

ORSINO 1

P/V

Illyria / 3

ILLYRIA

FESTE

ORSINO: That strain
again! It had a dying fall...

ORSINO

51
8
Here in Il - ly - ri - a... FESTE: Duke Orsino, My
the ruler of Illyria.

51
51

51

51

51

51

Tempestuous

57
8
heart, hun - gry as the sea, is fed on on - ly dream - ing,

57
mf

57

57

57

62
8
filled with end - less ap - pe - tite for love. All my thoughts are

62

62

62

66
8
ri - vers to that sea, tur - bu - lent and teem - ing,

66

66

66

ORSINO 1

P/V

Illyria / 4

ILLYRIA

70

8 as they'll ev - er be 'til she is mine. I pine for there is no oth - er love for

FESTE: This was the name of his beloved

75

8 me than O - li - vi - a. O - li - vi - a...

mp

FESTE: The Countess Olivia.
For the sake of her dearly departed brother,
she had vowed to mourn for seven years.

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.

81

[safety]

OLIVIA

87

87 Dear broth - er of mine. See how my room is your shrine.