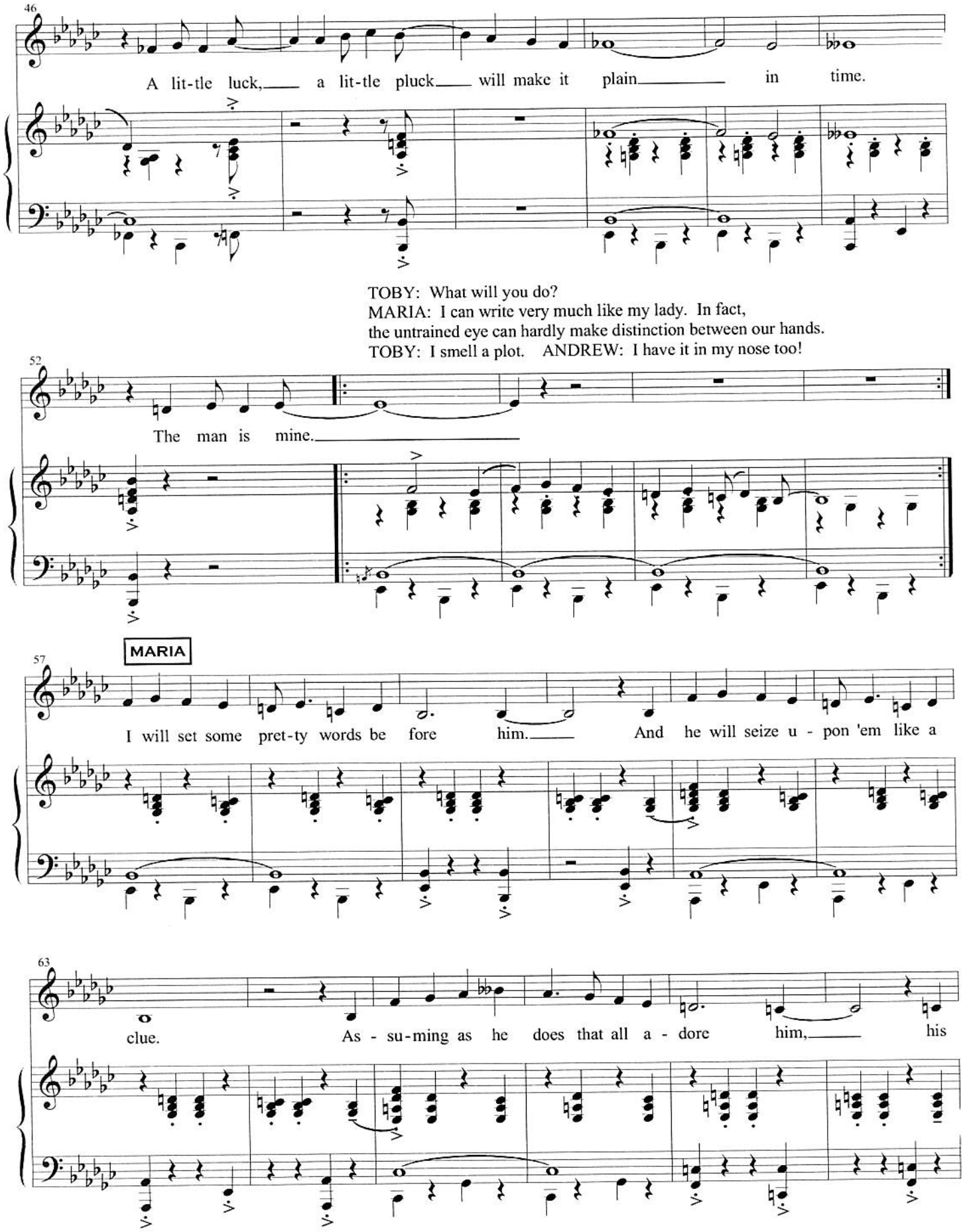
19 **Bright Bounce**

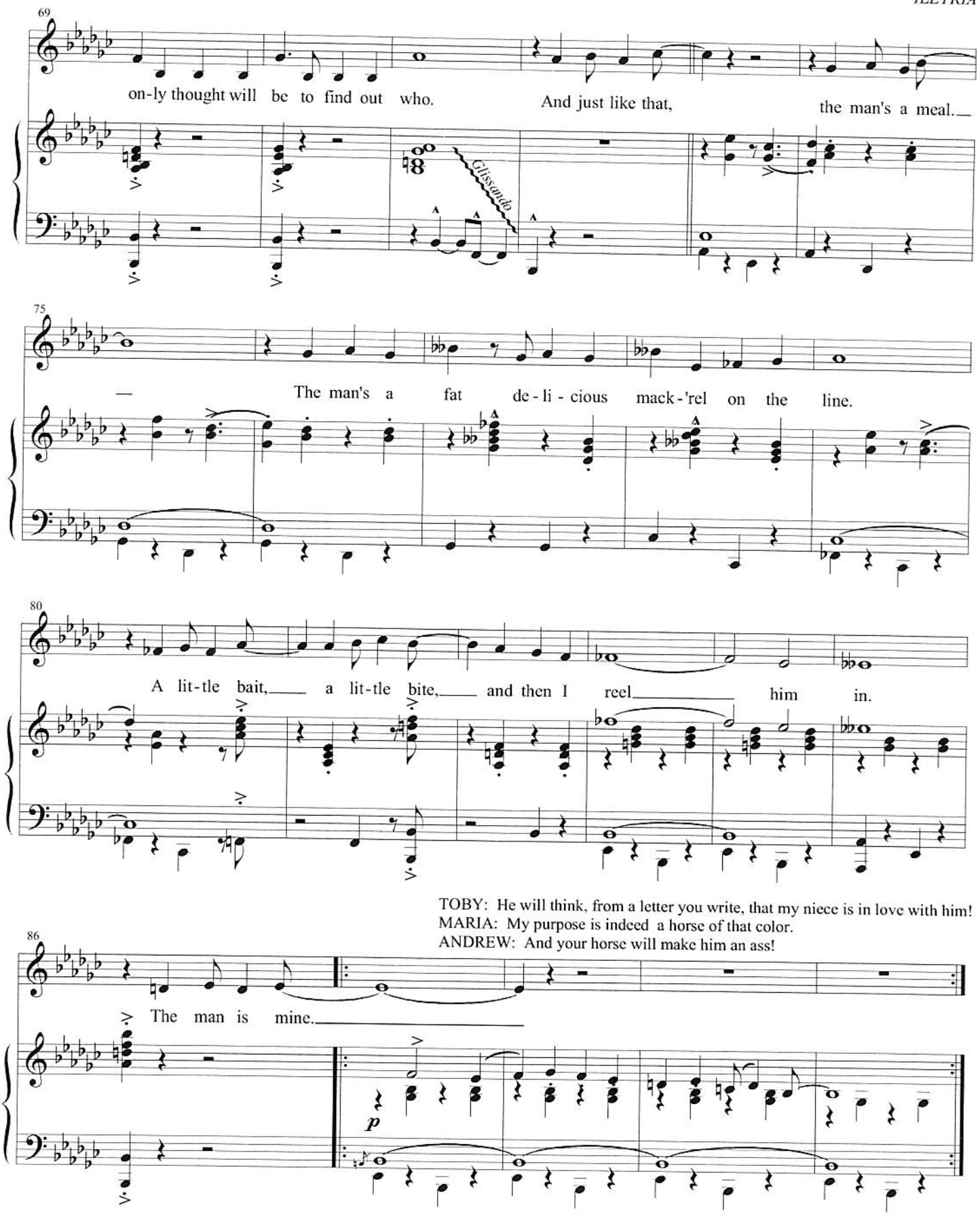
mp

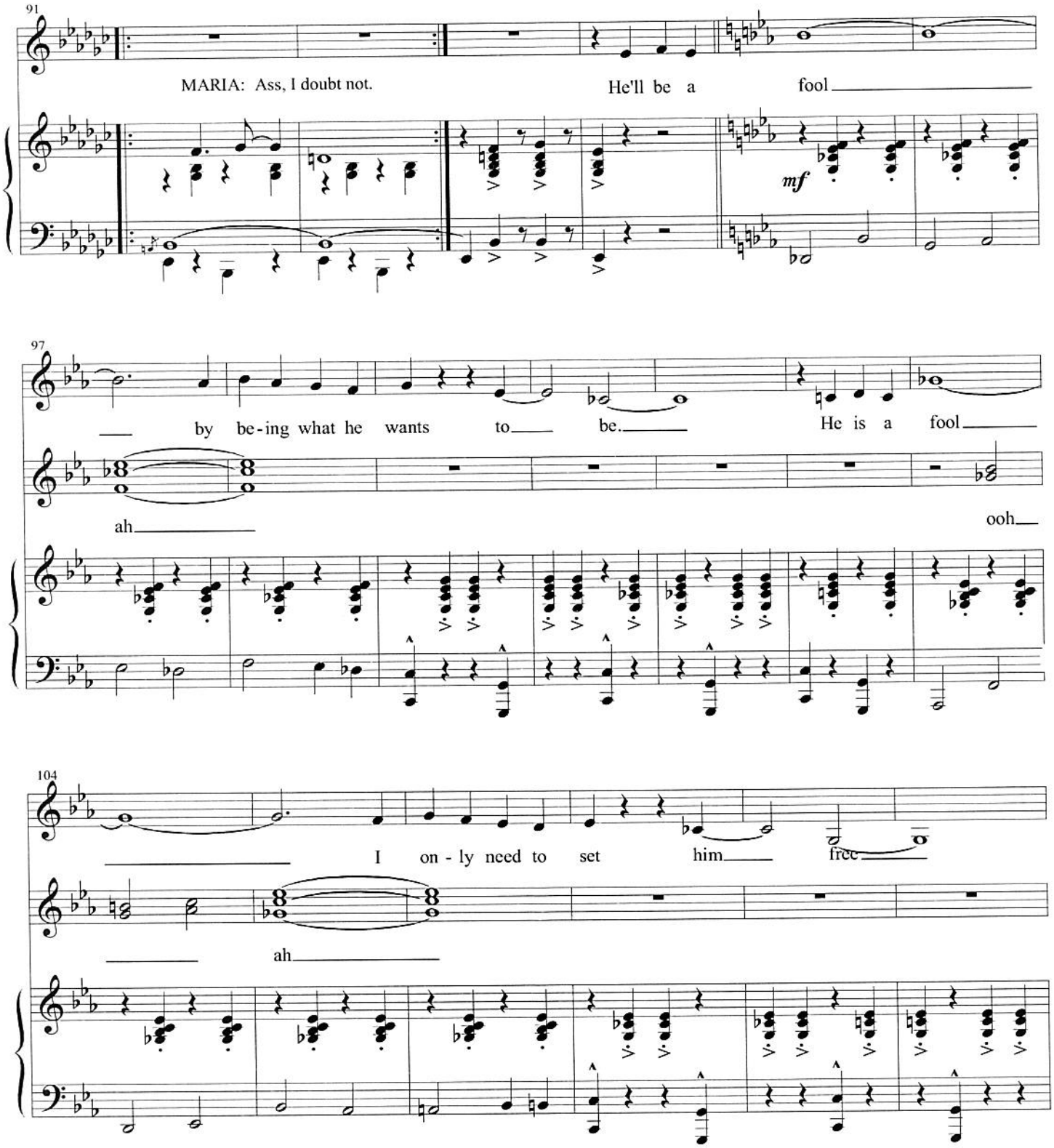
MARIA

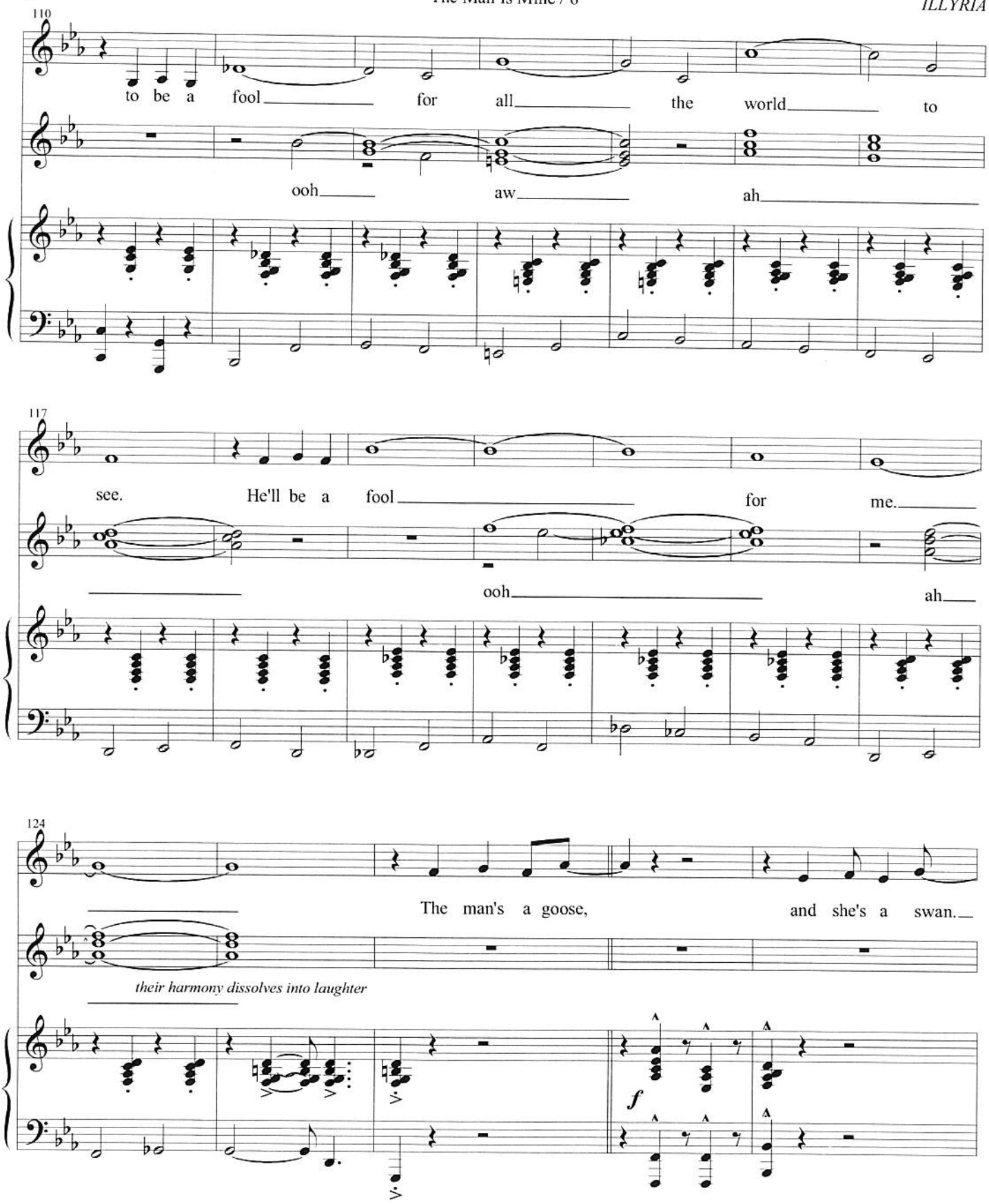
Let me tell you all a lit-tle

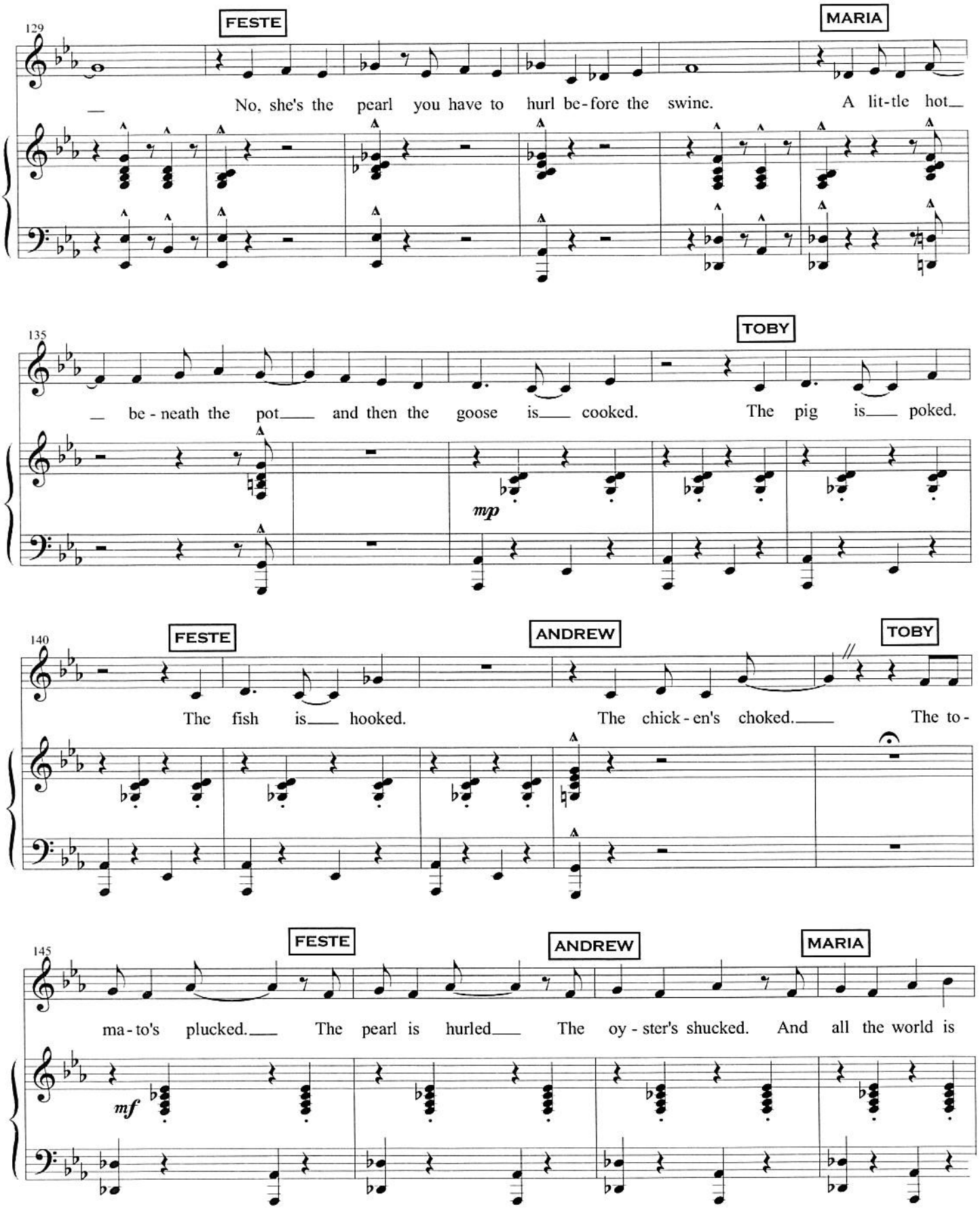

25
of him, for I've ob-served an in-ter-es-ting quirk. He
31
thinks that all who look at him must love him. And this is where my
36
me-thod goes to work... I know his type The man is vain.
Glissando
mf
41
The man's a ripe to-ma-to hang-ing on the vine.

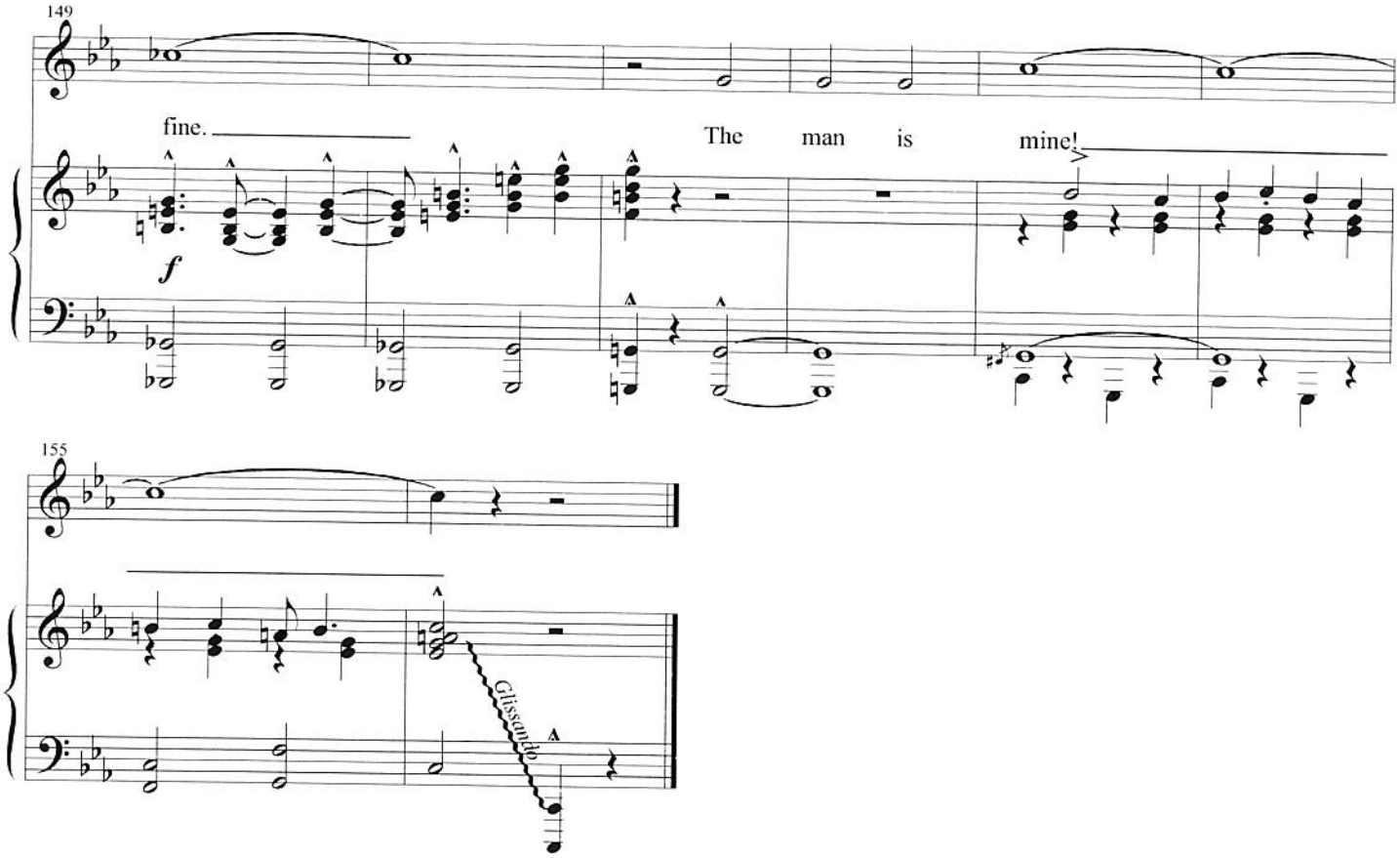

46
A lit-tle luck, a lit-tle pluck will make it plain in time.
TOBY: What will you do?
MARIA: I can write very much like my lady. In fact,
the untrained eye can hardly make distinction between our hands.
TOBY: I smell a plot. ANDREW: I have it in my nose too!
52
The man is mine.
MARIA
57
I will set some pret-ty words be fore him. And he will seize u - pon 'em like a
63
clue. As - su-ming as he does that all a - dore him, his


69
on-ly thought will be to find out who.
And just like that,
the man's a meal.
Glissando
75
The man's a fat de-li-cious mack-'rel on the line.
80
A lit-tle bait, a lit-tle bite, and then I reel him in.
TOBY: He will think, from a letter you write, that my niece is in love with him!
MARIA: My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.
ANDREW: And your horse will make him an ass!
86
The man is mine.
p


91
MARIA: Ass, I doubt not.
He'll be a fool
mf
97
by be-ing what he wants to be.
He is a fool
ah
ooh
104
I on-ly need to set him free
ah


110
to be a fool for all the world to
ooh aw ah
117
see. He'll be a fool for me.
ooh ah
124
The man's a goose, and she's a swan.
their harmony dissolves into laughter
f

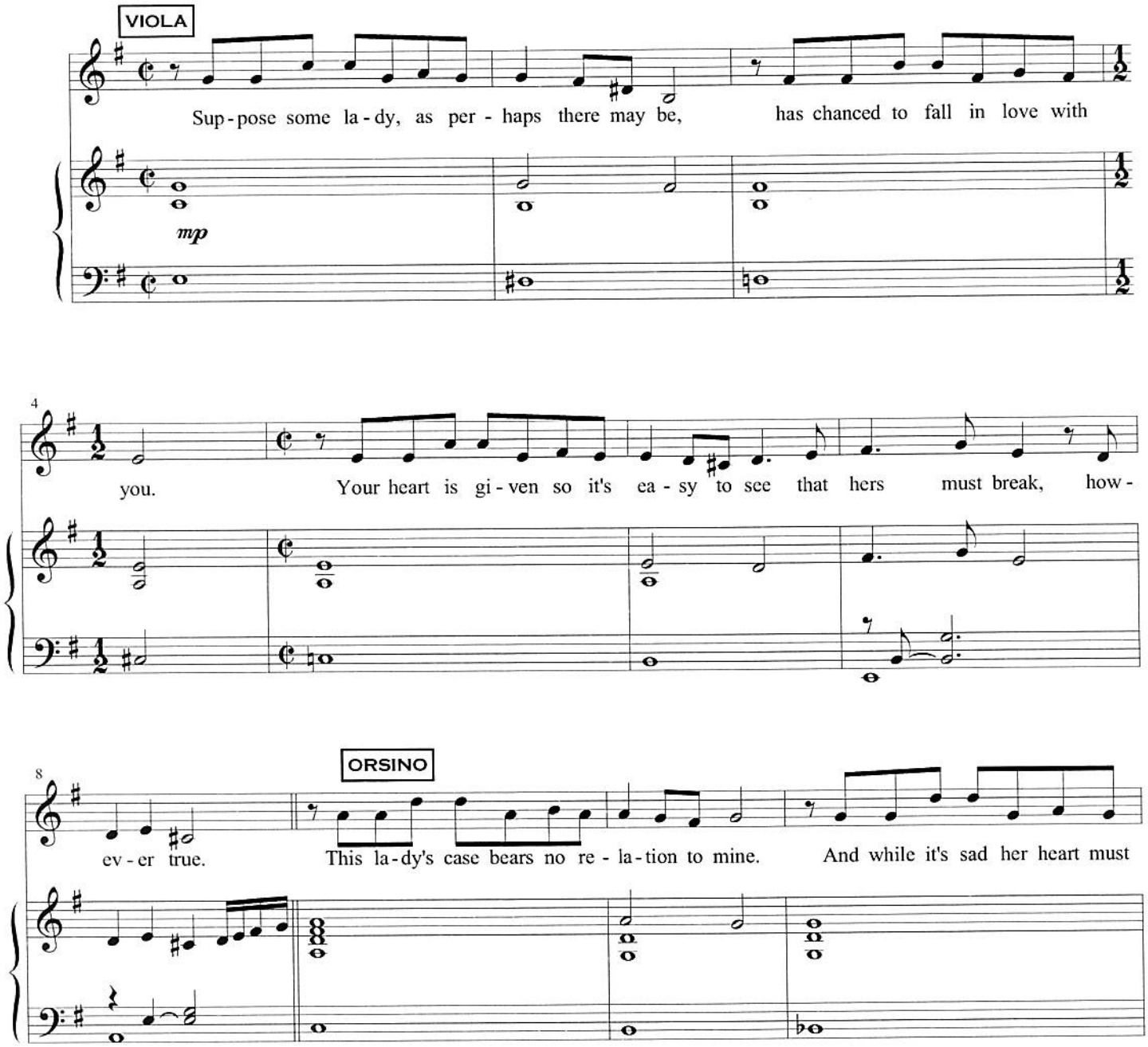

129
FESTE
MARIA
No, she's the pearl you have to hurl be-fore the swine. A lit-tle hot
135
TOBY
be-neath the pot and then the goose is cooked. The pig is poked.
mp
140
FESTE
ANDREW
TOBY
The fish is hooked. The chick-en's choked. The to-
145
FESTE
ANDREW
MARIA
ma-to's plucked. The pearl is hurled The oy-ster's shucked. And all the world is
mf

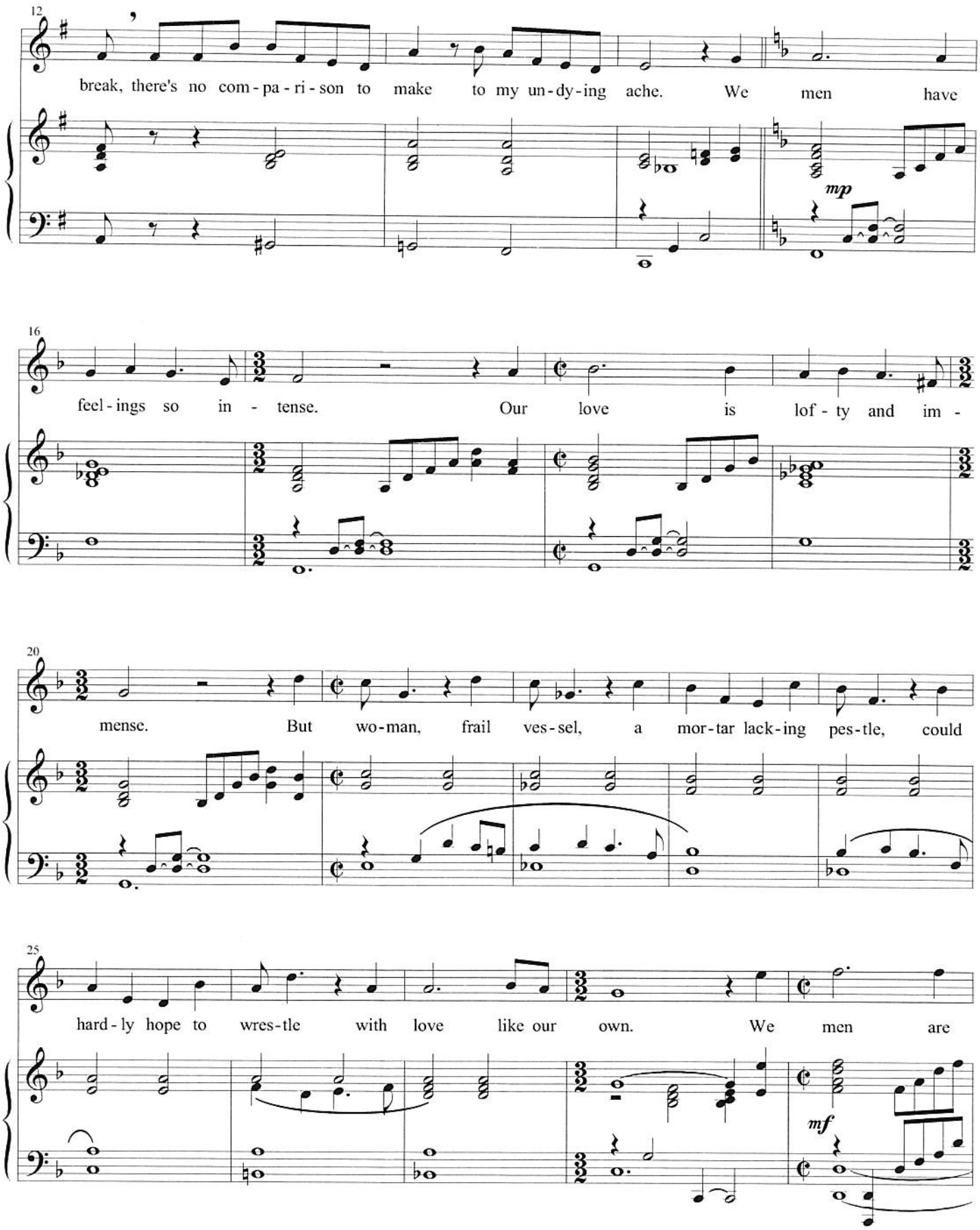

149
fine.
The man is mine!
f
155
Glissando

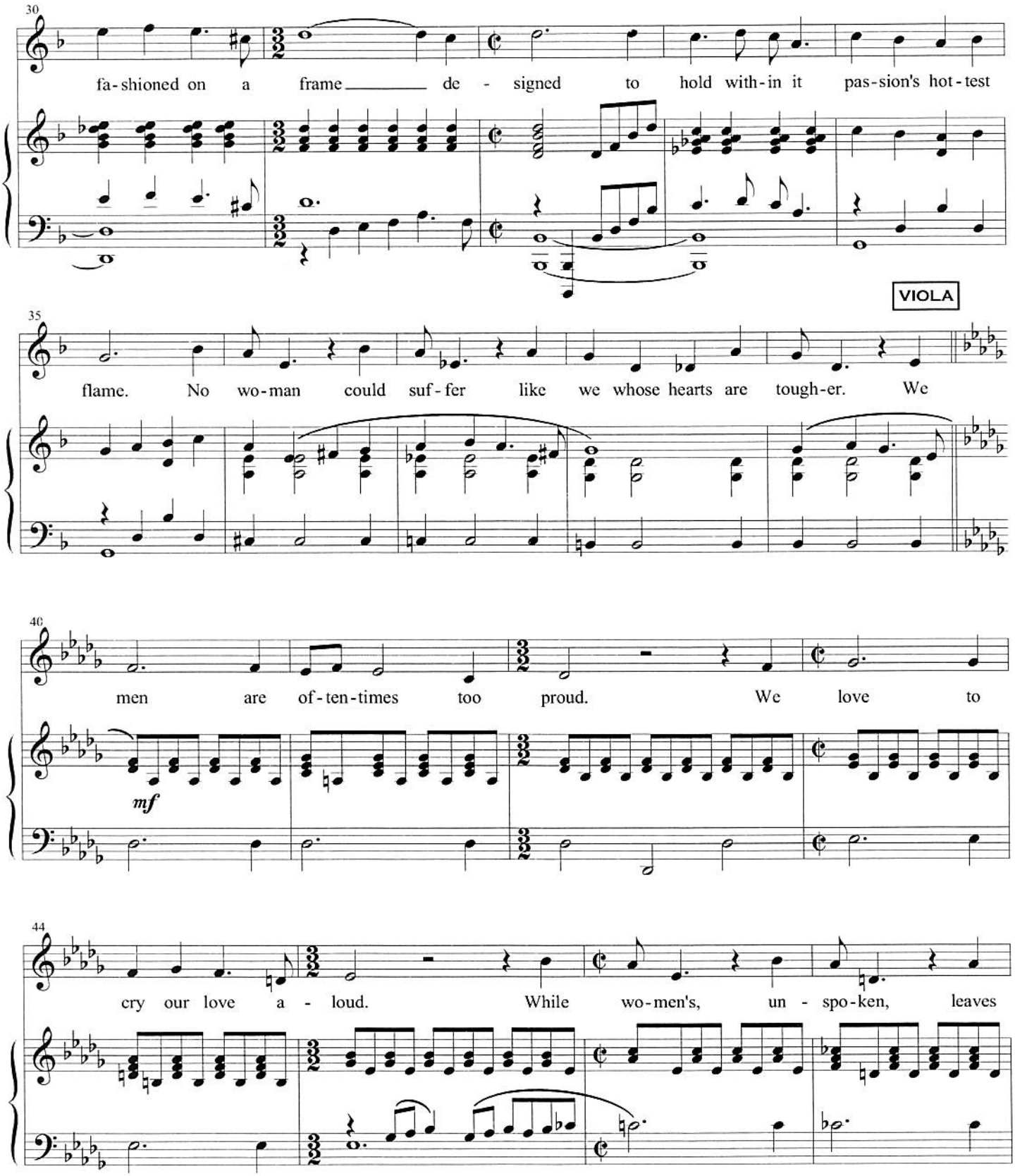
We Men

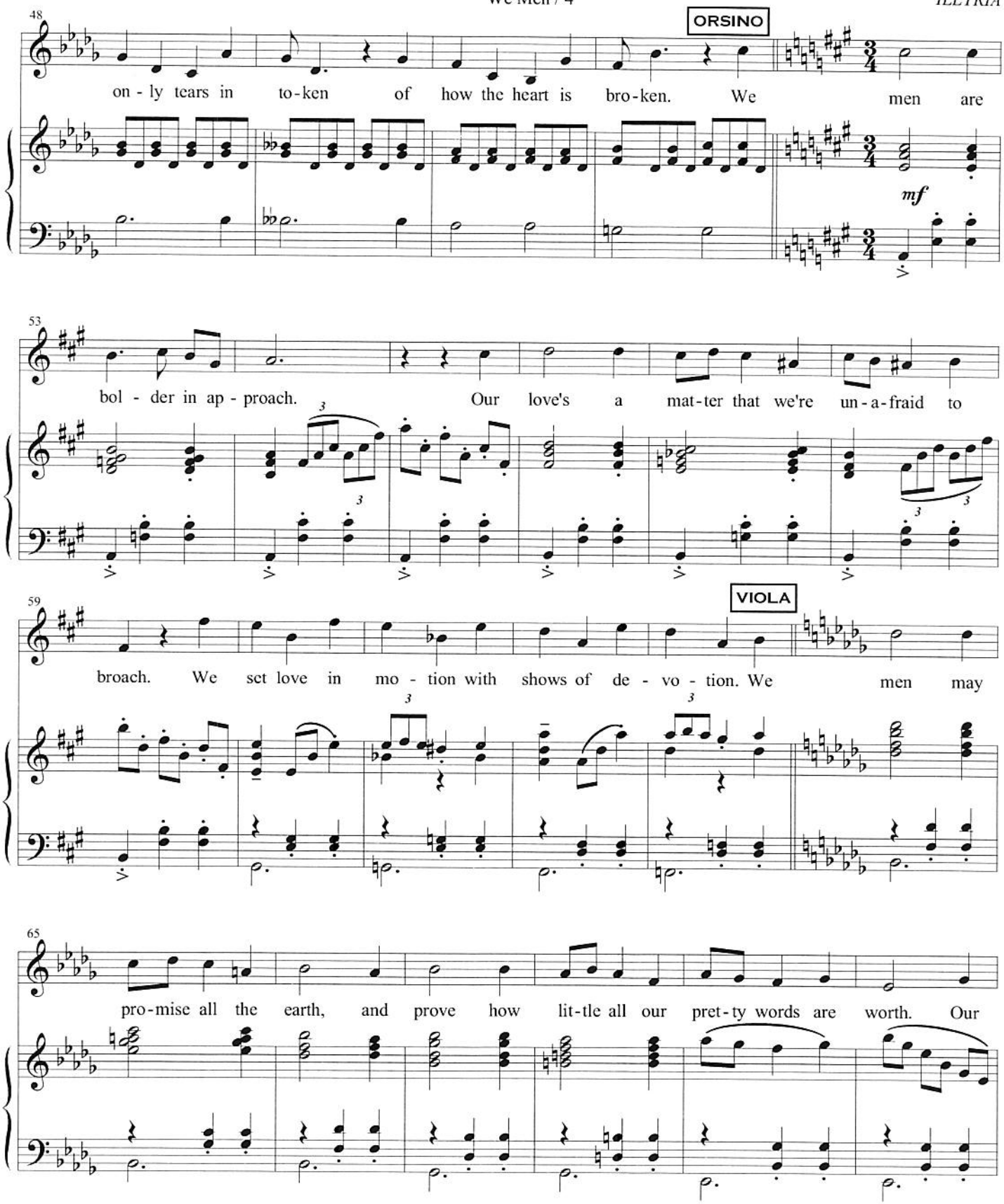
(Viola, Orsino)

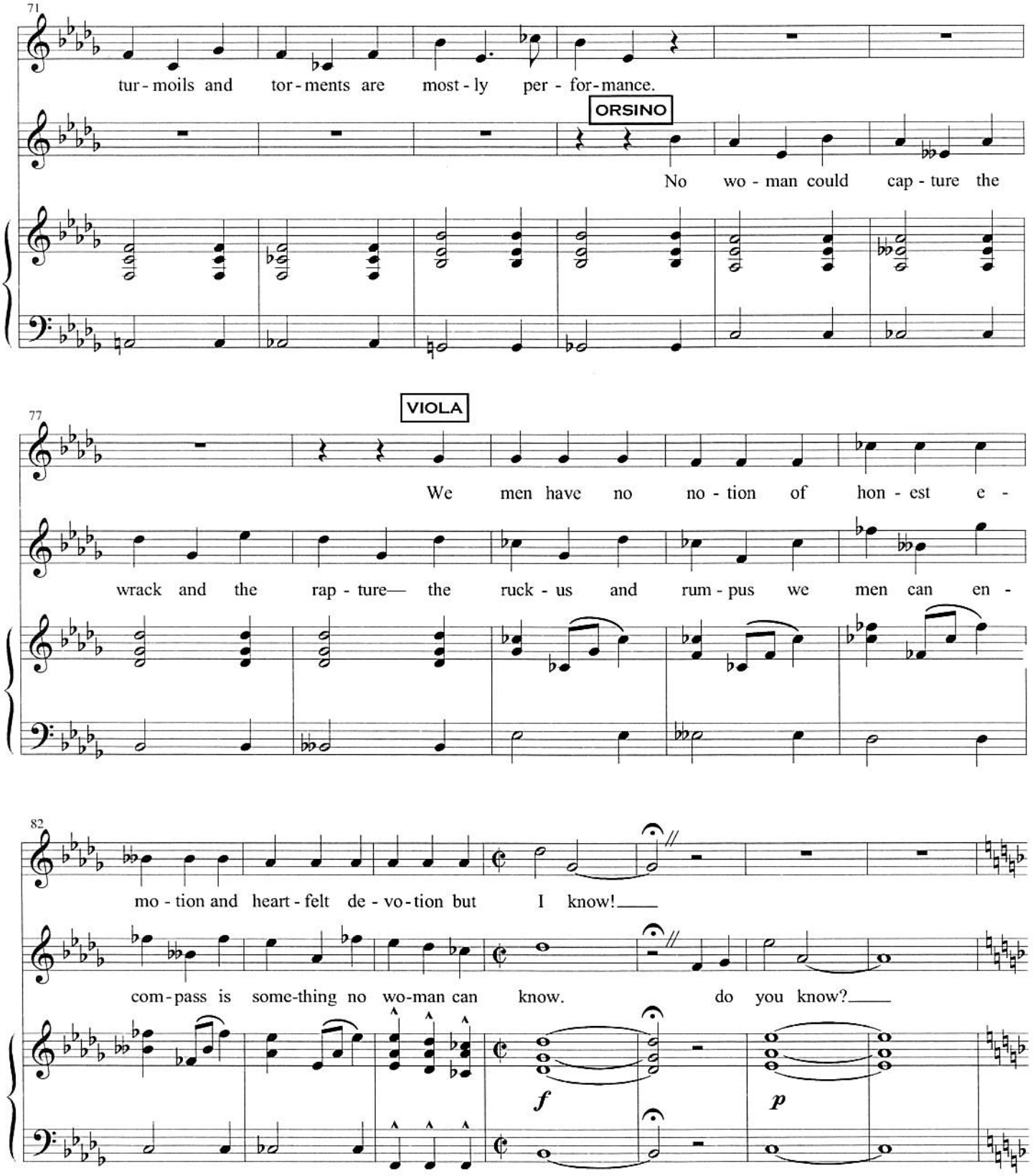
Cue:
VIOLA: But sometimes even true love must go unrequited.
ORSINO: Impossible.

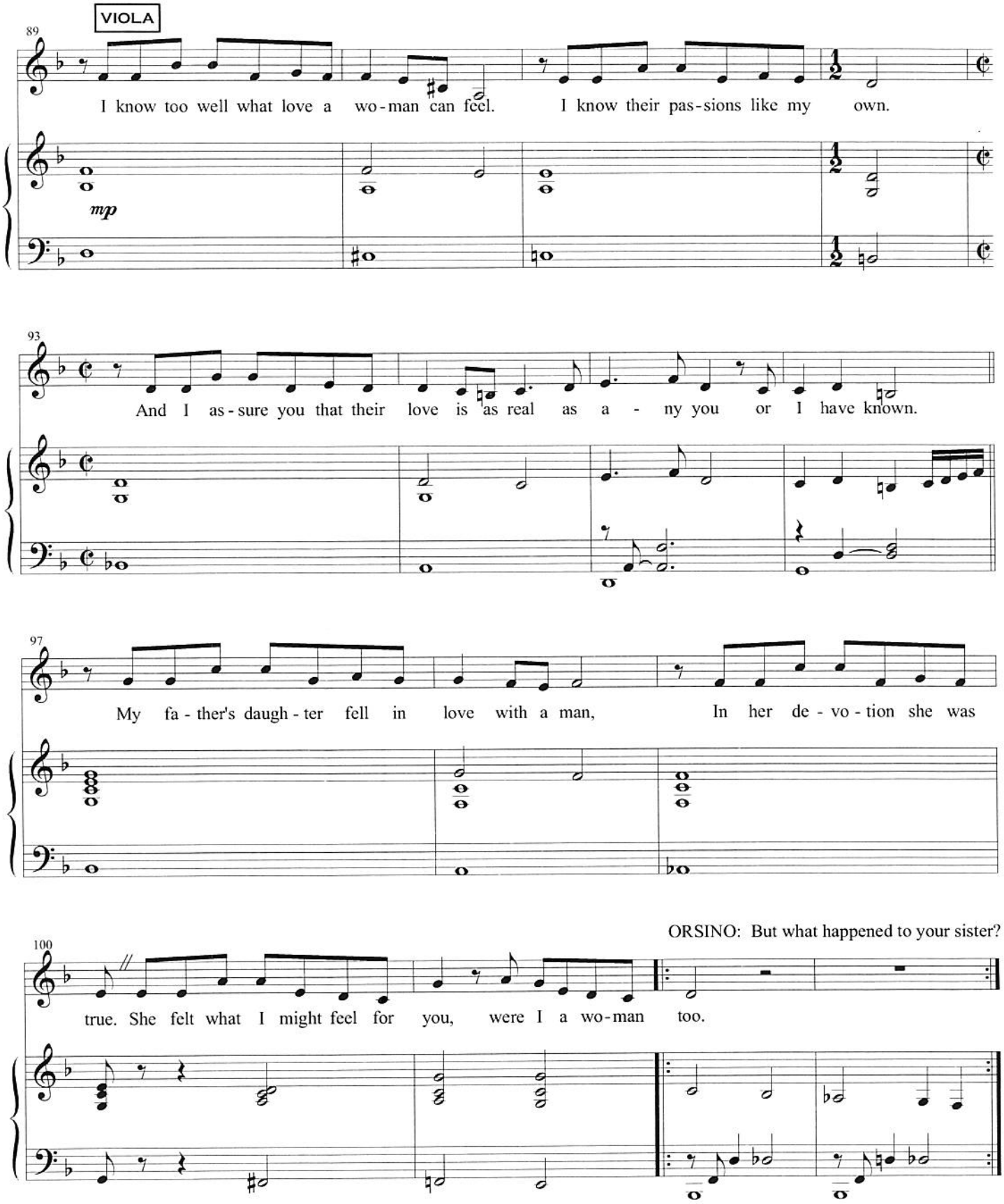


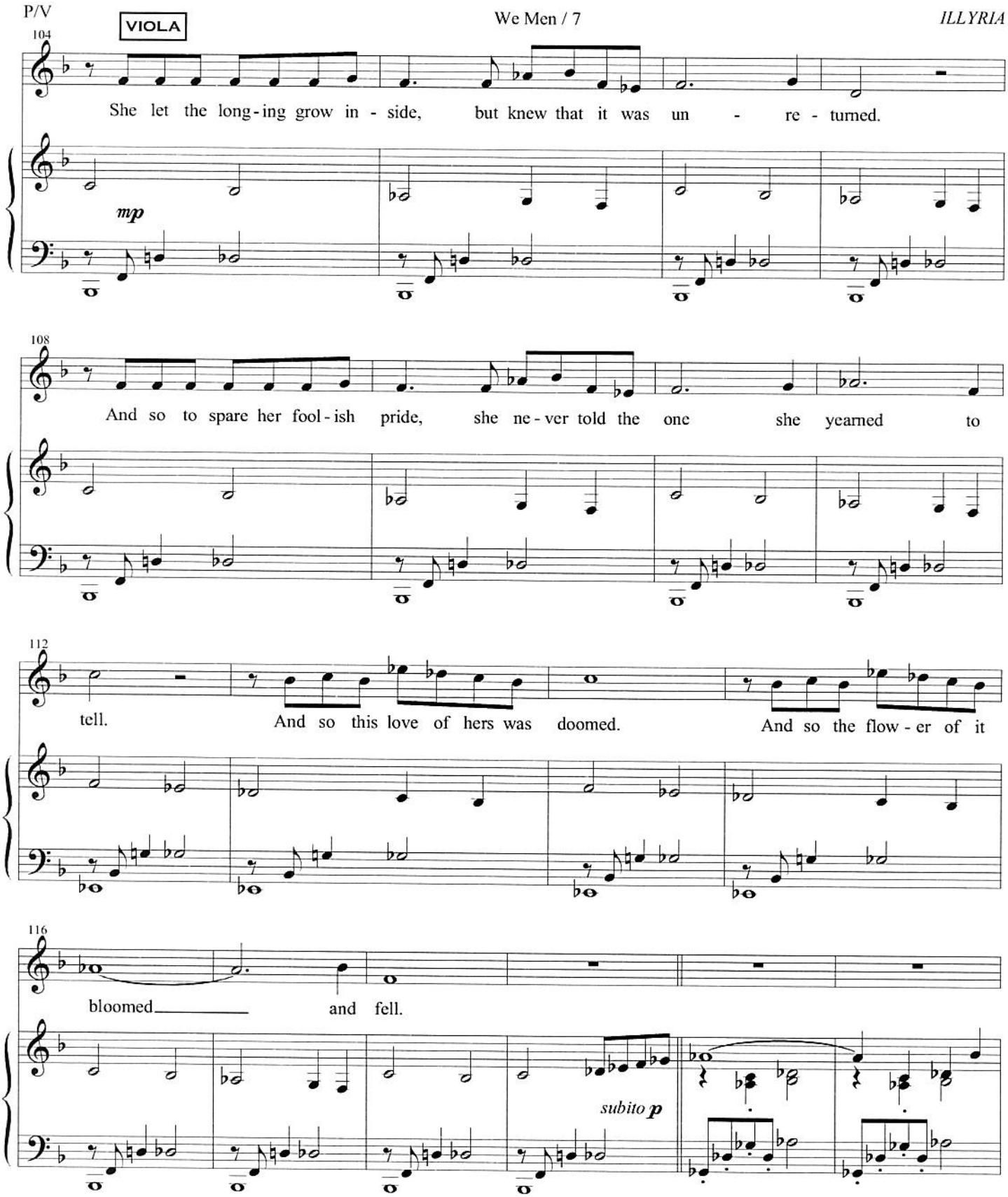

12
break, there's no com - pa - ri - son to make to my un - dy - ing ache. We men have
mp
16
feel - ings so in - tense. Our love is lof - ty and im -
20
mense. But wo - man, frail ves - sel, a mor - tar lack - ing pes - tle, could
25
hard - ly hope to wres - tle with love like our own. We men are
mf


30
fa-shioned on a frame de - signed to hold with-in it pas-sion's hot-test
VIOLA
35
flame. No wo-man could suf-fer like we whose hearts are tough-er. We
40
men are of-ten-times too proud. We love to
mf
44
cry our love a - loud. While wo-men's, un - spo-ken, leaves

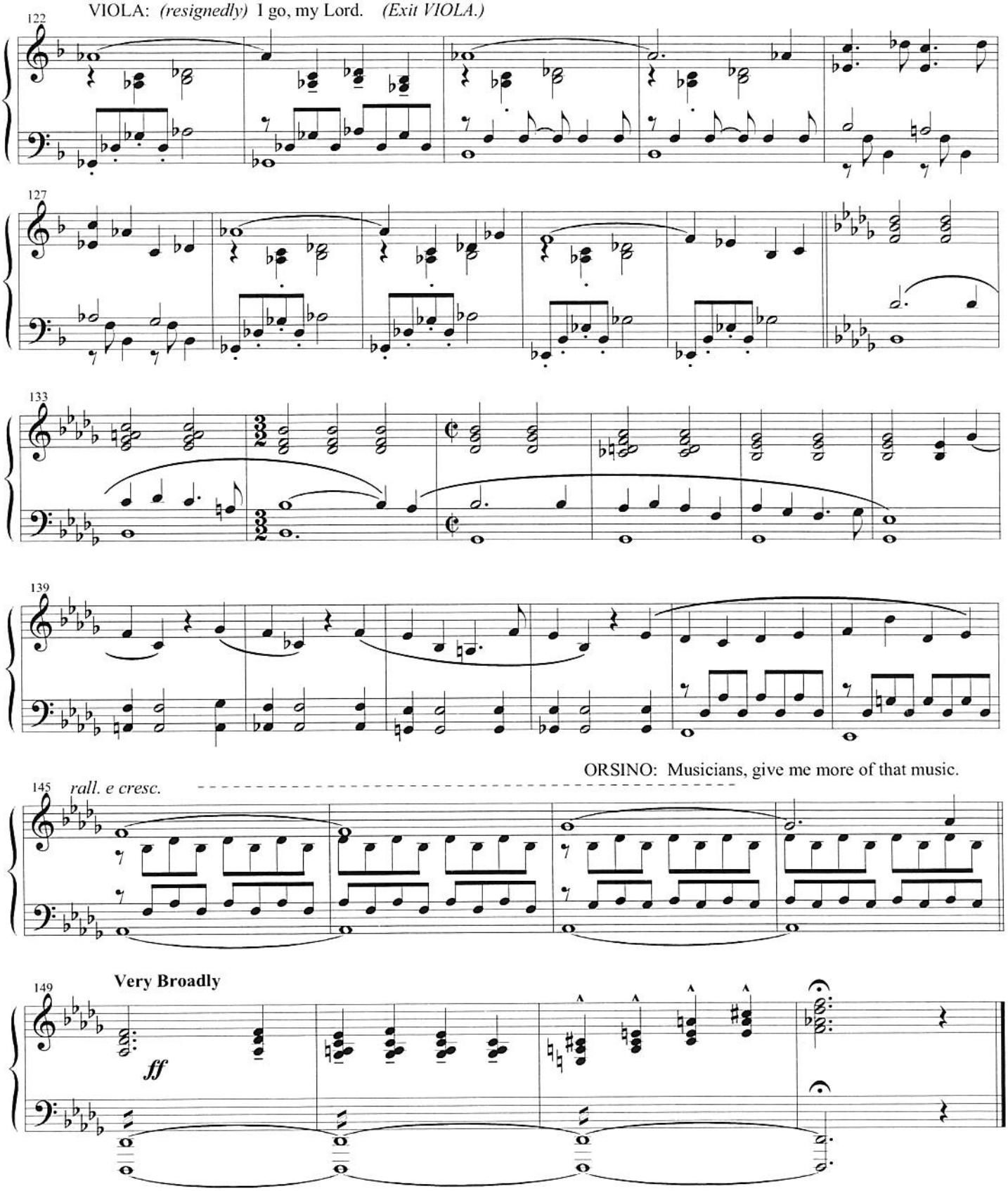

48
ORSINO
on - ly tears in to-ken of how the heart is bro-ken. We men are
mf
53
bol - der in ap - proach. Our love's a mat-ter that we're un-a-fraid to
59
VIOLA
broach. We set love in mo - tion with shows of de - vo - tion. We men may
65
pro-mise all the earth, and prove how lit-tle all our pret-ty words are worth. Our


71
tur - moils and tor - ments are most - ly per - for - mance.
ORSINO
No wo - man could cap - ture the
77
VIOLA
We men have no no - tion of hon - est e -
wrack and the rap - ture— the ruck - us and rum - pus we men can en -
82
mo - tion and heart - felt de - vo - tion but I know!
com - pass is some - thing no wo - man can know. do you know?
f
p


VIOLA
89
I know too well what love a wo-man can feel. I know their pas-sions like my own.
mp
93
And I as-sure you that their love is as real as a - ny you or I have known.
97
My fa - ther's daugh - ter fell in love with a man, In her de - vo - tion she was
ORSINO: But what happened to your sister?
100
true. She felt what I might feel for you, were I a wo-man too.


VIOLA
104
She let the long-ing grow in - side, but knew that it was un - re - turned.
mp
108
And so to spare her fool-ish pride, she ne-ver told the one she yearned to
112
tell. And so this love of hers was doomed. And so the flow-er of it
116
bloomed and fell.
subito p

VIOLA: I am all that's left of my father's children.
ORSINO: Sebastian, this story of yours has inflamed my passion.
To think that my Olivia might suffer the same fate. That she, like your sister, might be unable to speak her love.
VIOLA: Oh, my Lord, I don't think that's the case with Lady Olivia.
ORSINO: No, Sebastian, you must go to her again. Tell her that if she has secretly pined for me,
that she need no longer hide her heart away. Quickly, Sebastian—fly to her. She must not be allowed to suffer any longer.
VIOLA: *(resignedly)* I go, my Lord. *(Exit VIOLA.)*



The Love Letter

(Malvolio, Olivia)

Cue:
MALVOLIO: What have we here?
(picking up the letter, and reading the outside)

"To the unknown beloved." To whom could this be? *(He slips off the ribbon, and unrolls it.)*

There's no seal, so I don't think I do wrong to open it.

TOBY: Oh, please, let him read it aloud!
MALVOLIO: It looks to be . . . a poem

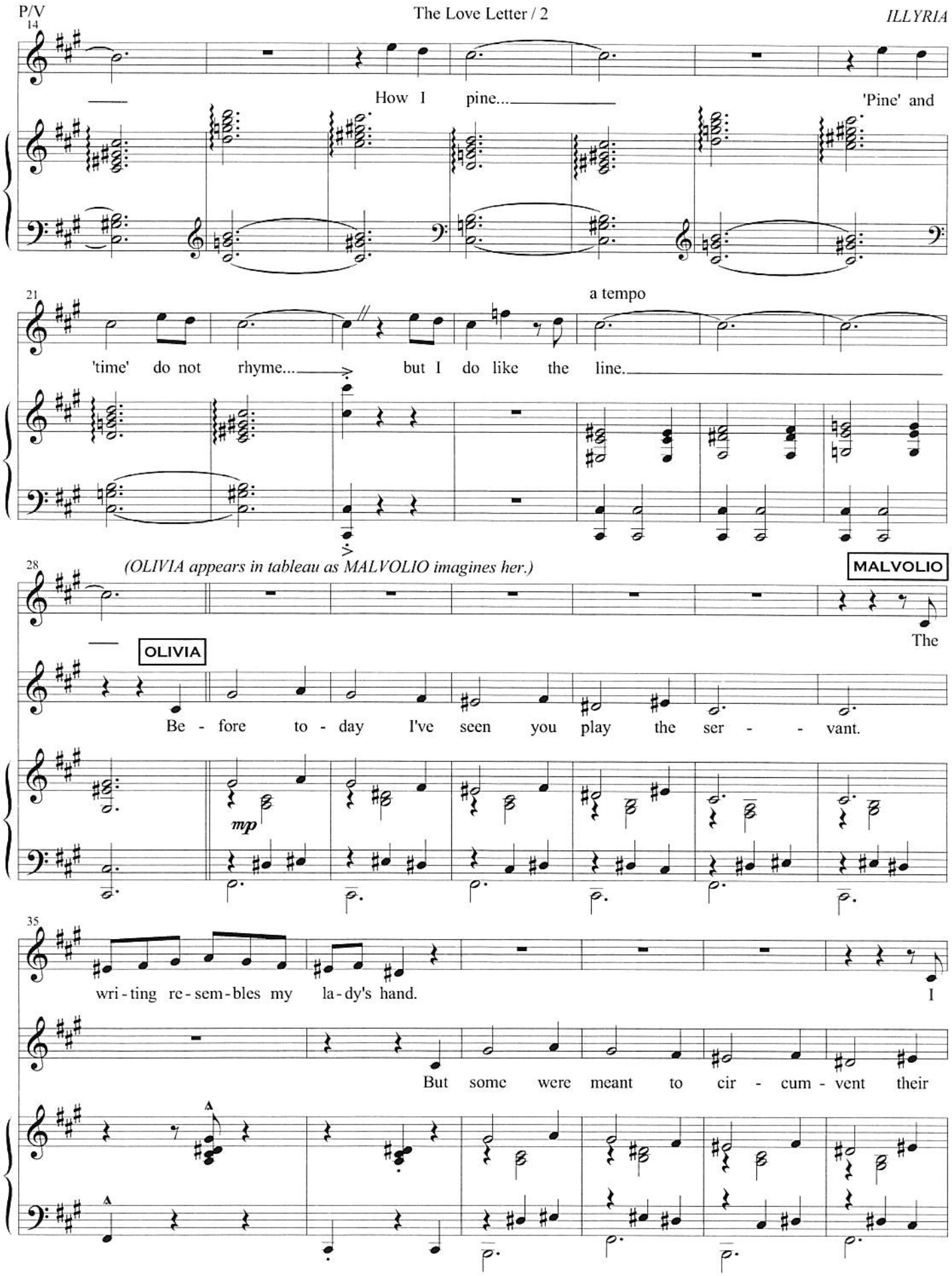
MALVOLIO

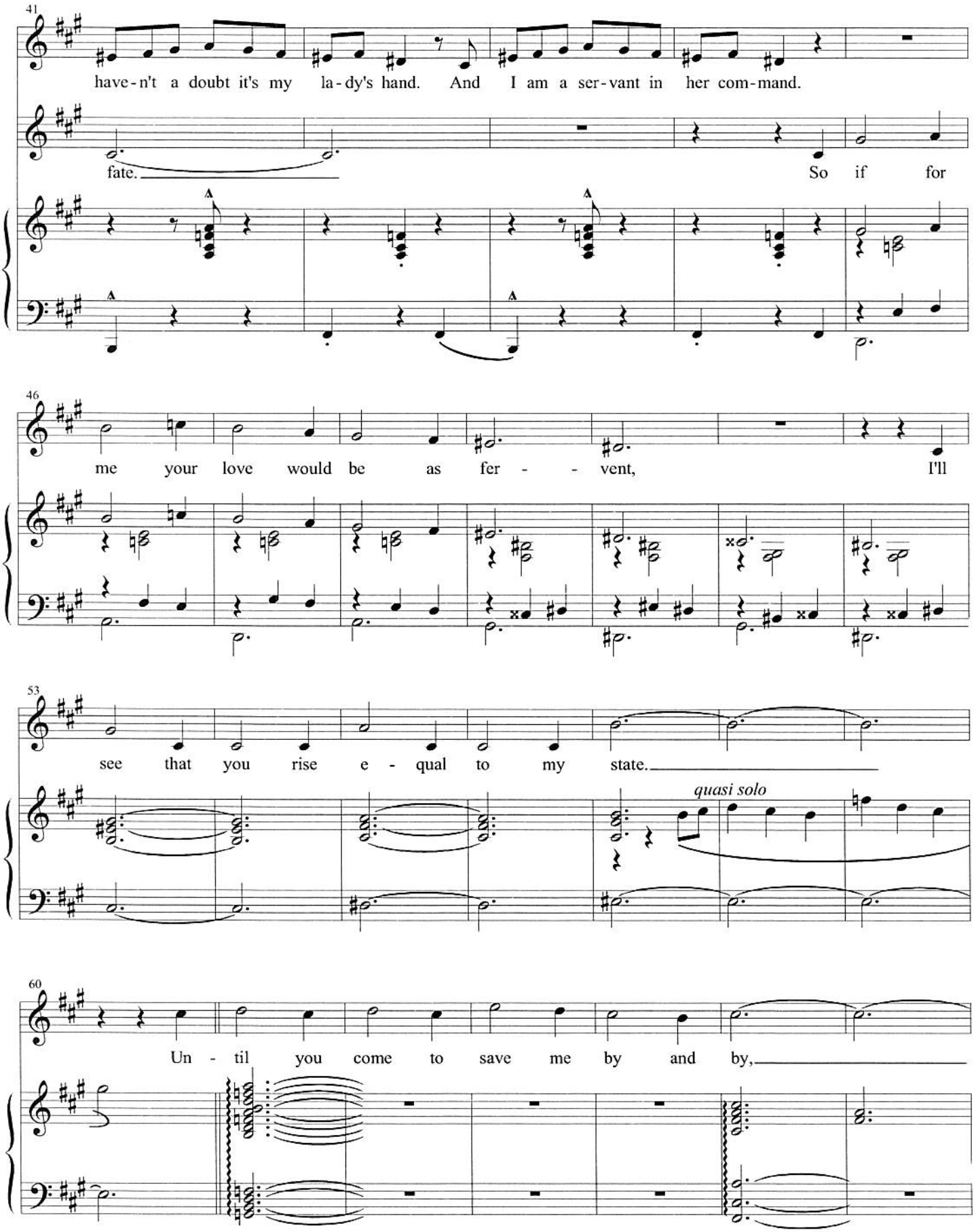
p *simile*

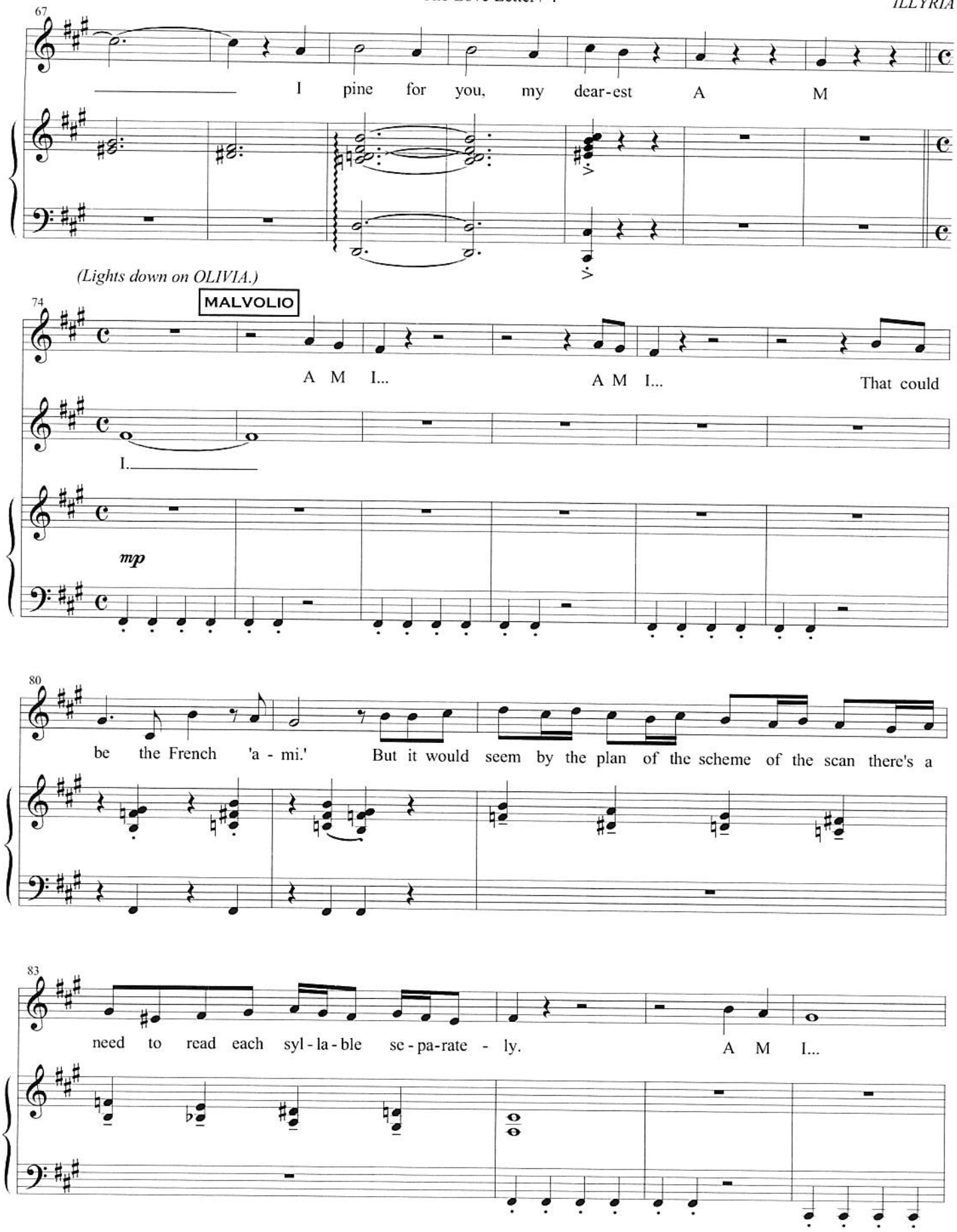
I long to tell the world how well I love you. And of my love the world may know in time. In

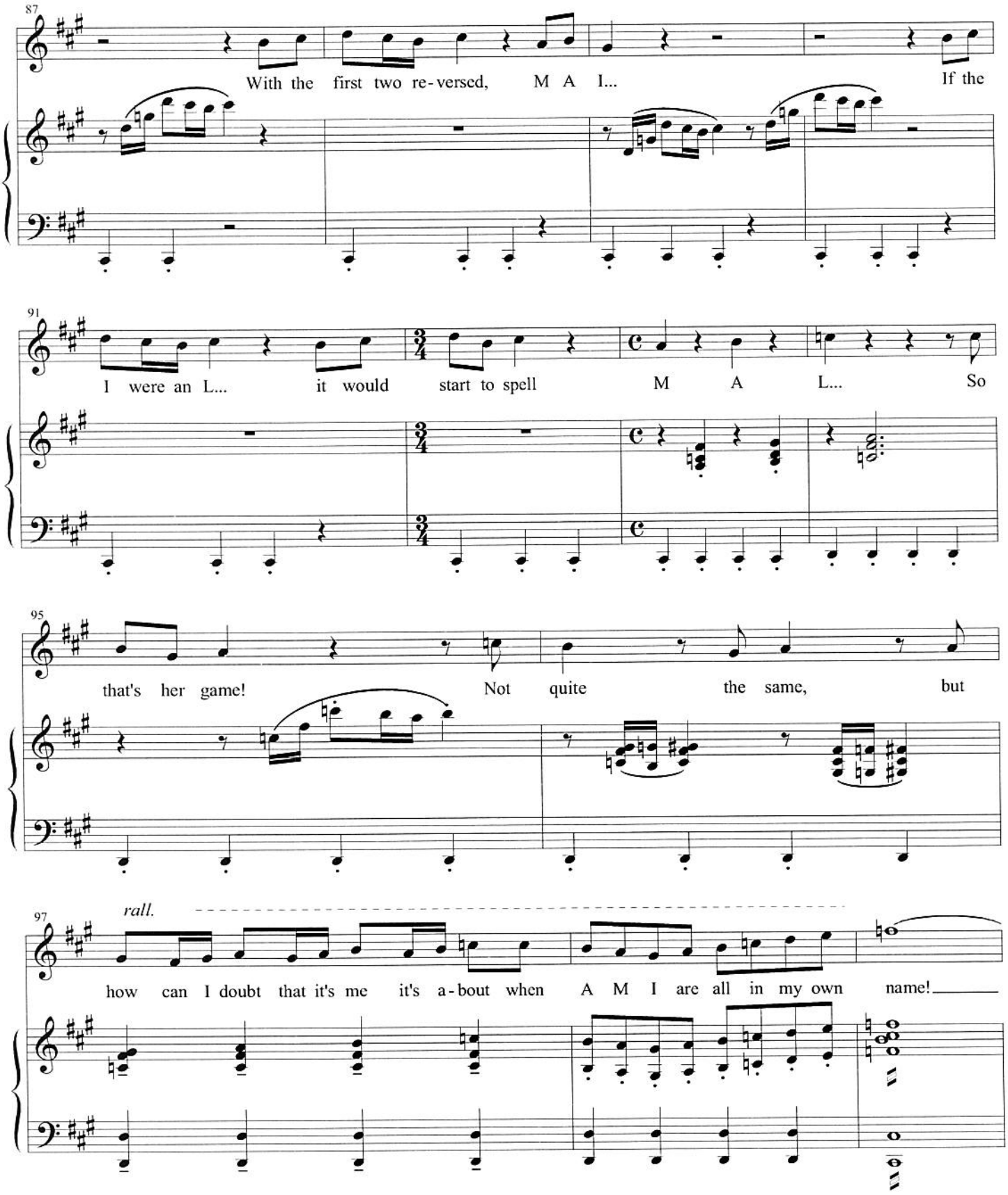
mp

for-tune, I am some-one high a - bove you. And so, 'til now, I've told not how I pine.


14
How I pine...
'Pine' and
21
a tempo
'time' do not rhyme...
but I do like the line.
28
(OLIVIA appears in tableau as MALVOLIO imagines her.)
MALVOLIO
The
OLIVIA
Be - fore to - day I've seen you play the ser - - vant.
mp
35
wri - ting re - sem - bles my la - dy's hand.
I
But some were meant to cir - cum - vent their


41
have-n't a doubt it's my la-dy's hand. And I am a ser-vant in her com-mand.
fate.
So if for
46
me your love would be as fer - - vent,
I'll
53
see that you rise e - qual to my state.
quasi solo
60
Un - til you come to save me by and by,


67
I pine for you, my dear-est A M
(Lights down on OLIVIA.)
74
MALVOLIO
A M I... A M I... That could
I.
mp
80
be the French 'a - mi.' But it would seem by the plan of the scheme of the scan there's a
83
need to read each syl - la - ble se - pa-rate - ly. A M I...


87
With the first two re-versed, M A I... If the
91
I were an L... it would start to spell M A L... So
95
that's her game! Not quite the same, but
97
rall.
how can I doubt that it's me it's a-bout when A M I are all in my own name!

100

It seems this fo li-o Mal - vo-li-o has found is Ma-dam's

mp

105

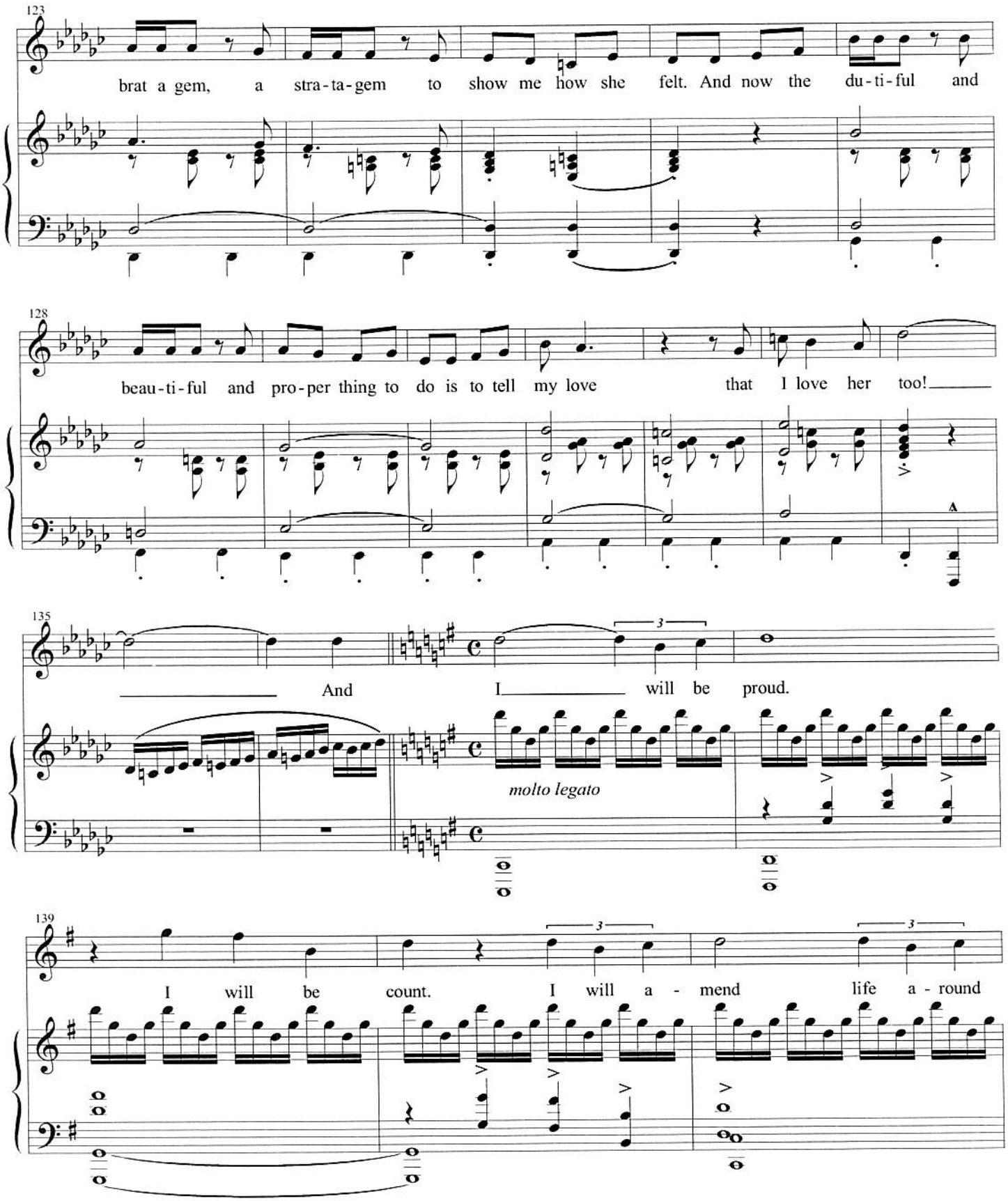
po-e-try, be - low a tree dis - car-ded on the ground. And her pen - ta-me-ter, though

110

a-ma-teur, is ea-ger to re - cord in ev-'ry i - amb how I am a - dored!

117

'Neath my ser - vi-li-ty, vi - ri-li-ty she smelt. She gave that


123
brat a gem, a stra-ta-gem to show me how she felt. And now the du-ti-ful and
128
beau-ti-ful and pro-per thing to do is to tell my love that I love her too!
135
And I will be proud.
molto legato
139
I will be count. I will a - mend life a - round

142

here no small a - mount. That un - cle of

145

hers, no more shall he ca -

147

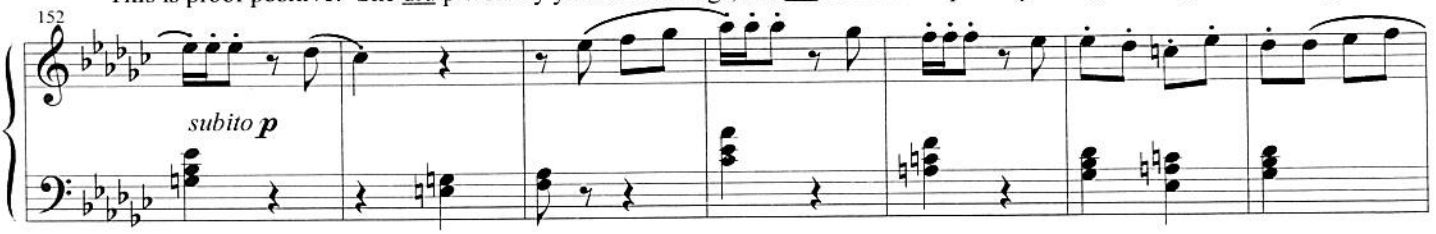
rouse. For I will see the

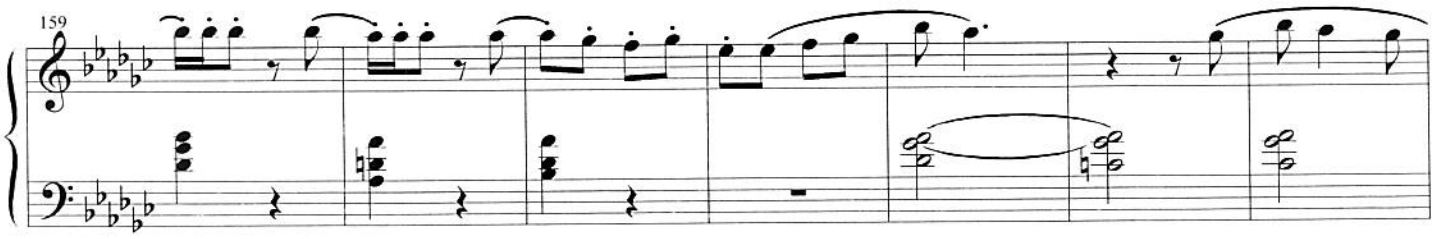
149

souse is tossed from out my—

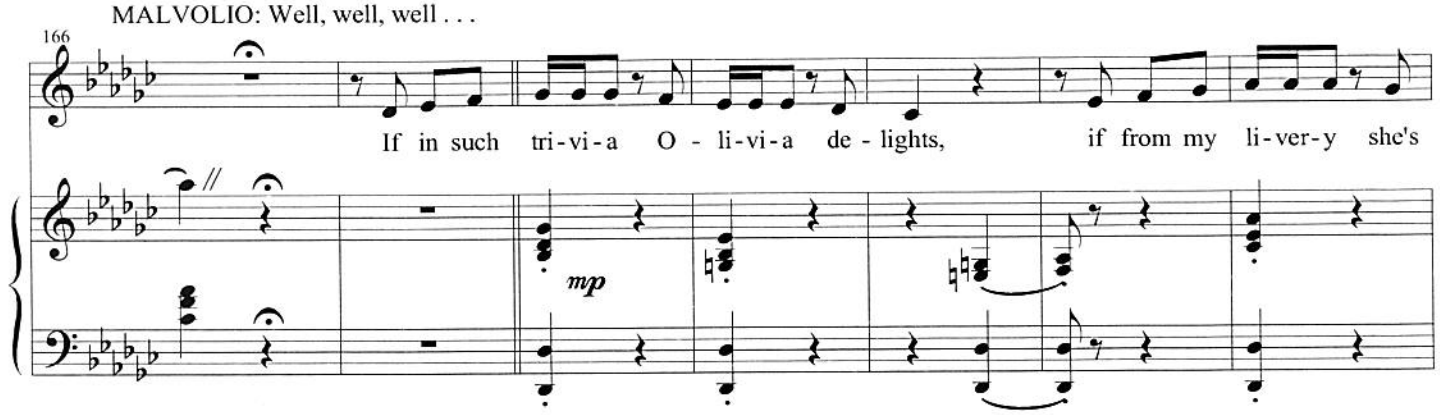
Glissando

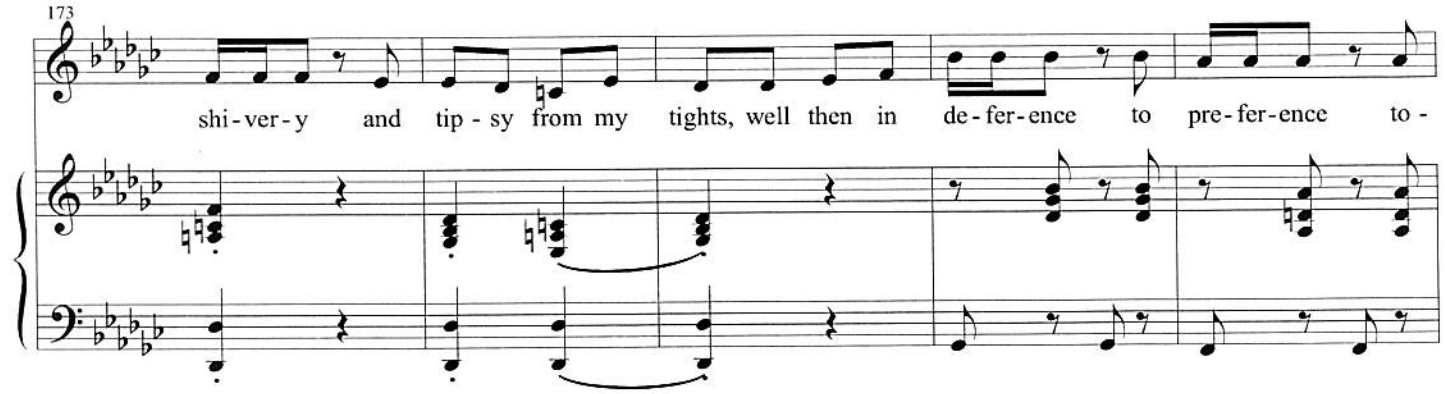
MALVOLIO: Hold on—what's this? A section in prose!
"Remember who praised your yellow stockings when you wore them cross-gartered".
MALVOLIO: "Then cast off your menial trappings and let me see you as I would have you be."
This is proof positive! She did praise my yellow stockings; she did comment especially on my wearing them cross-gartered!





MALVOLIO: Well, well, well . . .





178

mor-row she will see how ver-y yel-low her fel-low can be!

MALVOLIO: Good heavens,
there is a postscript!

184

If we shall be to-geth-er in a while, then

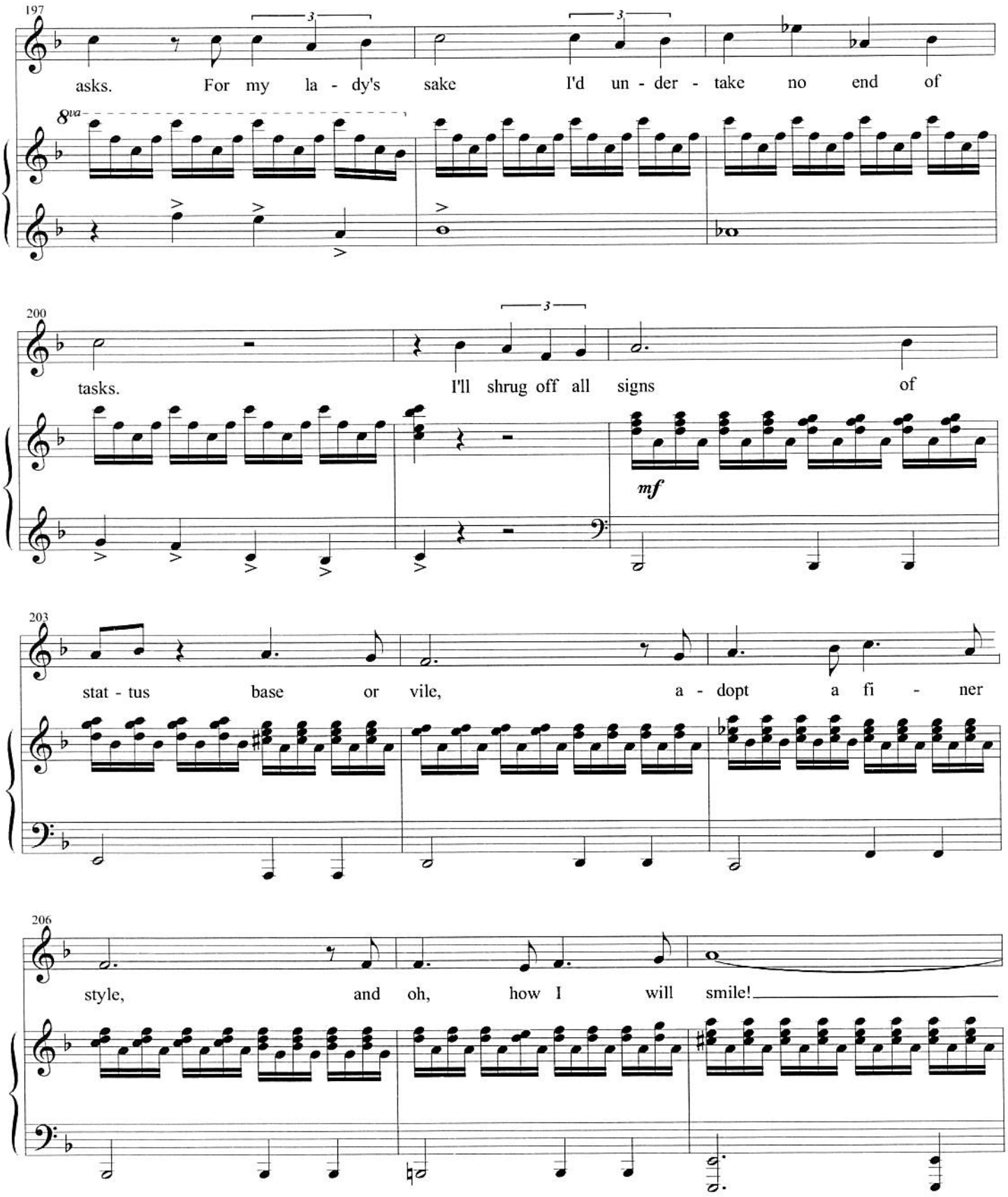
190

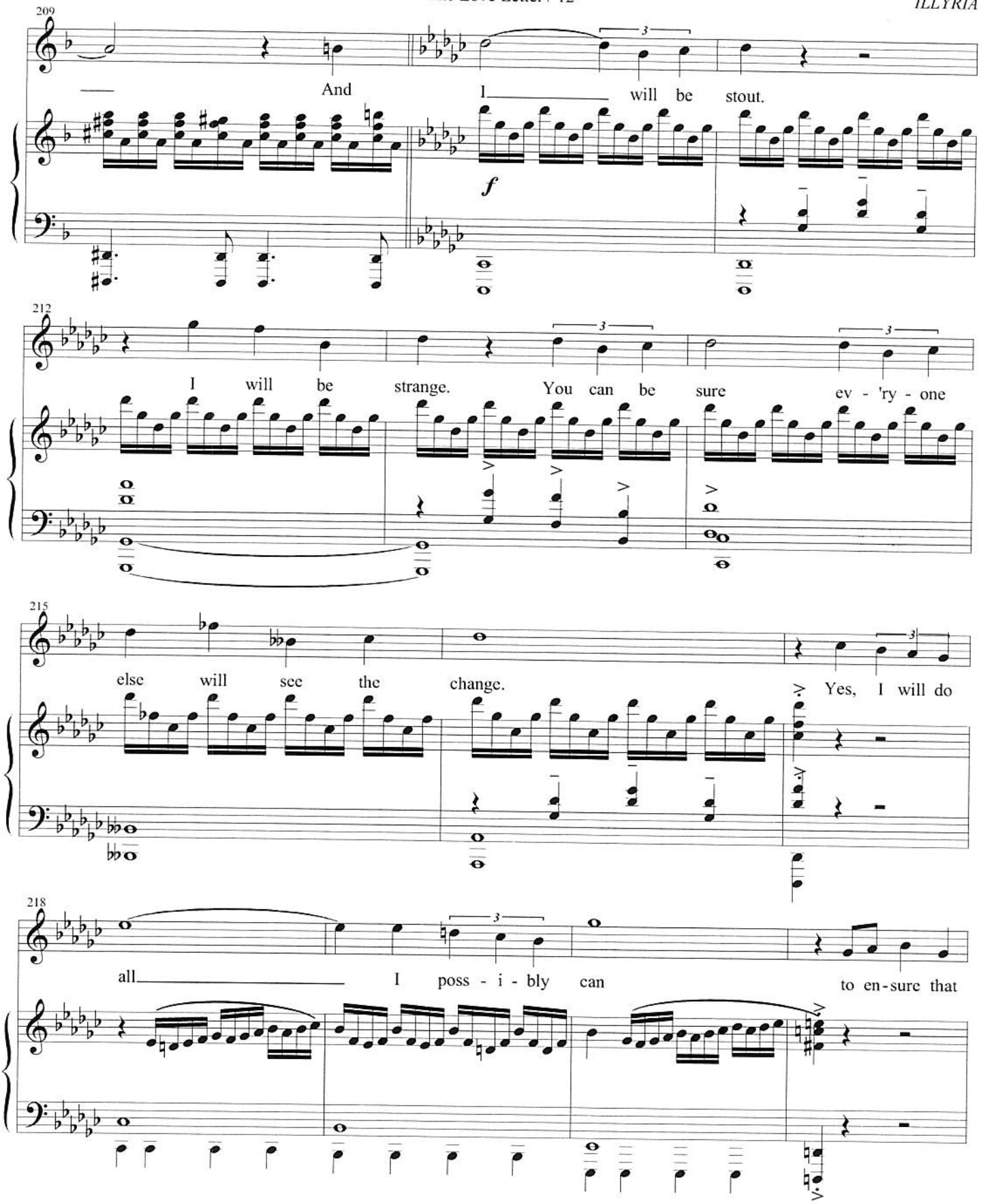
let me find my an-swer in your smile. Oh,

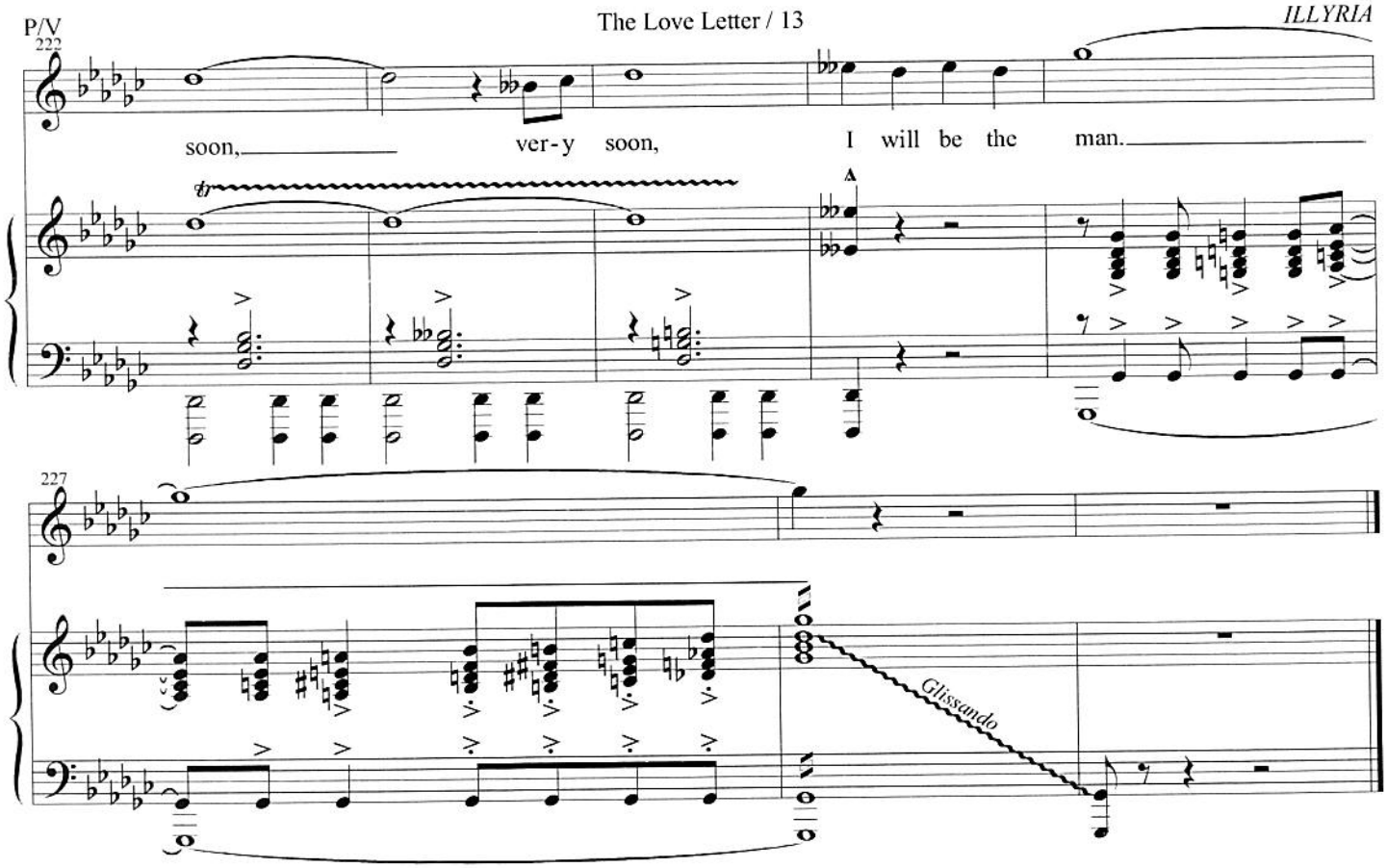
194

I will do all, just as she

8va


197
asks. For my la - dy's sake I'd un - der - take no end of
8va
200
tasks. I'll shrug off all signs of
mf
203
stat - tus base or vile, a - dopt a fi - ner
206
style, and oh, how I will smile!


209
And I will be stout.
f
212
I will be strange. You can be sure ev - 'ry - one
215
else will see the change. Yes, I will do
218
all I poss - i - bly can to en-sure that


P/V
ILLYRIA
222
soon, ver-y soon, I will be the man.
A
227
Glissando

Undone

(Olivia, Viola)

Cue:
ANDREW: I'll come too.
(exit ANDREW)

OLIVIA: *(to persons offstage)* Shut the doors, and let no one disturb us.

flute solo

p

OLIVIA: *(to VIOLA)* Sir, I am very pleased that you've come back.
VIOLA: Your humble servant, my lady.
OLIVIA: No, not mine. You are the Duke's servant.
VIOLA: And he is yours. And what's his must be yours.
OLIVIA: I had hoped that perhaps you returned for your own sake rather than his.
I'll hear no more of the Duke's suit. But if you have come to undertake another suit… that, I would very willingly hear.

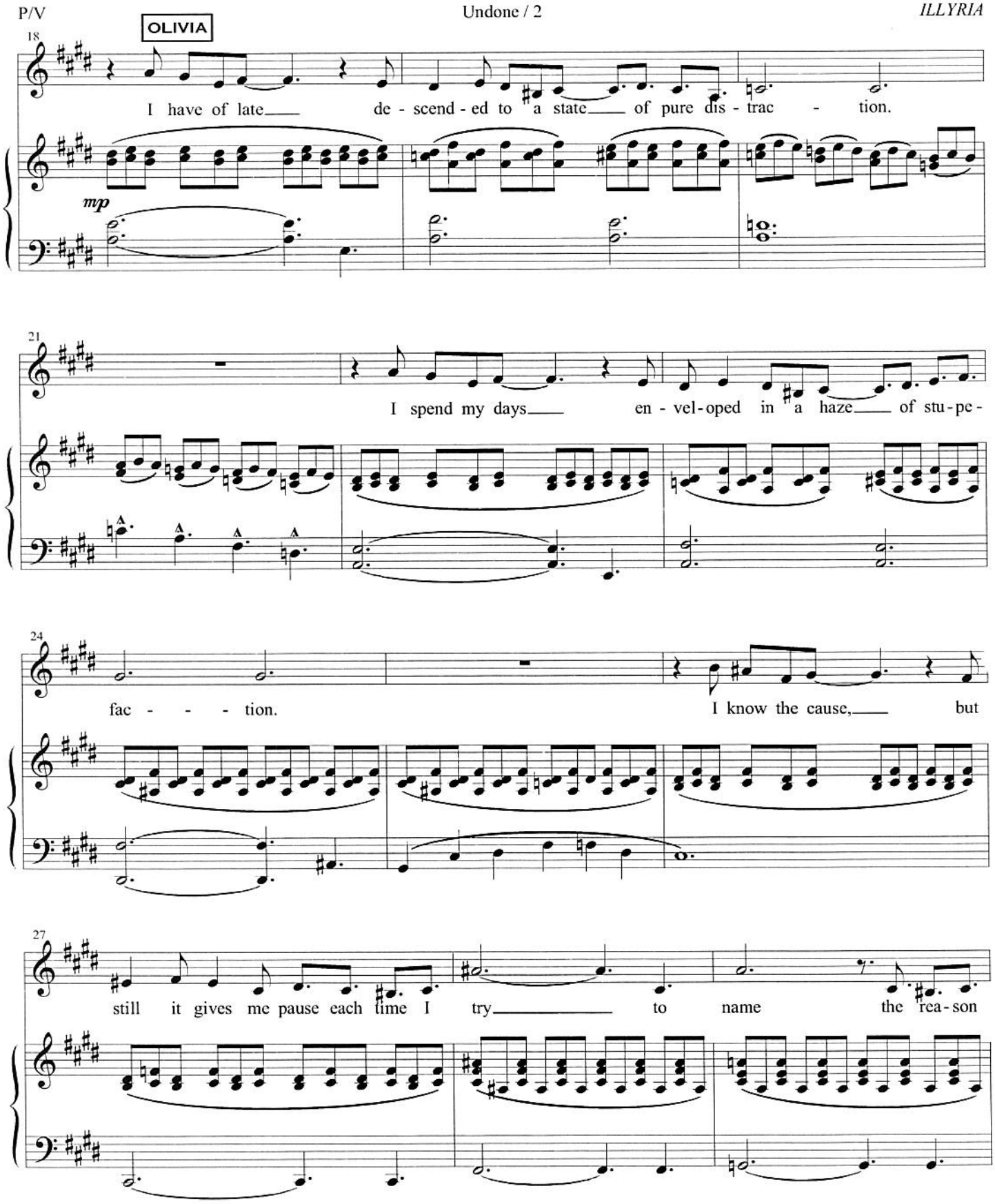
7

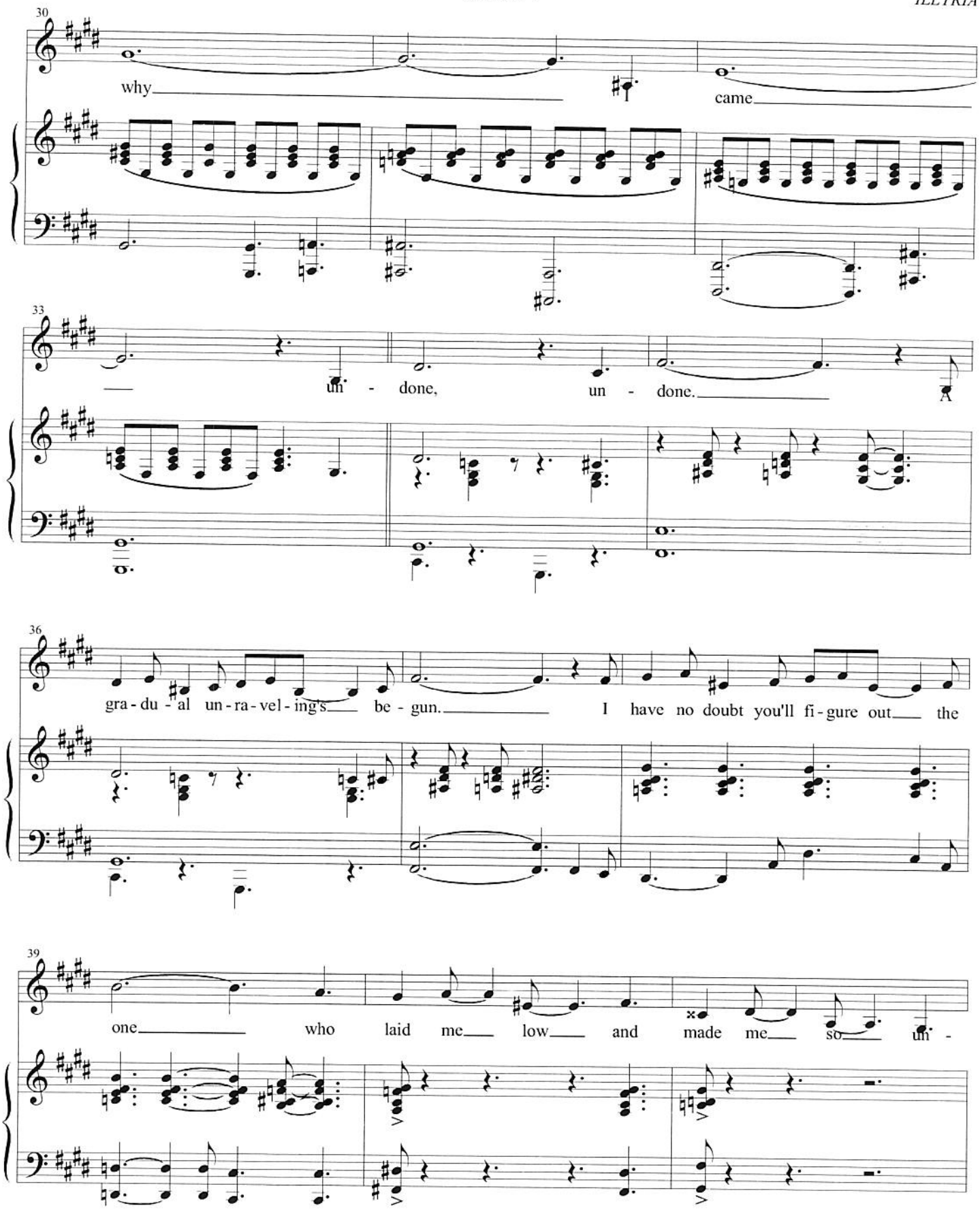
Moderately

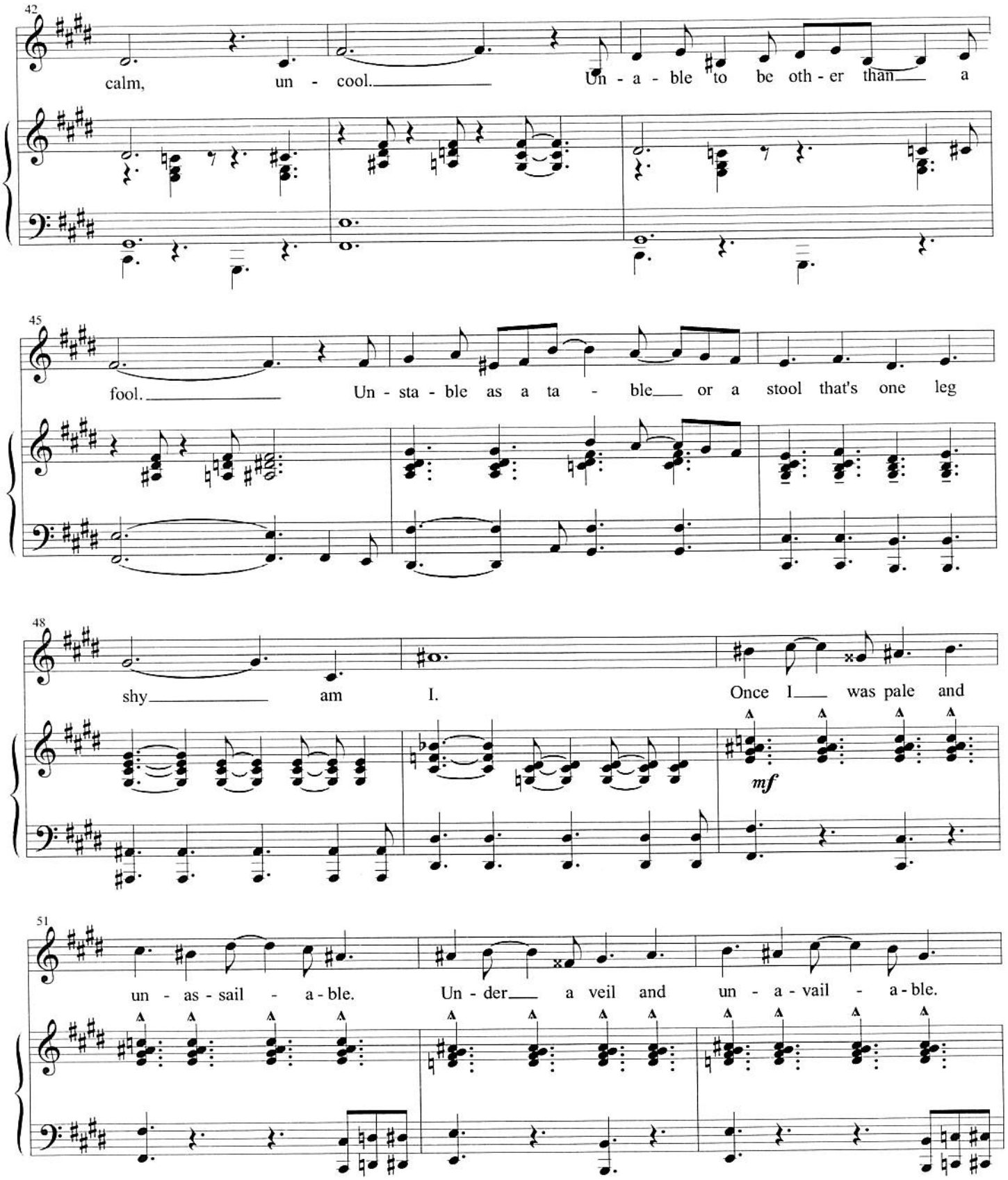
14

VIOLA: Madam, are you feeling well? Your manner seems strange.

Ped. * Ped. *


OLIVIA
18
I have of late de - scend - ed to a state of pure dis - trac - tion.
mp
21
I spend my days en - vel - oped in a haze of stu - pe -
24
fac - - - tion.
I know the cause, but
27
still it gives me pause each time I try to name the rea - son


30
why
I
came
33
un - done, un - done.
A
36
gra - du - al un - ra - vel - ing's be - gun.
I have no doubt you'll fi - gure out the
39
one who laid me low and made me so un -


42
calm, un - cool. Un - a - ble to be oth - er than a
45
fool. Un - sta - ble as a ta - ble or a stool that's one leg
48
shy am I. Once I was pale and
mf
51
un - as - sail - a - ble. Un - der a veil and un - a - vail - a - ble.

54

Then came___ a male who went be-yond the pale___ and brought me out in-to the sun un-

OLIVIA: Come, give me your hand, sir, and tell me—what is your name?
VIOLA: Sebastian, my lady. OLIVIA: Sebastian, the last time you came here
I sent a ring after you, which you knew was neither yours nor the Duke's.
I wonder what you must think of me. VIOLA: I'm beginning to fear the worst.

58

done.

p

64

The way you spoke,___ your ho - nes - ty a - woke___ a flame with -

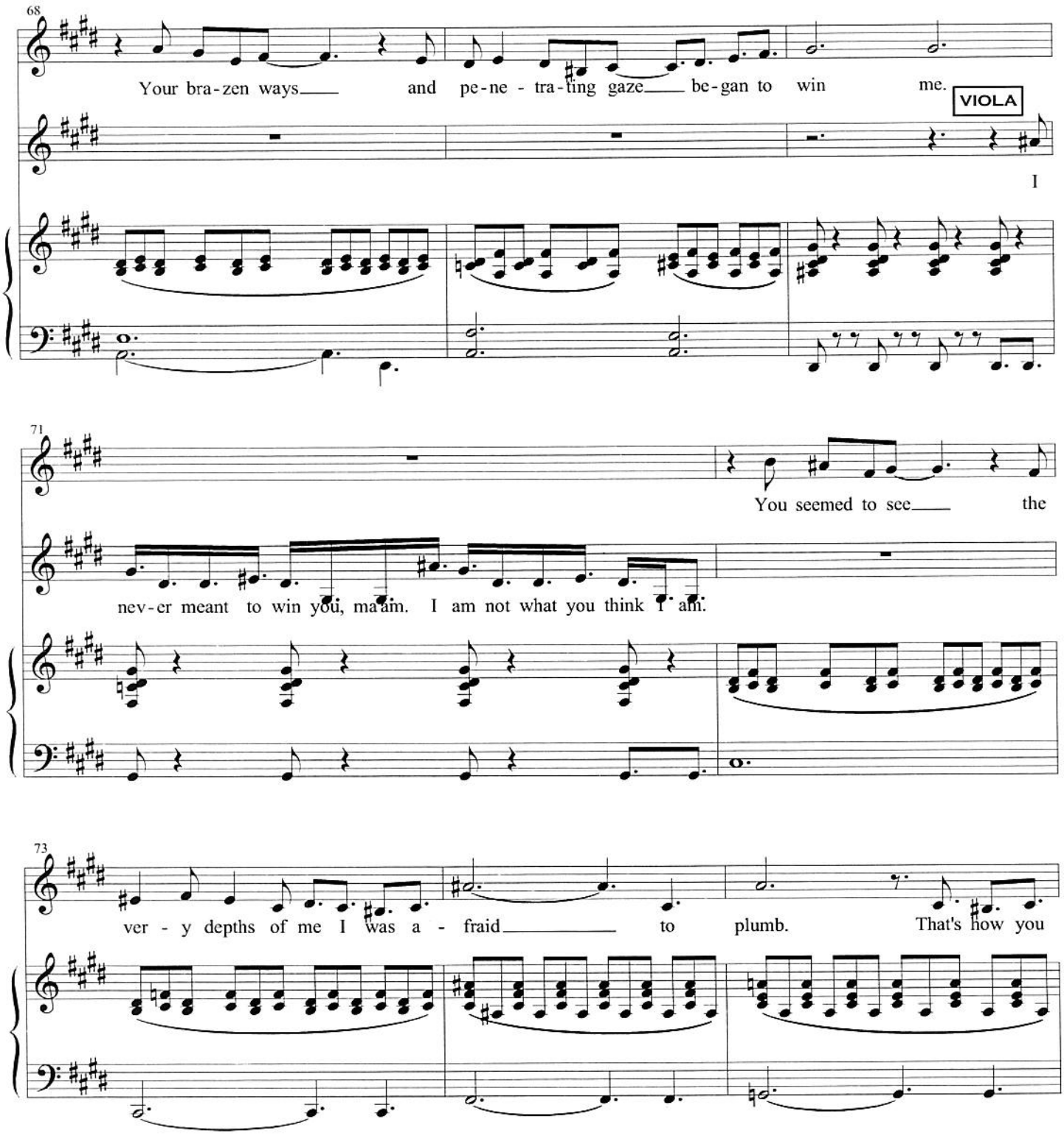
mp

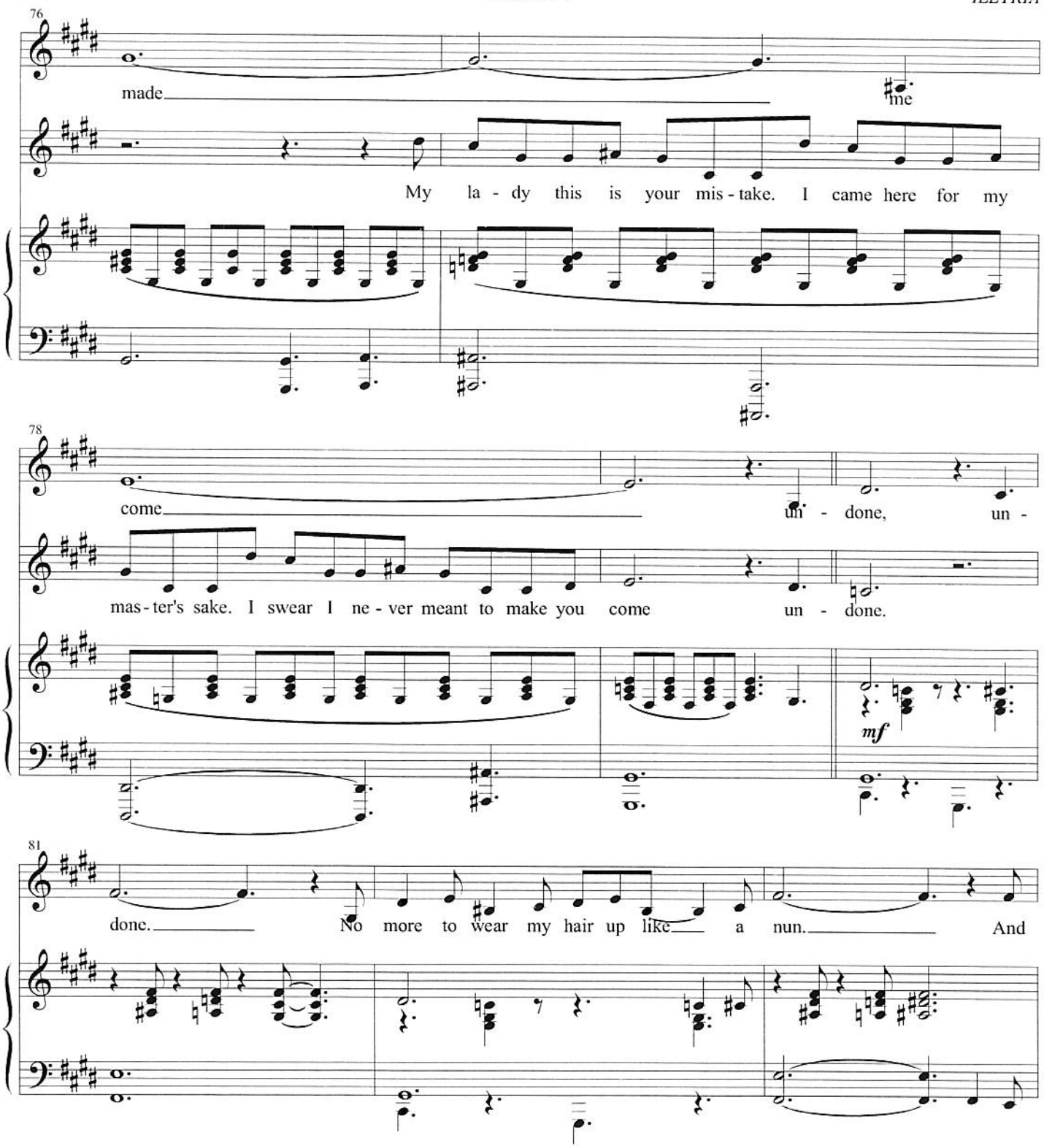
66

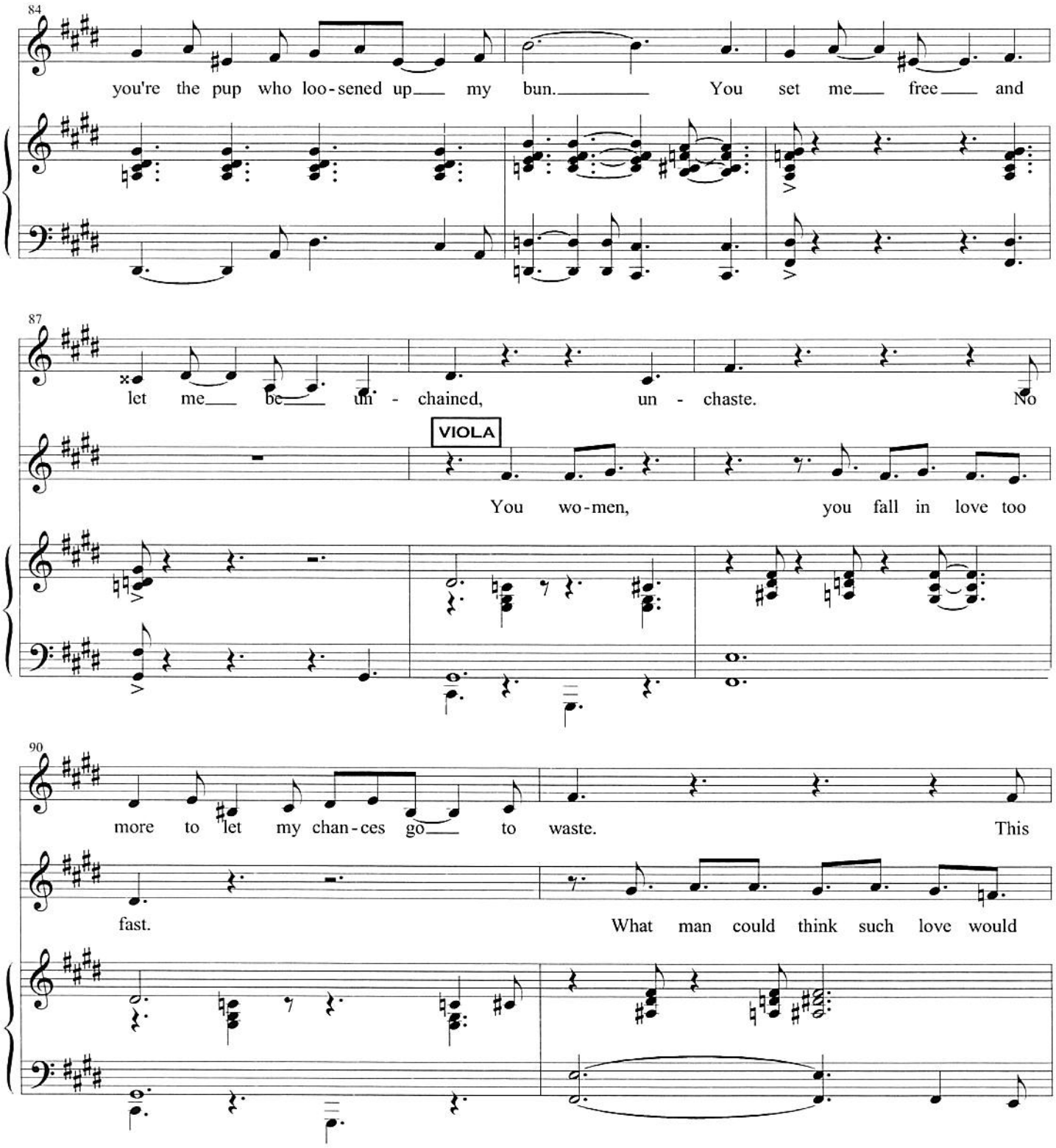
in me.

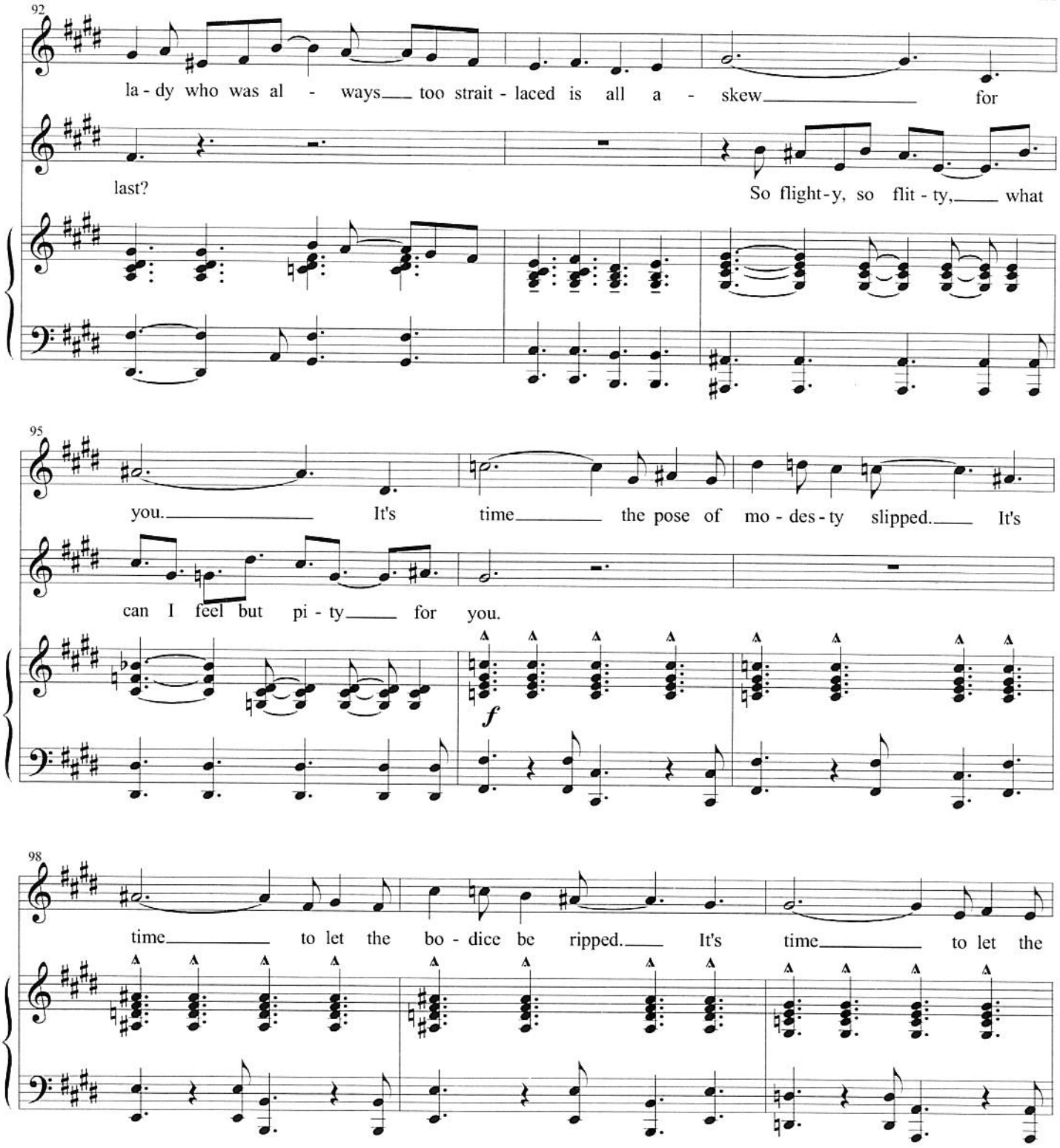
VIOLA

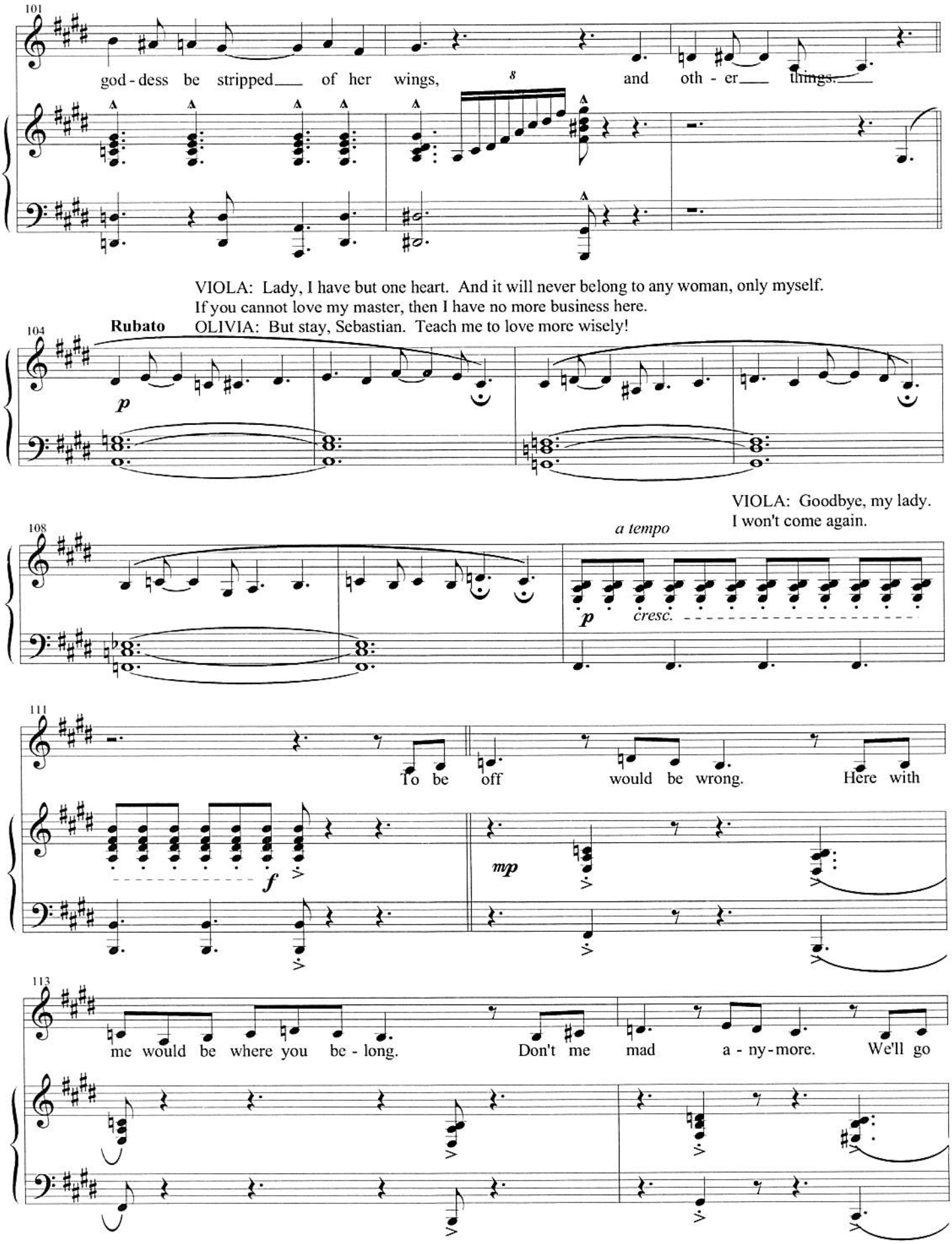
I can't re - call quite what I said. I think you may have been mis - led.

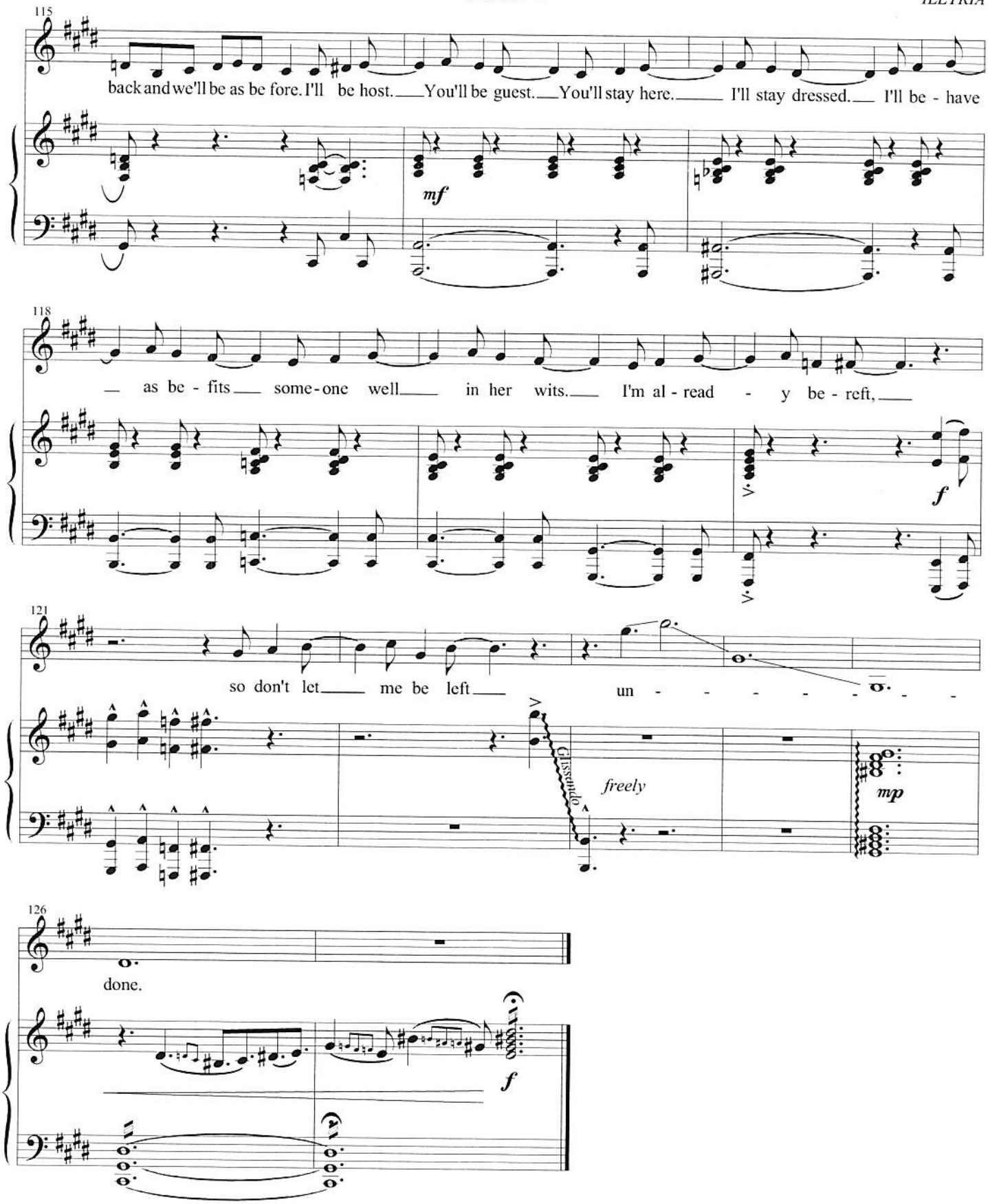

68
Your bra-zen ways and pe-ne - tra-ting gaze be-gan to win me.
VIOLA
I
71
You seemed to see the
nev-er meant to win you, ma'am. I am not what you think I am.
73
ver - y depths of me I was a - fraid to plumb. That's how you


76
made
me
My la - dy this is your mis - take. I came here for my
78
come
un - done, un -
mas - ter's sake. I swear I ne - ver meant to make you come un - done.
mf
81
done.
No more to wear my hair up like a nun.
And


84
you're the pup who loo-sened up my bun. You set me free and
87
let me be un - chained, un - chaste. No
VIOLA
You wo-men, you fall in love too
90
more to let my chan-ces go to waste. This
fast. What man could think such love would


92
la - dy who was al - ways too strait - laced is all a - skew for
last?
So flight - y, so flit - ty, what
95
you. It's time the pose of mo - des - ty slipped. It's
can I feel but pi - ty for you.
f
98
time to let the bo - dice be ripped. It's time to let the


101
god - dess be stripped of her wings, and oth - er things.
8
VIOLA: Lady, I have but one heart. And it will never belong to any woman, only myself.
If you cannot love my master, then I have no more business here.
OLIVIA: But stay, Sebastian. Teach me to love more wisely!
104
Rubato
p
VIOLA: Goodbye, my lady.
I won't come again.
108
a tempo
p
cresc.
111
To be off would be wrong. Here with
f
mp
113
me would be where you be - long. Don't me mad a - ny - more. We'll go

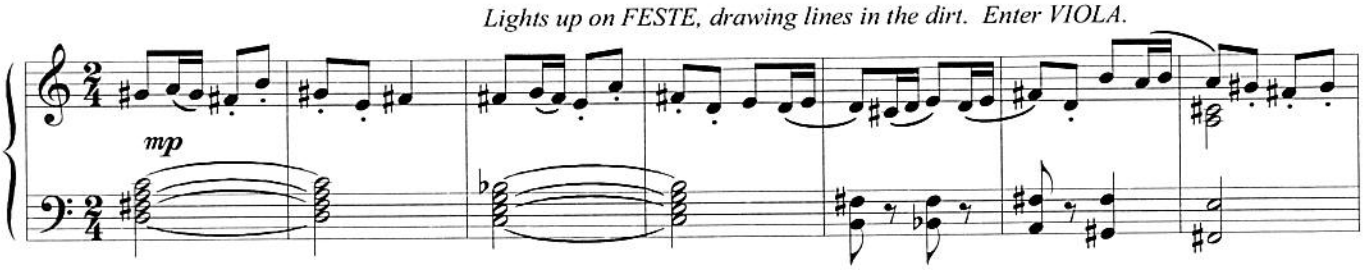

115
back and we'll be as be fore. I'll be host. You'll be guest. You'll stay here. I'll stay dressed. I'll be - have
mf
118
as be - fits some - one well in her wits. I'm al - read - y be - reft,
f
121
so don't let me be left un - - - - - - -
Glissando
freely
mp
126
done.
f

Feste and Viola

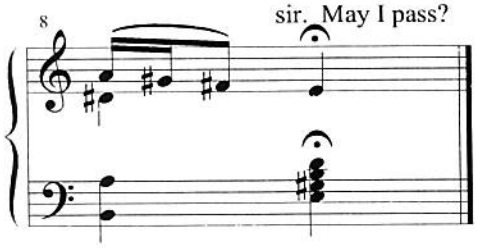
11A

Cue:
TOBY: Go. Write it with a martial hand.
(Exit ANDREW, MARIA and TOBY.)

Lights up on FESTE, drawing lines in the dirt. Enter VIOLA.



VIOLA: Excuse me, sir. May I pass?



Save One

(Viola, Olivia, Orsino)

Cue:
FESTE: And may the Duke
find his way safely to you.
(Exit FESTE.)

Gently, in 4

VIOLA

mp

You are as I'd have you be in ev-'ry re spect, save one.

7

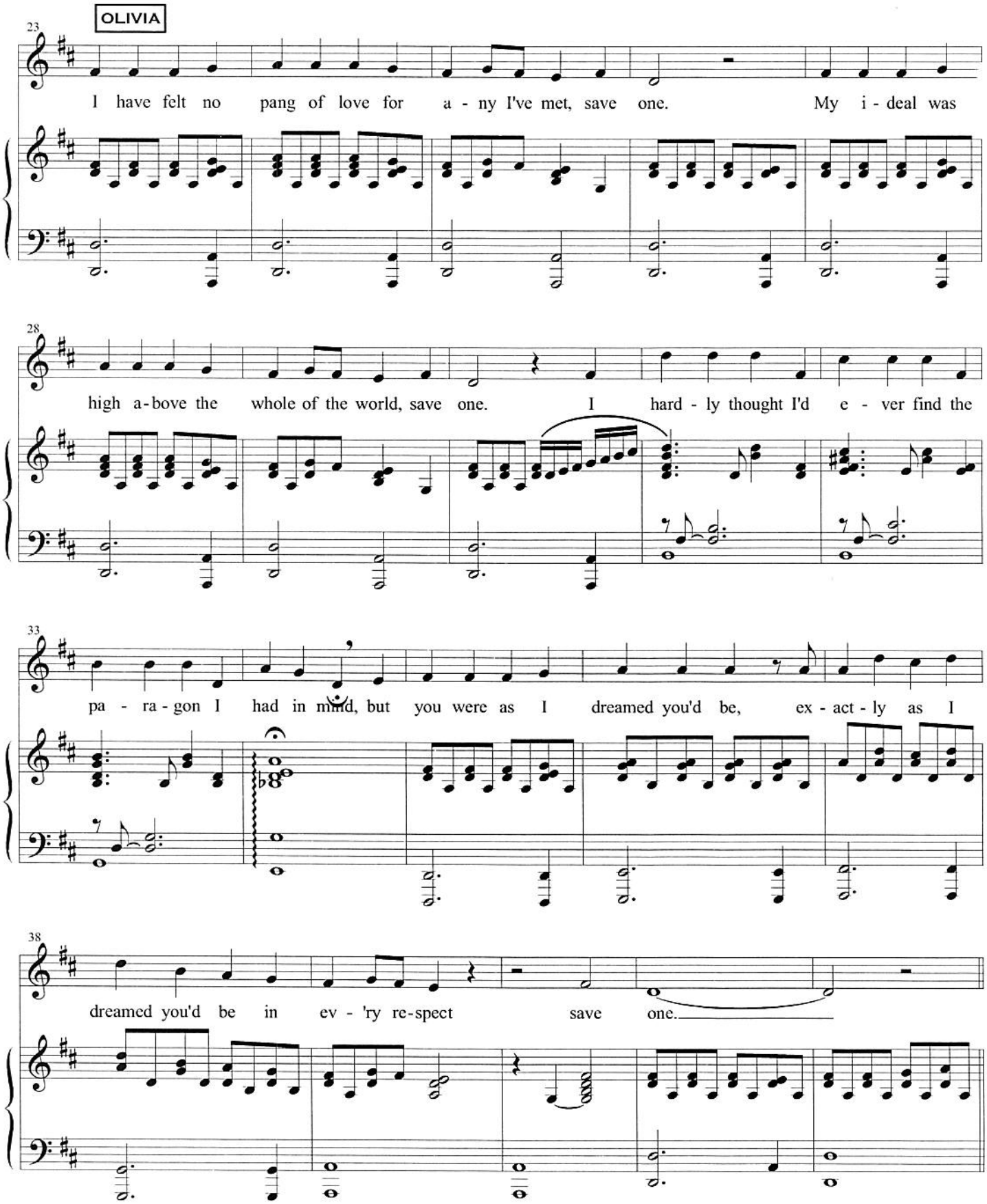
You have ev - 'ry qua - li - ty I ask in a mate, save one. Your on - ly flaw that

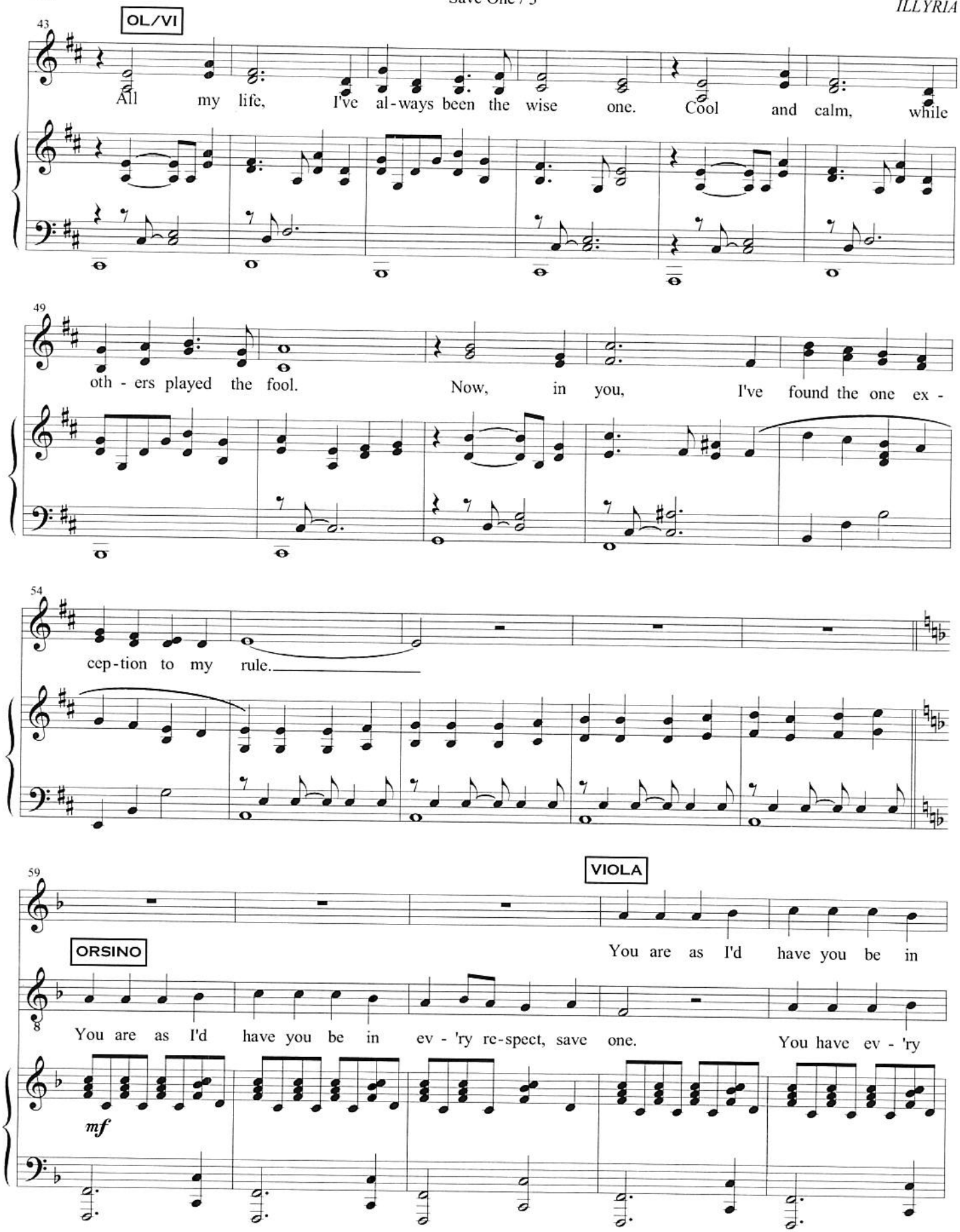
12

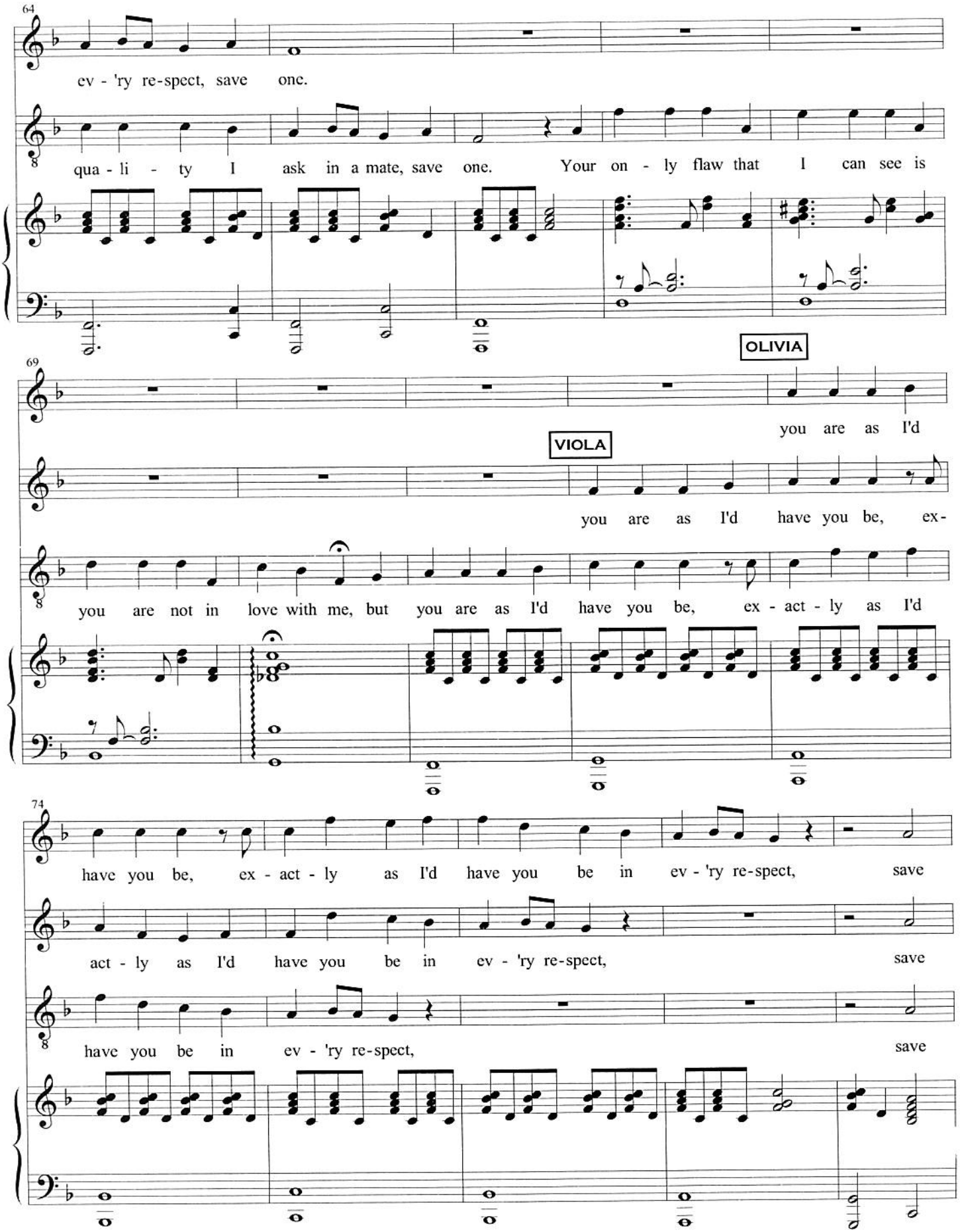
I can see is you are not in love with me, but you are as I'd have you be, ex-

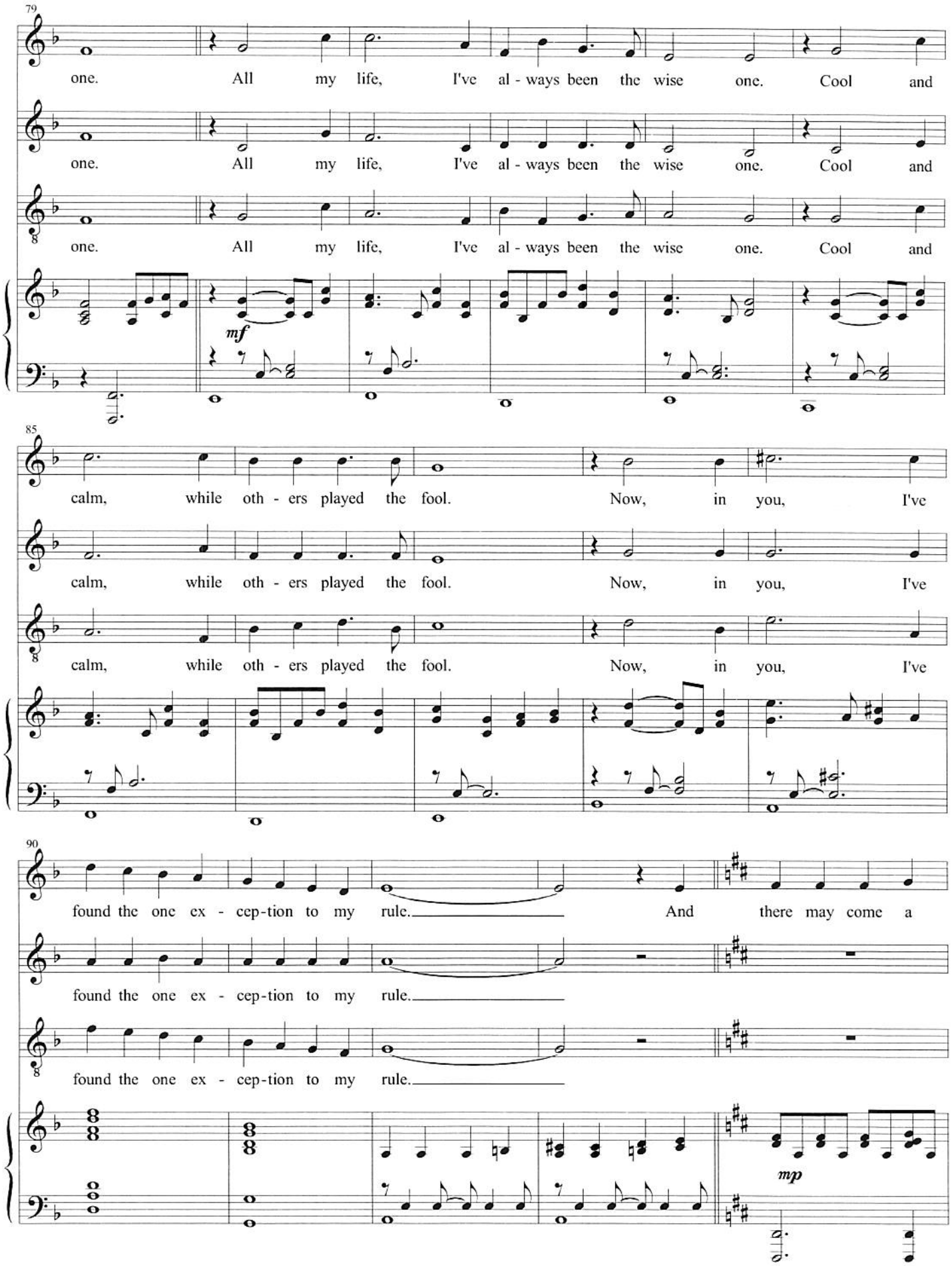
17

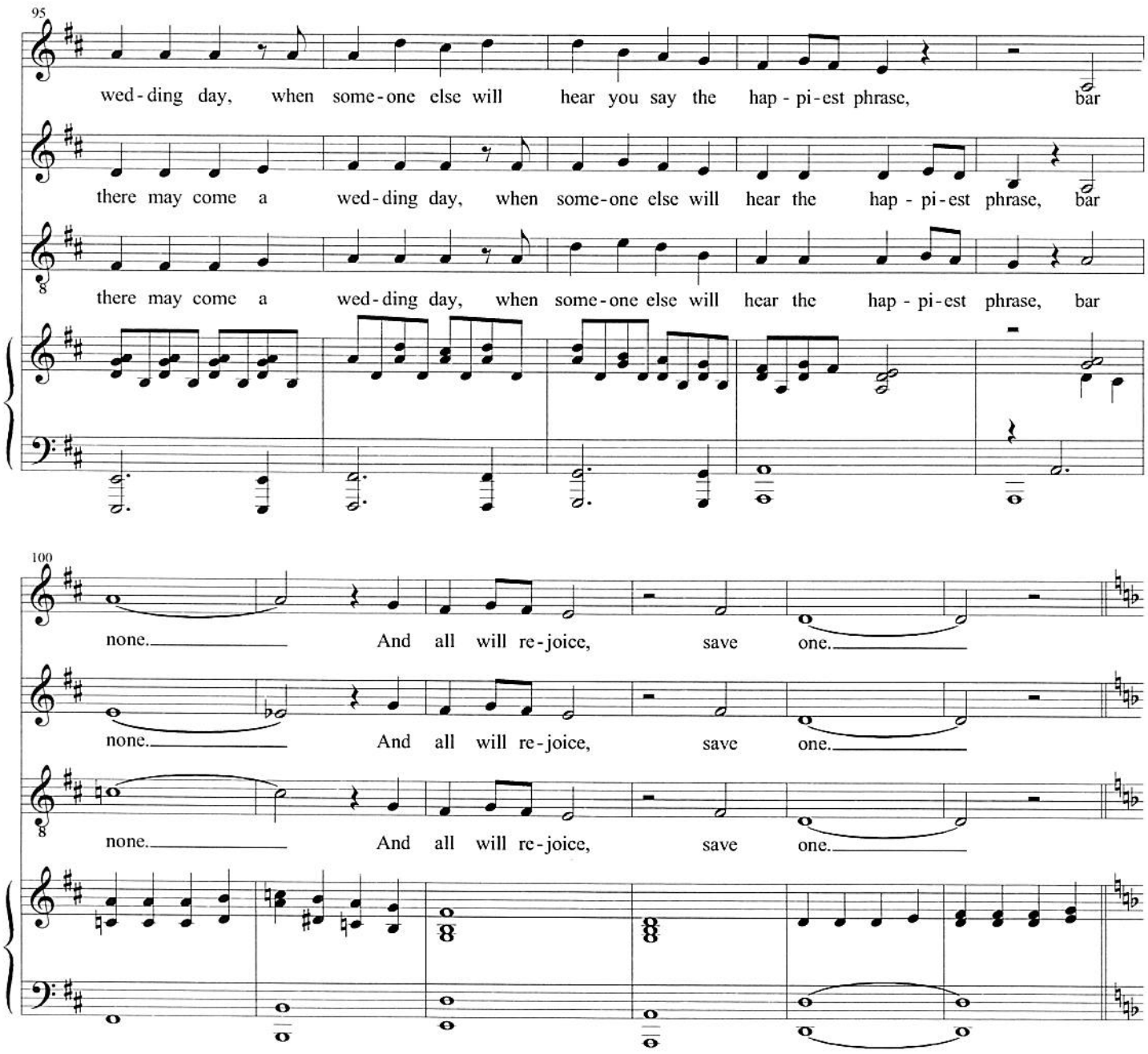
act - ly as I'd have you be in ev - 'ry re-spect, save one.


OLIVIA
23
I have felt no pang of love for a - ny I've met, save one. My i - deal was
28
high a-bove the whole of the world, save one. I hard - ly thought I'd e - ver find the
33
pa - ra - gon I had in mind, but you were as I dreamed you'd be, ex - act - ly as I
38
dreamed you'd be in ev - 'ry re-spect save one.

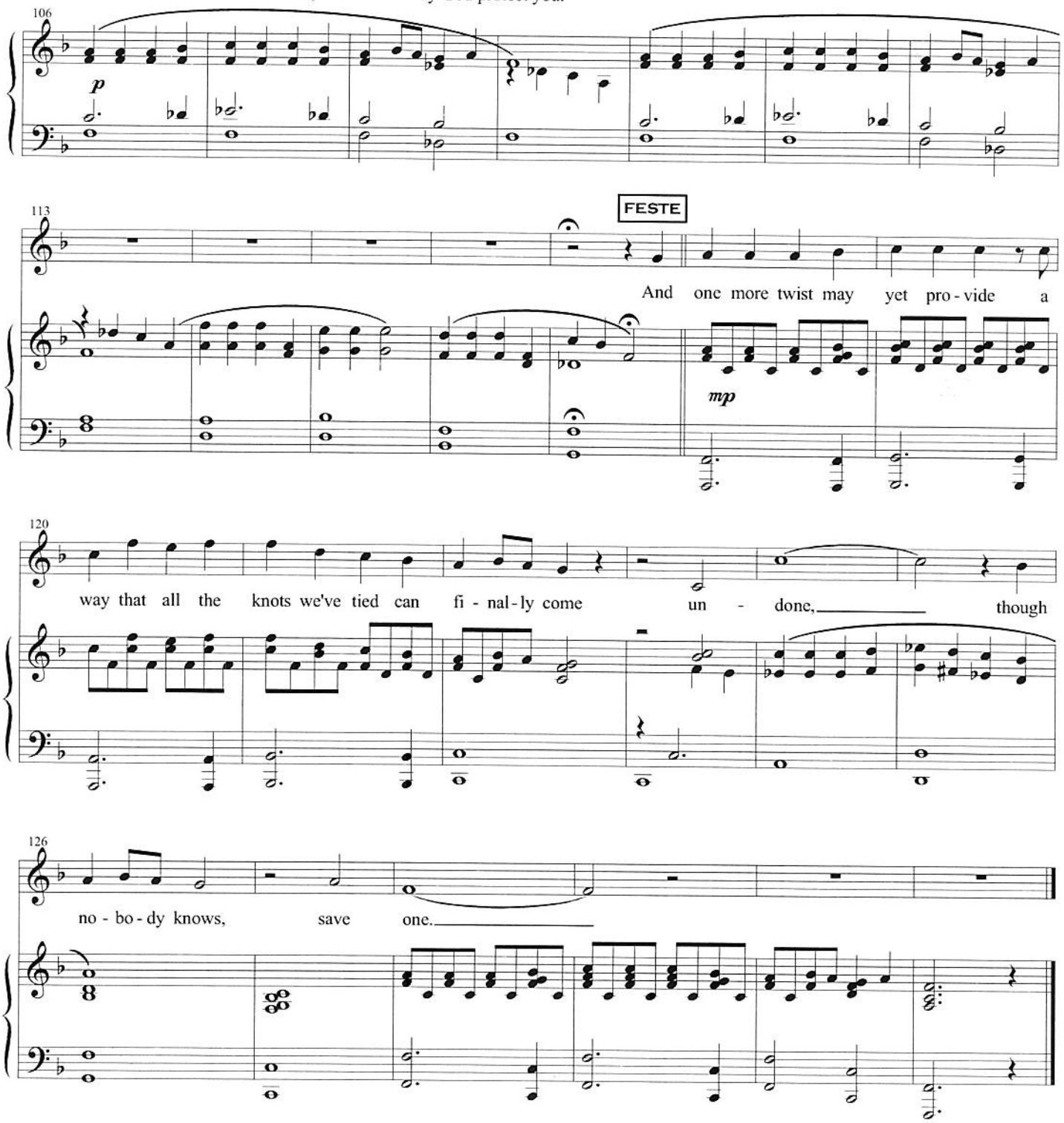

43
OL/VI
All my life, I've al-ways been the wise one. Cool and calm, while
49
oth - ers played the fool. Now, in you, I've found the one ex -
54
cep-tion to my rule.
59
VIOLA
You are as I'd have you be in
ORSINO
You are as I'd have you be in ev - 'ry re-spect, save one. You have ev - 'ry
mf


64
ev - 'ry re-spect, save one.
qua - li - ty I ask in a mate, save one. Your on - ly flaw that I can see is
OLIVIA
69
you are as I'd
VIOLA
you are as I'd have you be, ex-
you are not in love with me, but you are as I'd have you be, ex - act - ly as I'd
74
have you be, ex - act - ly as I'd have you be in ev - 'ry re-spect, save
act - ly as I'd have you be in ev - 'ry re-spect, save
have you be in ev - 'ry re-spect, save


79
one. All my life, I've al - ways been the wise one. Cool and
one. All my life, I've al - ways been the wise one. Cool and
one. All my life, I've al - ways been the wise one. Cool and
mf
85
calm, while oth - ers played the fool. Now, in you, I've
calm, while oth - ers played the fool. Now, in you, I've
calm, while oth - ers played the fool. Now, in you, I've
90
found the one ex - cep-tion to my rule. And there may come a
found the one ex - cep-tion to my rule.
found the one ex - cep-tion to my rule.
mp


95
wed-ding day, when some-one else will hear you say the hap-pi-est phrase, bar
there may come a wed-ding day, when some-one else will hear the hap-pi-est phrase, bar
there may come a wed-ding day, when some-one else will hear the hap-pi-est phrase, bar
100
none. And all will re-joice, save one.
none. And all will re-joice, save one.
none. And all will re-joice, save one.

SEBASTIAN: No, I'm resolved, Antonio.
I must present myself to the Duke.
I'll be servant to him if he'll have me.
ANTONIO: But go afterwards to the Countess Olivia's, and I'll call upon you there.
I'd like to know that you are safely established before I return home.
SEBASTIAN: I will.
ANTONIO: And please, take this gold of mine. You may need it.
SEBASTIAN: Antonio, what more can I say but thank you, and thank you again?
ANTONIO: Farewell, Sebastian. May God protect you.



End of Act I

Entr'acte

Top of Act 2

Tempestuously

mf

6

rit.

13

20

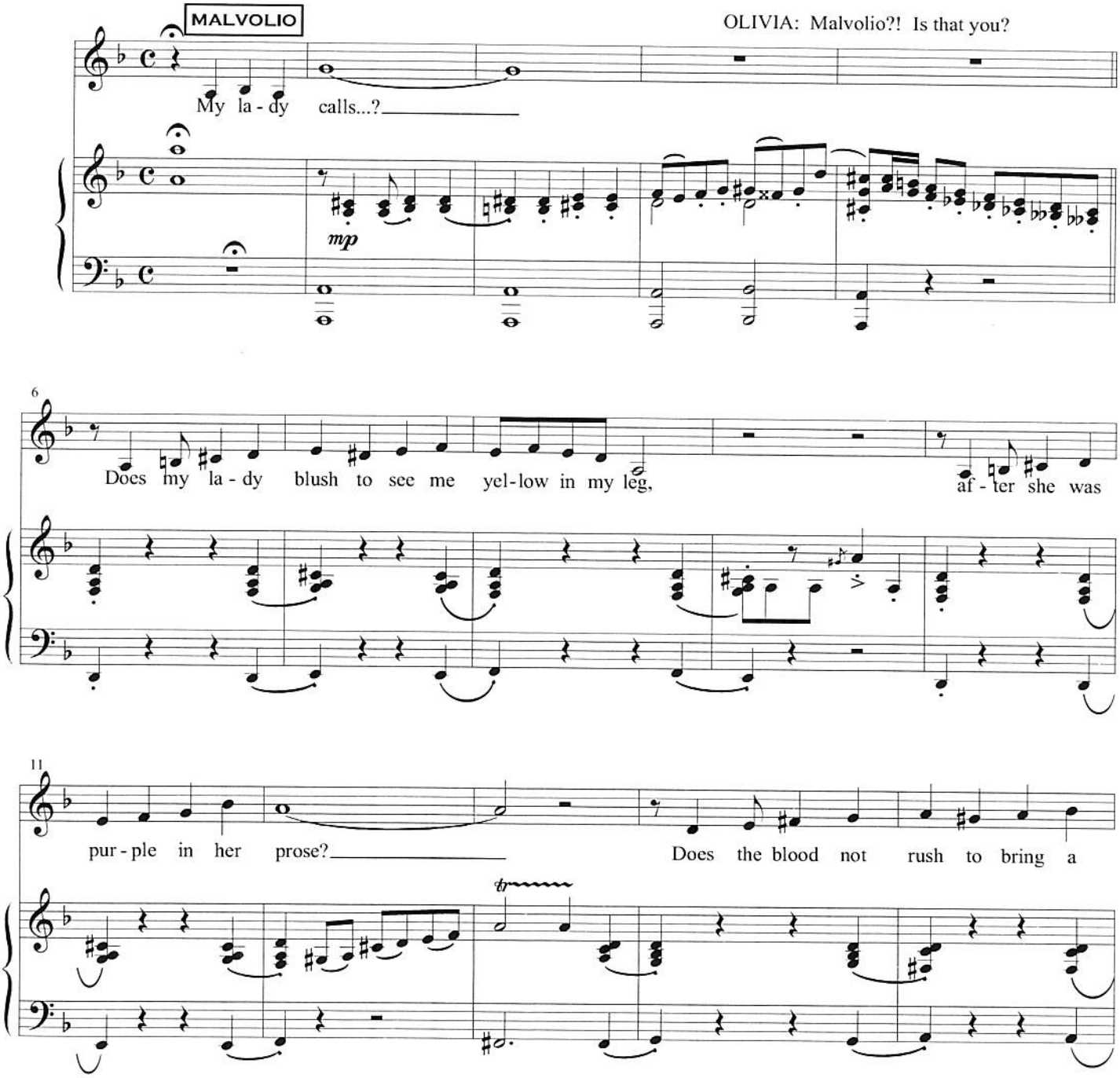
mp

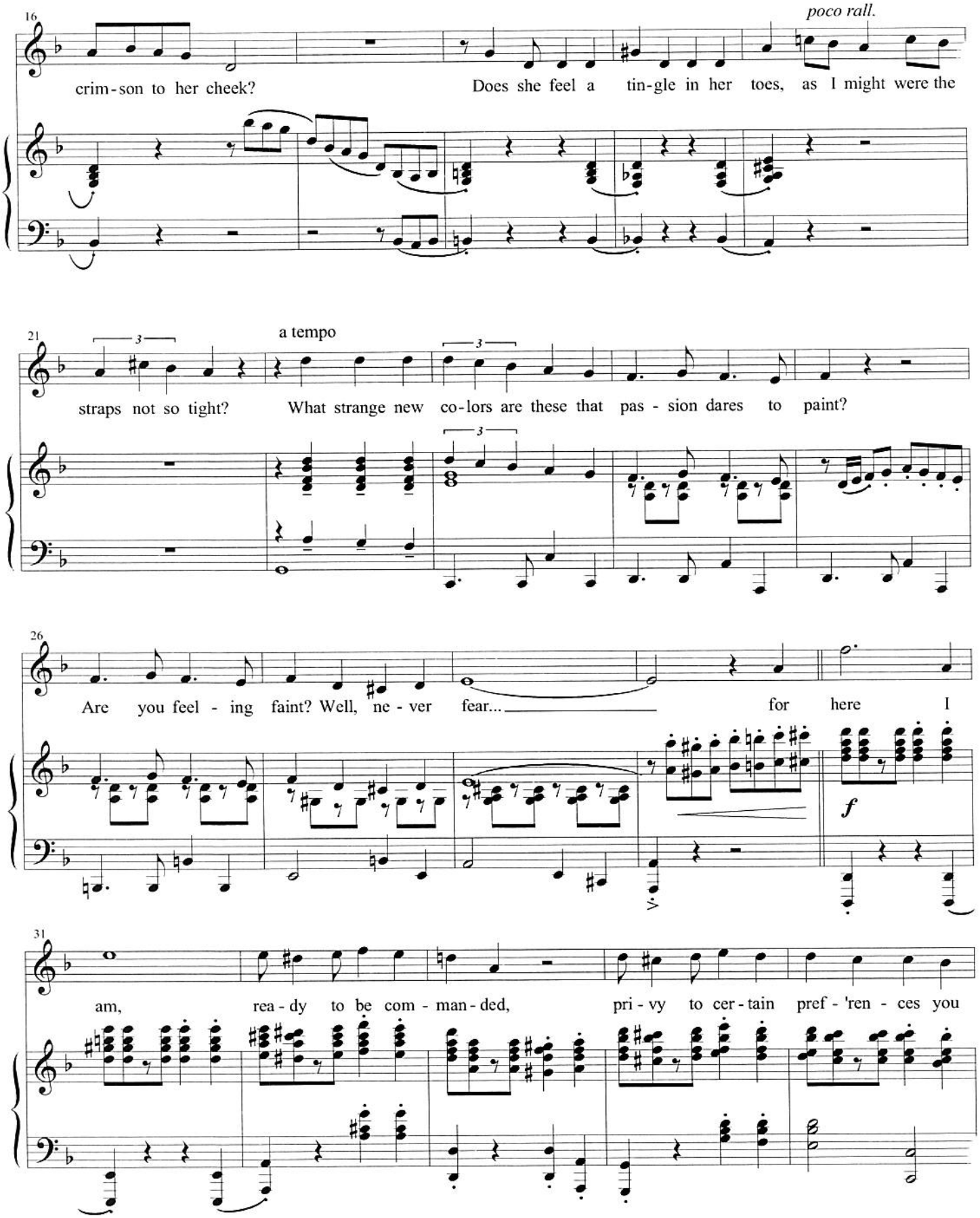
Fade into scene

Malvolio's Tango

(Malvolio)

Enter MALVOLIO




16
poco rall.
crim-son to her cheek? Does she feel a tin-gle in her toes, as I might were the
21
a tempo
straps not so tight? What strange new co-lors are these that pas - sion dares to paint?
26
Are you feel - ing faint? Well, ne - ver fear... for here I
f
31
am, rea - dy to be com - man - ded, pri - vy to cer - tain pref - 'ren - ces you

36

cun - ning-ly con - veyed. Clear - ly, ma'am, all is to be com -

Glissando

OLIVIA: What's gotten into you, Malvolio?
MARIA: Why do you behave
with this ridiculous boldness?

41

men-ded. As you can see, or-ders will be o - beyed.

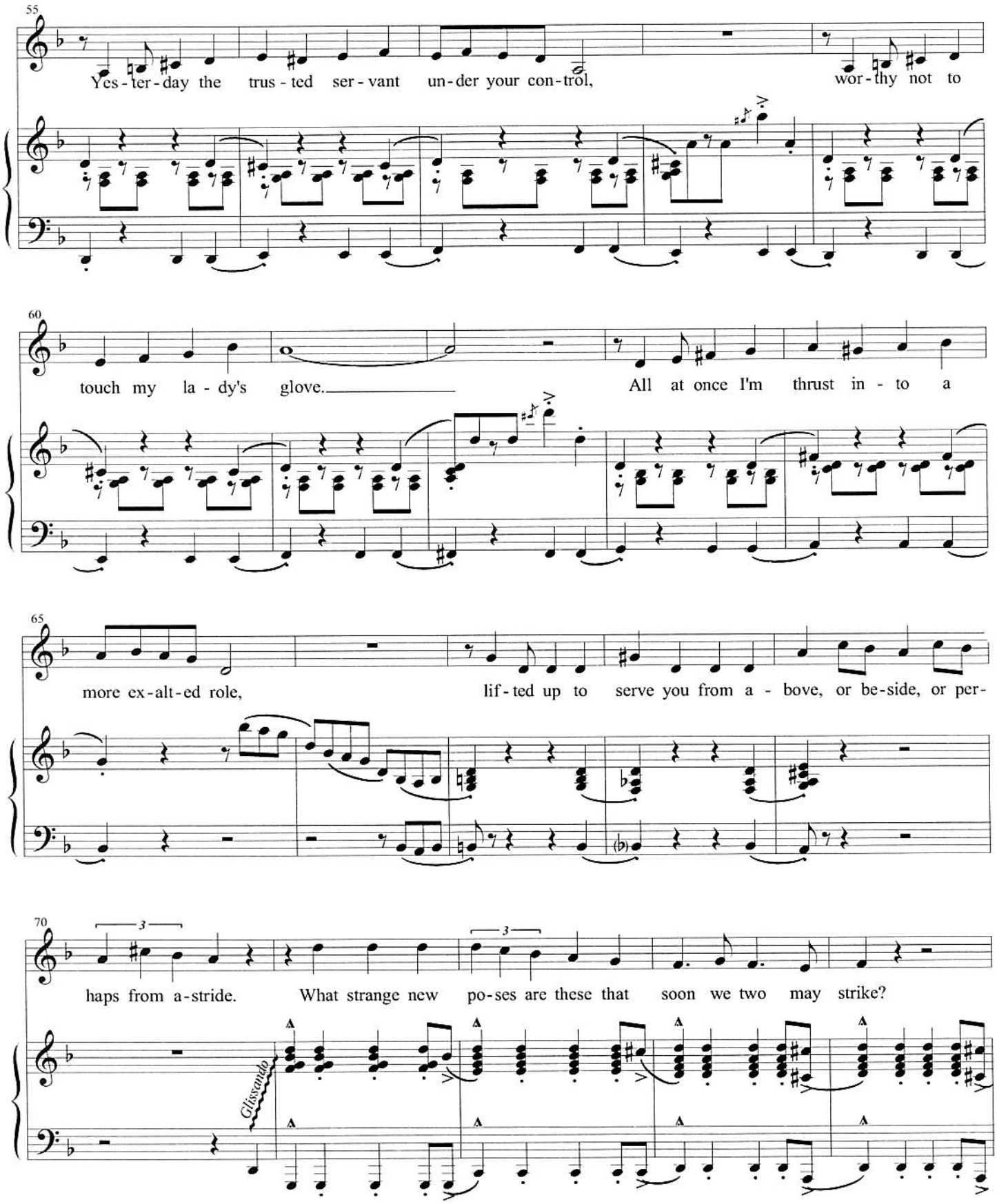
mp

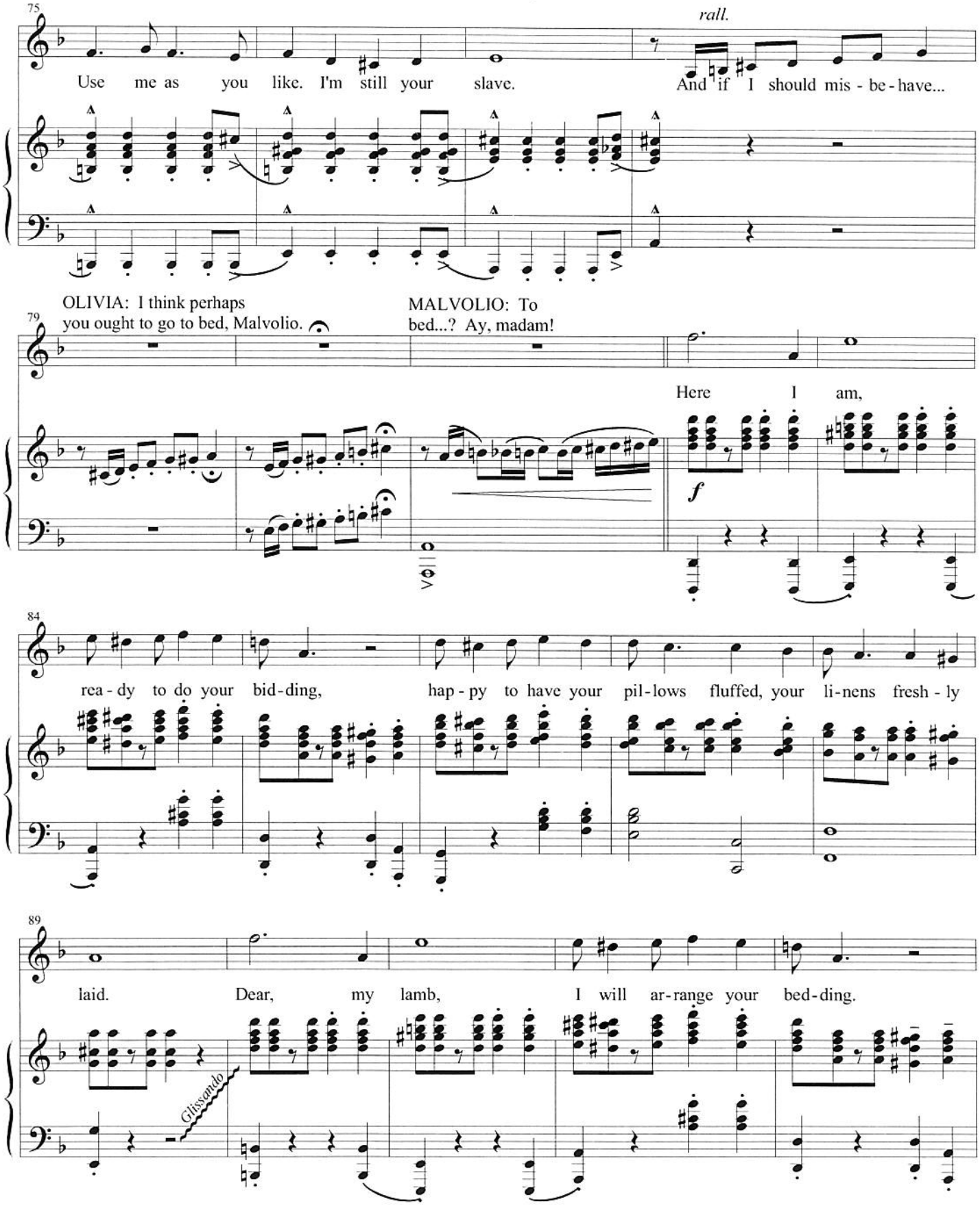
46

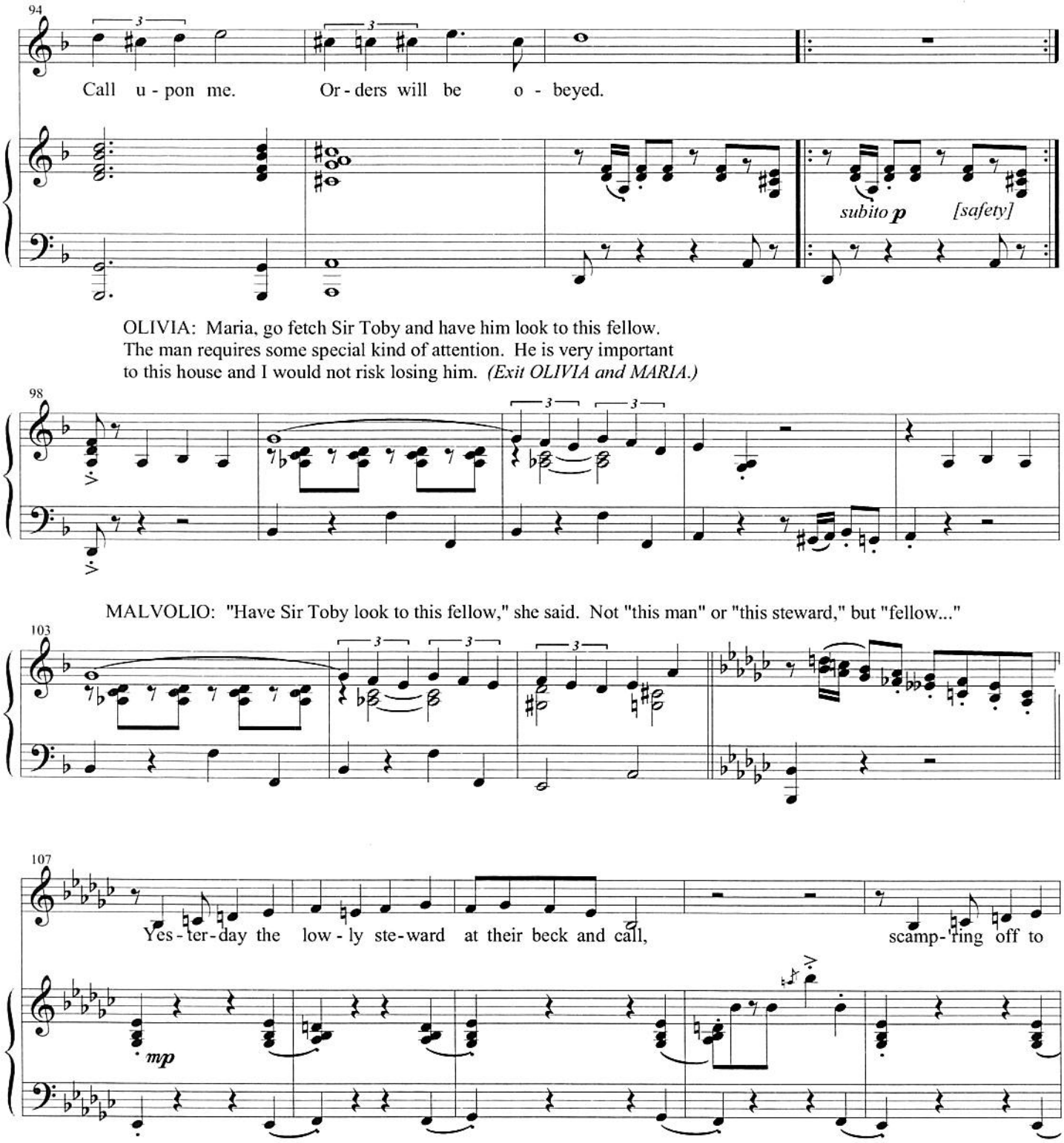
"Be not a - fraid," that's what some-one once told me. I'm not a -

51

fraid, but I still may need some-one to hold me.


55
Yes-ter-day the trus-ted ser-vant un-der your con-trol, wor-thy not to
60
touch my la-dy's glove. All at once I'm thrust in-to a
65
more ex-alt-ed role, lif-ted up to serve you from a-bove, or be-side, or per-
70
haps from a-stride. What strange new po-ses are these that soon we two may strike?
Glissando


75
rall.
Use me as you like. I'm still your slave.
And if I should mis - be - have...
OLIVIA: I think perhaps you ought to go to bed, Malvolio.
MALVOLIO: To bed...? Ay, madam!
79
Here I am,
f
84
rea - dy to do your bid - ding,
hap - py to have your pil - lows fluffed, your li - nens fresh - ly
89
laid.
Dear, my lamb,
I will ar - range your bed - ding.
Glissando


94
Call u - pon me.
Or - ders will be o - beyed.
subito p
[safety]
OLIVIA: Maria, go fetch Sir Toby and have him look to this fellow.
The man requires some special kind of attention. He is very important
to this house and I would not risk losing him. (Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.)
98
MALVOLIO: "Have Sir Toby look to this fellow," she said. Not "this man" or "this steward," but "fellow..."
103
107
Yes - ter - day the low - ly ste - ward at their beck and call,
scamp - ring off to
mp

P/M

fetch Sir To - by's tea. Lit - tle does Sir To - by know he's

117

ri - ding for a fall. And from now on he will tend to me.

TOBY: Malvolio, my niece has asked that I take special care of you.
MALVOLIO: I am aware. And I trust some new accommodations have been prepared for me.
TOBY: It's been arranged.

122

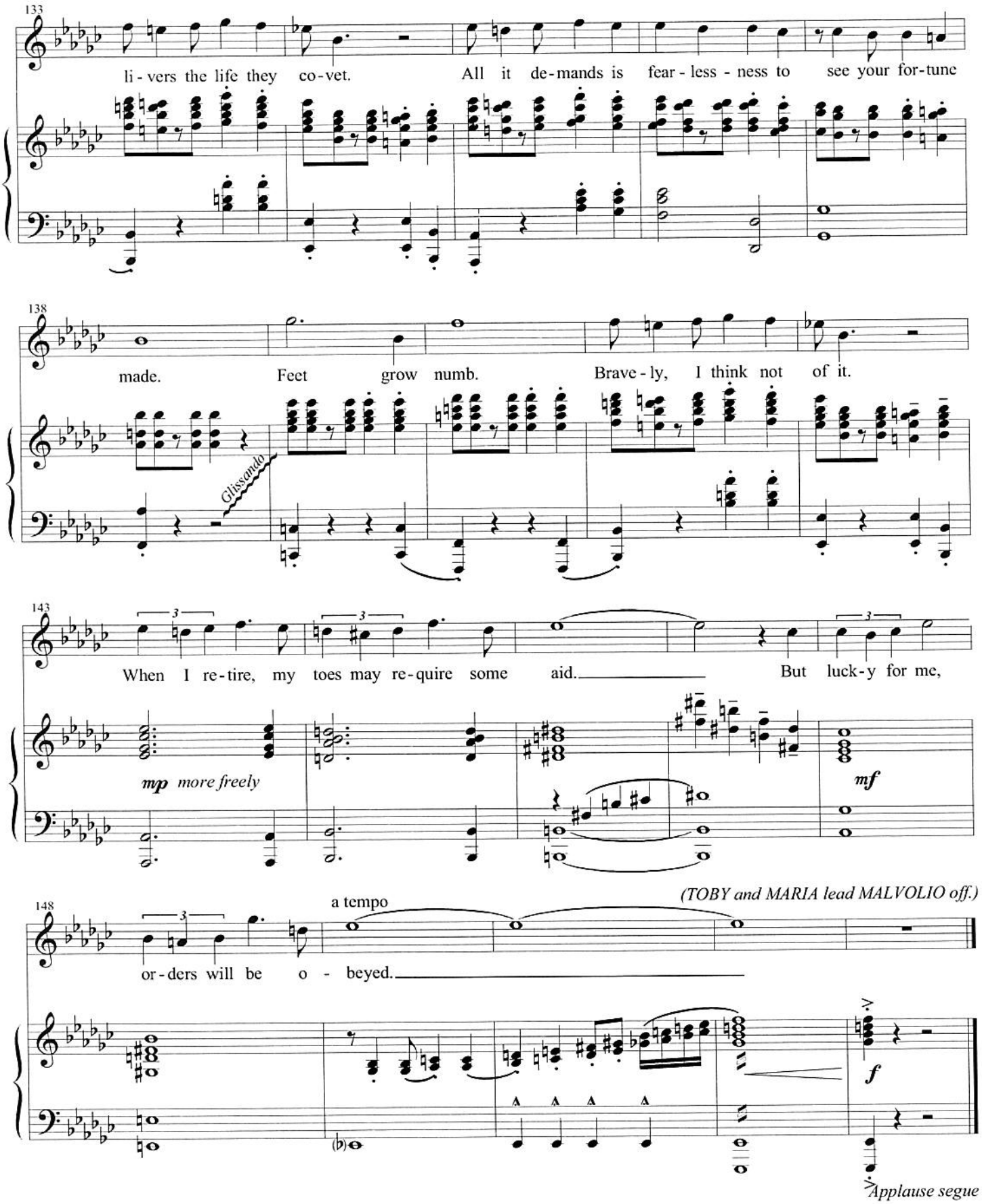
subito p

128

MALVOLIO: Then you may conduct me thither.

Fate, to some, de -

f


133
li - vers the life they co - vet. All it de - mands is fear - less - ness to see your for - tune
138
made. Feet grow numb. Brave - ly, I think not of it.
Glissando
143
When I re - tire, my toes may re - quire some aid. But luck - y for me,
mp more freely
mf
(TOBY and MARIA lead MALVOLIO off.)
148
a tempo
or - ders will be o - beyed.
f
Applause segue

Orsino's Theme

13A

Play until ORSINO: "Enough music!"

Passionately

mf

6

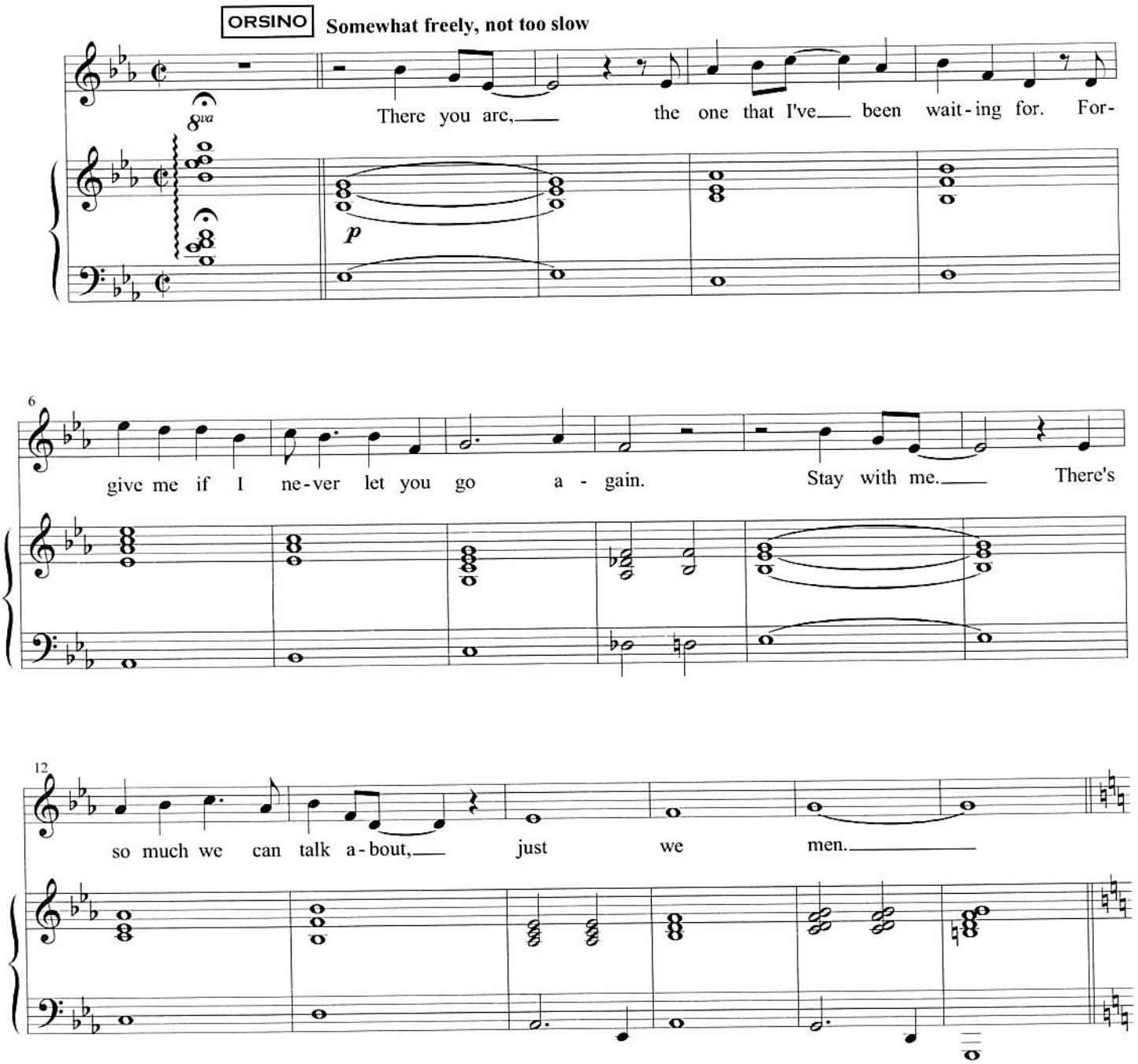
11

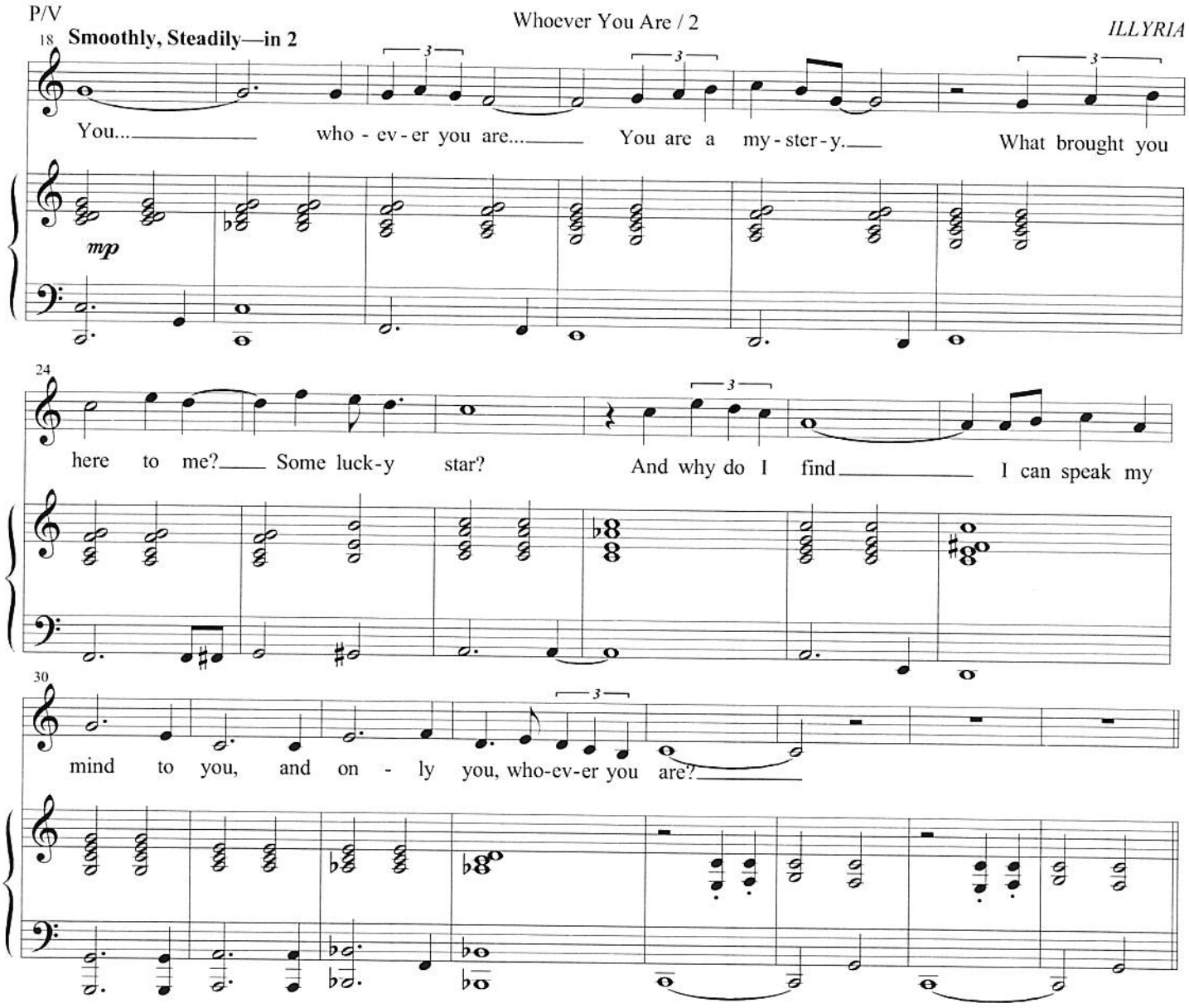
16

Whoever You Are

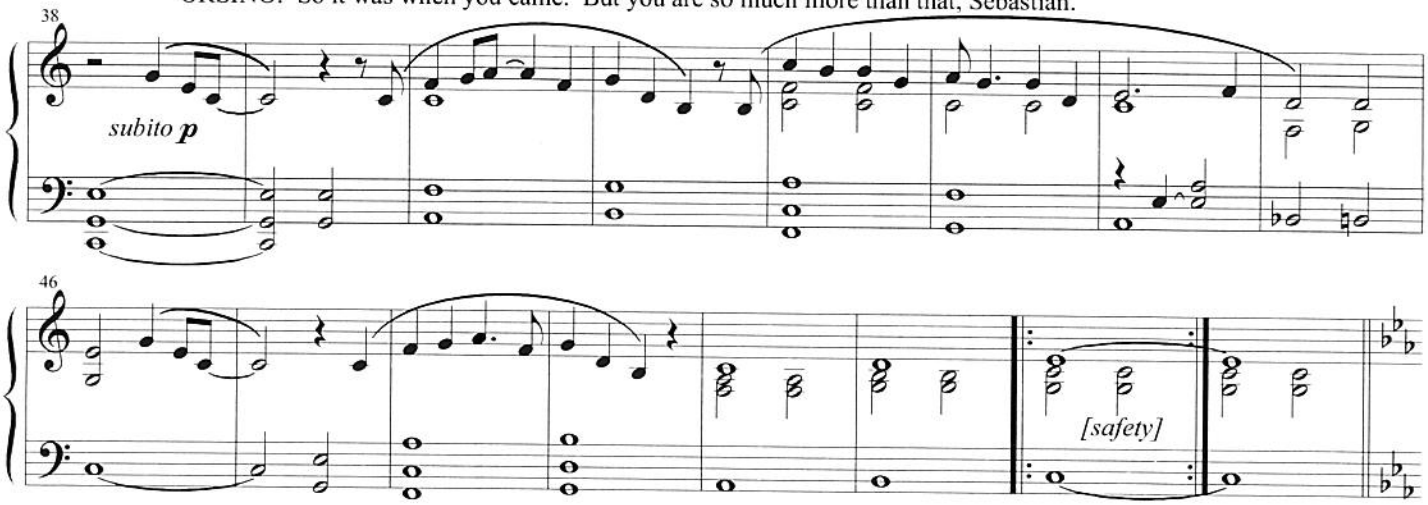
(Orsino)

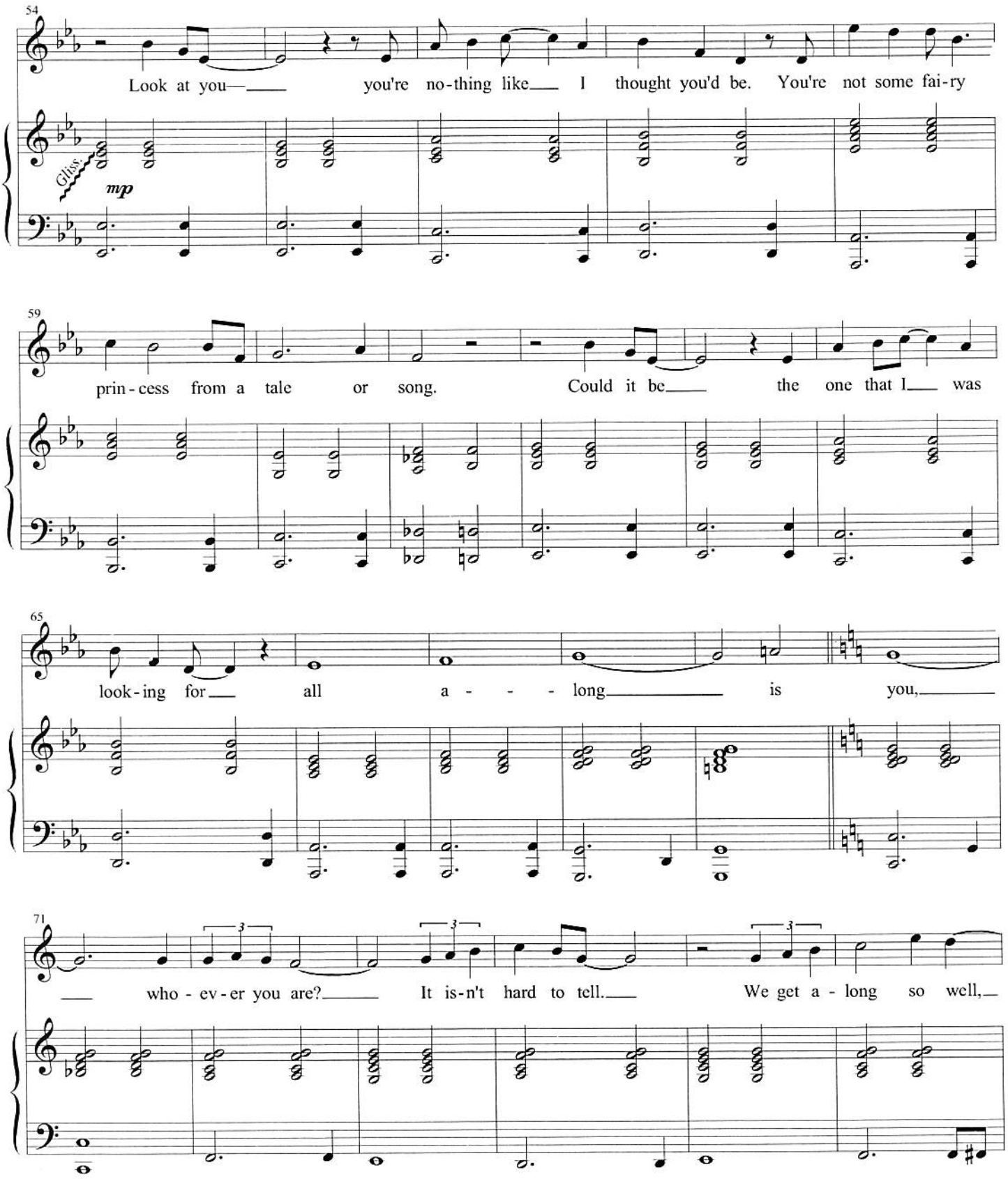
Enter SEBASTIAN [arpeggio]
SEBASTIAN: Forgive this intrusion, my Lord.
But at the gates they told me I should come to you.

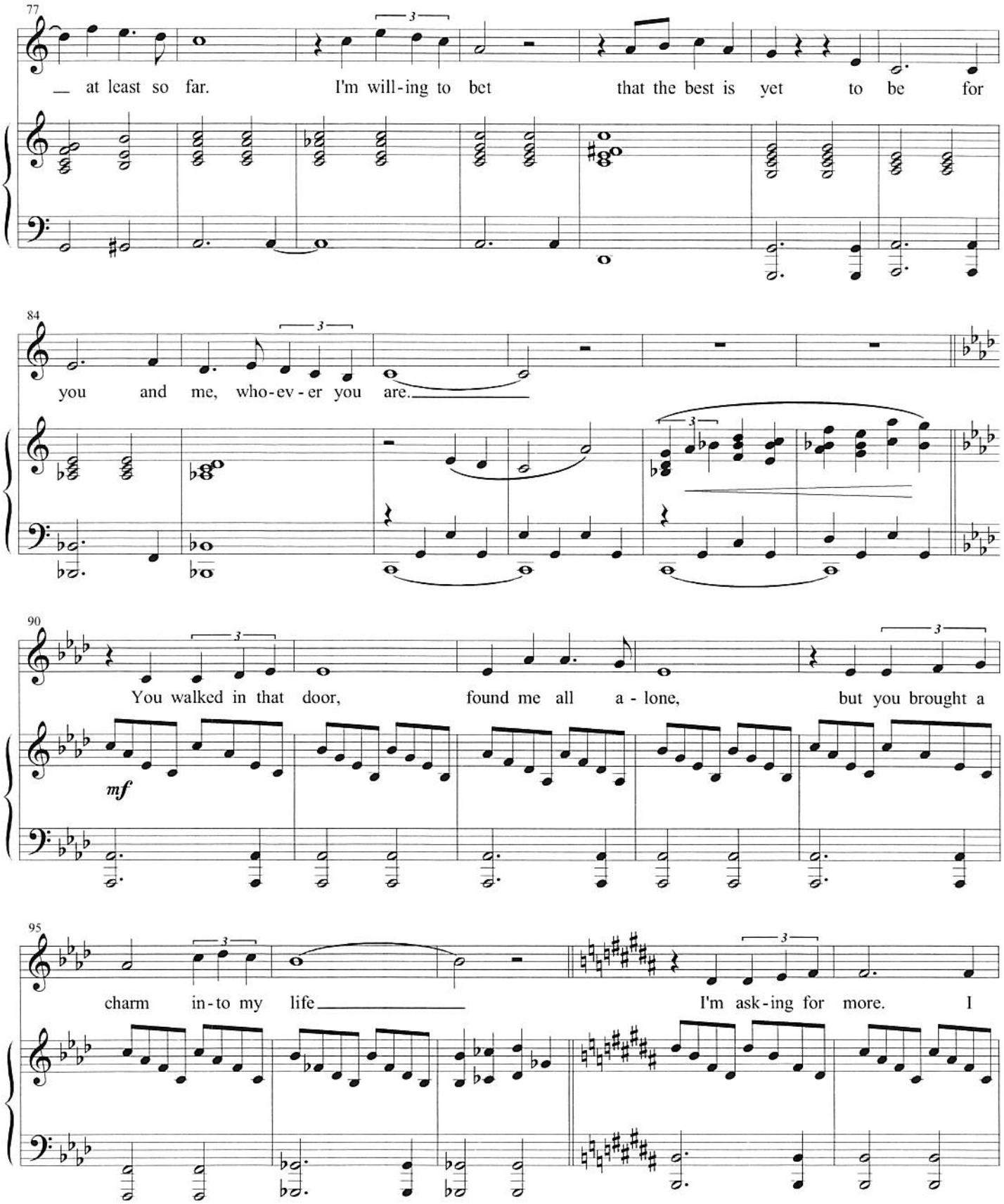




SEBASTIAN: I beg your pardon. I am Sebastian, my Lord.
ORSINO: And I am Orsino—and so you shall call me from now on. For, though my title gives me dominion over this land and its people, as kindred spirits you and I stand as equals.
SEBASTIAN: You misunderstand. I came here to be your servant.
ORSINO: So it was when you came. But you are so much more than that, Sebastian.




54
Look at you— you're no-thing like I thought you'd be. You're not some fai-ry
Gliss.
mp
59
prin-cess from a tale or song. Could it be the one that I was
65
look-ing for all a - - - long is you,
71
who - ev-er you are? It is-n't hard to tell. We get a - long so well,


77
at least so far. I'm will-ing to bet that the best is yet to be for
84
you and me, who-ev-er you are.
90
You walked in that door, found me all a-lone, but you brought a
mf
95
charm in-to my life I'm ask-ing for more. I

100

need you for my own. Se-bas-tian, be my wife, or what-ev-er you'd be.

105

rall. a tempo

Can't you see that I need you,

subito p

ORS: Take this ring—no, please. You don't have to wear it. But for all you've given me, let me give this one small thing back to you.

111

ORS: A token— SEB: I must go. I am expected at the Countess Olivia's. ORS: I don't want you to go to her. Stay with me. I order you.

118

SEB: I am not your servant. Nor do I want to be anymore. ORS: Alas—it's true. How can I have rule over someone to whom I have given my heart?

125

132

ORSINO: But when will you return, Sebastian? SEBASTIAN: Never. *(exit SEBASTIAN)*

139

ORSINO: Sebastian!

Freely

There you go...

p

146

ne - ver to re - turn to me. I had - n't thought that you would be like her. But

152

there you go... who - ev - er you were.

Segué

The Duel

(Toby, Andrew, Maria, Viola, Antonio, Sebastian, Olivia)

ANDREW: Here's the challenge. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it!
MARIA: Saucy, is it?
ANDREW: You'll see.

Recit Style

ANDREW

Youth, who - e - ver you are, I don't know who you think you are, but

mf

4

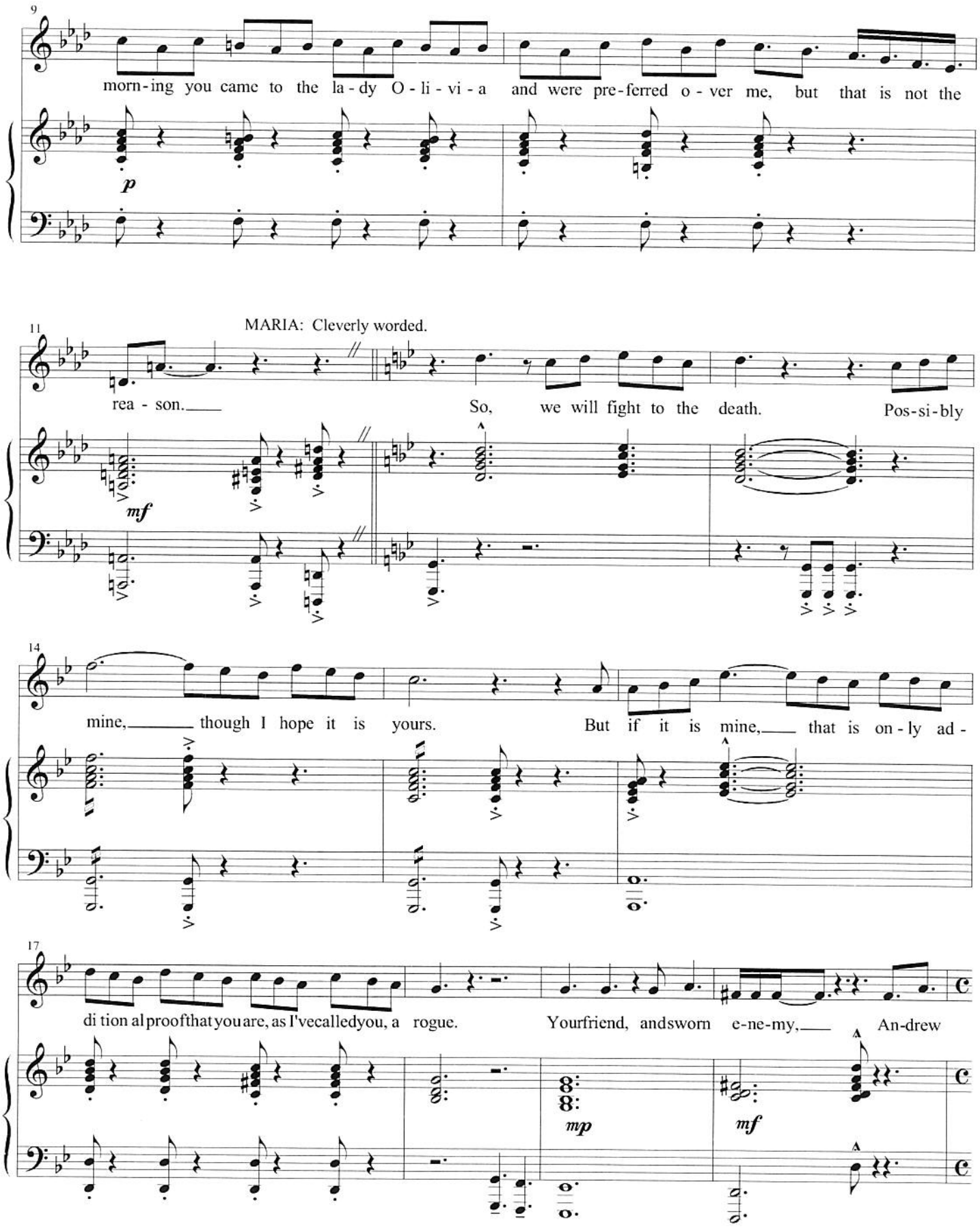
take it from me, I know you are a rogue!

TOBY: Good!

What, you may ask, is my

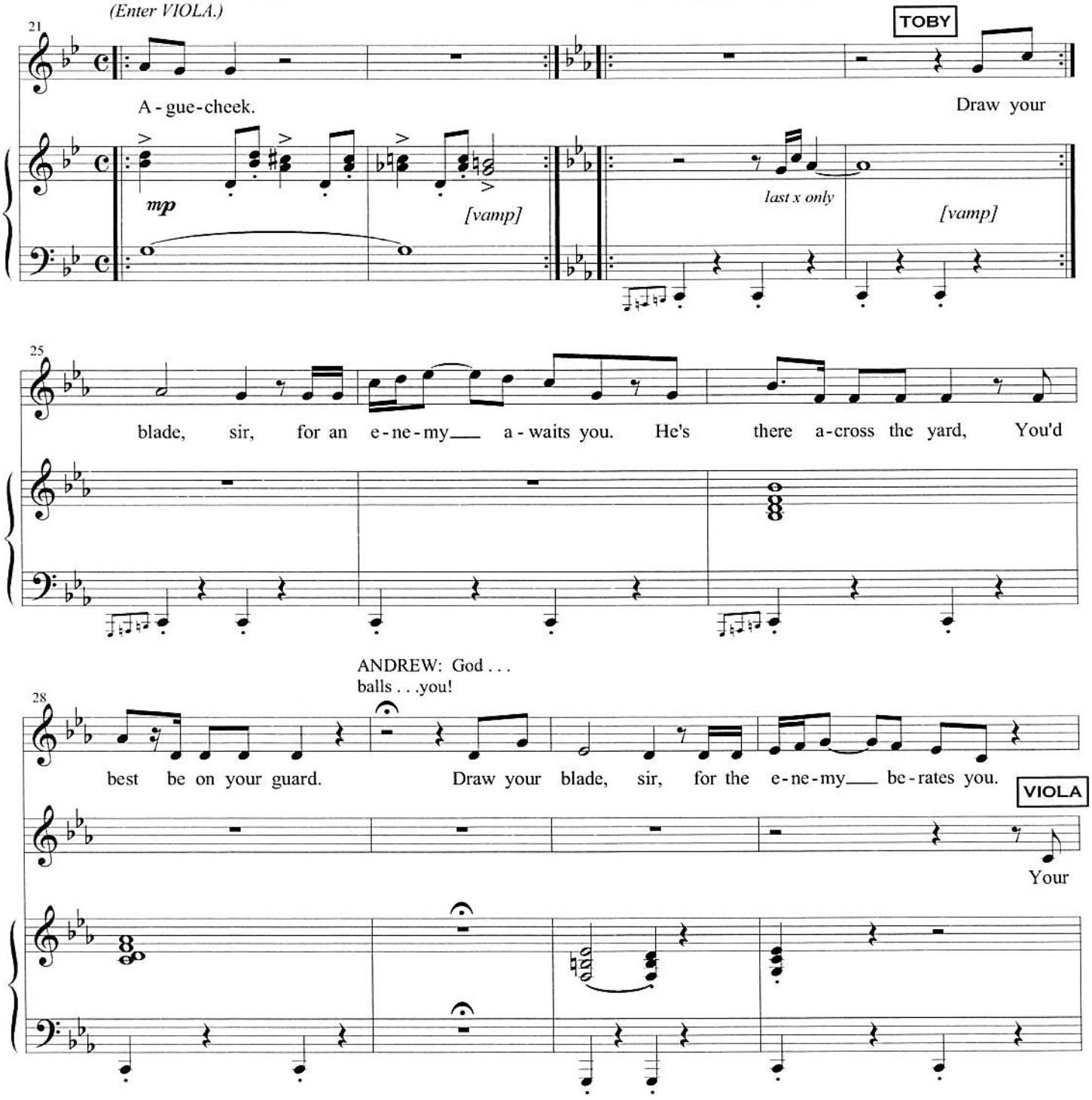
7

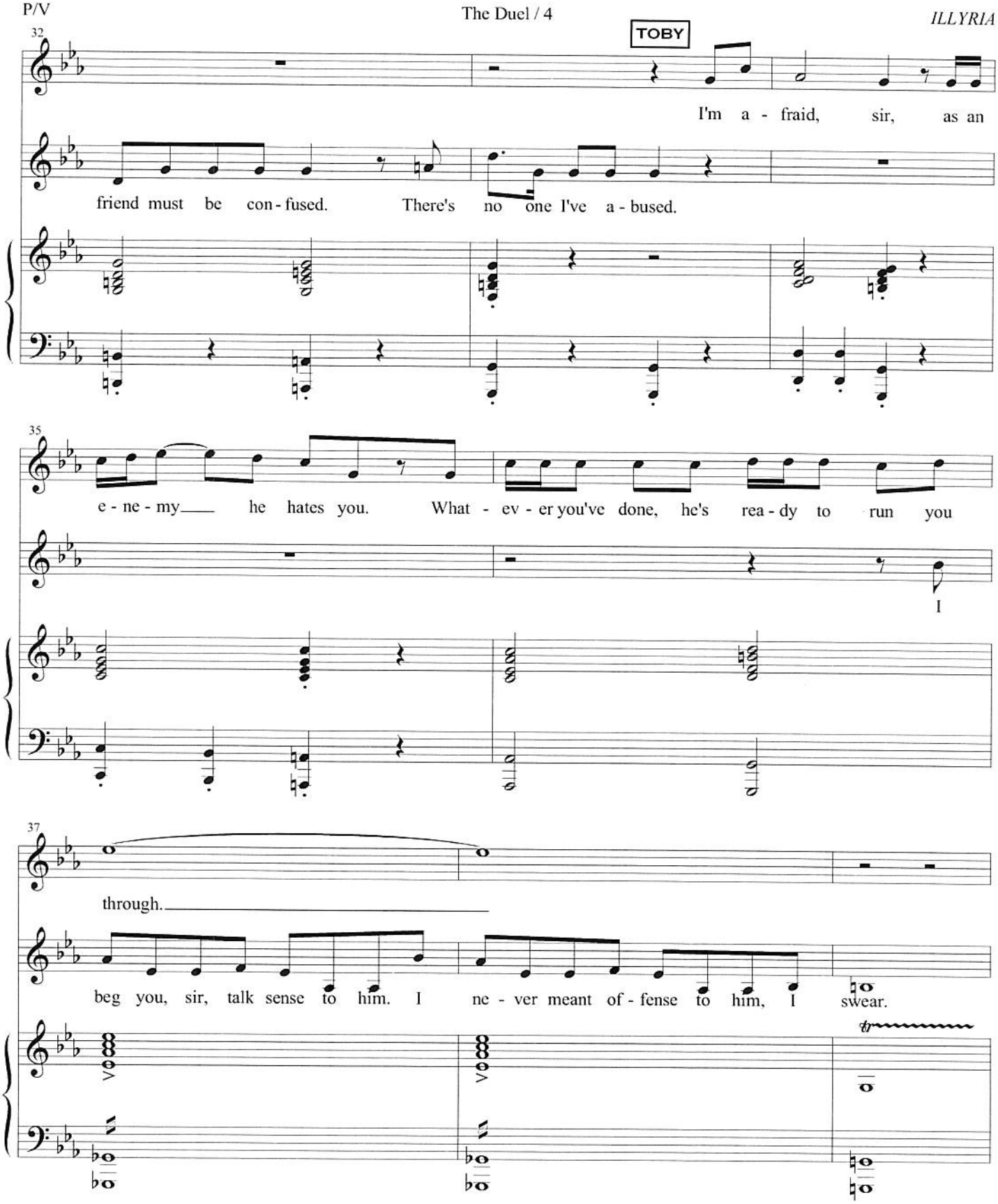
rea - son? Do not ask— I will give you no rea - son. This


9
morn-ing you came to the la-dy O-li-vi-a and were pre-ferred o-ver me, but that is not the
p
11
MARIA: Cleverly worded.
rea-son. So, we will fight to the death. Pos-si-bly
mf
14
mine, though I hope it is yours. But if it is mine, that is on-ly ad-
17
di tion al proof that you are, as I've called you, a rogue. Your friend, and sworn e-ne-my, An-drew
mp
mf

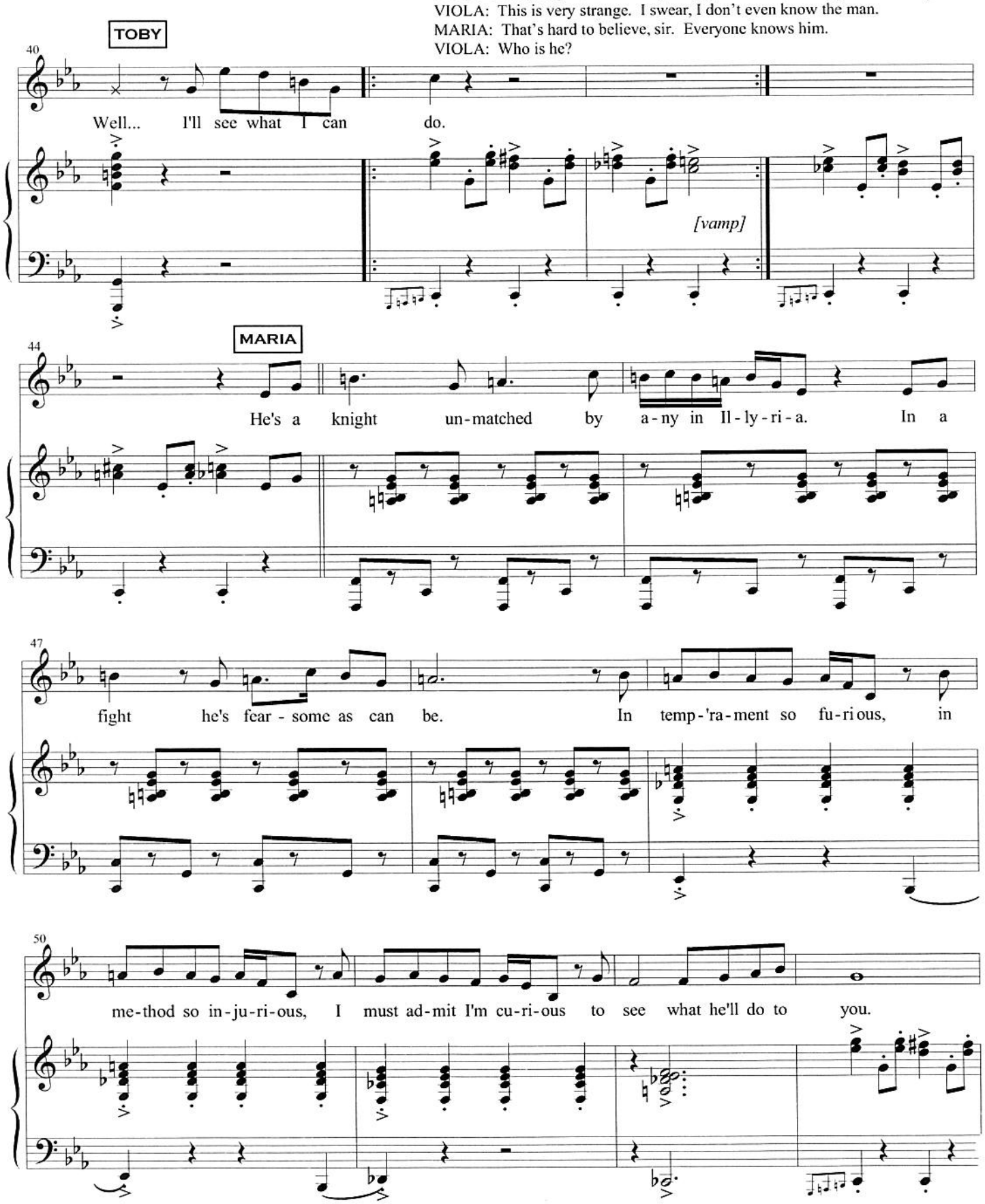
ANDREW: What do think?
TOBY: I think that when the gentleman reads this he'll know exactly the kind of adversary he's dealing with . . .
ANDREW: Go then, give it to him.
MARIA: I think, Sir Toby, it might be better if you delivered the challenge by word of mouth.
TOBY: Ah! Yes, of course.
(Enter VIOLA.)

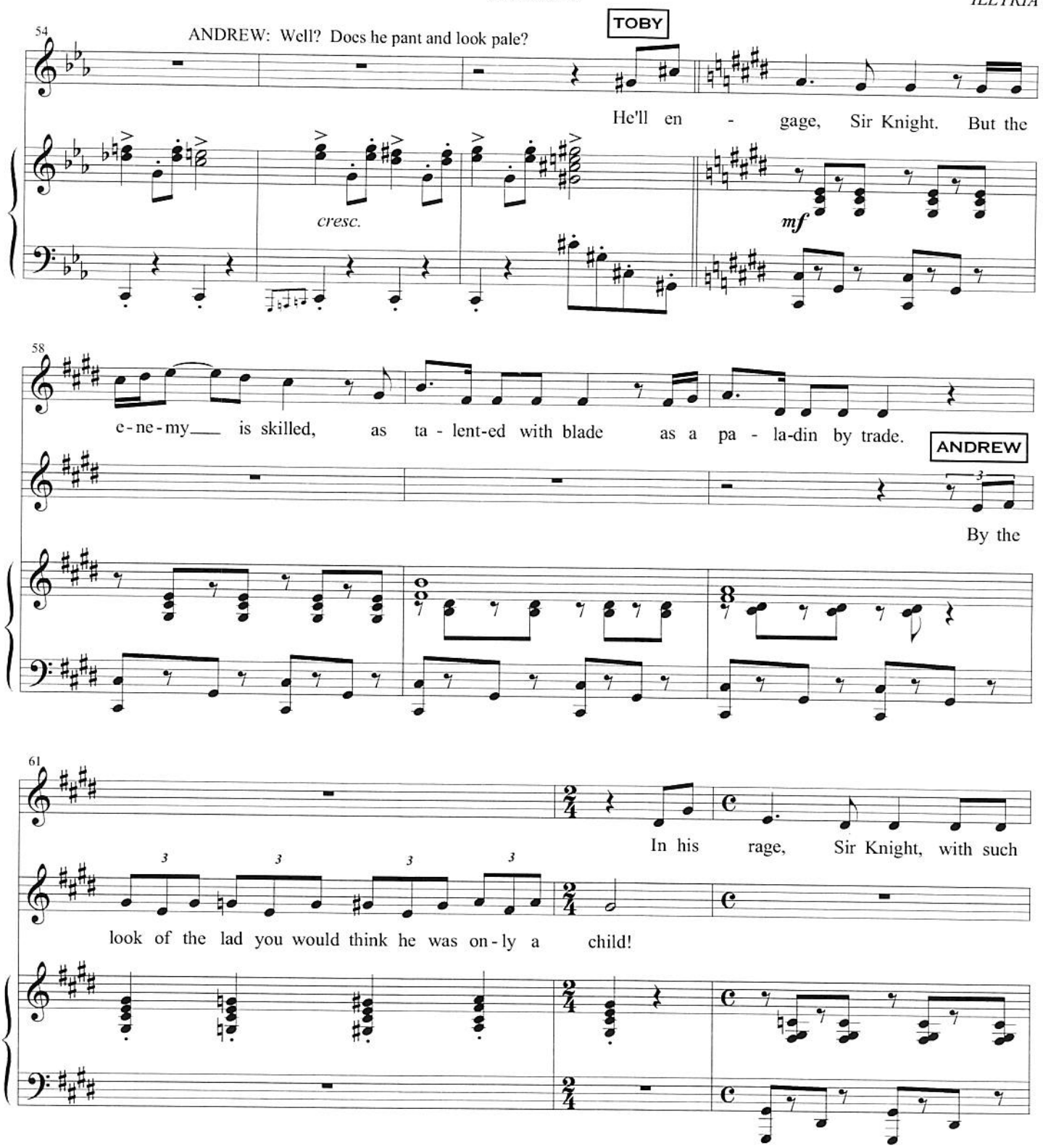
MARIA: Here he comes now.
TOBY: Sir Andrew, wait here while Maria and I deliver the challenge. If you see him look your way, swear a horrible oath to further frighten him.
ANDREW: No problem there. I'm a devil at swearing.
TOBY: Excellent. Wait here.

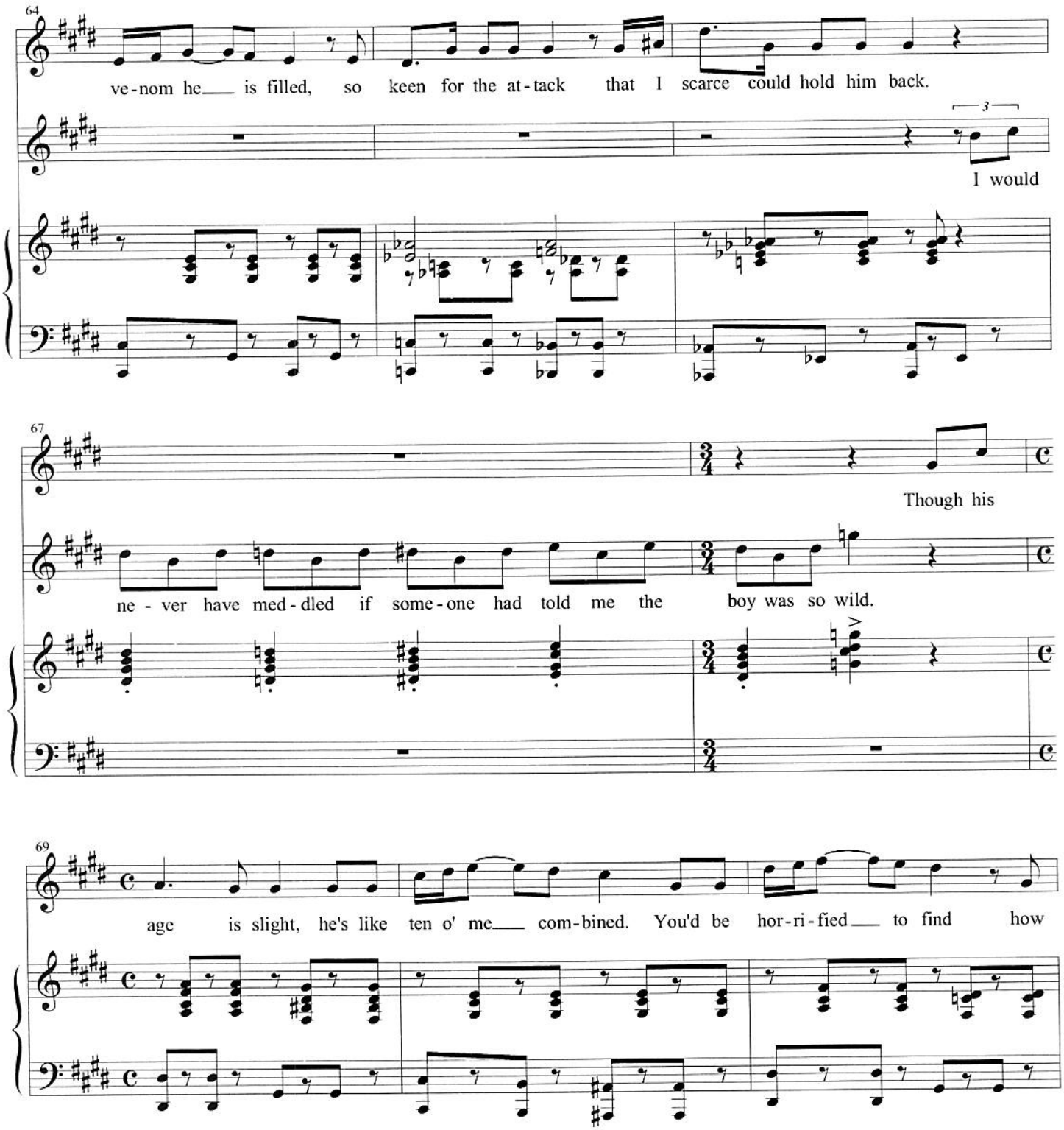


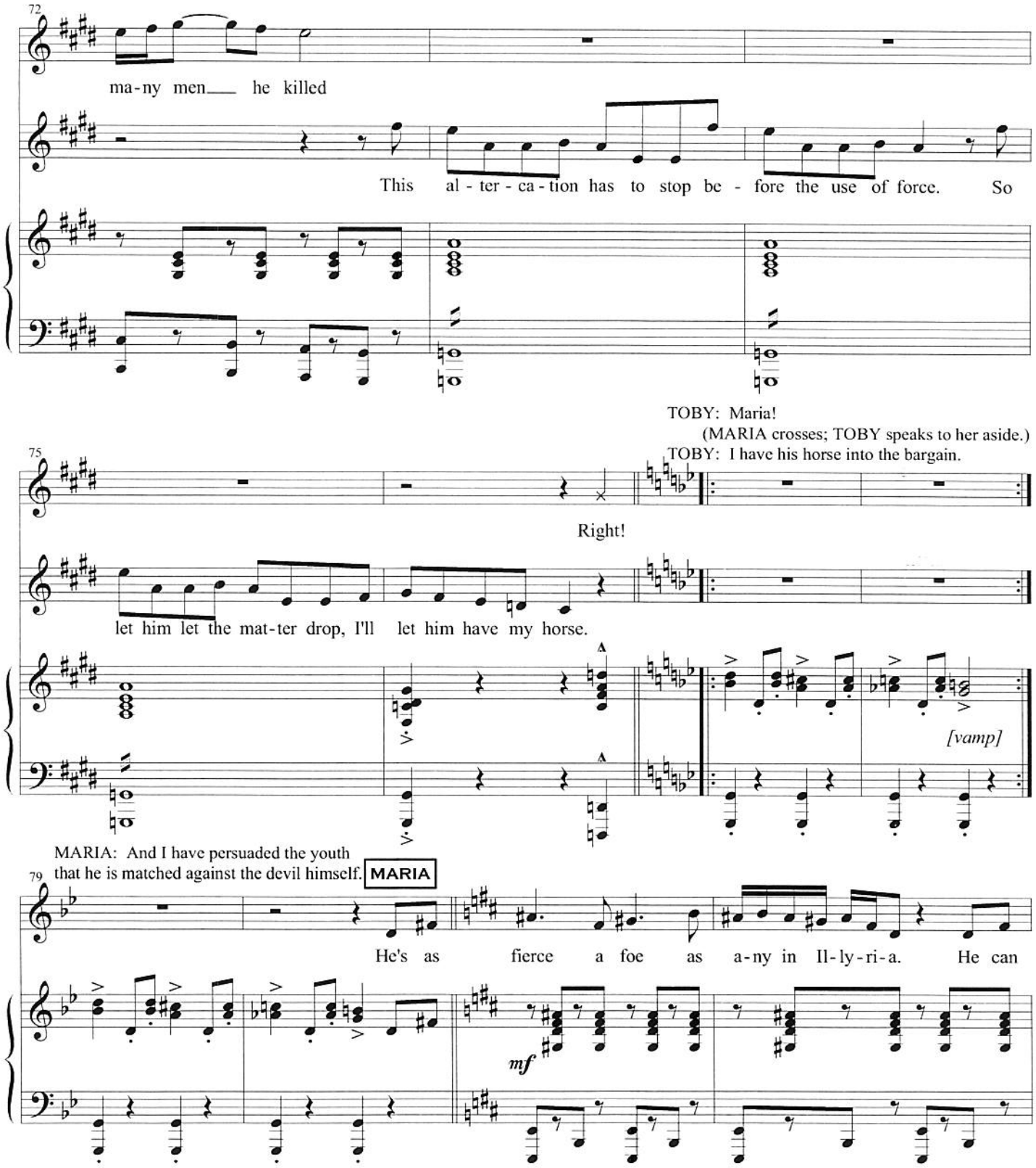

32
TOBY
I'm a - fraid, sir, as an
friend must be con - fused. There's no one I've a - bused.
35
e - ne - my___ he hates you. What - ev - er you've done, he's rea - dy to run you
I
37
through.
beg you, sir, talk sense to him. I ne - ver meant of - fense to him, I swear.

TOBY: Maria, stay here with the young gentleman. I will try to broker a peace.
VIOLA: This is very strange. I swear, I don't even know the man.
MARIA: That's hard to believe, sir. Everyone knows him.
VIOLA: Who is he?




54
ANDREW: Well? Does he pant and look pale?
TOBY
He'll en - gage, Sir Knight. But the
cresc.
mf
58
e-ne-my___ is skilled, as ta - lent-ed with blade as a pa - la-din by trade.
ANDREW
By the
61
In his rage, Sir Knight, with such
look of the lad you would think he was on-ly a child!


64
ve-nom he___ is filled, so keen for the at-tack that I scarce could hold him back.
3
I would
67
Though his
ne - ver have med-dled if some-one had told me the boy was so wild.
69
age is slight, he's like ten o' me___ com-bined. You'd be hor-ri-fied___ to find how


72
ma-ny men___ he killed
This al - ter - ca - tion has to stop be - fore the use of force. So
TOBY: Maria!
(MARIA crosses; TOBY speaks to her aside.)
TOBY: I have his horse into the bargain.
75
Right!
let him let the mat-ter drop, I'll let him have my horse.
[vamp]
MARIA: And I have persuaded the youth
that he is matched against the devil himself.
MARIA
79
He's as fierce a foe as a-ny in Il-ly-ri-a. He can
mf

83

pierce the thick-est ar-mor through. The kind of man I'd class-i-fy im-

86

pos-si-ble to pa-ci-fy. Sir Knight, I'd watch my ass if I were you!

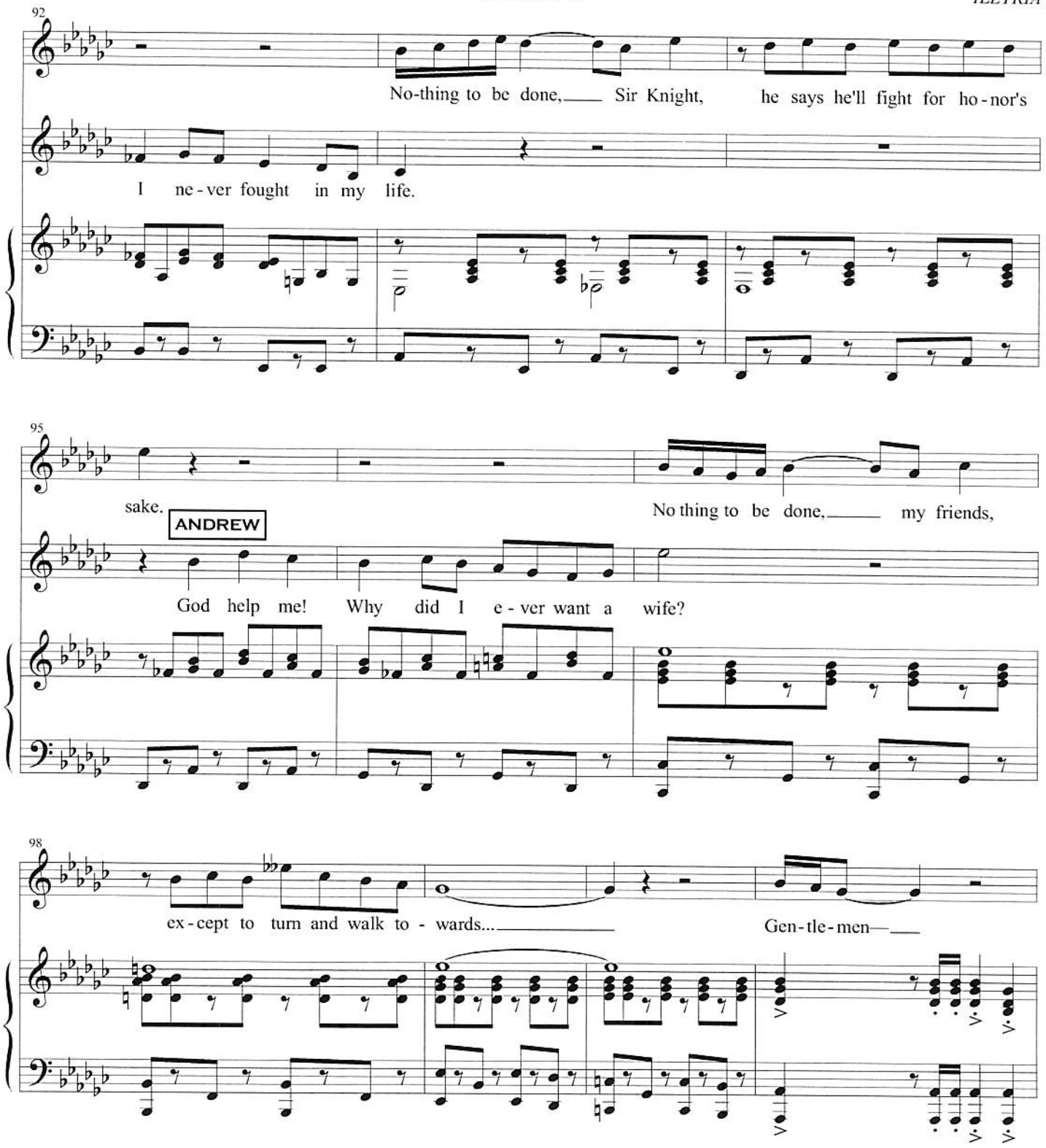
89

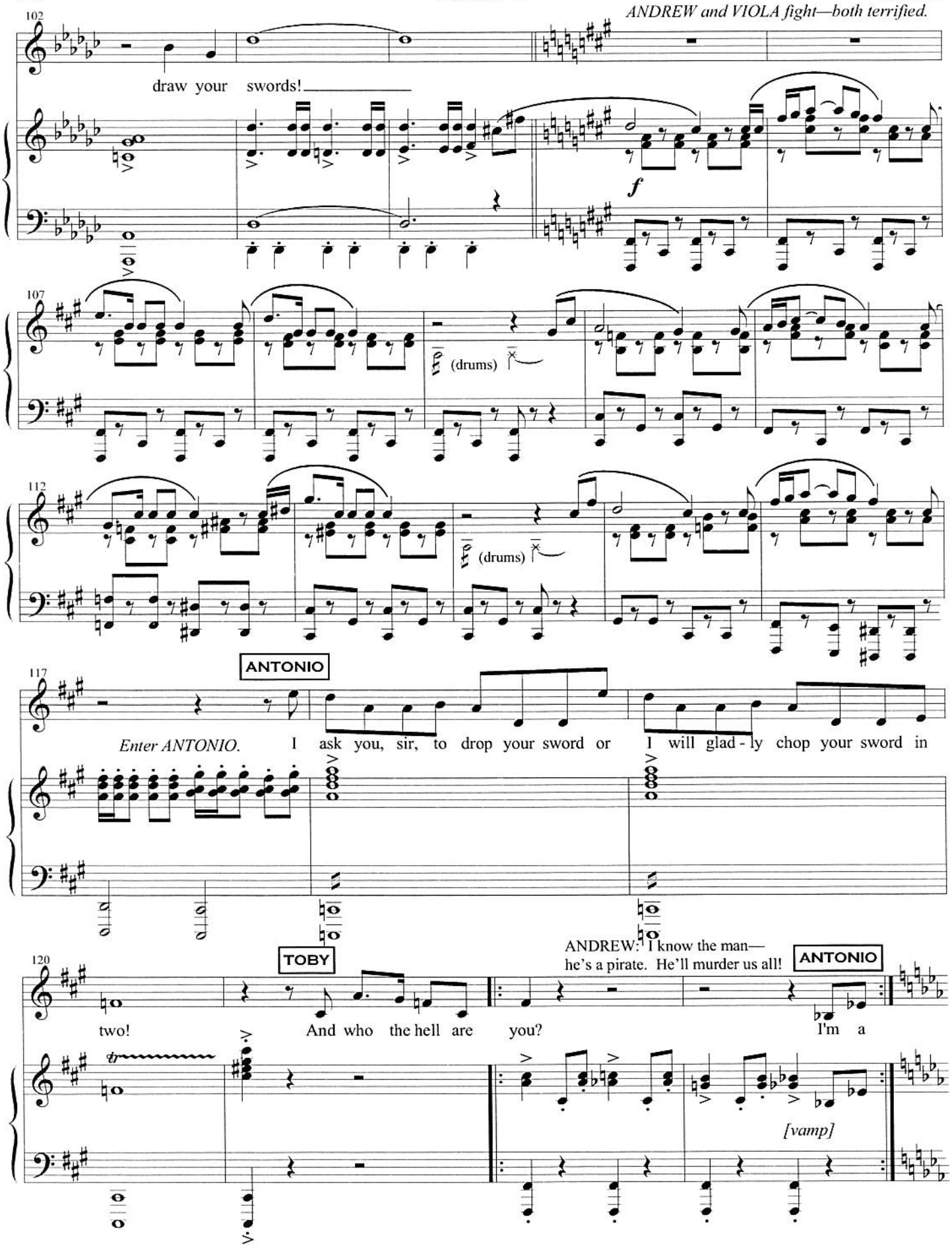
TOBY

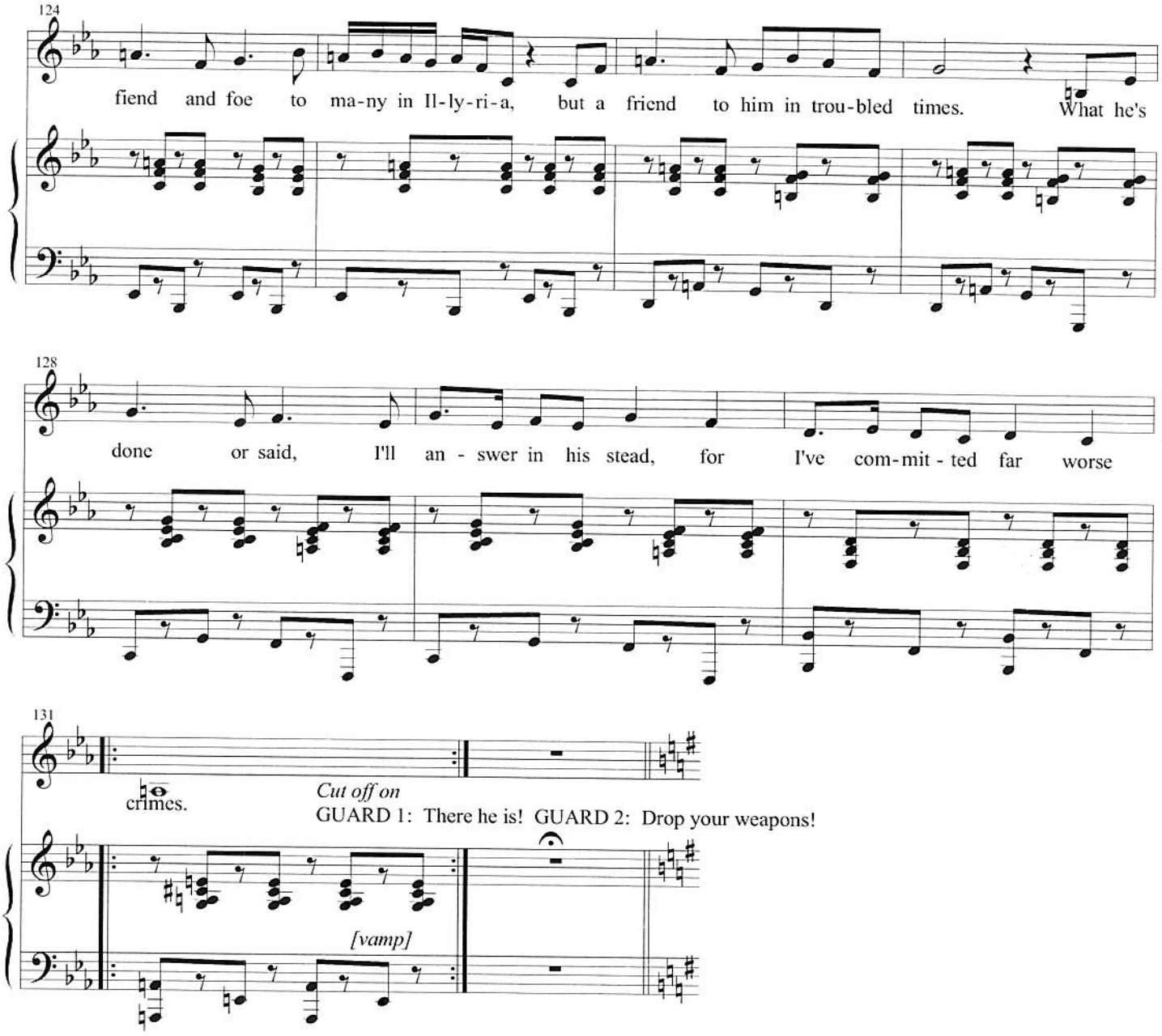
No thing to be done, young man, he says he's sure there's no mis-take.

VIOLA

God help me!


92
No-thing to be done, Sir Knight, he says he'll fight for ho-nor's
I ne-ver fought in my life.
95
sake.
No thing to be done, my friends,
ANDREW
God help me! Why did I e-ver want a wife?
98
ex-cept to turn and walk to-wards...
Gen-tle-men—


ANDREW and VIOLA fight—both terrified.
102
draw your swords!
f
107
(drums)
112
(drums)
117
ANTONIO
Enter ANTONIO.
I ask you, sir, to drop your sword or I will glad - ly chop your sword in
120
TOBY
two!
And who the hell are you?
ANDREW: I know the man—
he's a pirate. He'll murder us all!
ANTONIO
I'm a
[vamp]



(The GUARDS seize ANTONIO.)
GUARD 1: Antonio, I arrest you in the name of Duke Orsino.
ANTONIO *(to VIOLA)*: This comes of looking out for you.
Well if I can't win my freedom with steel, it may yet be had for gold. Let me have my purse.
VIOLA: What purse?
GUARD 1: Come, sir, away.
ANTONIO: This is no time to joke, boy.
VIOLA: I'm in earnest. I have no purse of yours. We've never met.
ANTONIO: Would you deny me? I saved your life!
VIOLA: And I'm grateful to you, but I swear I have no money to give you.
GUARD 2: Enough-let's go.
ANTONIO: Oh, you treacherous boy! How I misjudged,
to think that you were worthy of the risks I took on your behalf. Keep the gold then, if you value it more than our friendship.
(Exit GUARDS escorting ANTONIO.)

Underscore in on:
VIOLA: Sir Knight, I don't know what wrong I may have done you, but I hope after everything that has transpired we might let the matter drop. ANDREW: Gladly. And I'll be as good as my word: he's a fine mount and rides easily.
VIOLA: *(confused)* Excuse me? MARIA: *(hastening to intervene)* Come, Master Sebastian. The Countess expects you. But let me first take you to freshen yourself. You seem a bit the worse for your exertions. VIOLA: Thank you, madam.
(Exit MARIA and VIOLA.)
ANDREW: Well, that was a fortunate turn of events.
TOBY: Fortunate for the boy, perhaps.
ANDREW: What do you mean?
TOBY: He escaped grievous injury at your hands.
ANDREW: Oh, I hardly think so.

Quite Slowly

133

p

139

145

TOBY

He's a knave, my friend. And his co-war-dice___ is clear. You

last x only

mp *[vamp]*

ANDREW: That was rather un-gallant of him, but still, I wouldn't try him again . . .

149

saw how he be-trayed the friend who gave him aid. He is

[vamp]

153

brave, my friend, when his ra-pi-er___ is near. You'd find him far less tough in man-ly fist-i-cuff.

ANDREW: Well, I am a devil at boxing.
But I never really had a quarrel with the
boy in the first place—

157

Ne-ver cave, my friend. That's in - di-ca-tive___ of fear. If you've

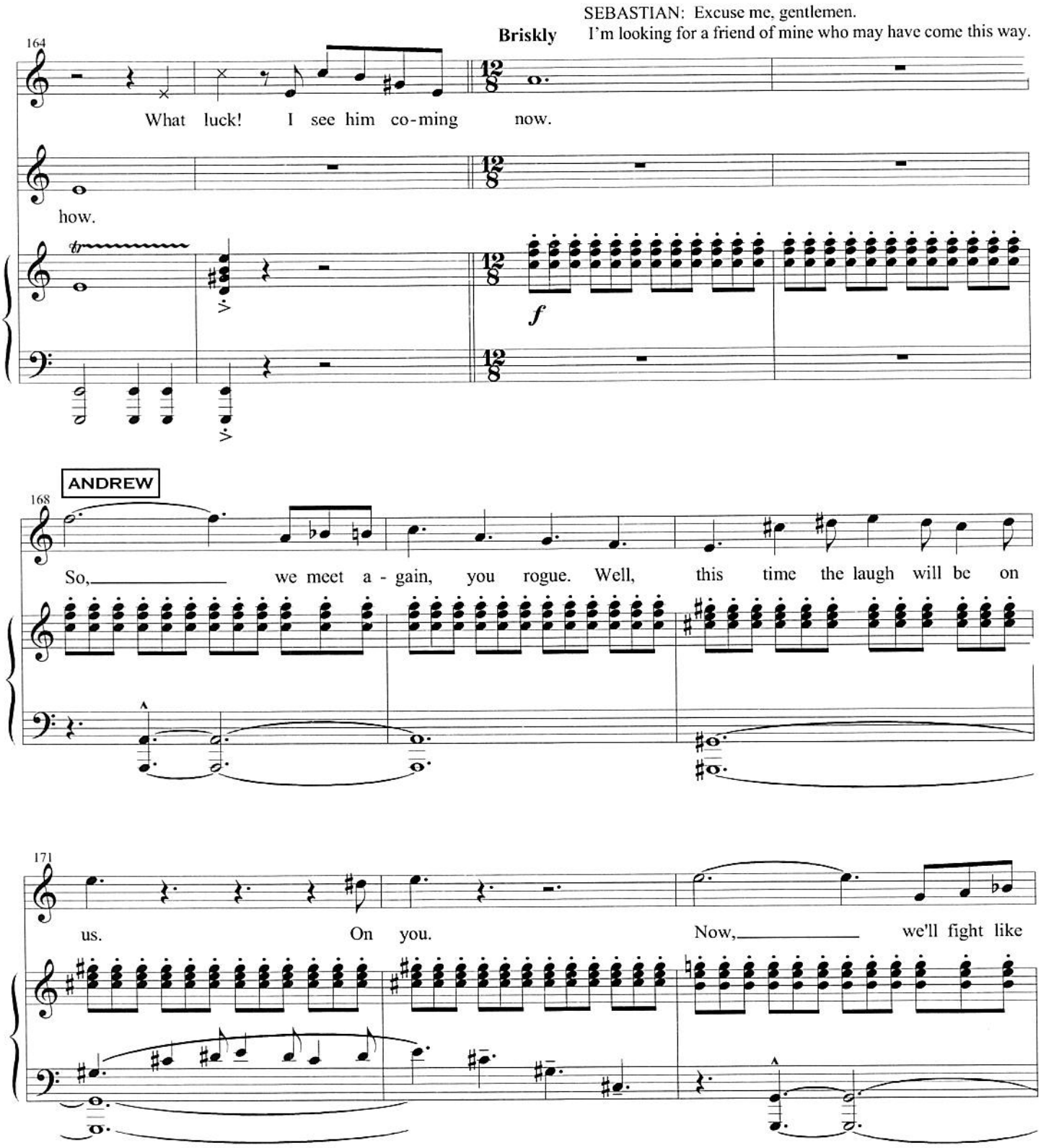
[vamp]

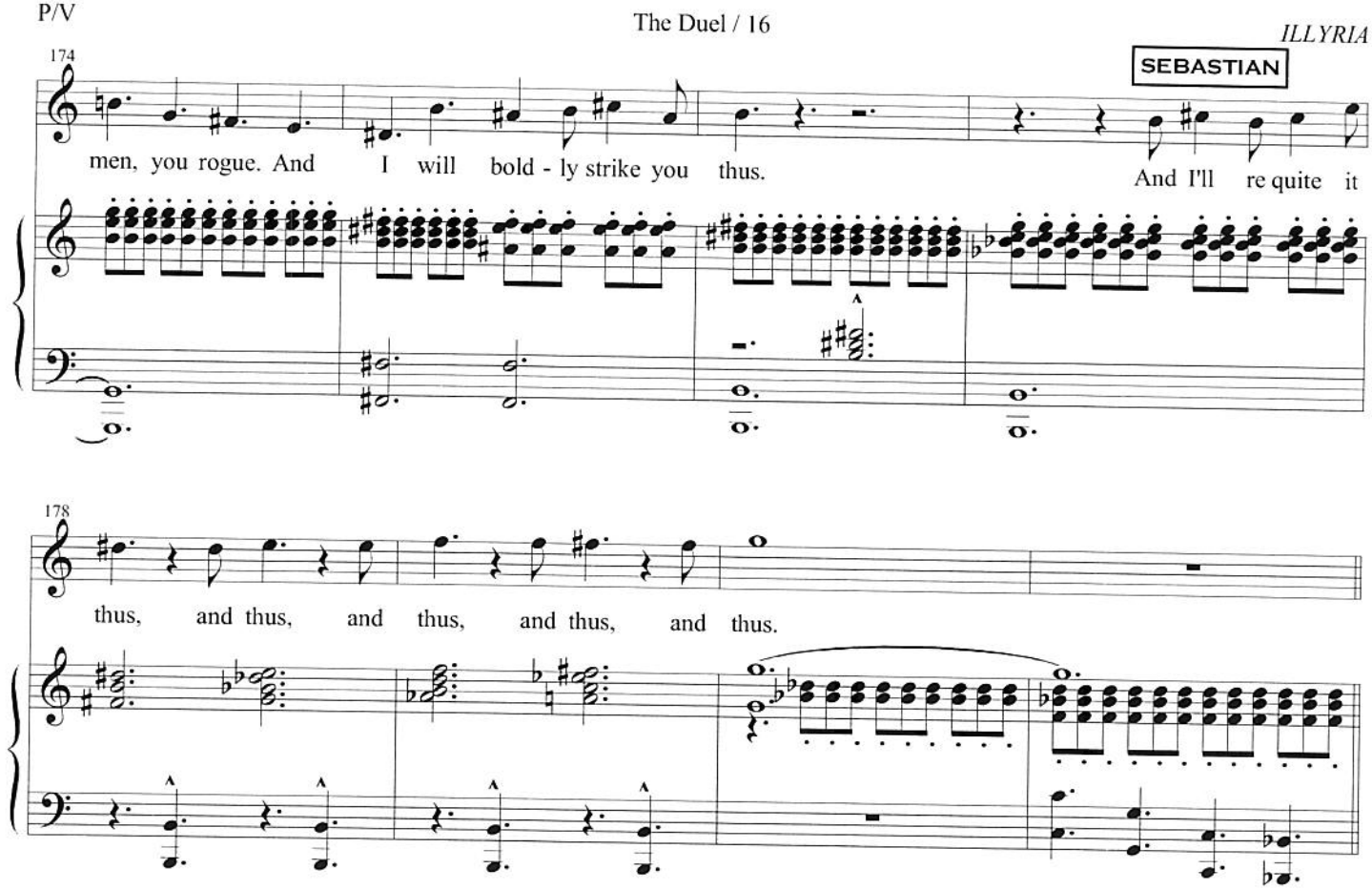
161

ho-nor at all, you'll make it a sol-emn vow.

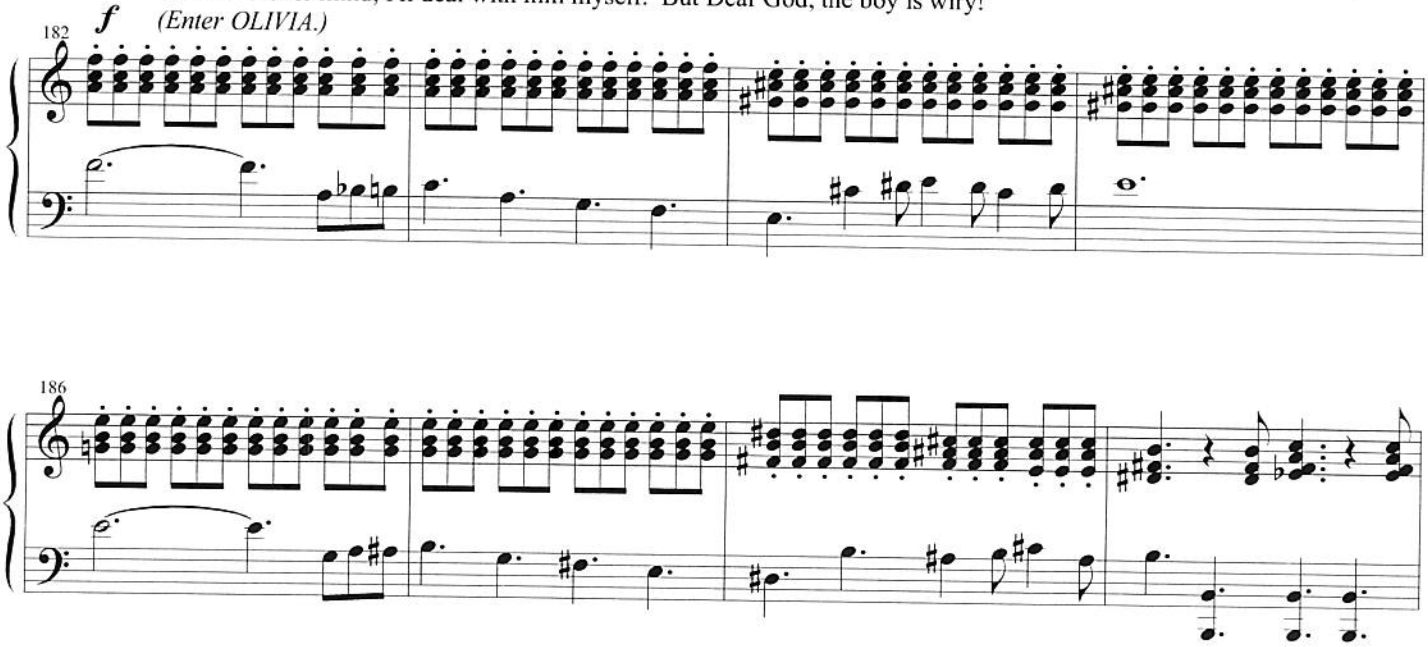
ANDREW

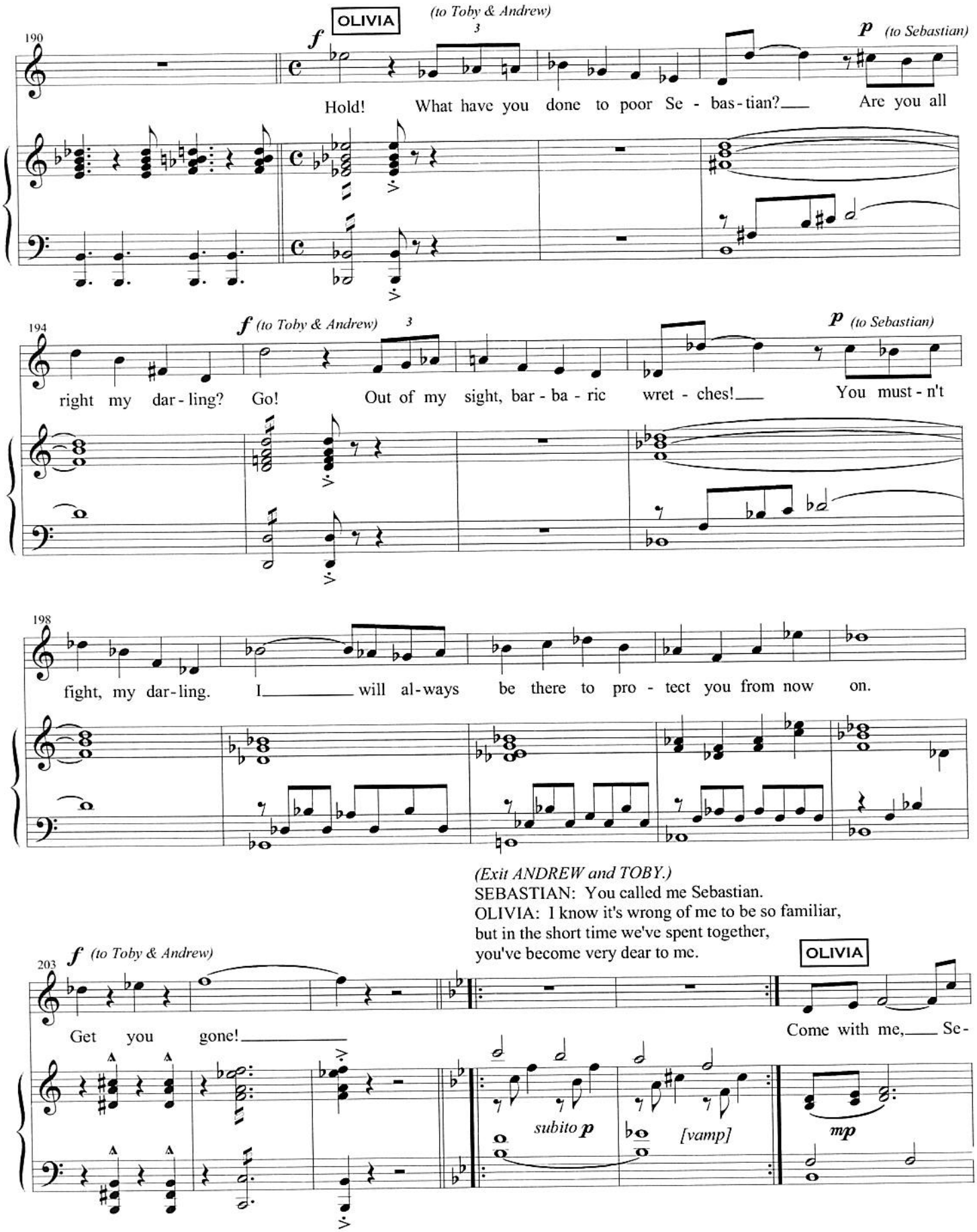
I pro-mise I'll get back at him. Just give me one more crack at him some-

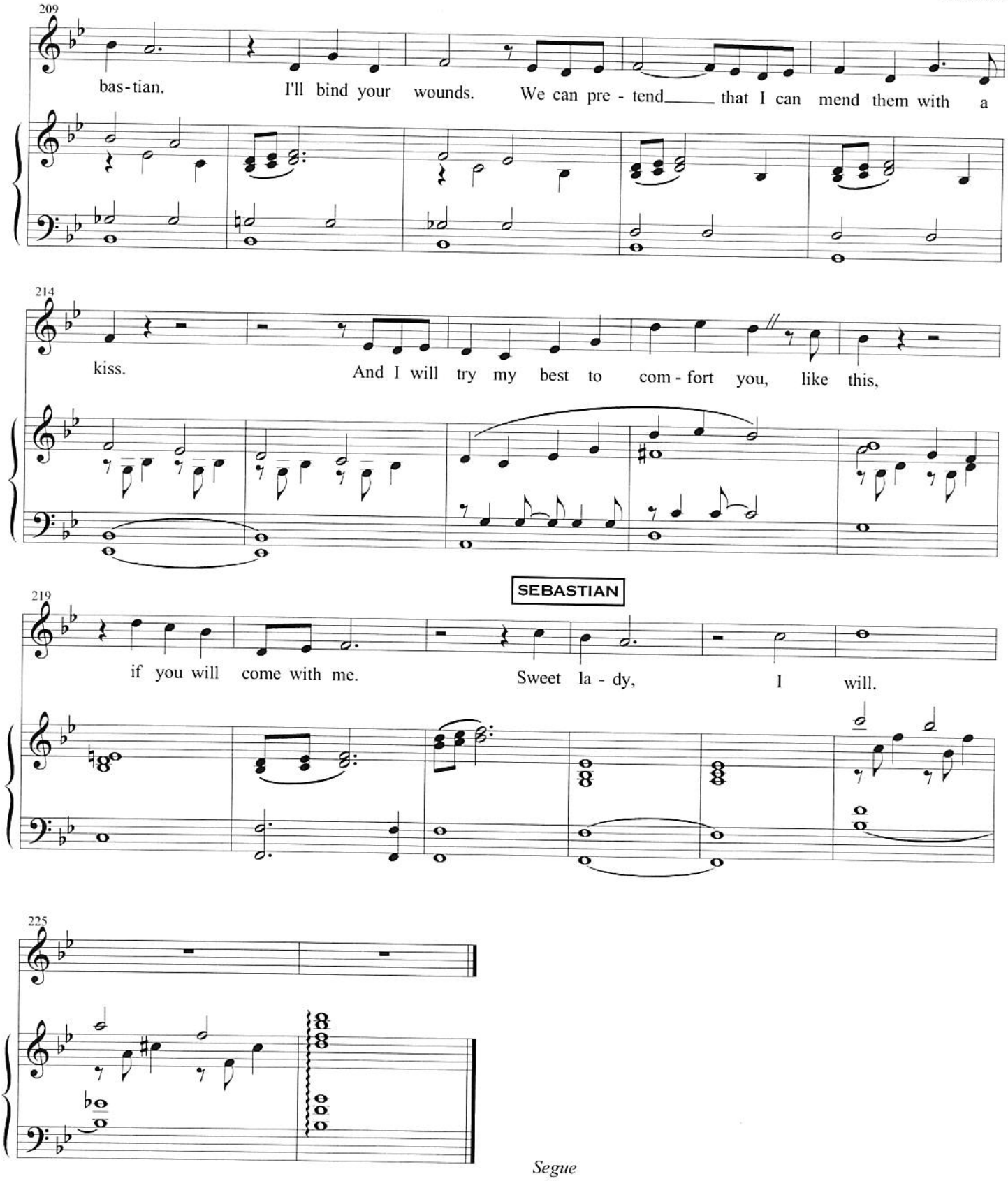

SEBASTIAN: Excuse me, gentlemen.
I'm looking for a friend of mine who may have come this way.
Briskly
164
What luck! I see him co-ming now.
how.
f
ANDREW
168
So, we meet a-gain, you rogue. Well, this time the laugh will be on
171
us. On you. Now, we'll fight like



(TOBY seizes SEBASTIAN. They struggle.)
TOBY: I've got him, Sir Andrew. Come, have at him!
ANDREW: No, I'll go another way with him. I'll have him arrested for assault and battery if there's any law in Illyria!
TOBY: Never mind, I'll deal with him myself. But Dear God, the boy is wiry!
(Enter OLIVIA.)



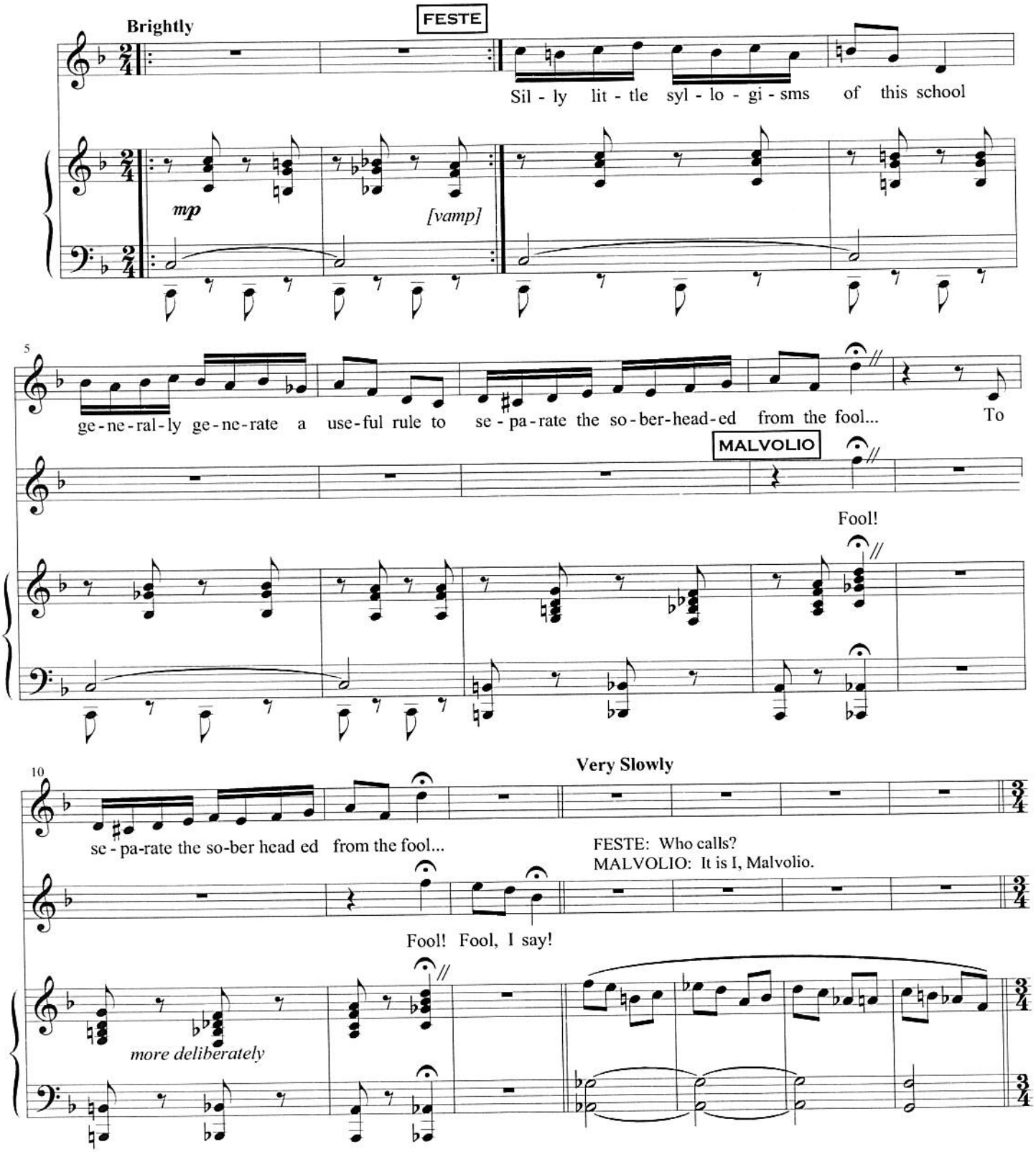

190
OLIVIA
(to Toby & Andrew)
f
p (to Sebastian)
Hold! What have you done to poor Se - bas - tian? Are you all
194
f (to Toby & Andrew)
p (to Sebastian)
right my dar - ling? Go! Out of my sight, bar - ba - ric wret - ches! You must - n't
198
fight, my dar - ling. I will al - ways be there to pro - tect you from now on.
(Exit ANDREW and TOBY.)
SEBASTIAN: You called me Sebastian.
OLIVIA: I know it's wrong of me to be so familiar,
but in the short time we've spent together,
you've become very dear to me.
203
f (to Toby & Andrew)
OLIVIA
Get you gone!
Come with me, Se-
subito p
[vamp]
mp


209
bas-tian. I'll bind your wounds. We can pre - tend that I can mend them with a
214
kiss. And I will try my best to com - fort you, like this,
SEBASTIAN
219
if you will come with me. Sweet la - dy, I will.
225

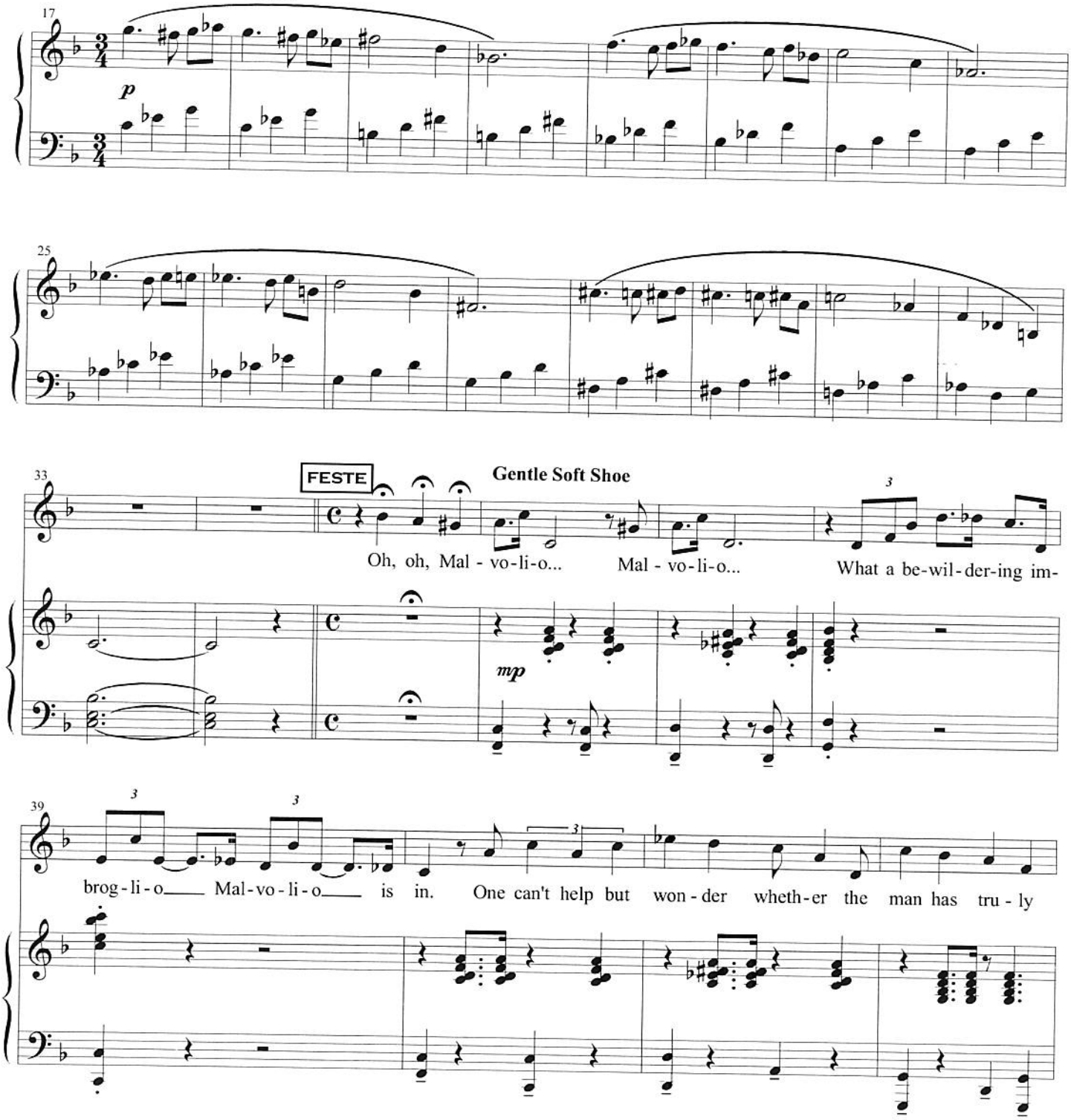
Segue

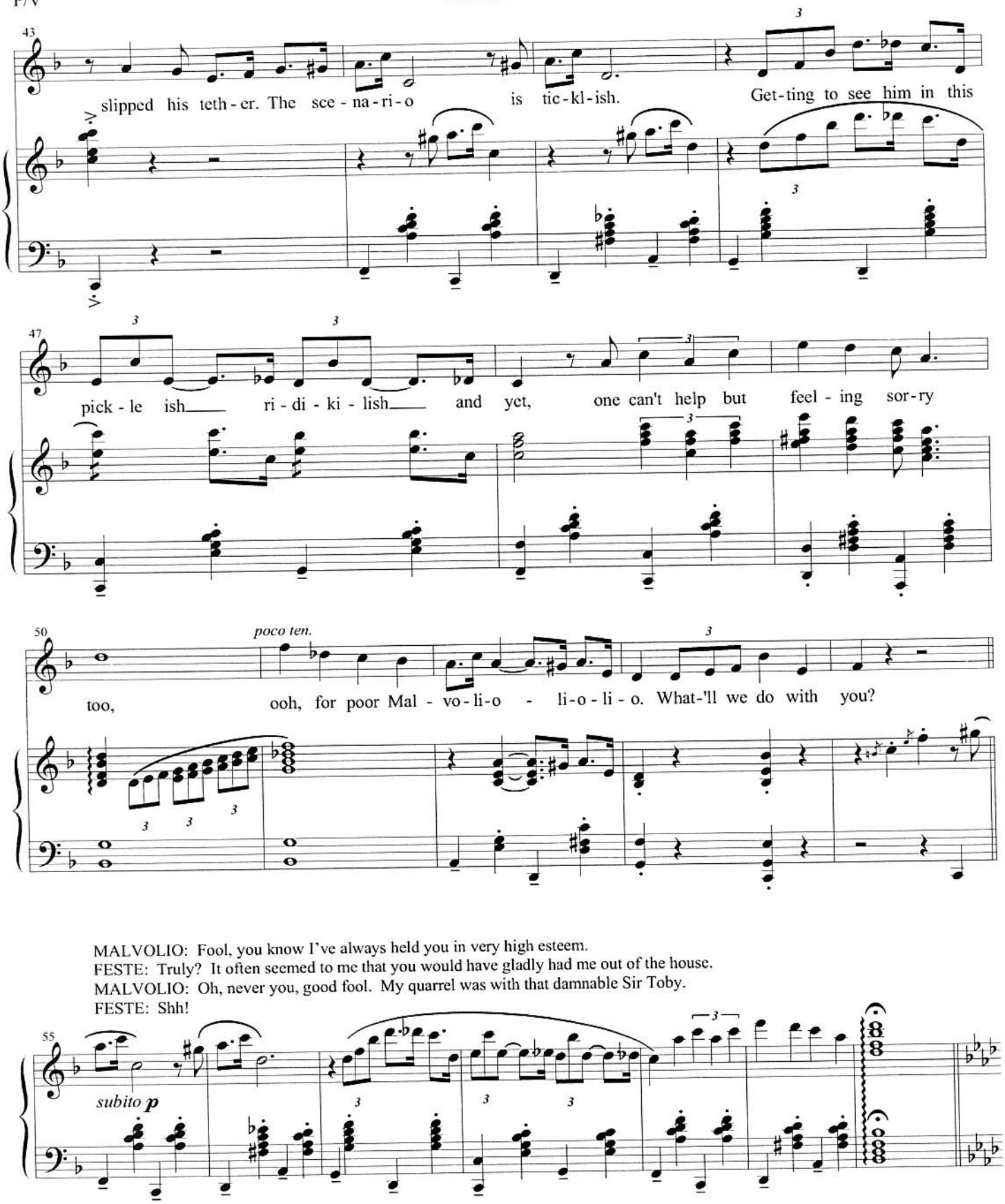
The Lunatic

(Feste, Malvolio)



FESTE: Master Malvolio? What are you doing in there?
MALVOLIO: Sir Toby and his pack of hooligans have imprisoned me in this dark cell like some sort of lunatic.
FESTE: Poor Master Malvolio! How did you happen to lose your mind?
MALVOLIO: I am as well in my wits as you, fool.
FESTE: Only that well? I am sorry to hear it, sir.
MALVOLIO: I am no madman. Never has a man been more wronged than I.
Once I am free of this cell, I will make sure that my tormentors are punished—and my friends rewarded.
FESTE: It's an admirable plan, sir. And if I understand you correctly, it all depends on me.
MALVOLIO: That's right.





MALVOLIO: Fool, you know I've always held you in very high esteem.
FESTE: Truly? It often seemed to me that you would have gladly had me out of the house.
MALVOLIO: Oh, never you, good fool. My quarrel was with that damnable Sir Toby.
FESTE: Shh!

FESTE: Careful what you say. The Holy Father is coming!

Rather Fast—in 2

62

PRIEST

Mal - vo - li - o, Do - mi - nus dix - it,

sfz

MALVOLIO: Father, I'm so glad you're here.
I must be allowed to see my lady.

PRIEST: Silence!

68

Ky - ri - e, Ky - ri - e, Al - ma Ma - ter.

74

PRIEST

Mal - vo - li - o, we have been told your ma - ni - fold sins re - gard - ing the la - dy. Mal - vo - li - o,

sfz

sfz

79

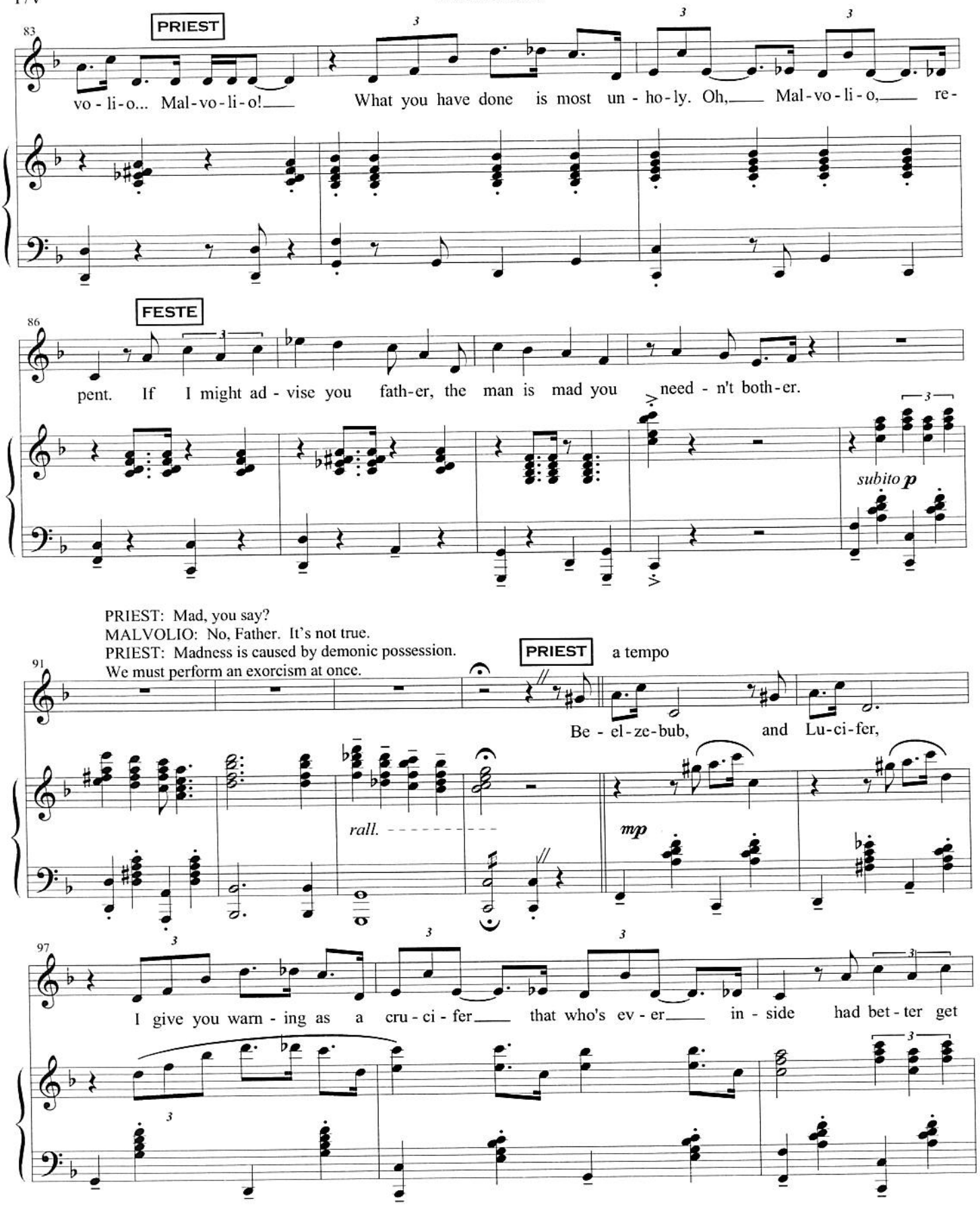
FESTE

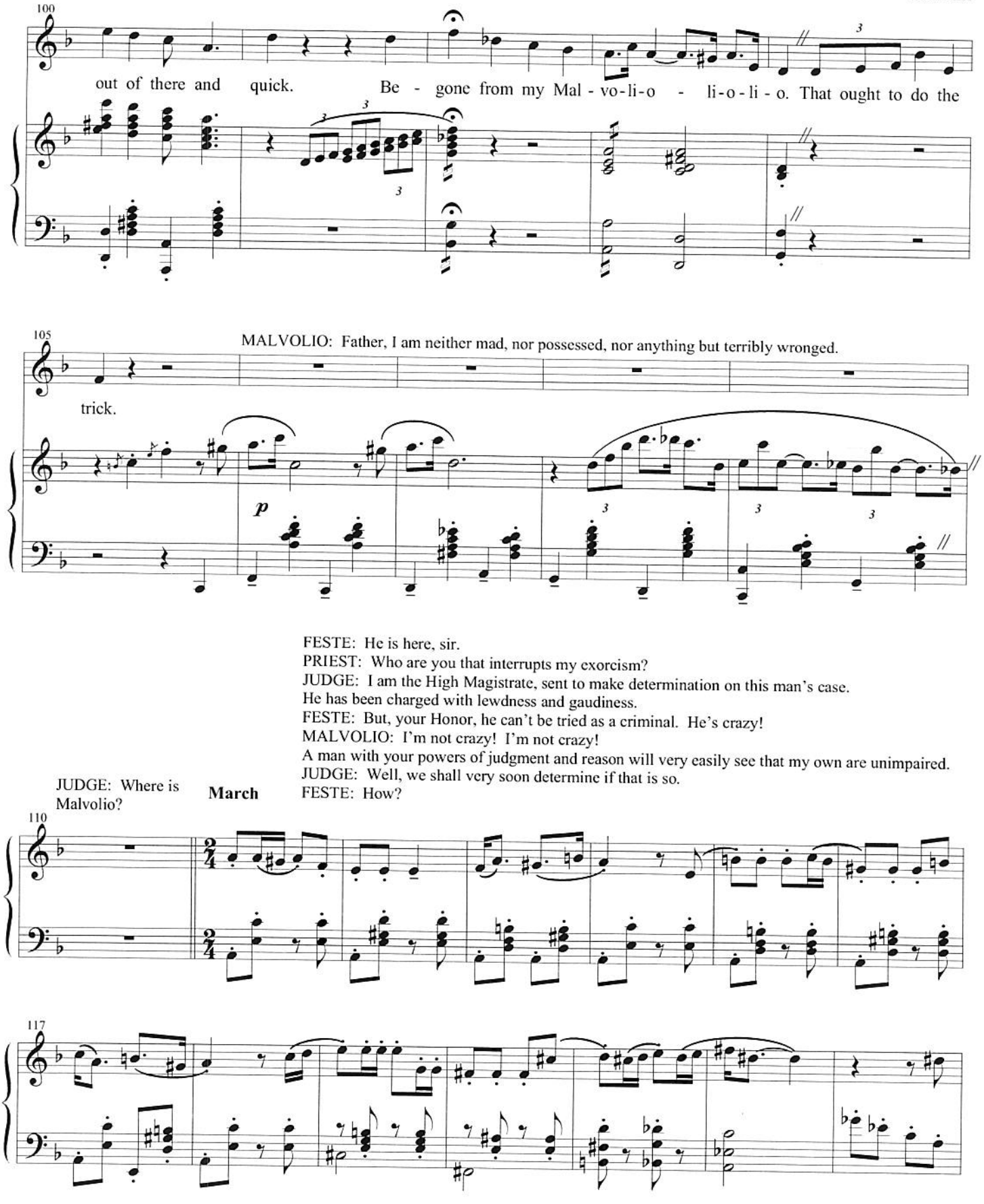
PRIEST

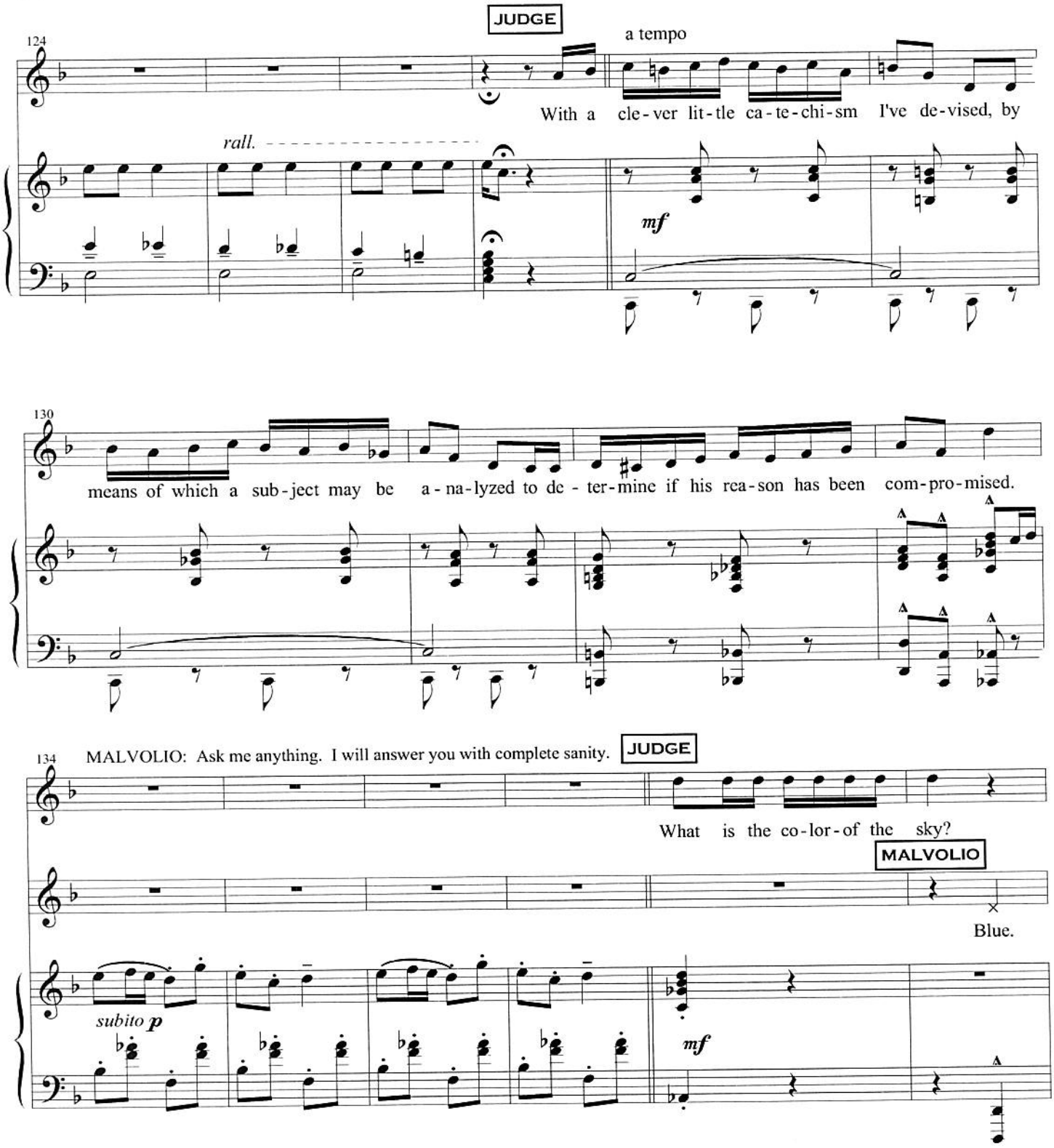
FESTE

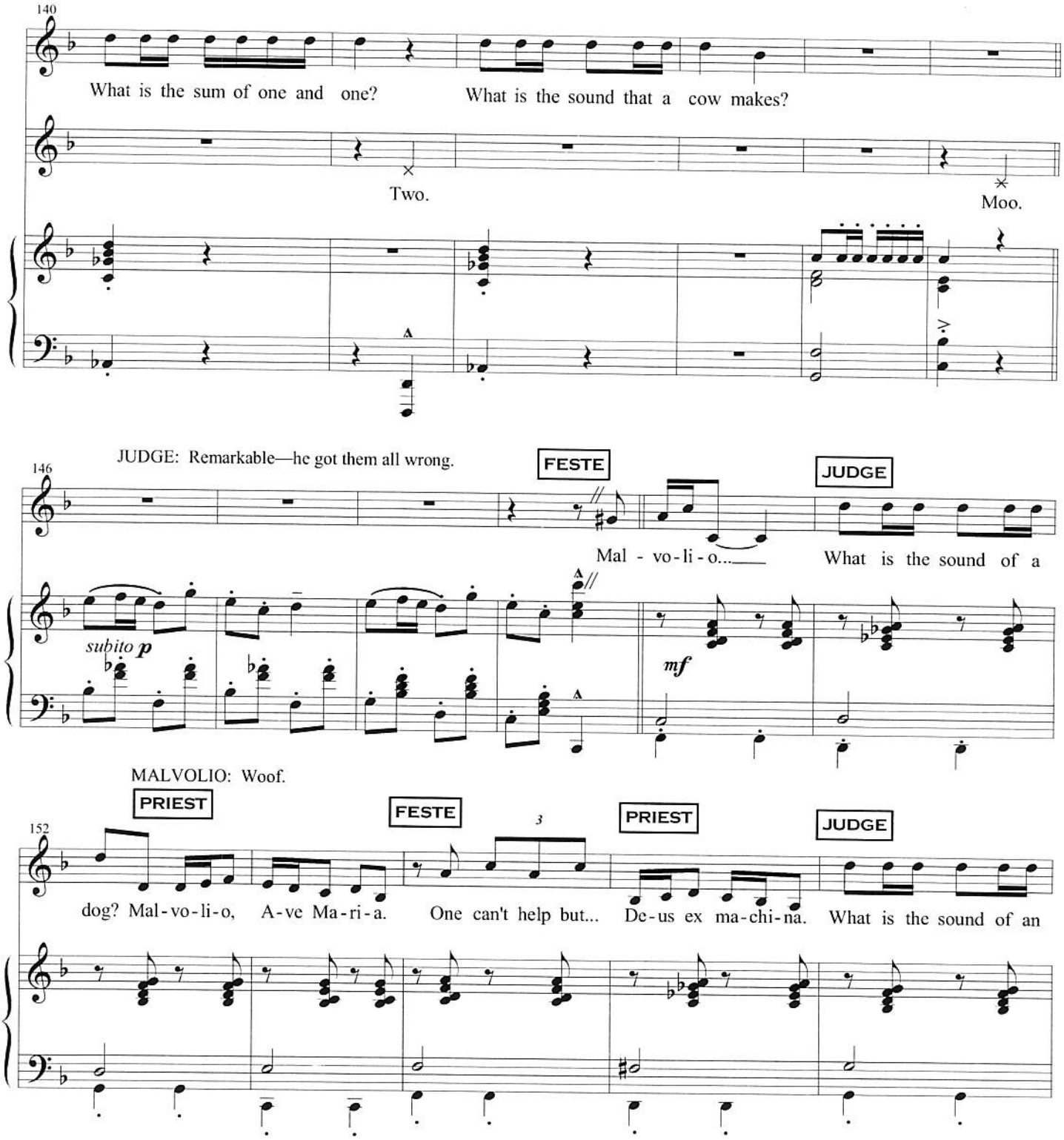
you must purge this wic - ked - ness from your soul. Mal - vo - li - o... Mal - vo - li - o! Mal -

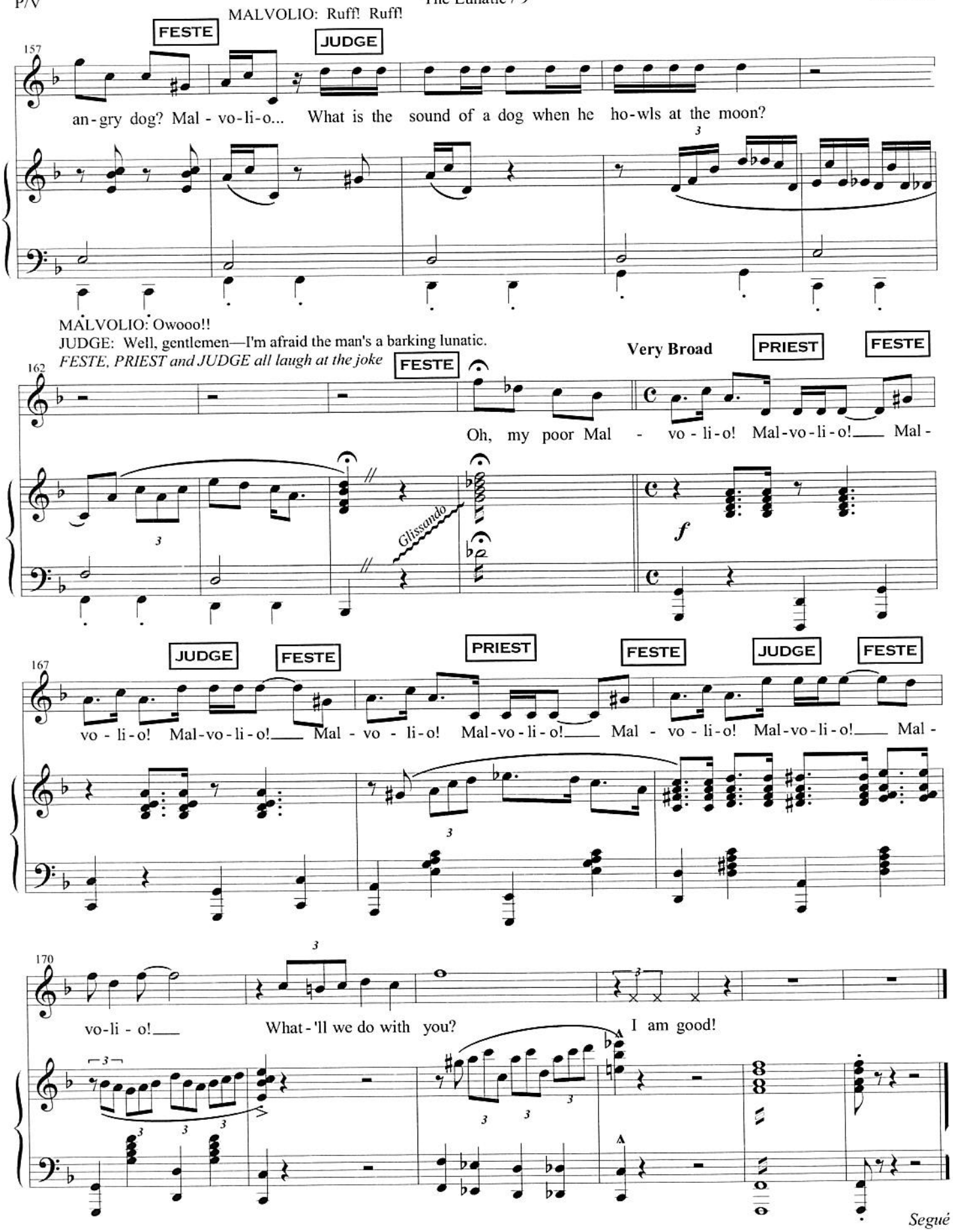
mp


PRIEST
vo - li - o... Mal - vo - li - o! What you have done is most un - ho - ly. Oh, Mal - vo - li - o, re -
FESTE
pent. If I might ad - vise you fath - er, the man is mad you need - n't both - er.
subito p
PRIEST: Mad, you say?
MALVOLIO: No, Father. It's not true.
PRIEST: Madness is caused by demonic possession.
We must perform an exorcism at once.
PRIEST
a tempo
Be - el - ze - bub, and Lu - ci - fer,
rall.
mp
I give you warn - ing as a cru - ci - fer that who's ev - er in - side had bet - ter get


100
out of there and quick. Be - gone from my Mal - vo-li-o - li-o-li - o. That ought to do the
105
MALVOLIO: Father, I am neither mad, nor possessed, nor anything but terribly wronged.
trick.
p
FESTE: He is here, sir.
PRIEST: Who are you that interrupts my exorcism?
JUDGE: I am the High Magistrate, sent to make determination on this man's case.
He has been charged with lewdness and gaudiness.
FESTE: But, your Honor, he can't be tried as a criminal. He's crazy!
MALVOLIO: I'm not crazy! I'm not crazy!
A man with your powers of judgment and reason will very easily see that my own are unimpaired.
JUDGE: Well, we shall very soon determine if that is so.
FESTE: How?
JUDGE: Where is Malvolio?
March
110
117


JUDGE
a tempo
124
With a cle-ver lit-tle ca-te-chi-sm I've de-vised, by
rall.
mf
130
means of which a sub-ject may be a-na-lyzed to de-ter-mine if his rea-son has been com-pro-mised.
134
MALVOLIO: Ask me anything. I will answer you with complete sanity.
JUDGE
What is the co-lor-of the sky?
MALVOLIO
Blue.
subito p
mf

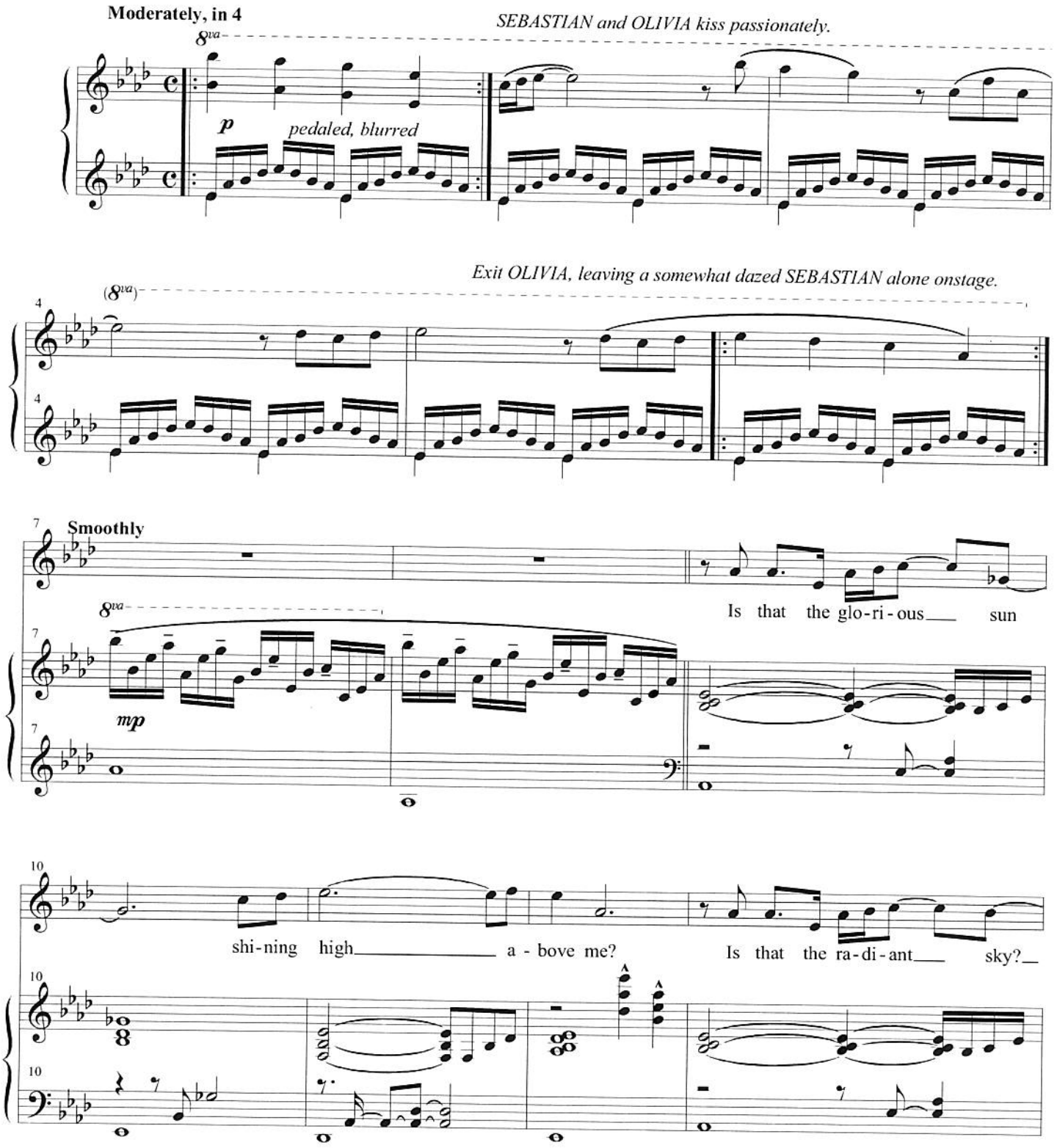

140
What is the sum of one and one?
What is the sound that a cow makes?
Two.
Moo.
146
JUDGE: Remarkable—he got them all wrong.
FESTE
JUDGE
Mal - vo-li-o...
What is the sound of a
subito p
mf
MALVOLIO: Woof.
PRIEST
FESTE
PRIEST
JUDGE
152
dog? Mal-vo-li-o, A-ve Ma-ri-a.
One can't help but...
De-us ex ma-chi-na.
What is the sound of an

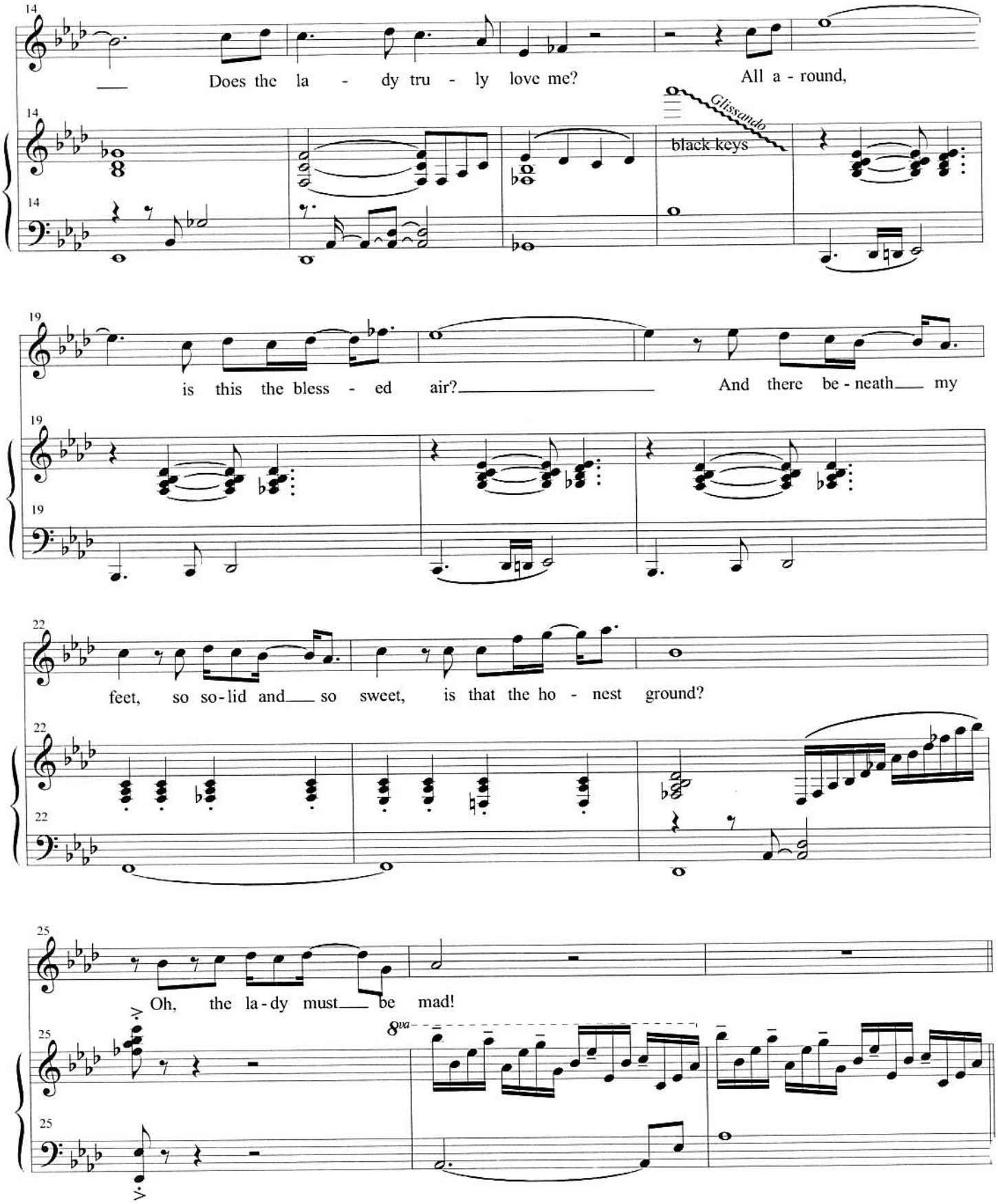

MALVOLIO: Ruff! Ruff!
FESTE
JUDGE
157
an-gry dog? Mal - vo-li-o... What is the sound of a dog when he ho-wls at the moon?
MALVOLIO: Owooo!!
JUDGE: Well, gentlemen—I'm afraid the man's a barking lunatic.
FESTE, PRIEST and JUDGE all laugh at the joke
Very Broad
PRIEST
FESTE
162
Oh, my poor Mal - vo - li-o! Mal-vo-li-o! Mal-
Glissando
f
JUDGE
FESTE
PRIEST
FESTE
JUDGE
FESTE
167
vo - li-o! Mal-vo-li-o! Mal - vo - li-o! Mal-vo-li-o! Mal - vo - li-o! Mal-vo-li-o! Mal-
170
vo-li - o! What-'ll we do with you? I am good!
Segué

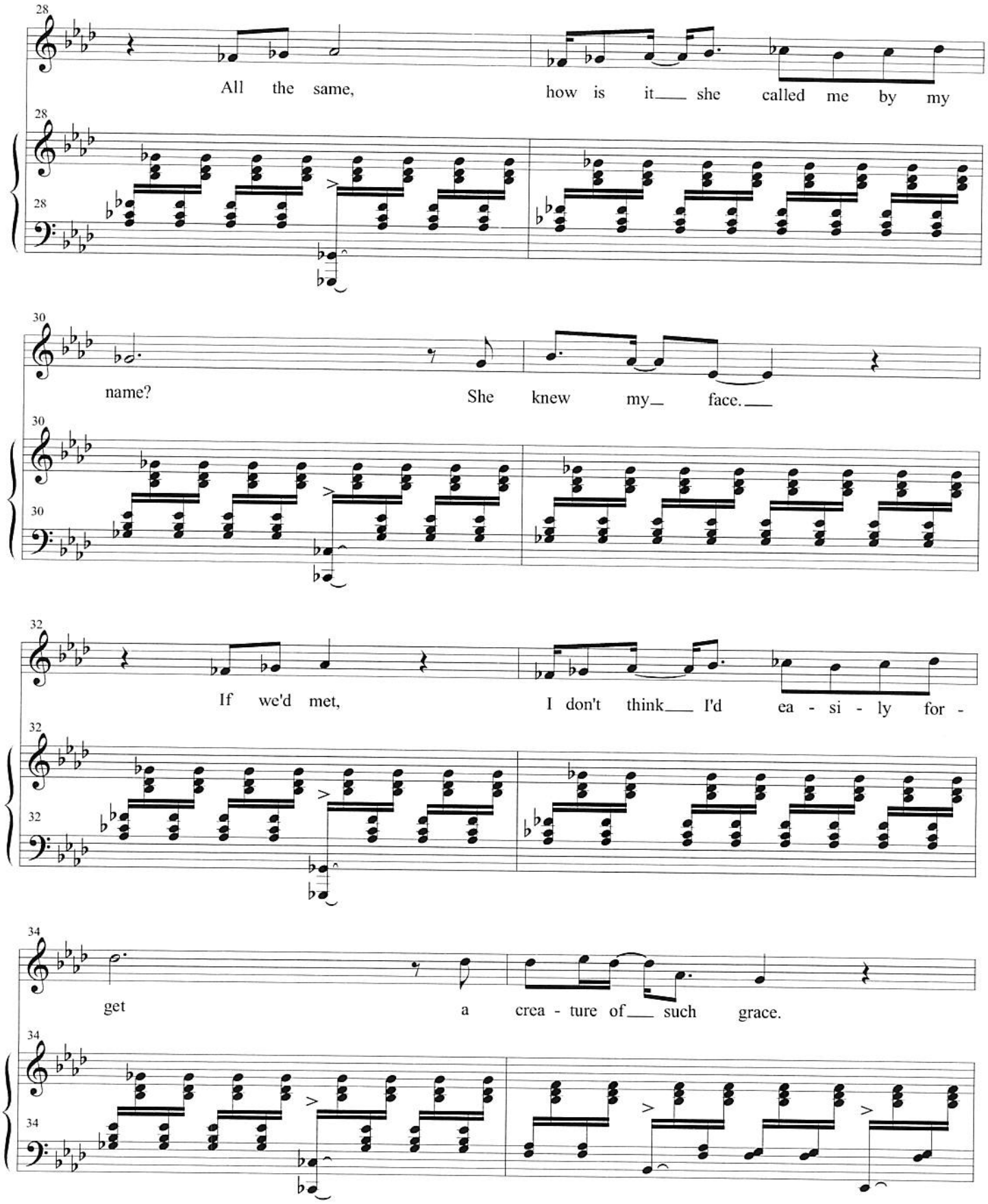
The Lady Must Be Mad

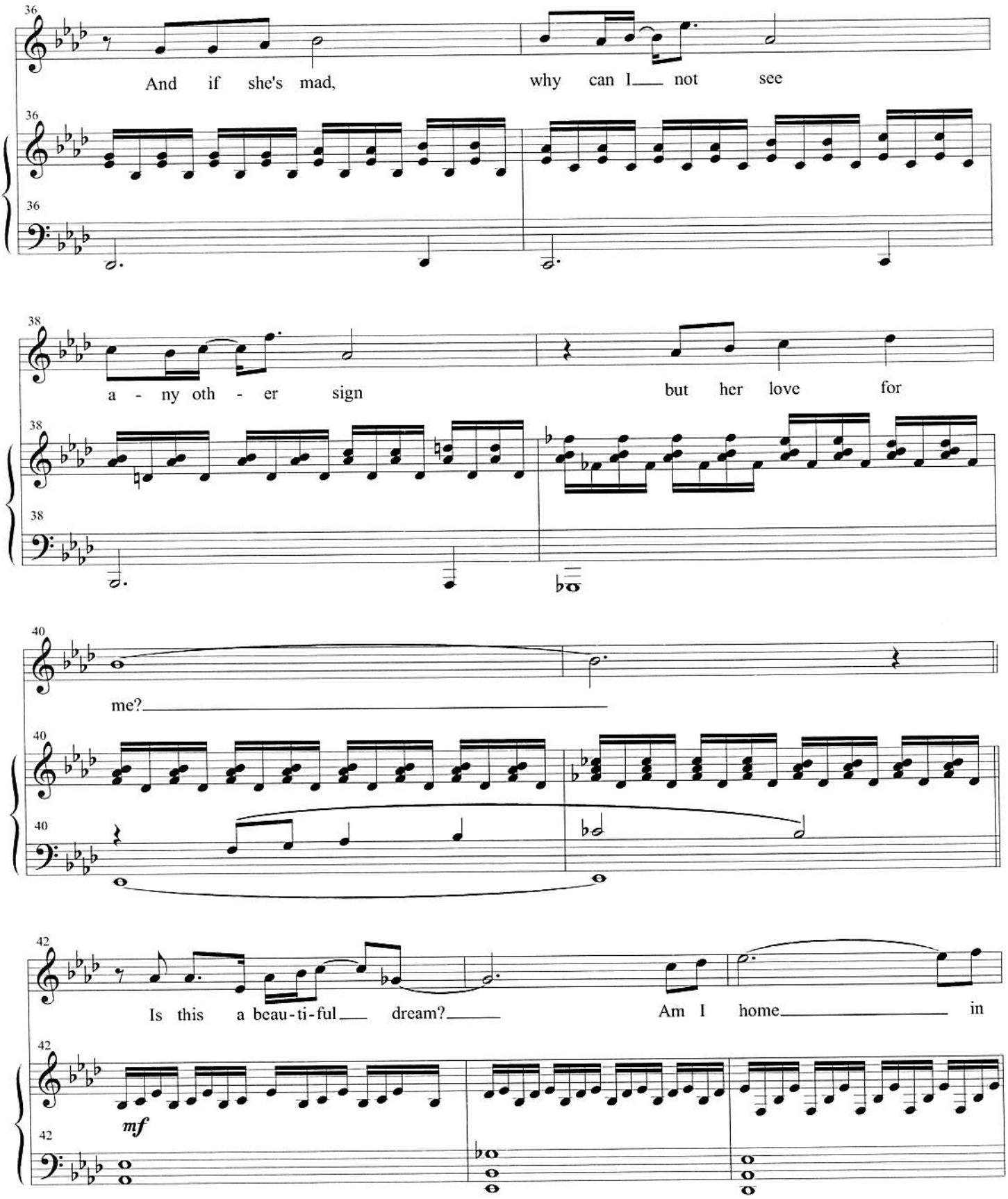
(Sebastian)

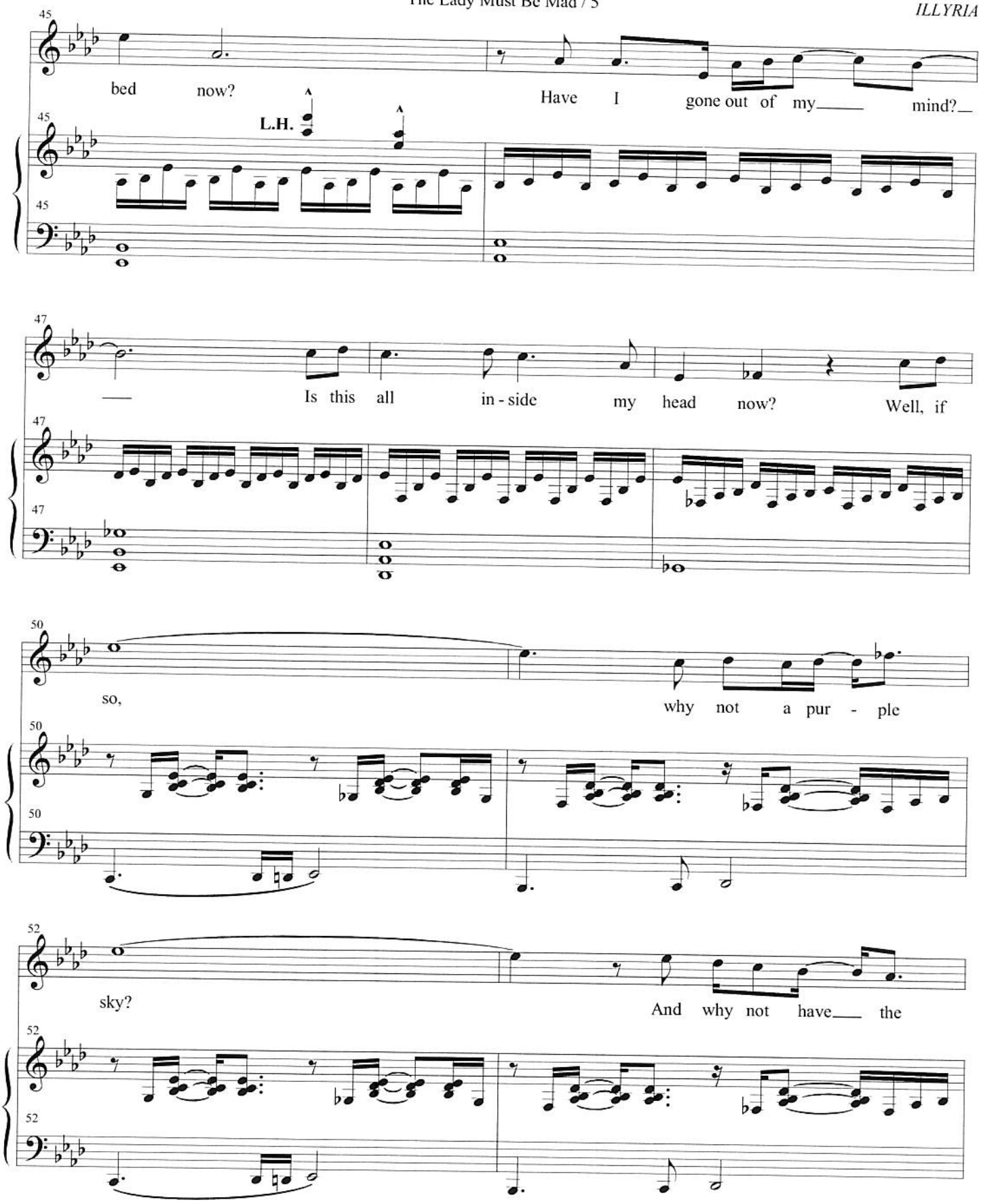
Applause segué

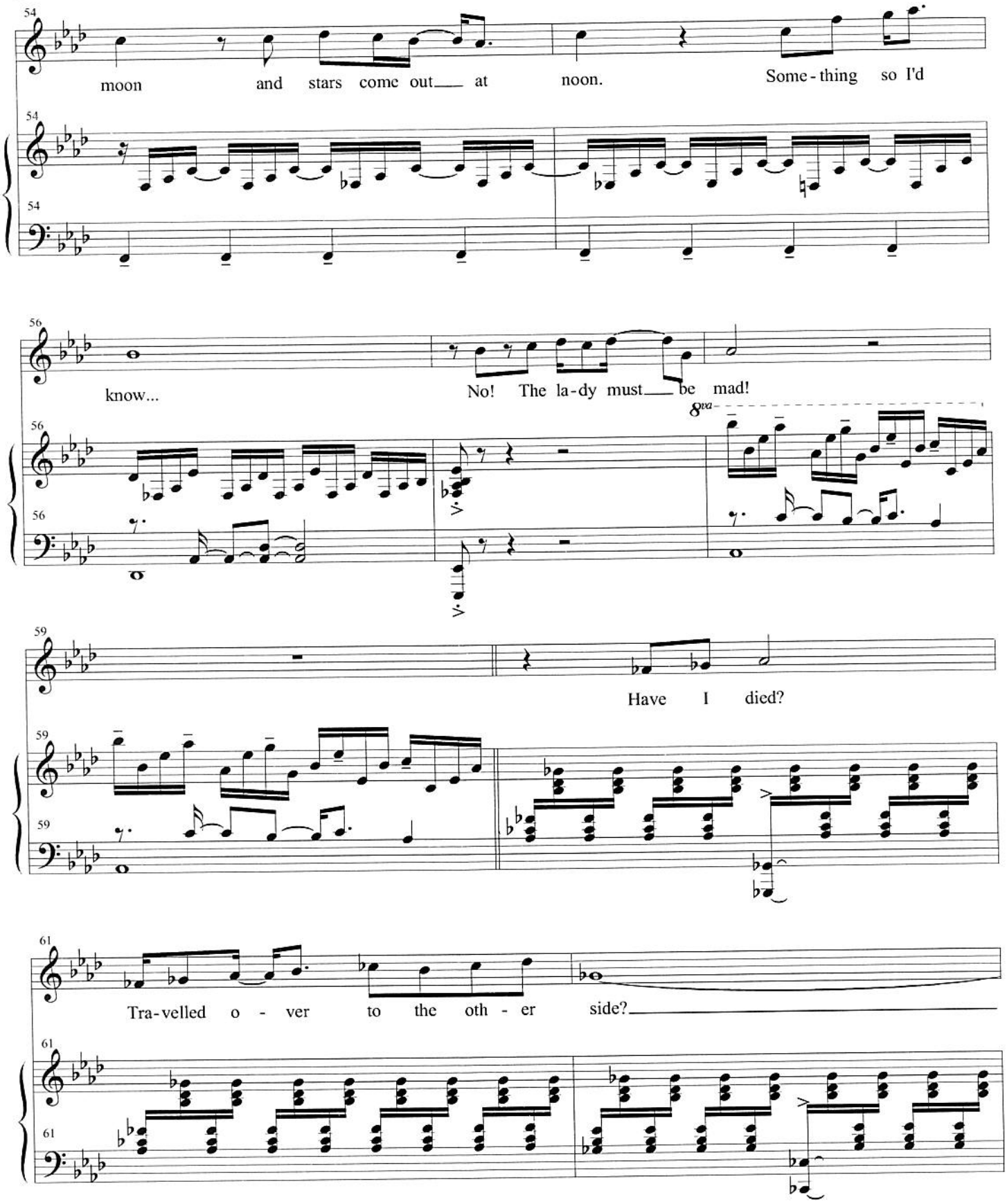


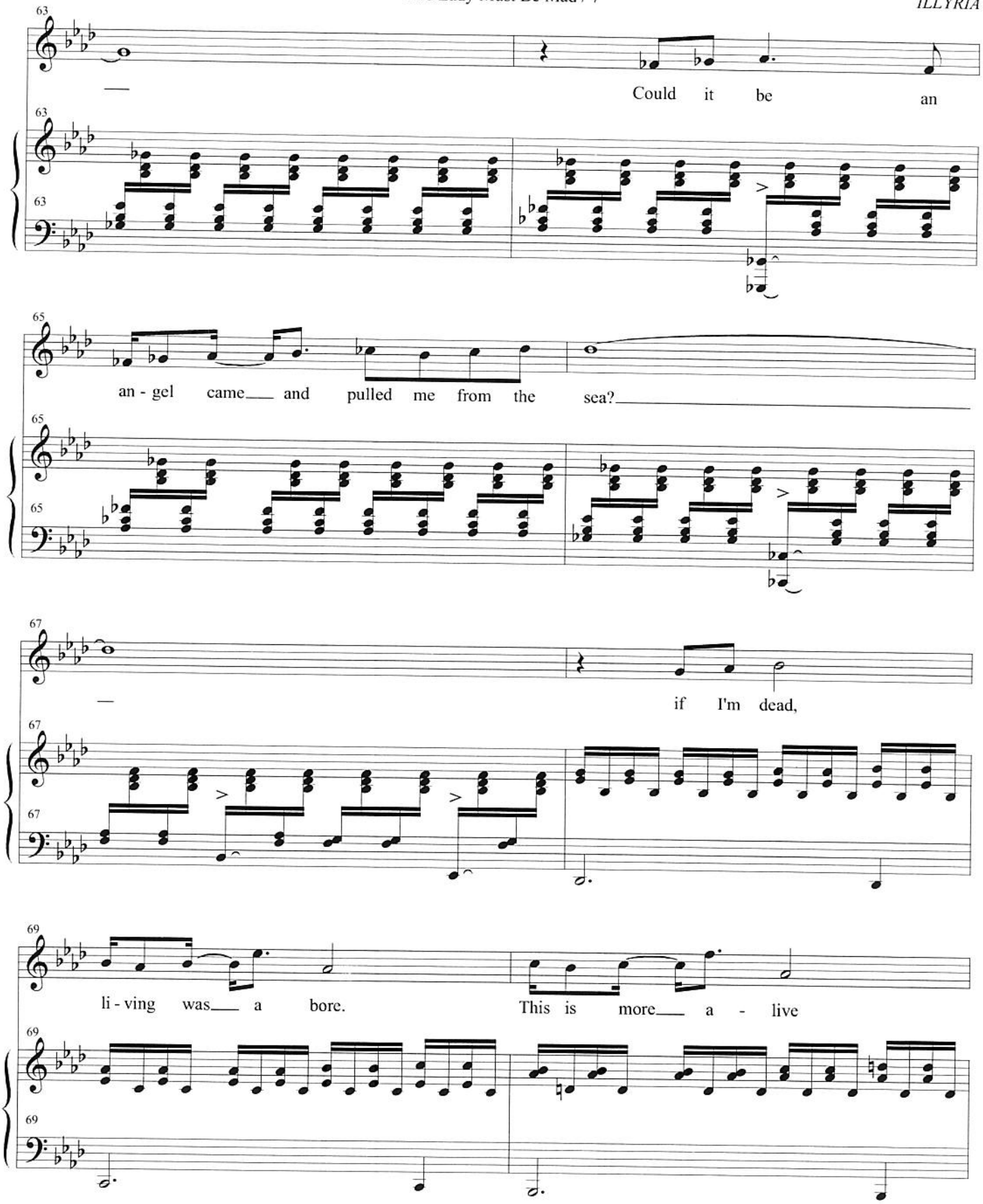

14
Does the la - dy tru - ly love me?
All a - round,
Glissando
black keys
19
is this the bless - ed air?
And there be - neath my
22
feet, so so - lid and so sweet, is that the ho - nest ground?
25
Oh, the la - dy must be mad!
8va

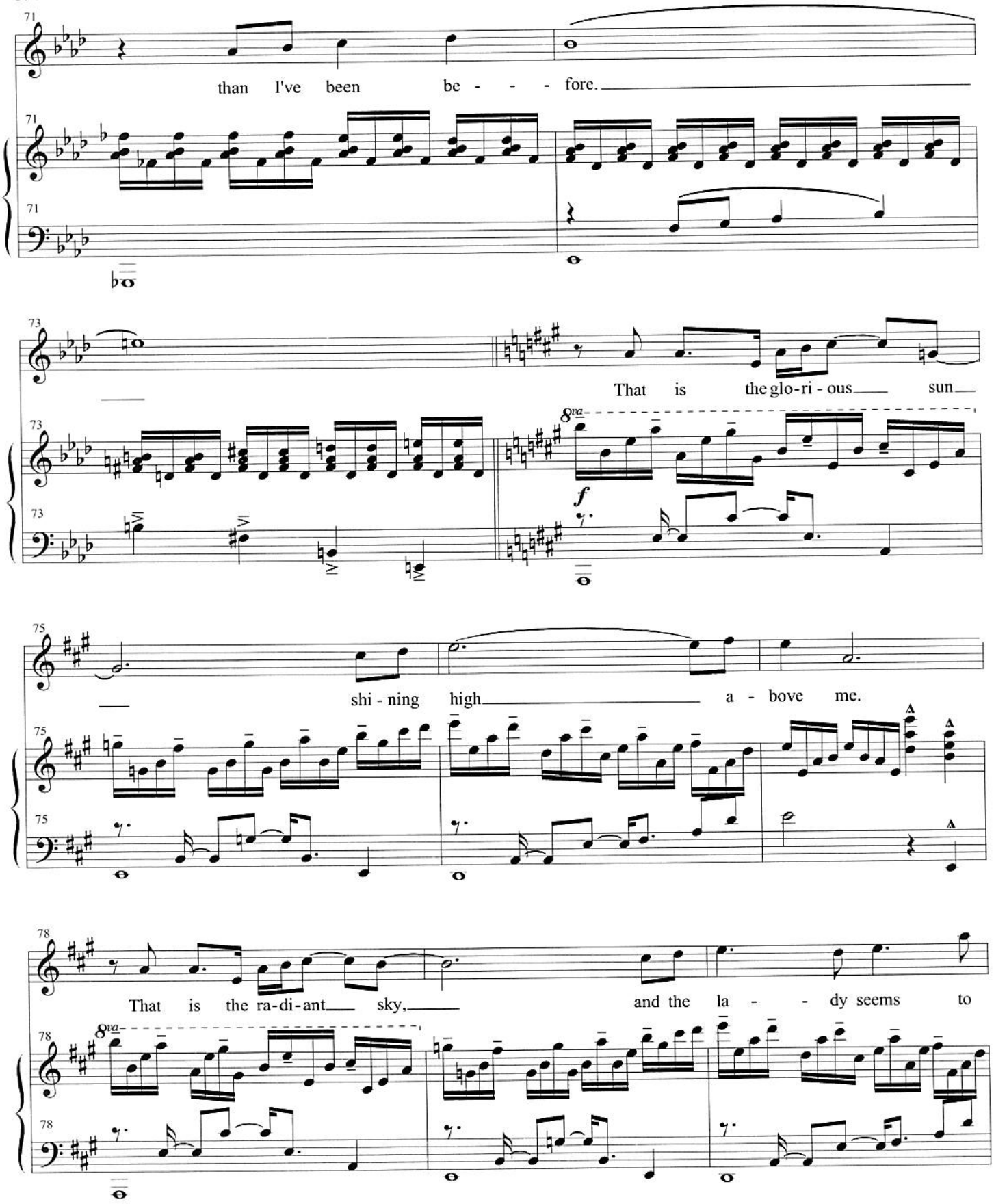

28
All the same, how is it she called me by my
30
name? She knew my face.
32
If we'd met, I don't think I'd ea - si - ly for -
34
get a crea - ture of such grace.

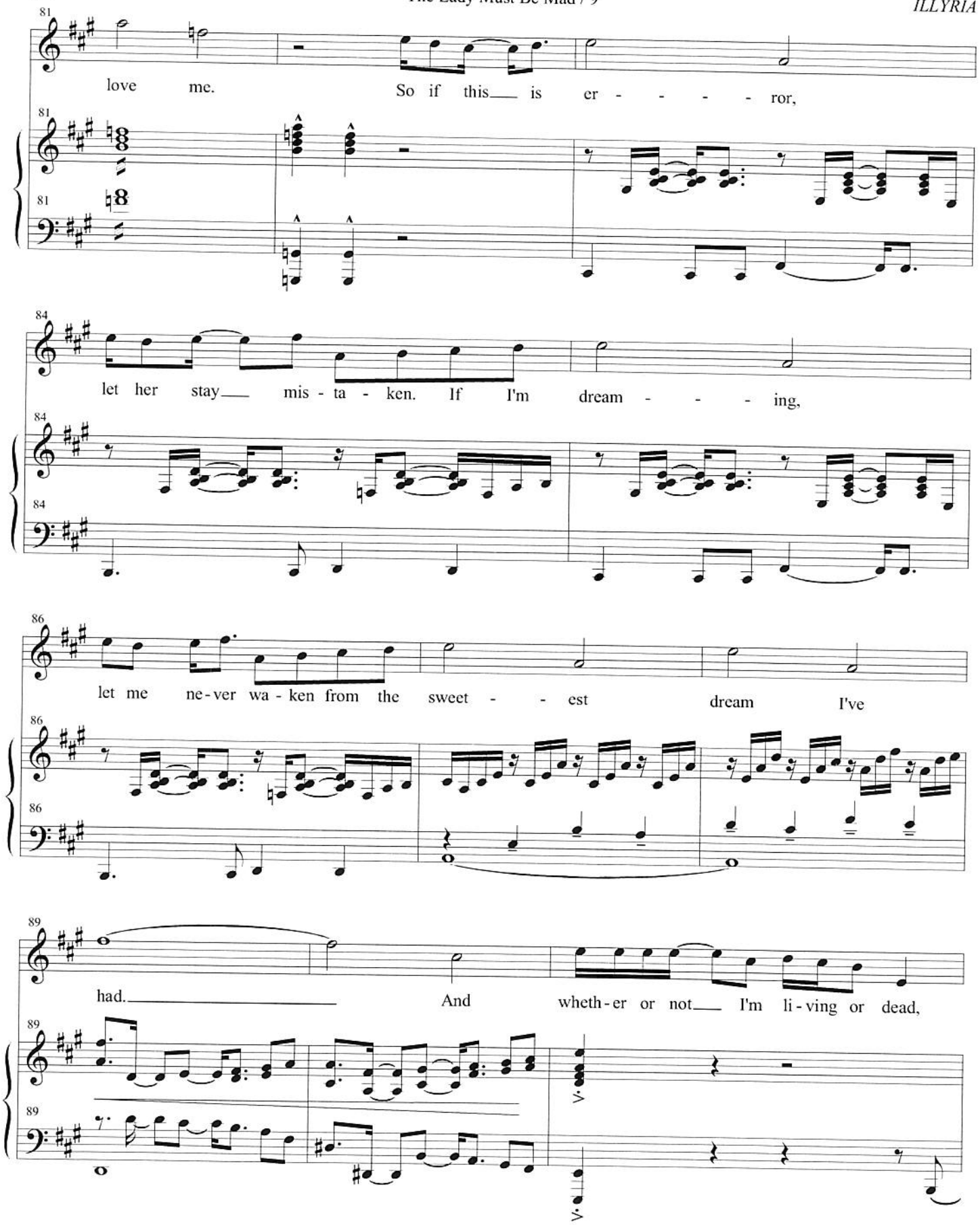

36
And if she's mad, why can I not see
38
a - ny oth - er sign but her love for
40
me?
42
Is this a beau-ti-ful dream? Am I home in
mf

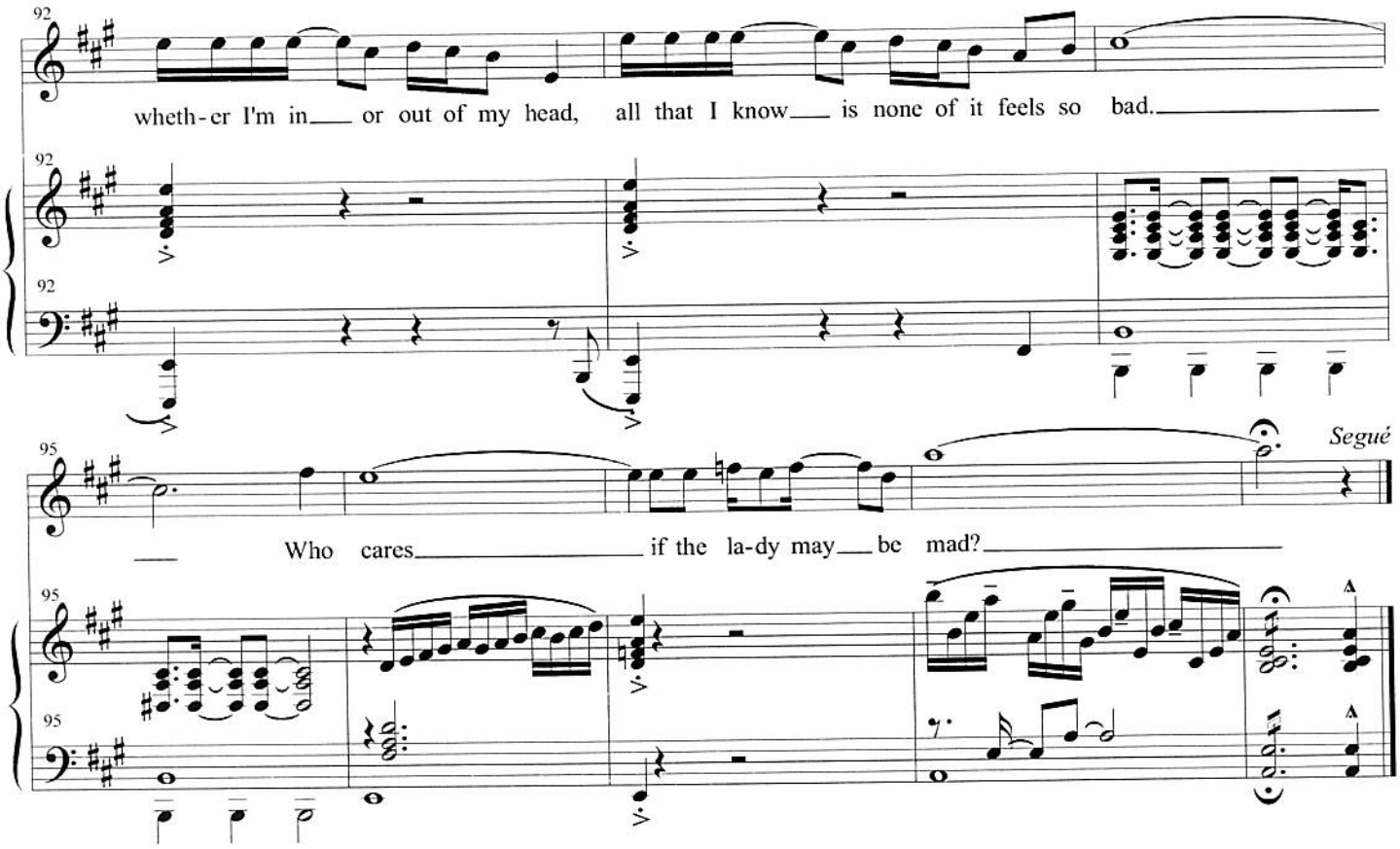

45
bed now?
L.H.
Have I gone out of my mind?
47
Is this all in - side my head now?
Well, if
50
so,
why not a pur - ple
52
sky?
And why not have the


54
moon and stars come out at noon. Some-thing so I'd
56
know... No! The la-dy must be mad!
8va
59
Have I died?
61
Tra-velled o-ver to the oth-er side?


63
Could it be an
65
an - gel came and pulled me from the sea?
67
if I'm dead,
69
li - ving was a bore.
This is more a - live


than I've been be - - - fore.
That is the glo-ri - ous sun
shi - ning high a - bove me.
That is the ra-di-ant sky, and the la - - dy seems to

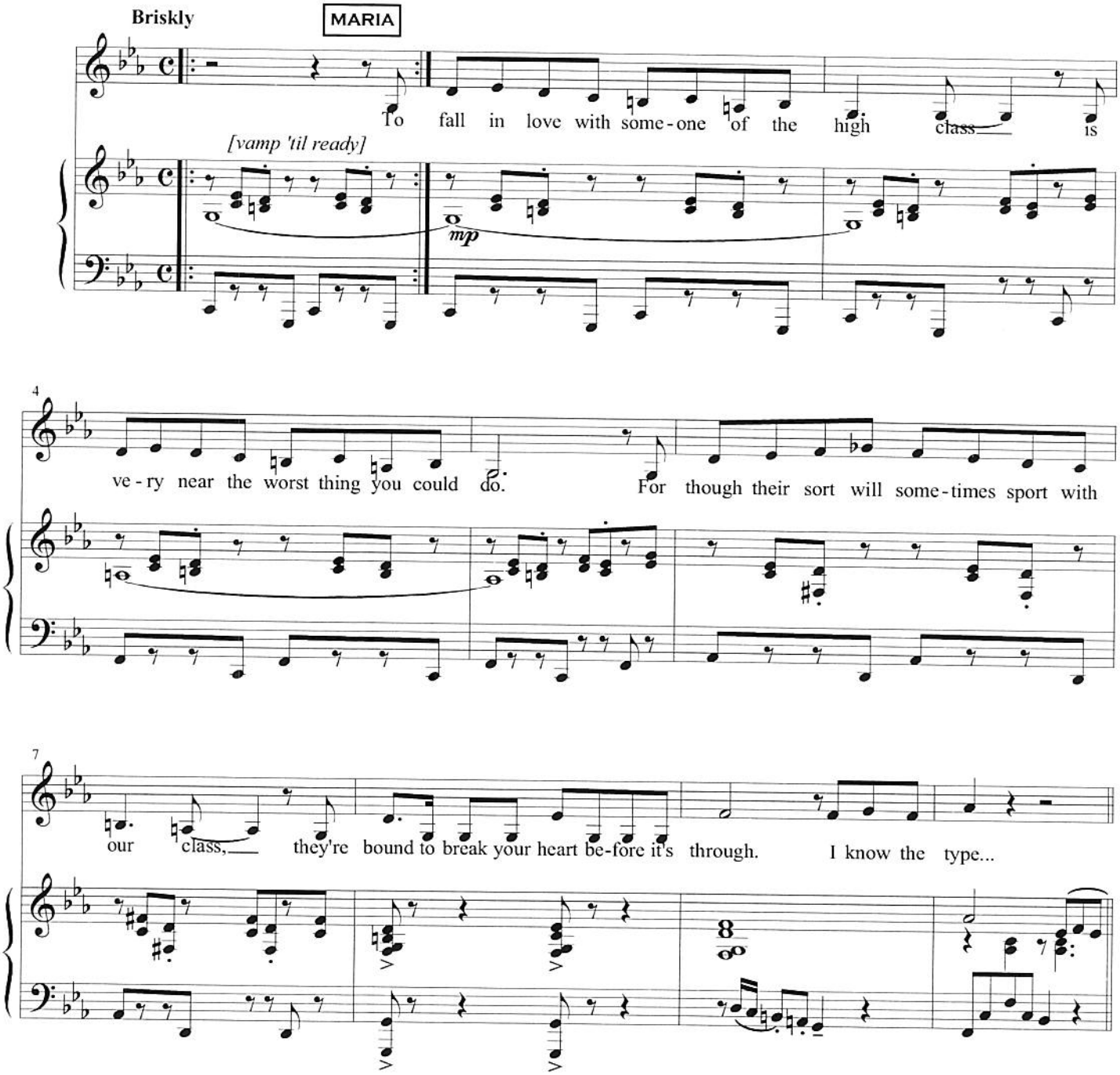

81
love me. So if this is er - - - - ror,
84
let her stay mis - ta - ken. If I'm dream - - - ing,
86
let me ne - ver wa - ken from the sweet - - est dream I've
89
had. And wheth - er or not I'm li - ving or dead,

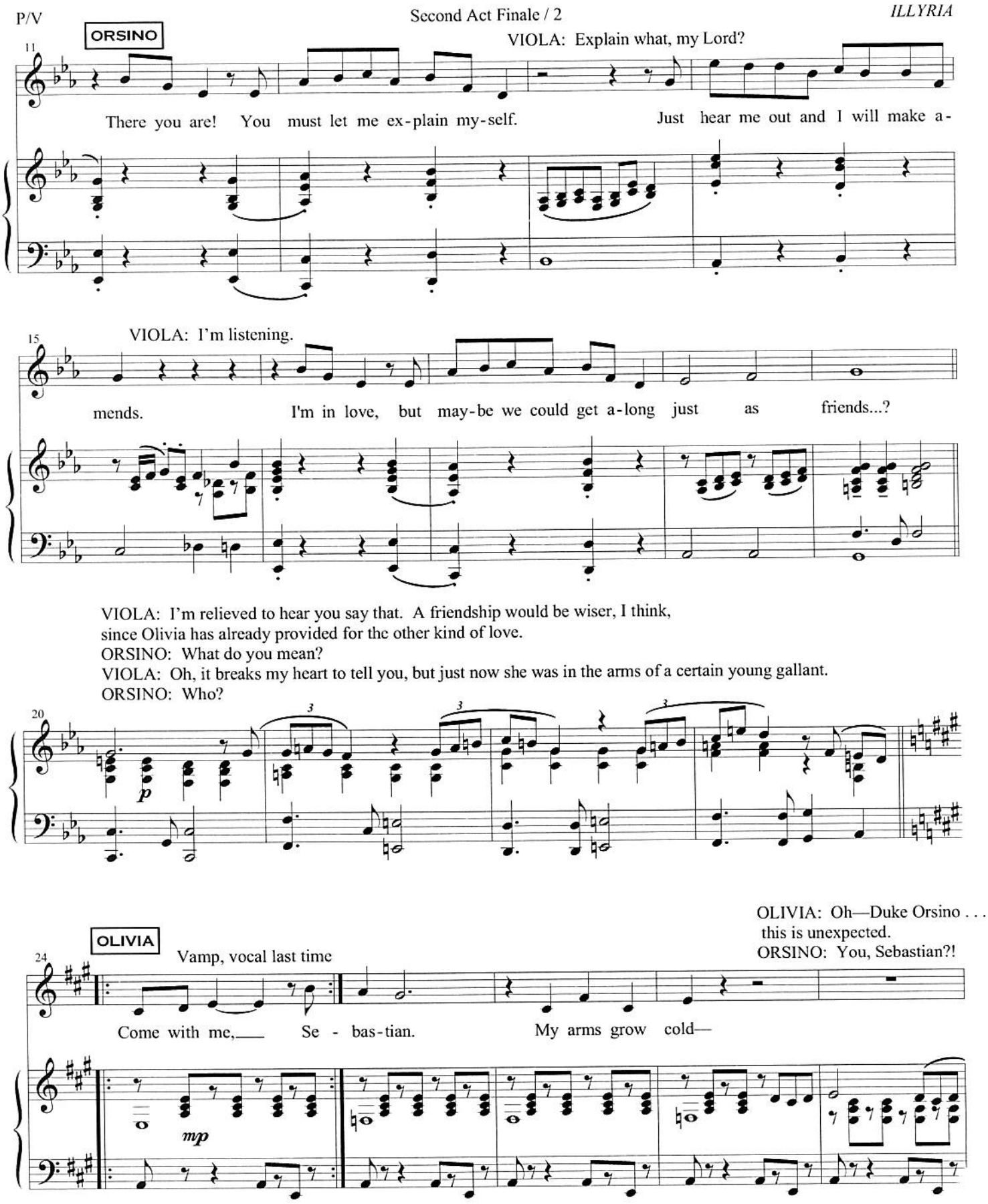

92
wheth-er I'm in or out of my head, all that I know is none of it feels so bad.
95
Who cares if the la-dy may be mad?
Segué

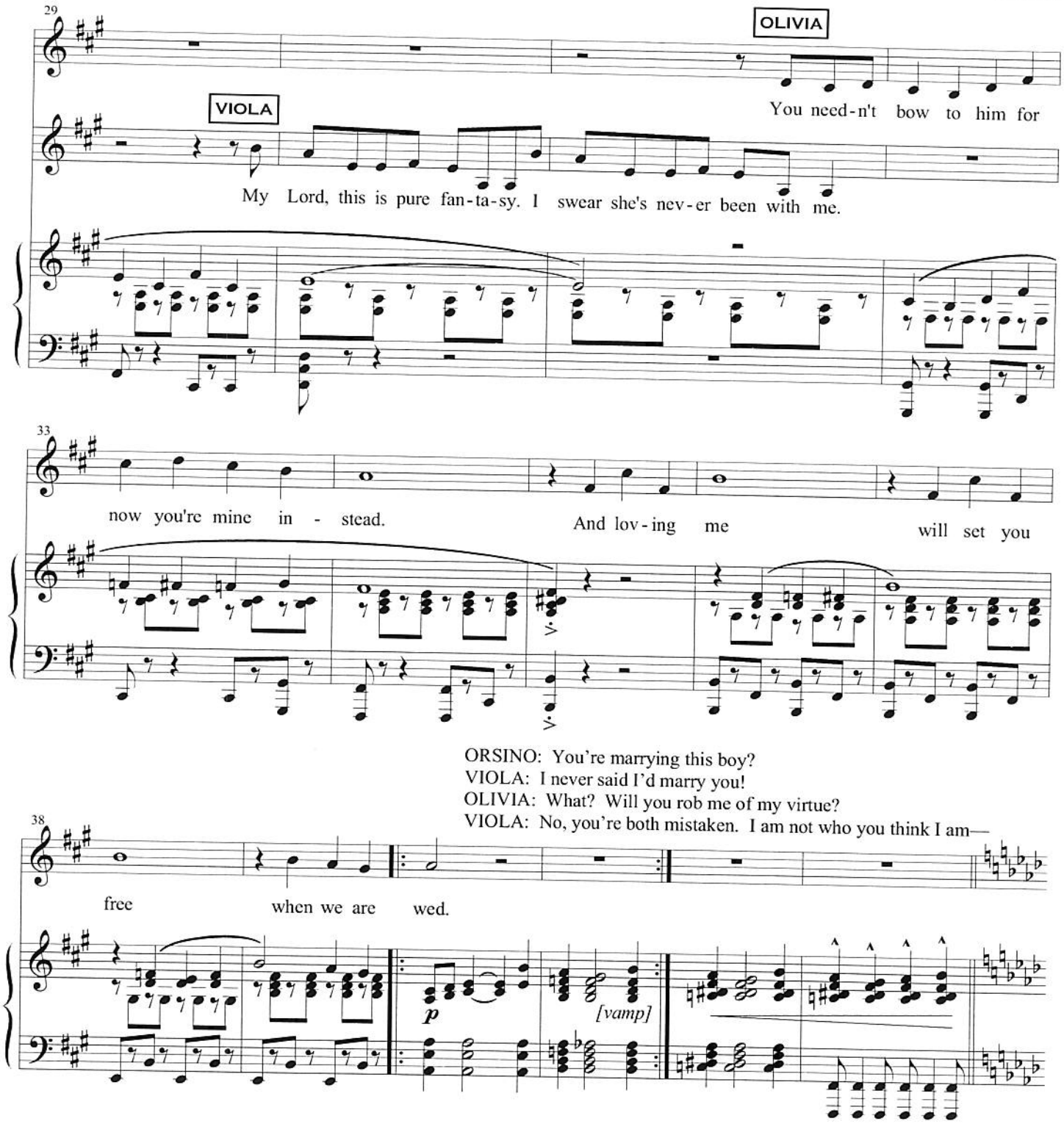
Second Act Finale

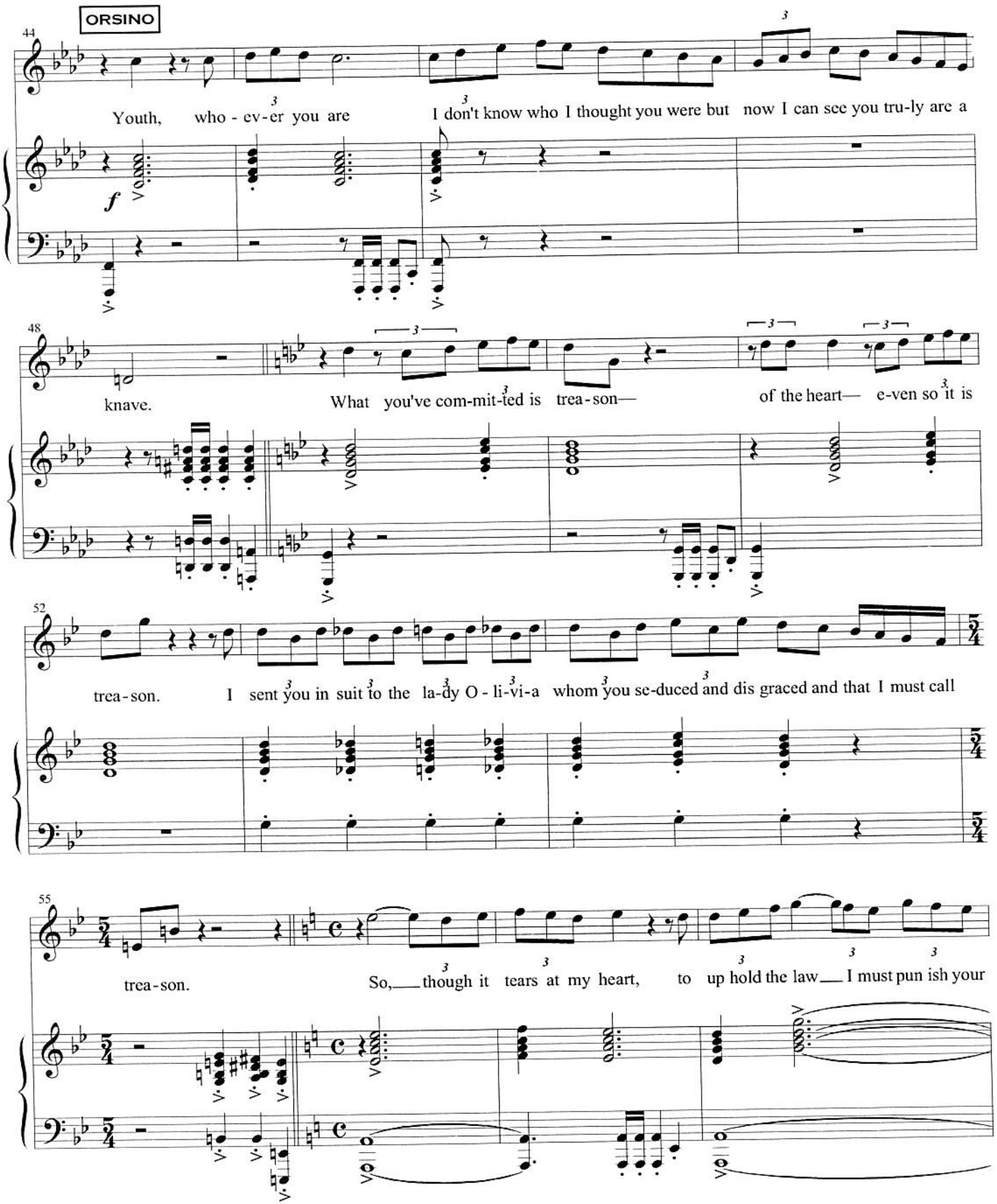
(Company)

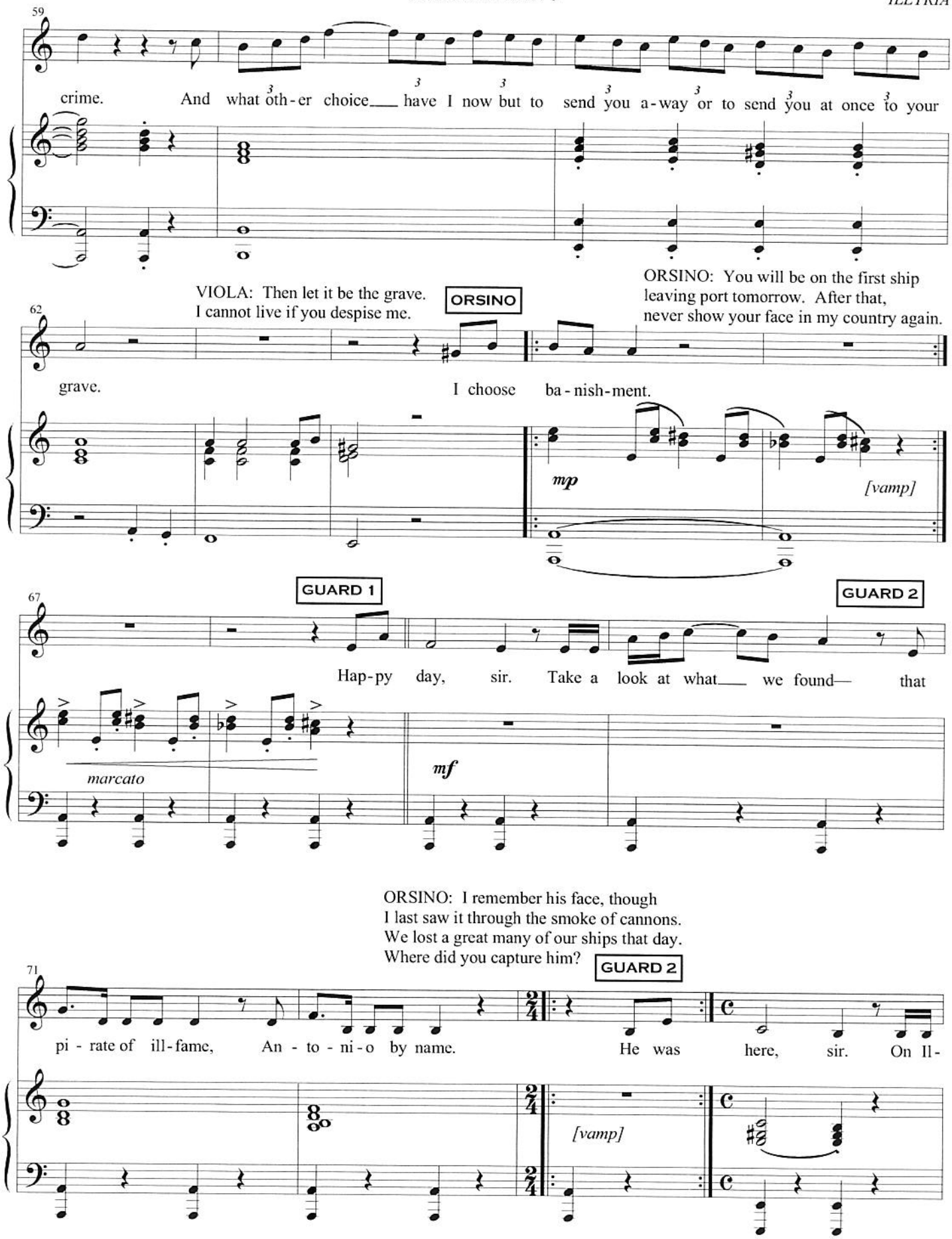
MARIA: I'm sorry. She has given strict orders that she not be disturbed.
VIOLA: Every other time I've come here she's begged me to stay,
yet now she refuses even to see me? It makes no sense. *[vamp begins]*
MARIA: I heard it whispered about the house that she is trysting with a young gentleman.
VIOLA: But just the other day she swore that she loved me!
MARIA: Oh, poor Sebastian . . .



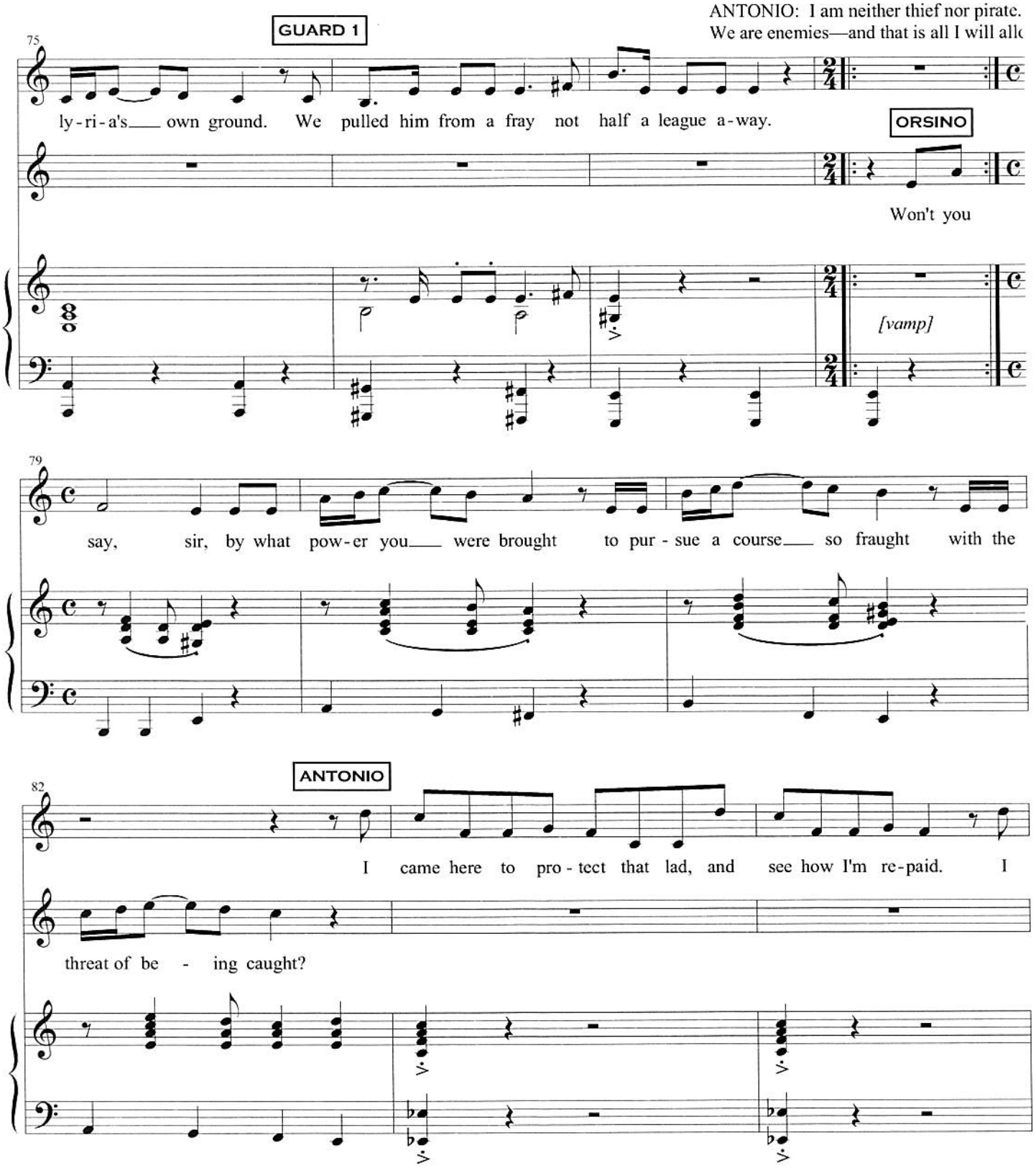

ORSINO
VIOLA: Explain what, my Lord?
There you are! You must let me ex-plain my-self. Just hear me out and I will make a-
VIOLA: I'm listening.
mends. I'm in love, but may-be we could get a-long just as friends...?
VIOLA: I'm relieved to hear you say that. A friendship would be wiser, I think,
since Olivia has already provided for the other kind of love.
ORSINO: What do you mean?
VIOLA: Oh, it breaks my heart to tell you, but just now she was in the arms of a certain young gallant.
ORSINO: Who?
OLIVIA
Vamp, vocal last time
OLIVIA: Oh—Duke Orsino . . .
this is unexpected.
ORSINO: You, Sebastian?!
Come with me,___ Se - bas-tian. My arms grow cold—

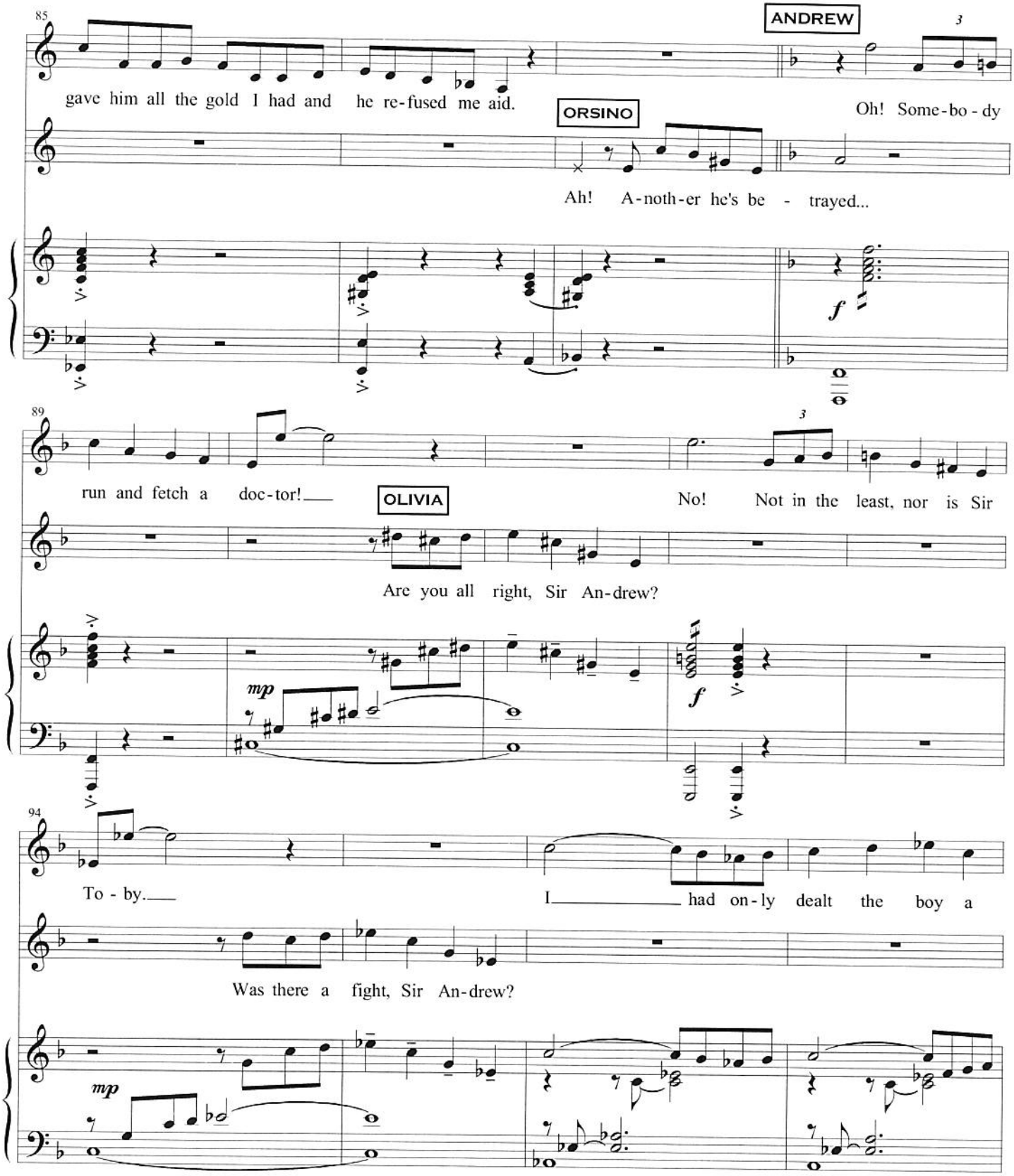

29
OLIVIA
You need-n't bow to him for
VIOLA
My Lord, this is pure fan-ta-sy. I swear she's nev-er been with me.
33
now you're mine in - stead.
And lov-ing me will set you
ORSINO: You're marrying this boy?
VIOLA: I never said I'd marry you!
OLIVIA: What? Will you rob me of my virtue?
VIOLA: No, you're both mistaken. I am not who you think I am—
38
free when we are wed.
p
[vamp]

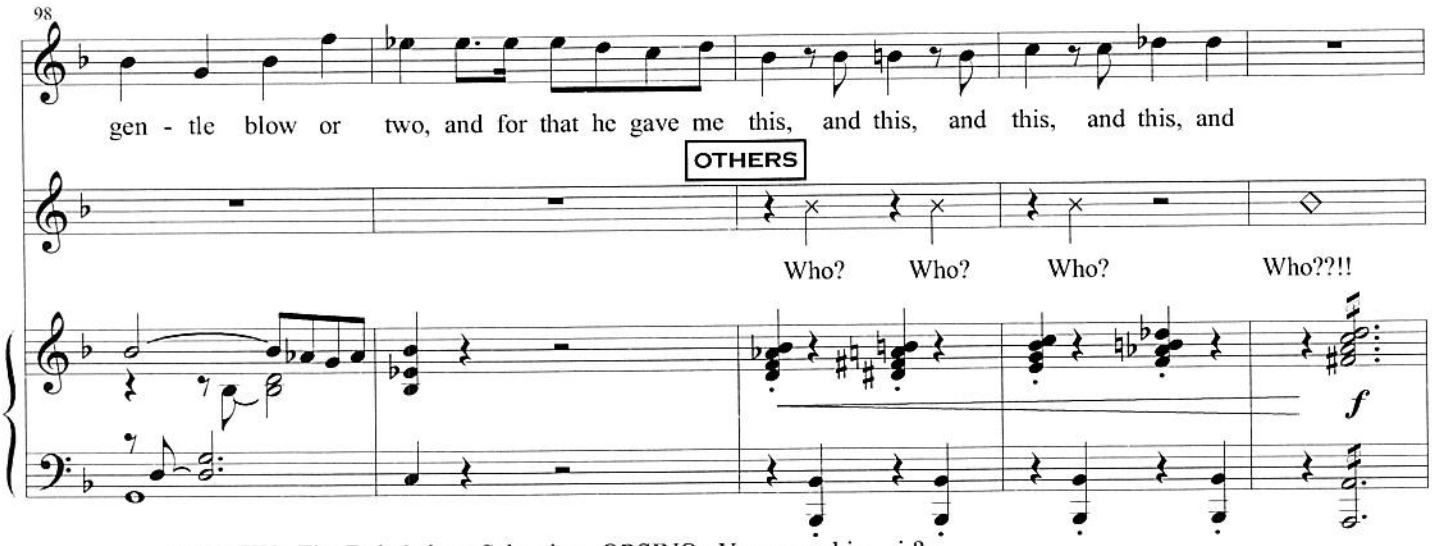

ORSINO
44
Youth, who - ev-er you are I don't know who I thought you were but now I can see you tru-ly are a
f
48
knave. What you've com-mit-ted is trea-son— of the heart— e-ven so it is
52
trea-son. I sent you in suit to the la-dy O - li-vi-a whom you se-duced and dis graced and that I must call
55
trea-son. So, though it tears at my heart, to up hold the law I must pun ish your


59
crime. And what oth-er choice have I now but to send you a-way or to send you at once to your
VIOLA: Then let it be the grave.
I cannot live if you despise me.
ORSINO
ORSINO: You will be on the first ship
leaving port tomorrow. After that,
never show your face in my country again.
62
grave.
I choose ba-nish-ment.
mp
[vamp]
GUARD 1
GUARD 2
67
Hap-py day, sir. Take a look at what we found— that
marcato
mf
ORSINO: I remember his face, though
I last saw it through the smoke of cannons.
We lost a great many of our ships that day.
Where did you capture him?
GUARD 2
71
pi - rate of ill-fame, An - to - ni - o by name.
He was here, sir. On Il-
[vamp]

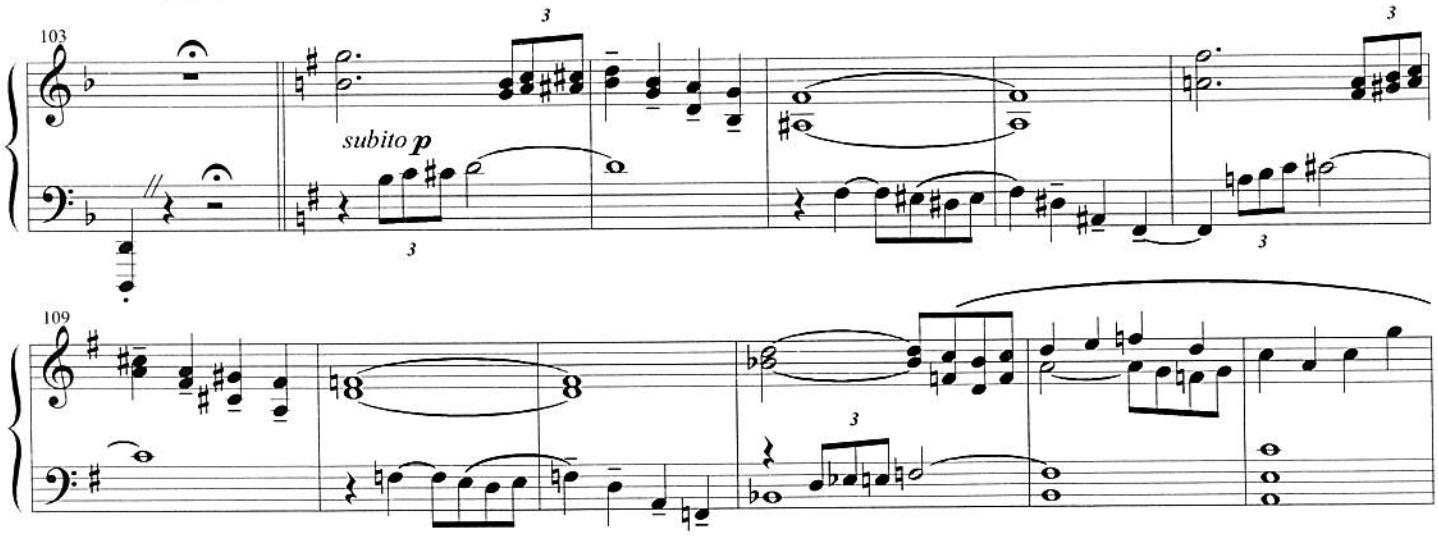
ORSINO: Remarkable! To find the this salt-water thief on dry land!
ANTONIO: I am neither thief nor pirate. We are enemies—and that is all I will allc



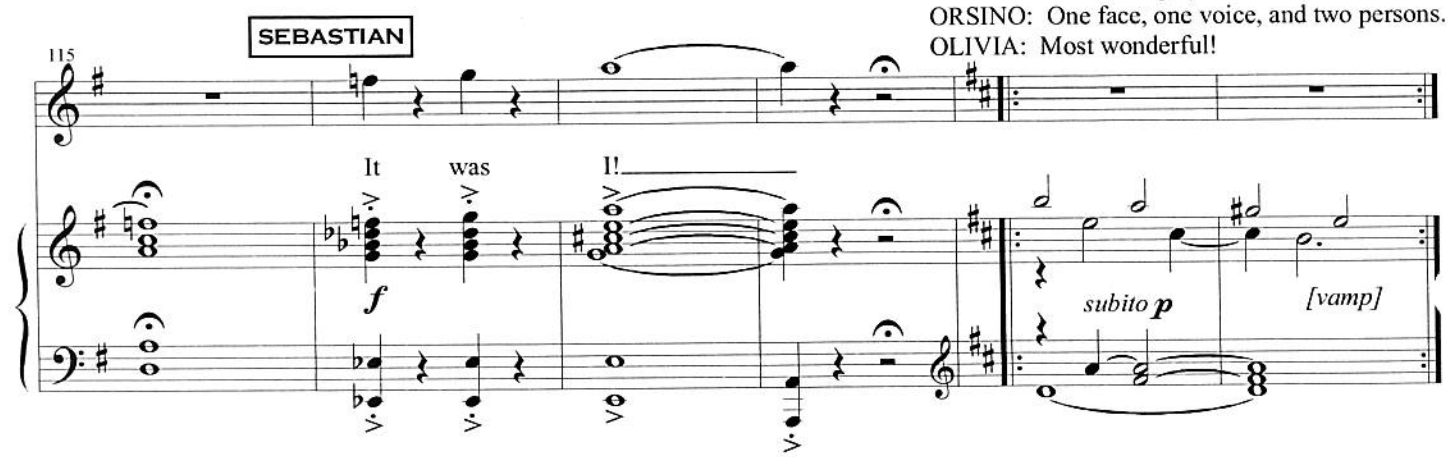

85
ANDREW
gave him all the gold I had and he re-fused me aid.
Oh! Some-bo-dy
ORSINO
Ah! A-noth-er he's be - trayed...
f
89
run and fetch a doc-tor!
OLIVIA
No! Not in the least, nor is Sir
Are you all right, Sir An-drew?
mp
f
94
To - by.
I had on-ly dealt the boy a
Was there a fight, Sir An-drew?
mp

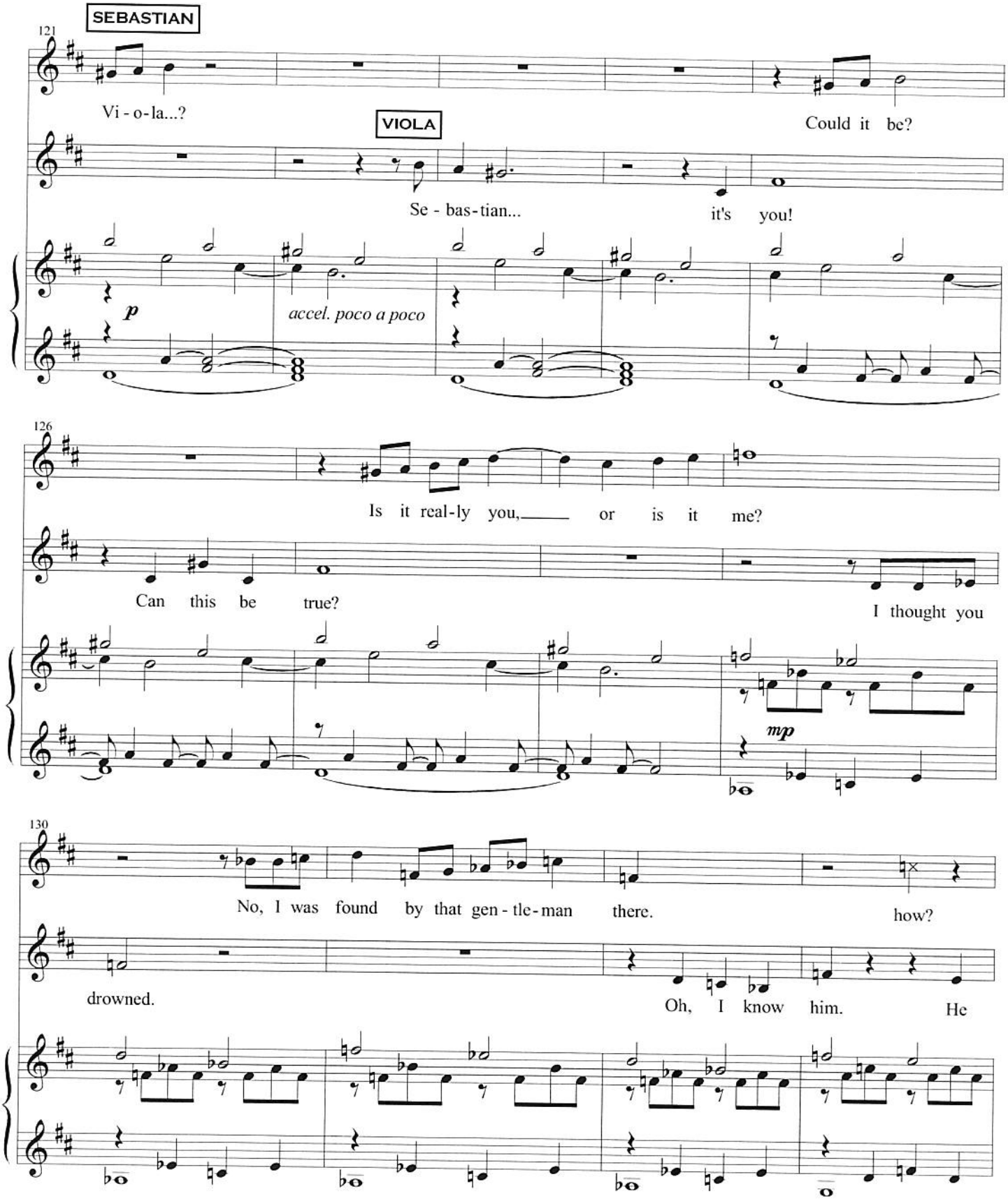


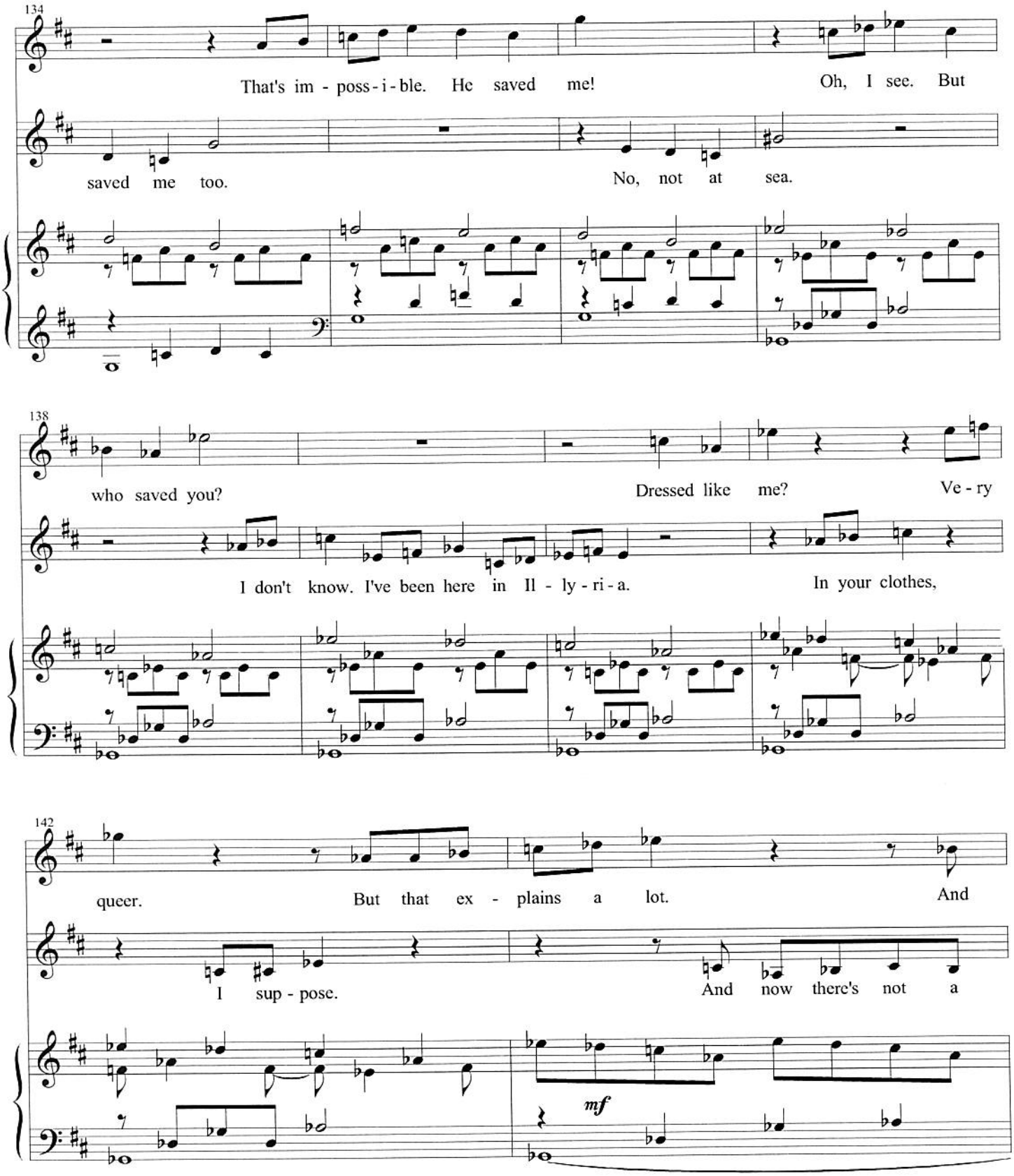
ANDREW: The Duke's boy, Sebastian. ORSINO: You mean him, sir?
ANDREW: Dear God—there he is! VIOLA: I never touched you.
ANDREW: I suppose a broken head and a bloody nose are nothing to you?
Here comes Sir Toby. If he hadn't been drunk, he would have tickled you otherwise.
ORSINO: How now, sir? Are you hurt badly? TOBY: I'll know tomorrow morning. Where's the doctor?
MARIA: It's nothing so bad, Sir Toby. This, and Sir Andrew's wounds,
I can tend to as well as any doctor. But as for the boy, he couldn't have hurt you. He's been here with me.
OLIVIA: Then who has done this to them?



SEBASTIAN: Madam, I have hurt your uncle and his friend. But they set up on me, and I was forced to defend myself. *[vamp begins]* You look at me strangely.
ORSINO: One face, one voice, and two persons.
OLIVIA: Most wonderful!




SEBASTIAN
121
Vi - o - la...?
Could it be?
VIOLA
Se - bas - tian...
it's you!
p
accel. poco a poco
126
Is it real - ly you, or is it me?
Can this be true?
I thought you
mp
130
No, I was found by that gen - tle - man there.
how?
drowned.
Oh, I know him.
He


134
That's im - poss - i - ble. He saved me!
Oh, I see. But
saved me too.
No, not at sea.
138
who saved you?
Dressed like me?
Ve - ry
I don't know. I've been here in Il - ly - ri - a.
In your clothes,
142
queer.
But that ex - plains a lot.
And
I sup - pose.
And now there's not a
mf

144

noth - ing's wrong as long as we're to - - geth-er.

THEY embrace.

thing I lack be - cause we're back to - - geth-er.

f

148

SEBASTIAN: So it seems that you were mistaken, lady.
In vain, you courted a woman. But now she has come back
to you as a man. *(He offers the ring to OLIVIA.)*

153

ORSINO

Vi - o - la...?

OLIVIA

Se - bas - tian...?

mp

subito p

SEBASTIAN: I hope it fits. OLIVIA: I'm sure it will.
VIOLA: How did you get that ring, Sebastian?
SEBASTIAN: Sister, there's something you ought to know.
Before coming here, I called upon the Duke, who spoke to me in a manner that,
while very unsettling to my ears, might have been sweet music to yours—

159

P/V

165

ORSINO

SEBASTIAN: —since you were,
I believe, his intended audience.

You, who - ev - er you are,

mp

172

though we be - gan as friends, now as our sto - ry ends, will you be mine?

178

ORSINO

As long as I have Vi - o - la,

VIOLA

I've al - ways been yours.

OLIVIA

And

183

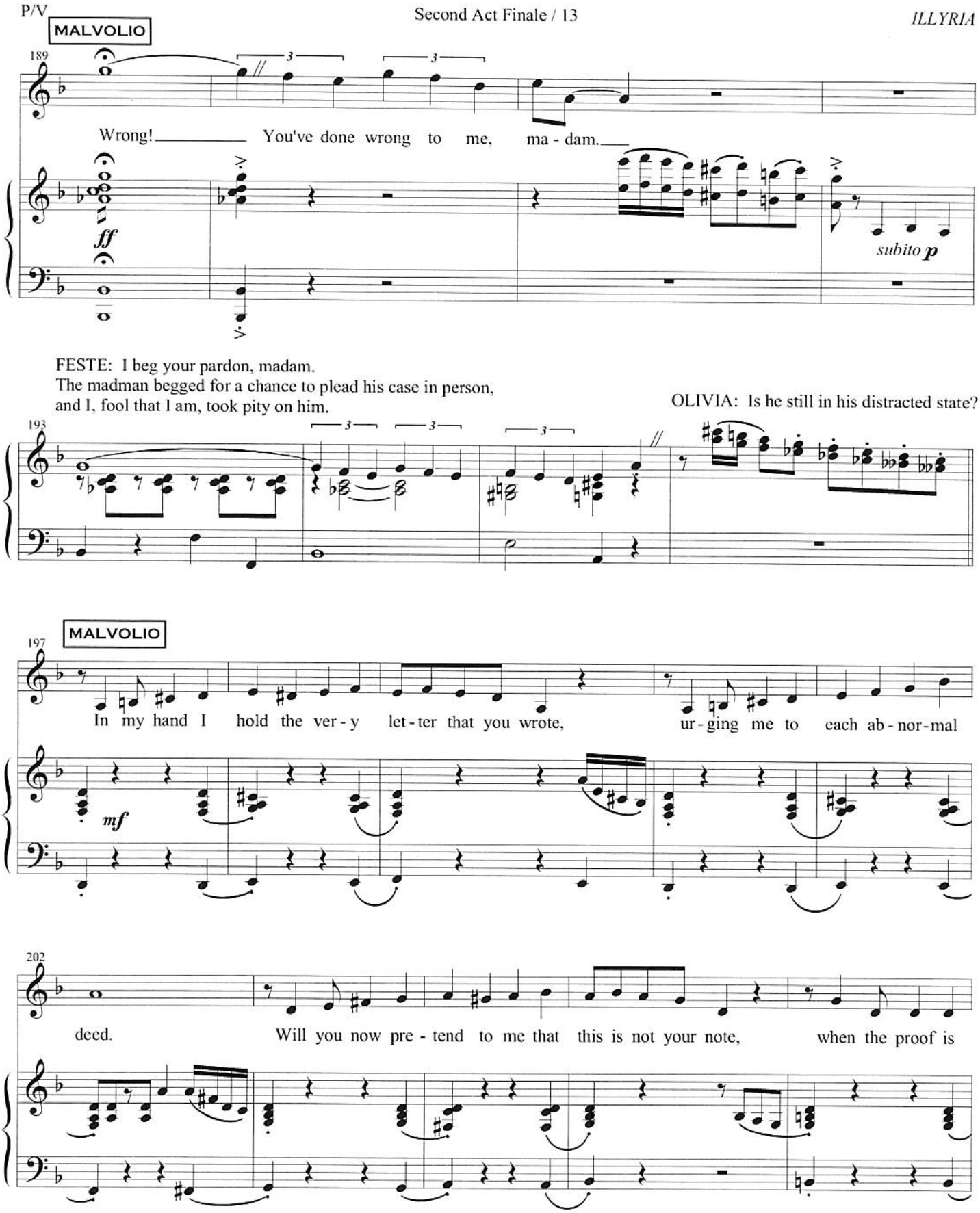
SB/OR

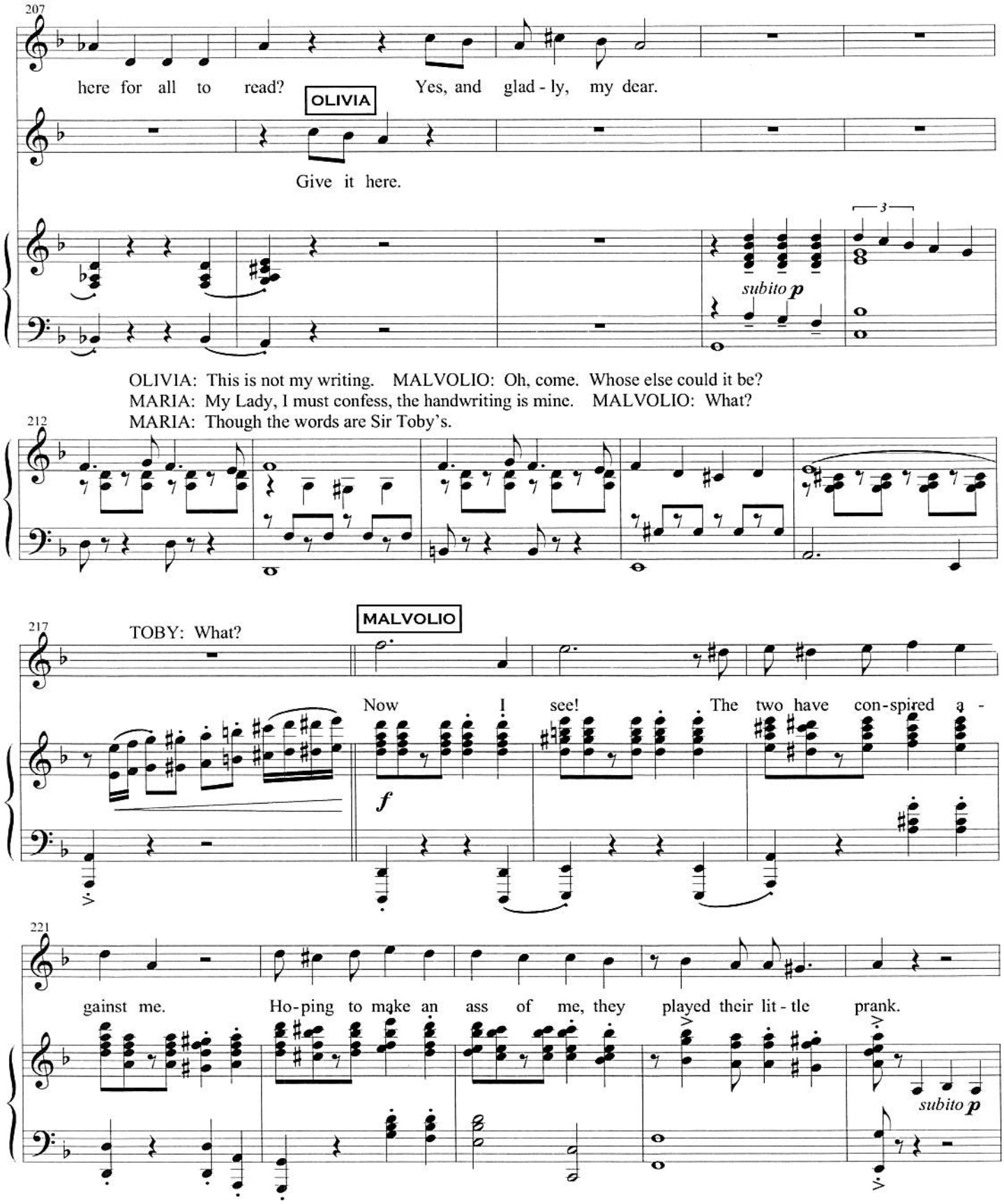
then ev - 'ry - thing turns out

OL/VI

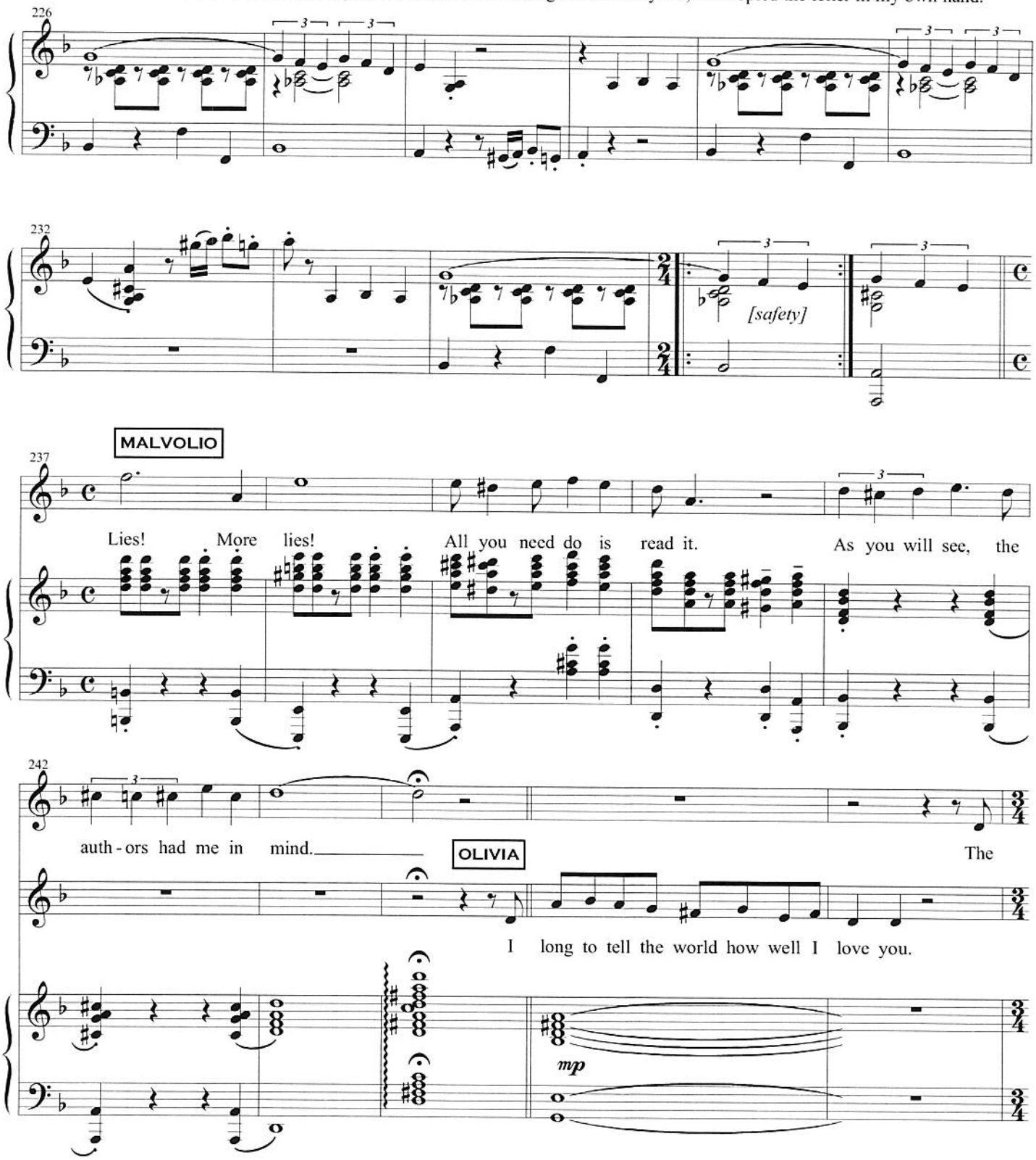
I have Se - bas-tian, then ev - 'ry - thing turns out

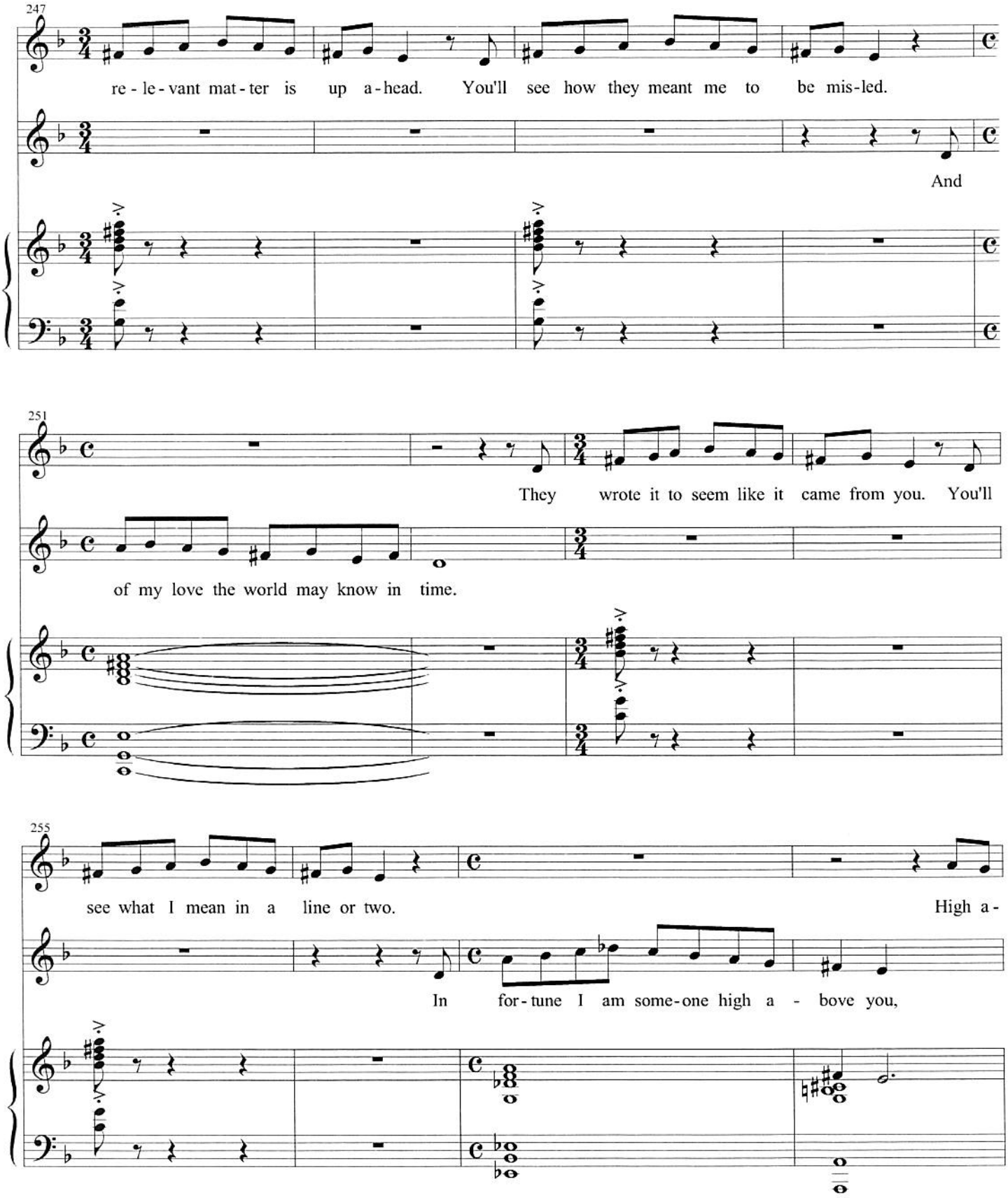
f

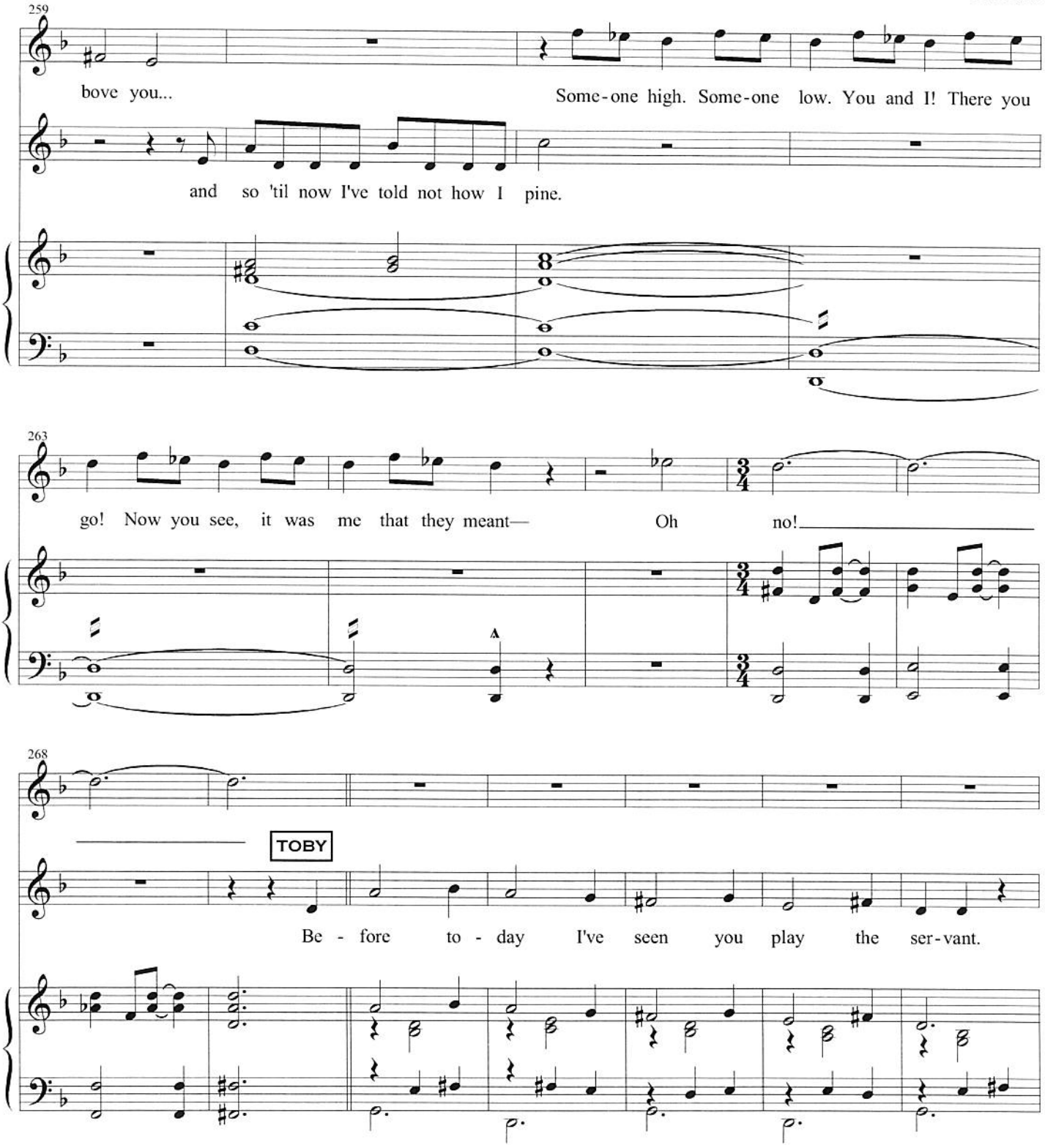

MALVOLIO
189
Wrong! You've done wrong to me, ma - dam.
ff
subito p
FESTE: I beg your pardon, madam.
The madman begged for a chance to plead his case in person,
and I, fool that I am, took pity on him.
OLIVIA: Is he still in his distracted state?
193
MALVOLIO
197
In my hand I hold the ver - y let - ter that you wrote, ur - ging me to each ab - nor - mal
mf
202
deed. Will you now pre - tend to me that this is not your note, when the proof is

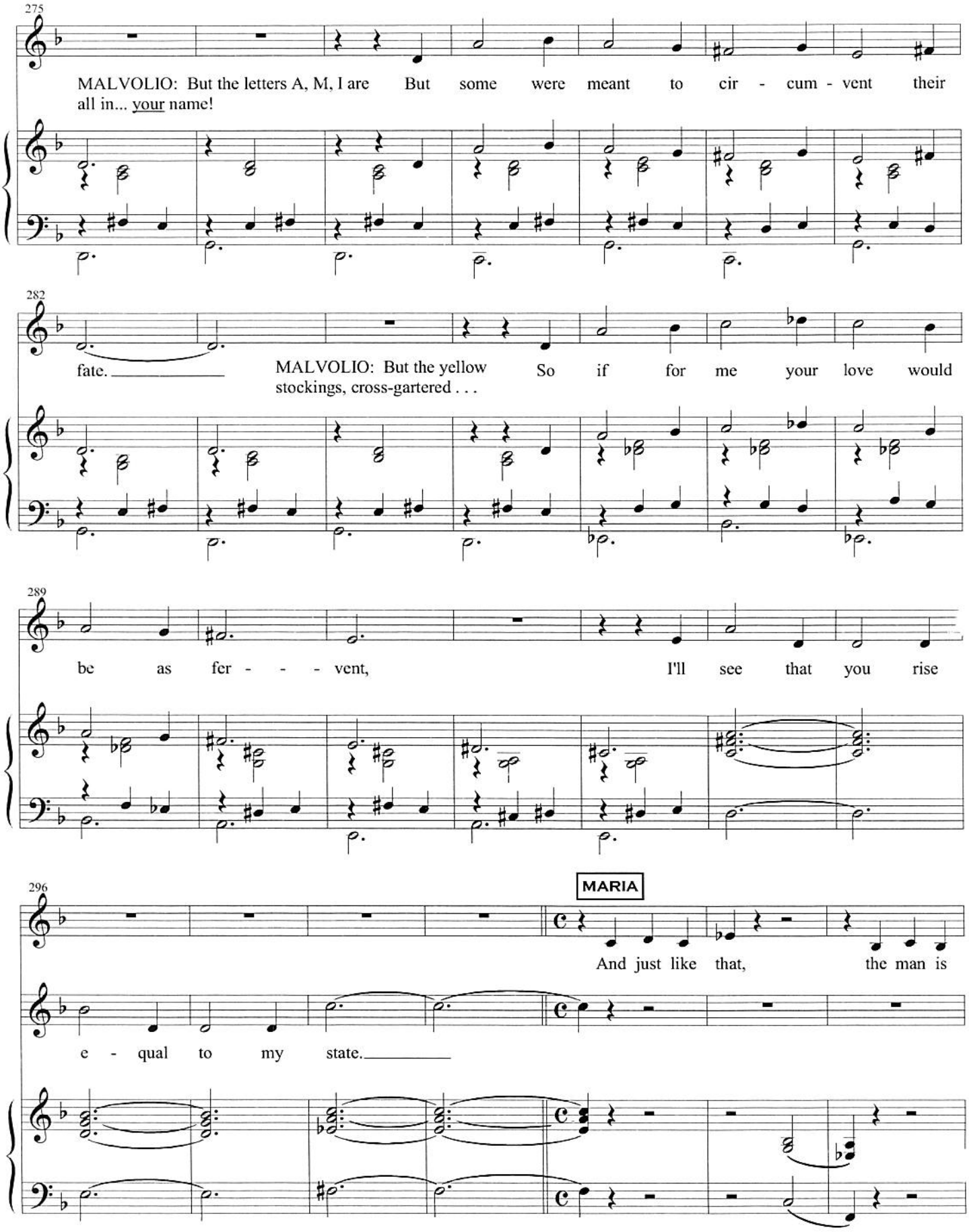

207
here for all to read?
OLIVIA
Yes, and glad - ly, my dear.
Give it here.
subito p
OLIVIA: This is not my writing. MALVOLIO: Oh, come. Whose else could it be?
MARIA: My Lady, I must confess, the handwriting is mine. MALVOLIO: What?
MARIA: Though the words are Sir Toby's.
212
217
TOBY: What?
MALVOLIO
Now I see! The two have con-spired a -
f
221
gainst me. Ho-ping to make an ass of me, they played their lit - tle prank.
subito p

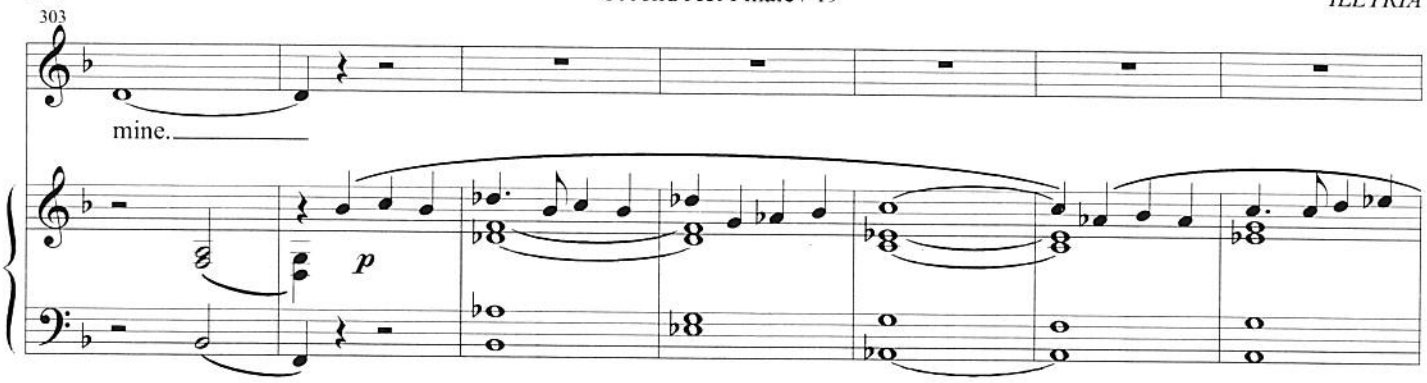
OLIVIA: Toby, if this true, then you have gone too far. If this was a cruel trick on Malvolio, my faithful steward, I'll have no choice but to throw you out!
MARIA: My Lady, he's done no wrong. It was a simply a love letter that he wrote—to me. And when I had worn the original parchment thin with reading it over to myself, I re-copied the letter in my own hand.



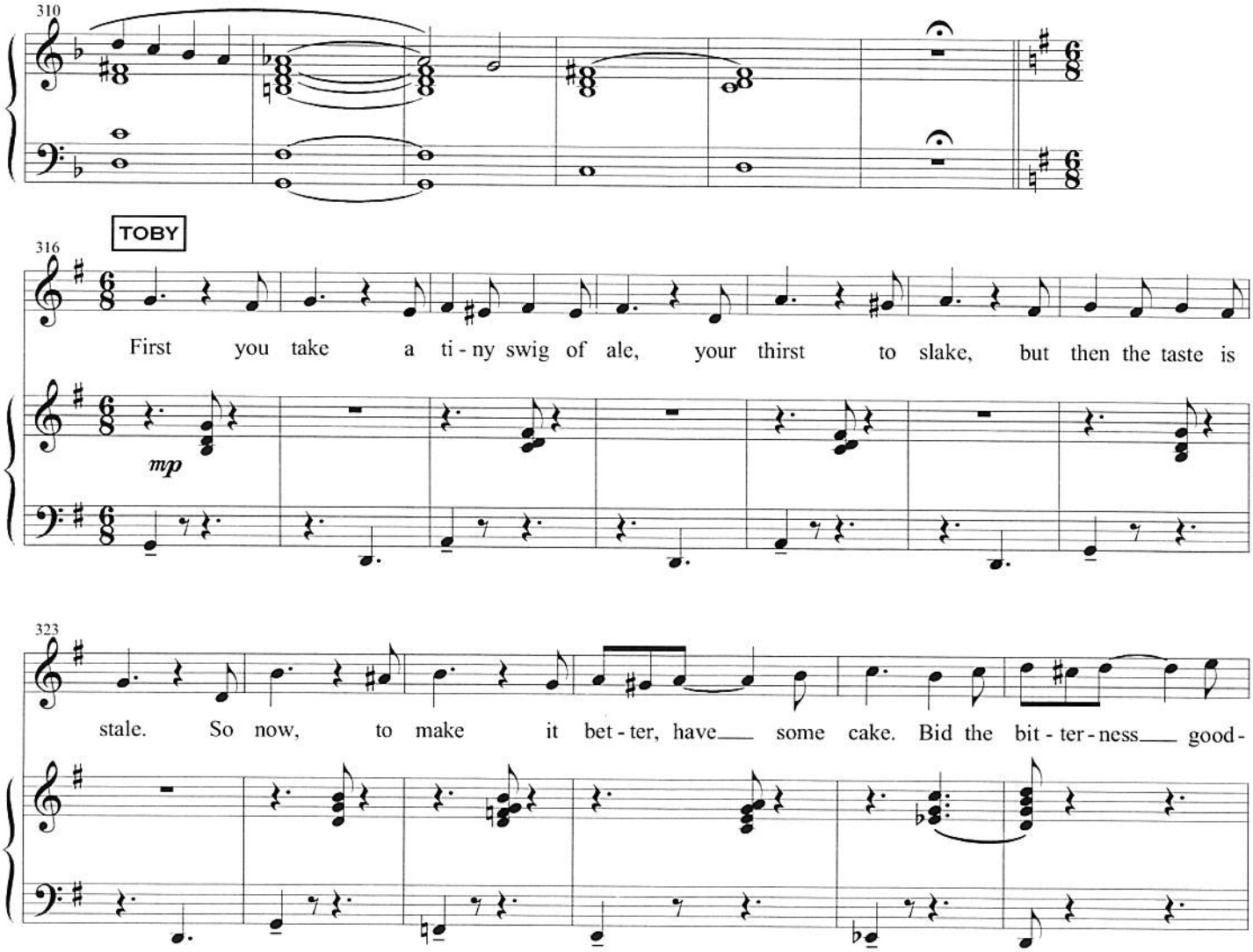

247
re - le - vant mat - ter is up a - head. You'll see how they meant me to be mis-led.
And
251
They wrote it to seem like it came from you. You'll
of my love the world may know in time.
255
see what I mean in a line or two.
High a -
In for - tune I am some - one high a - bove you,

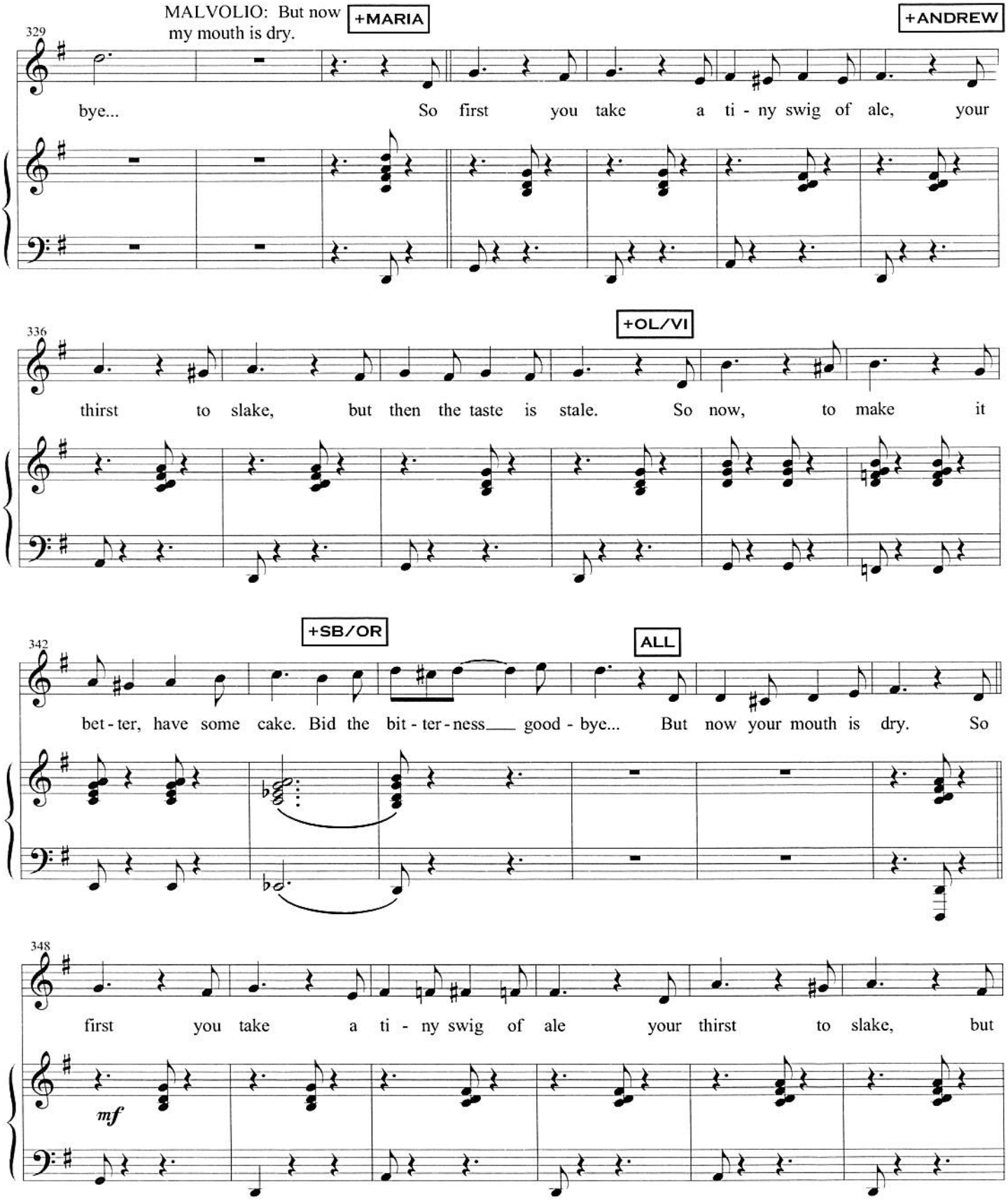

259
bove you...
Some-one high. Some-one low. You and I! There you
and so 'til now I've told not how I pine.
263
go! Now you see, it was me that they meant—
Oh no!
268
TOBY
Be - fore to - day I've seen you play the ser-vant.


275
MALVOLIO: But the letters A, M, I are all in... your name!
But some were meant to cir - cum - vent their
282
fate.
MALVOLIO: But the yellow stockings, cross-gartered . . .
So if for me your love would
289
be as fer - - - vent,
I'll see that you rise
296
MARIA
And just like that,
the man is
e - qual to my state.



ORSINO: Another couple joins us at the already overcrowded altar.
It seems that some of this thrice-magnified good fortune ought to spill over onto those around us.
Antonio, I am told that you came to the rescue of both brother and sister.
For this valiant service, I grant you your freedom.
OLIVIA: But poor Malvolio! He has suffered so terribly. How can we make it up to him?
MALVOLIO: It's no use. I shall never recover.
TOBY: Cheer up, man. If you've lost some dignity—well, the better for you.
Meanwhile, what you've lost, I've somehow gained, so pity me—I may die a respectable man!
MALVOLIO: I'll keep my pity to myself, thank you.
The pirate is pardoned; you and everyone else will be married. What comfort's there for me?
TOBY: Might I make a suggestion?




MALVOLIO: But now my mouth is dry.
+MARIA
+ANDREW
329
bye... So first you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your
336
+OL/VI
thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it
342
+SB/OR
ALL
bet - ter, have some cake. Bid the bit - ter - ness good - bye... But now your mouth is dry. So
348
first you take a ti - ny swig of ale your thirst to slake, but
mf

354

then the taste is stale. So now to make it bet - ter have some cake. Bid the

360

GROUP 1 But now your mouth is dry.

bit - ter - ness good - bye.

GROUP 3 Now your mouth is

GROUP 2 Now your mouth is dry.

365

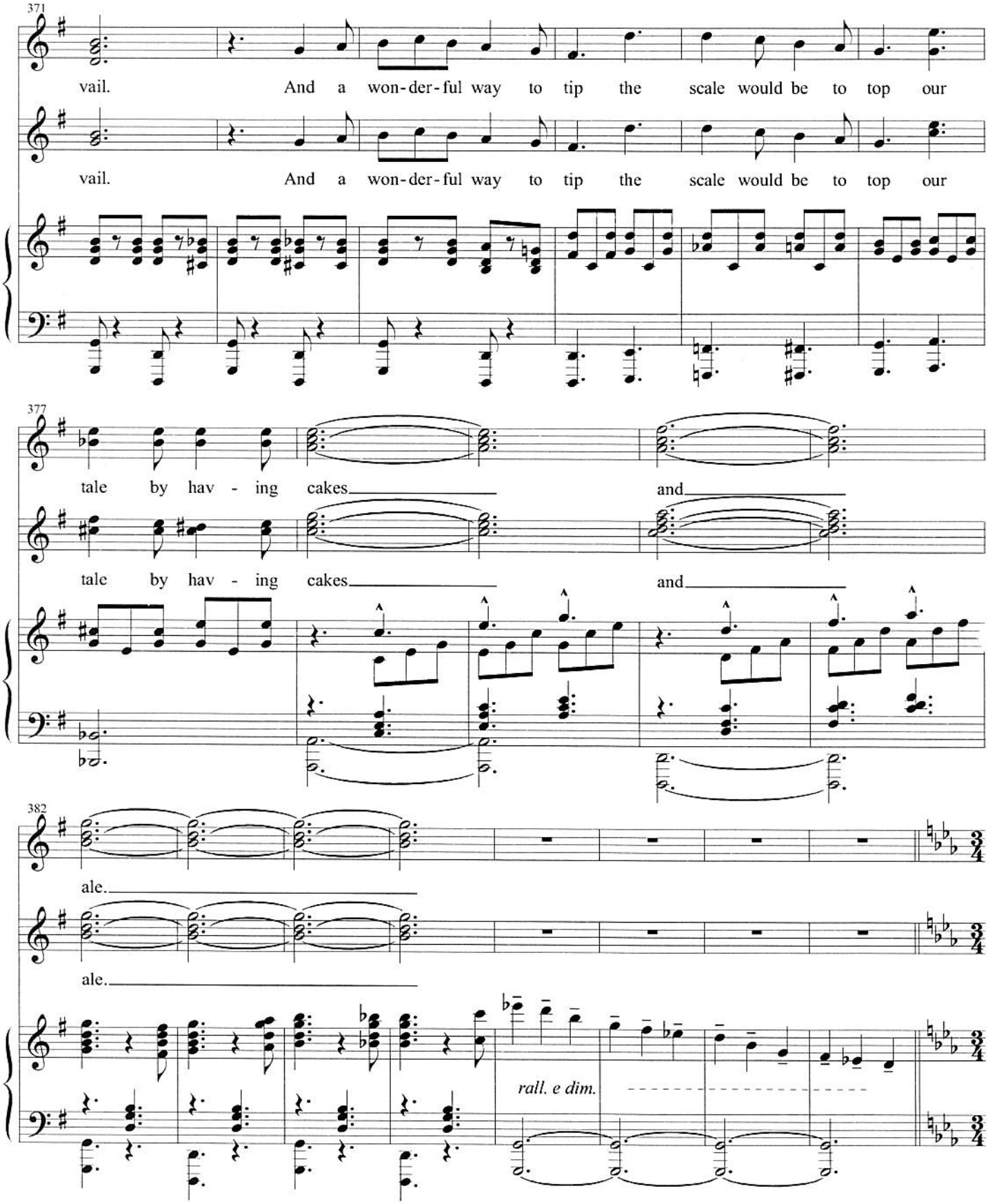
WOMEN

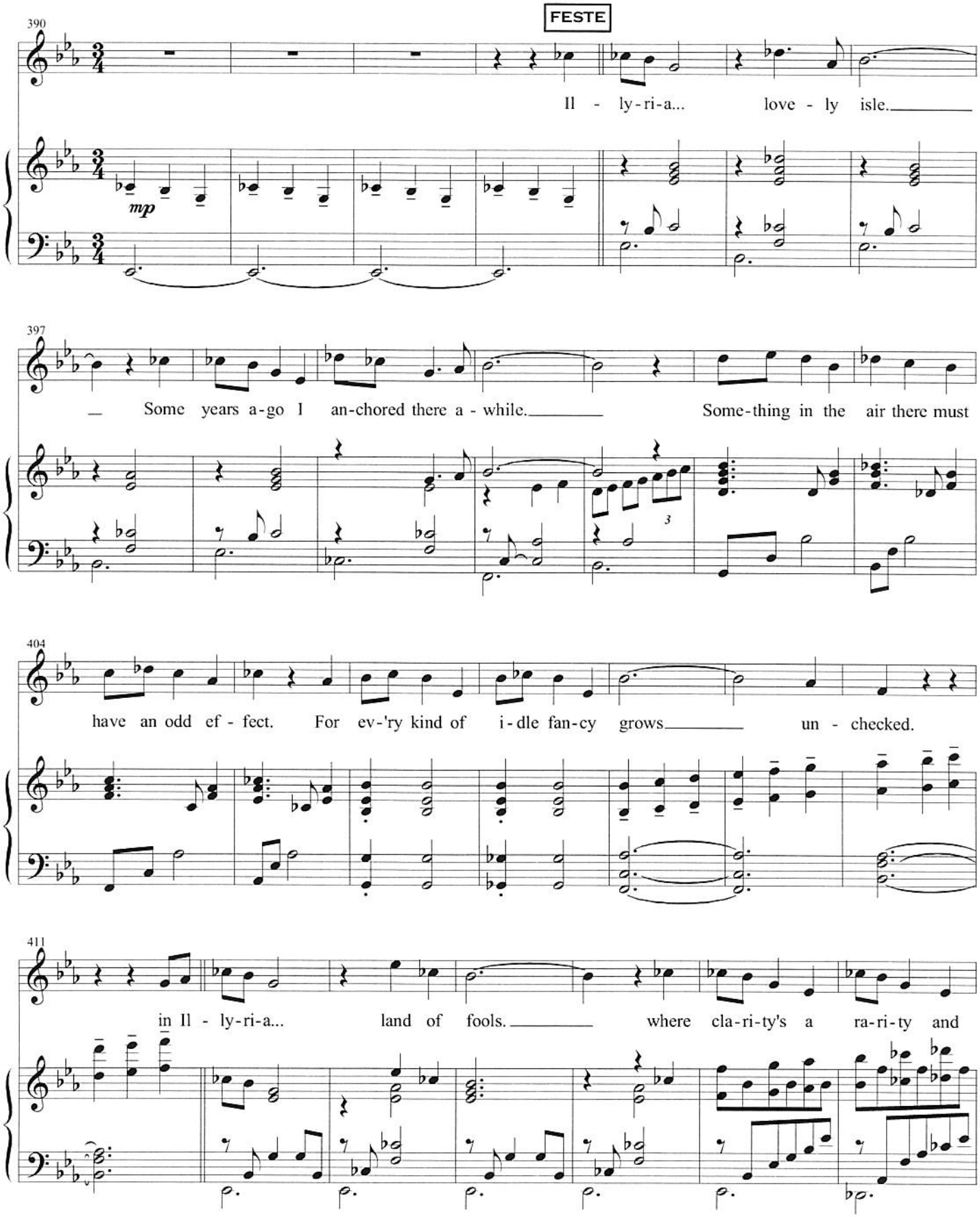
dry. Cakes and ale! Let the mer - ri - ment and the mirth pre -

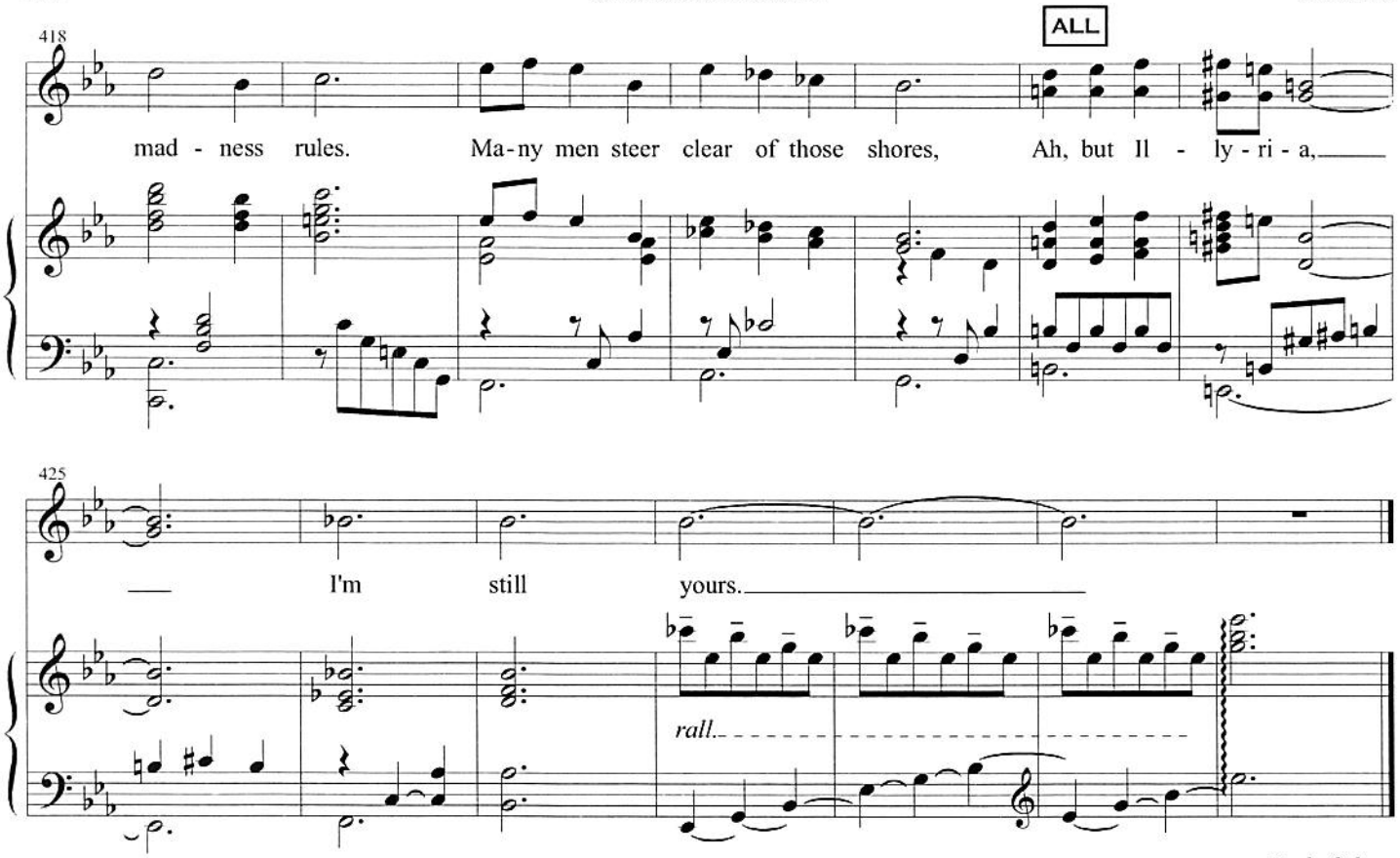
MEN

Cakes and ale! Let the mer - ri - ment and the mirth pre -

f


371
vail. And a won-der-ful way to tip the scale would be to top our
vail. And a won-der-ful way to tip the scale would be to top our
377
tale by hav - ing cakes and
tale by hav - ing cakes and
382
ale.
ale.
rall. e dim.

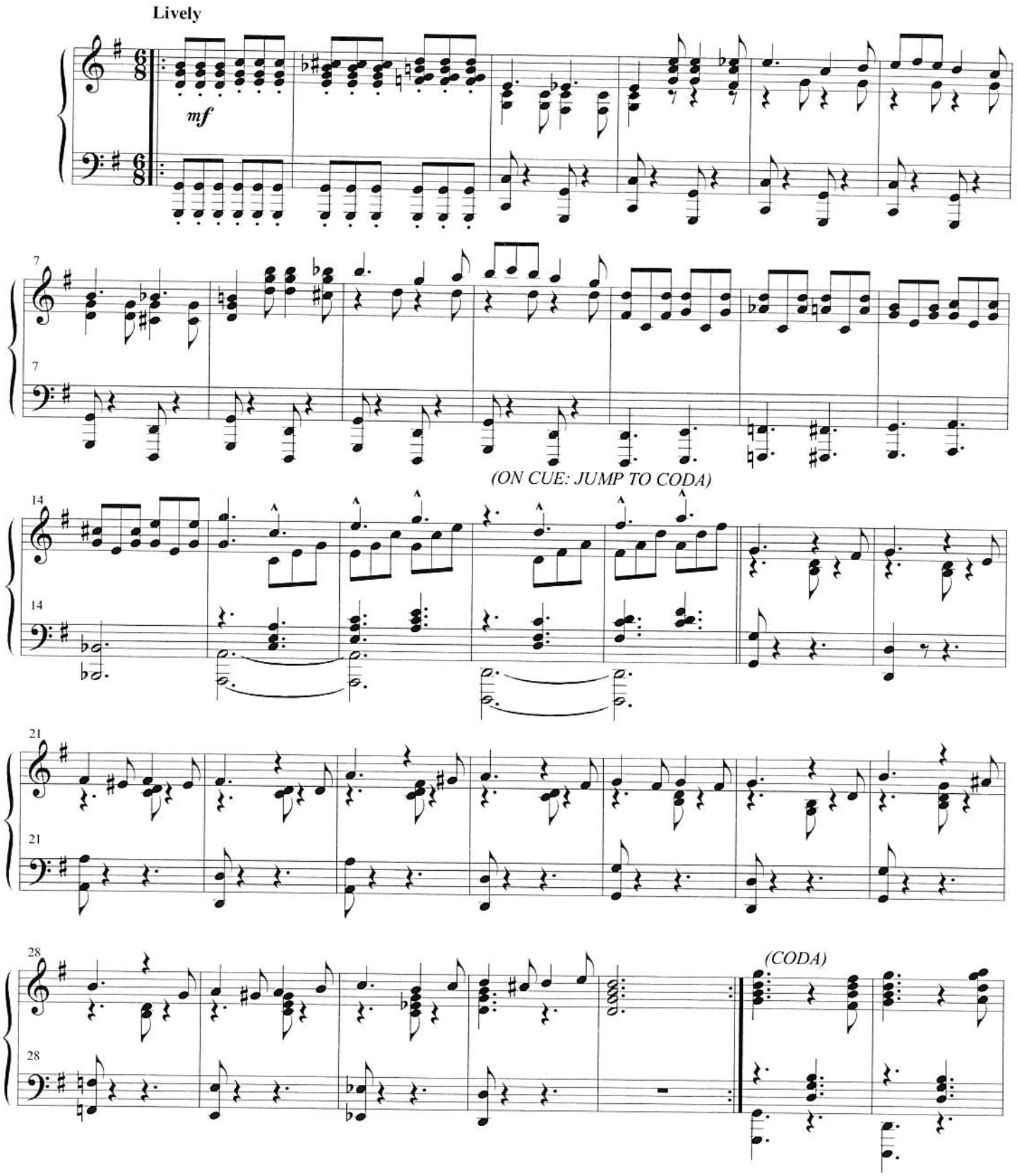

FESTE
390
Il - ly-ri-a... love - ly isle.
mp
397
Some years a-go I an-chored there a - while. Some-thing in the air there must
404
have an odd ef - fect. For ev-'ry kind of i-dle fan-cy grows un - checked.
411
in Il - ly-ri-a... land of fools. where cla-ri-ty's a ra-ri-ty and

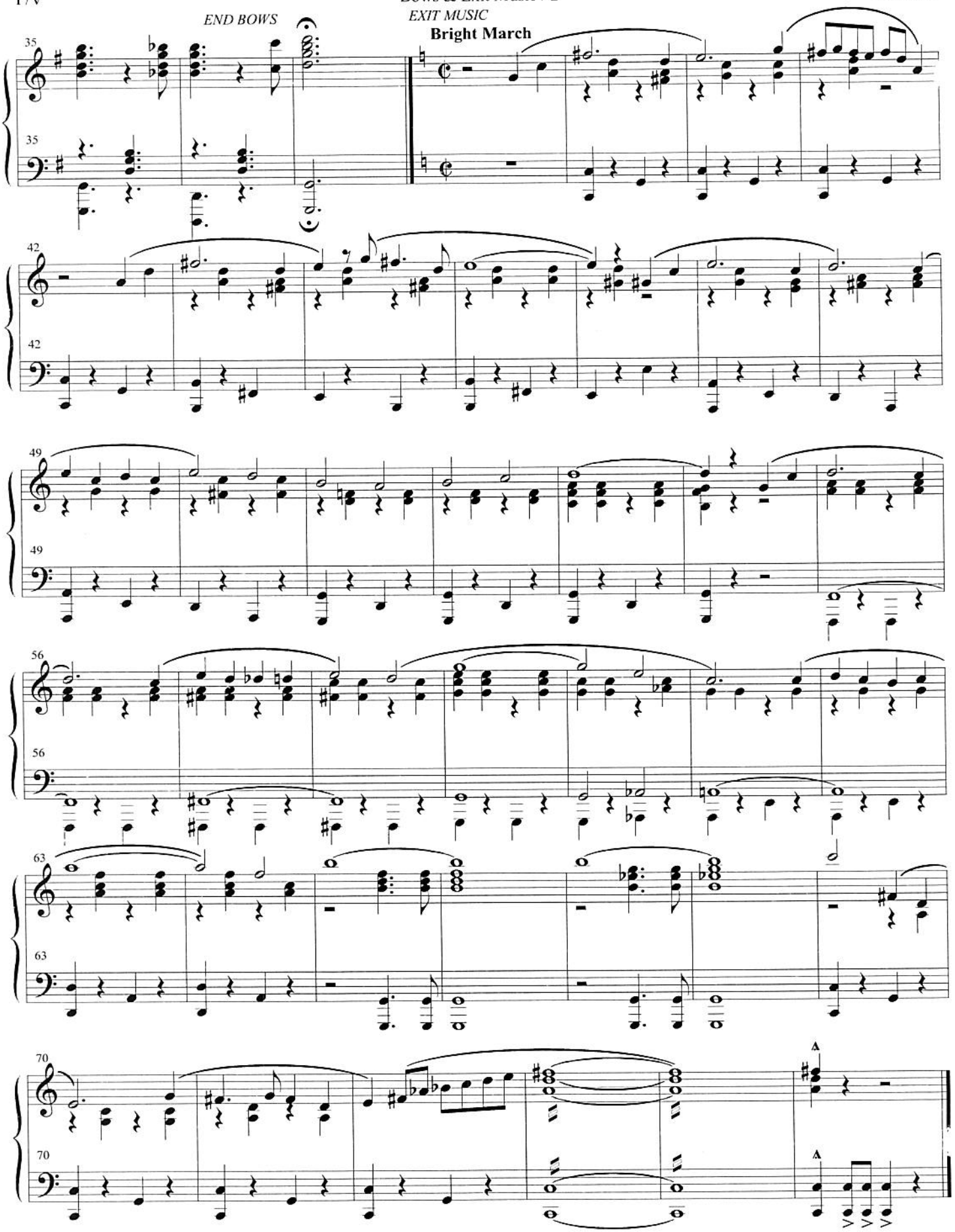

418
ALL
mad - ness rules. Ma-ny men steer clear of those shores, Ah, but Il - ly - ri - a,
425
I'm still yours.
rall.

End of show

Bows & Exit Music

19




END BOWS
EXIT MUSIC
Bright March
35
42
49
56
63
70