

Twelfth Night Patter

Tune: "My Eyes Are Fully Open" from "Ruddigore"

Lyrics: Harry Robinson

Orsino

My heart is melancholic,
moody, mis'erable, and mopey,
And my attitude Petrarchan
Has me acting kinda dopey.

I'm obsessing on Olivia
Yet wooing at a distance
Having sent along Cesario
To soften her resistance.

He is eloquent on passion,
And poetical on beauty,
He's the pinnacle of fashion,
And he's really quite a cutie.

So, if he can charm Olivia
From grieving for her brother,
I'm sure we can agree that
He's a fellow like no other!

Olivia

If I were not unduly sad
And generally gloomy
I would write to Count Orsino
'bout the tripe he's sending to me.

I would show him in a moment
There's a paucity of pleasure
In unpacking purple passion
From his pentametric measure.

Passion isn't captured
In a clever rhyming notion;
It's agony and rapture
Wrapped in longing and devotion.

Cesario's perfection
Suits my longings to the letter.
And where rhyme is stale confection,
Love unsought is sweetly better!

Viola

If I were reunited with
My doppelganger brother,
And assuming he's not silenced
In a subaquatic smother,

I'd solicit a reflection
On this tangled situation
Of triangular affection
And rebuffed infatuation -

Orsino hunts the lady's heart
As I pursue Orsino's;
The lady fancies me for parts
I've got as far as she knows.

Duplicitous androgyny
Will cause that dream to shatter,
But my brother might concoct
A way to straighten out the matter!