

## **ACT I, SCENE II**

### ***What has just happened?***

*Orsino is the ruler of Illyria and a rich and influential man. He is also moody, romantic and madly in love with Olivia; a noble woman. From the scene that follows this monologue we learn that he has been pining for her for some time. She however, does not return his affection, being too overwhelmed with grief at the recent loss of her father and brother. The scene takes place in Orsino's court and the text tells us that he is in the presence of musicians, playing him a song.*

### **DUKE ORSINO**

If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again! it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

### **Modern Translation of Orsino**

If music is what feeds and breeds love, then keep playing;

Give me so much of it, that, overindulging,

My appetite for love will get sick, and die.

That musical phrase! it had a falling melody:

O, it washed over my ear like a sweet breeze,

That breathes upon a bed of violets,

Robbing their scent and spreading it far!

Enough; no more music:

It is not as sweet as it was before.

## ACT II, SCENE II

### ***What has just happened?***

*In the lead-up to this monologue, Cesario has left Olivia's house, unable to convince her to accept Orsino's love. Olivia, desperate to think of some excuse to get Cesario back to the house, gives her own ring to her pompous servant Malvolio, pretending it was one Cesario left on Orsino's behalf. Olivia tells Malvolio to chase down the young male servant and give it back to the Count, and to return with a report of how Orsino reacted. Malvolio finds Cesario/Viola and delivers the message. He then throws the ring at their feet, leaving Cesario/Viola alone and very puzzled.*

### **VIOLA**

She loves me, sure;

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,--now alas the day!--

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

### **Modern Translation of Viola**

She loves me, yes;

Poor lady, she would be better in-love with a dream.

How will this turn out well? my master loves her;

And I, poor unnatural creature, am just as in love with him;

And she, mistaken, seems to love me.

What will happen? As I am dressed as a man,

My love for my master, is impossible;

As I am woman,--curse the day I became one!--

Olivia sighs of love are useless and wasted!

Oh time, only you can resolve this;

It is too hard for me to figure out!

## ACT II, SCENE IV

### ***What has just happened?***

*After listening to Feste sing a sad song about unrequited love, Orsino tells Cesario to visit Olivia again and persuade her to listen. Viola/Cesario argues that Orsino should accept that Olivia does not return his love, just as a woman who loved Orsino would have to accept that he did not love her. Orsino insists that women cannot love as strongly as men. Viola/Cesario again argues, telling him the story of her 'father's daughter' who loved a man with a great passion but 'never told her love'.*

### **VIOLA**

My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.  
She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

### **Modern Translation of Viola**

My father had a daughter who loved a man  
Just as strongly as I might love you, if I were a woman.  
She never spoke of her love,  
But kept her passion concealed.  
It tormented her from the inside,  
Like a worm trapped inside a closed flower bud,  
And fed on her outer beauty until it faded.  
She pined away quietly and sadly,  
And sat like a sculpture of patience itself,  
Smiling despite her grief. Now wasn't this true love?  
We men might say more and promise more, but indeed  
Our words are stronger than our passions.  
We are good at making vows of love, but worse at keeping them.

## ACT I, SCENE V

### ***What Just Happened?***

*Viola, in her disguise as Cesario, appears at Olivia's estate. Olivia allows Cesario to speak with her privately about Orsino's love. As Cesario presents Orsino's love-suit, Olivia becomes increasingly fascinated by the messenger, and begins to turn the conversation to questions about Cesario himself. Olivia sends Cesario back to Orsino to tell him that Olivia still does not love him and never will. Then, after Cesario leaves, she sends Malvolio after him with a ring—a token of her attraction to Cesario—that she pretends Cesario left with her. Olivia, to her own surprise, finds that she has fallen passionately in love with young Cesario.*

### **OLIVIA**

'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman! I'll be sworn thou art—

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft, soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

### **Modern Translation of Olivia**

"What rank are your parents?"

"I was born to a higher rank than I have now, but I'm still well-off.

I am a gentleman." Yes, I'll swear that you are;

Your words, your face, your body, your actions, and your spirit

All seem like a coat of arms for a lord. But not so fast! Calm down, calm down!

If only Orsino were Cesario. But what's going on?

Can someone catch the plague of love this quickly?

I think I can feel this youth's perfection

Creeping stealthily and invisibly in through my eyes. Well, let it happen.

*[Calling out to MALVOLIO]* Come, Malvolio!

## ACT III, SCENE I

### ***What Just Happened?***

*Viola, still in disguise as Cesario, has returned to Lady Olivia's house to bring her another message of love from Orsino. Olivia sends everyone else away in order to listen to what Cesario has to say. Once alone, she lets Cesario know how deeply in love with him she is. Cesario tells Olivia as politely as he can that he cannot love her. Olivia seems to accept this rejection, but she realizes privately that she cannot so easily get rid of her love for this beautiful young man, even if he scorns her.*

### **OLIVIA**

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

### **Modern Translation of Olivia**

*[To herself]* Oh, look how beautiful he is even

In his anger and contempt!

A murderer's guilt is easier to hide than feelings of love.

Midday is like nighttime for love—that's how brightly passion shines.

*[To VIOLA]* Cesario, I swear by the roses of spring,

By virginity, by honor, by truth, and by everything,

That I love you. I love you so much that neither my wit

Nor my reason can hide my passion, despite your pride.

Don't draw the wrong conclusions from this, though—

Just because I'm wooing you doesn't mean you shouldn't woo me.

Use your better logic and see that love asked for is good,

But love freely given is better.

## ACT II, SCENE V

### ***What Just Happened?***

*Malvolio is head-servant to Olivia, a noble-woman who lives in Illyria alongside a number of other colorful characters. Notably in this instance Maria, another of Olivia's servants, Fabian, another servant, Sir Toby Belch, another 'noble'-man in Illyria and Sir Andrew Aguecheek his best friend and all around buffoon. Throughout the play Malvolio has been a thorn in their sides and so these four decide to hatch a plan to get their revenge and humiliate him. Knowing that Malvolio is secretly in love with Olivia, they forge a letter in her handwriting professing her 'love' for him and leave it for him to find. They hide and wait for him to find it. Malvolio has finished reading the letter and jumps to the following conclusion.*

### **MALVOLIO**

I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. God and my stars be praised!

### **Modern Translation of Malvolio**

I know for certain now that I can't be making this up. My lady Olivia is in love with me! She praised my yellow stockings a lot lately, and she complimented me being cross-gartered and in doing so has proven her love for me. I thank my lucky stars. I am happy! I will be proud, yellow stocking wearing and cross gartered as soon as I can. God and the stars be praised!