

November 7, 1939

PROLOGUE TO SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT

In far Illyria many years ago
The court of Duke Orsino rose above
A seaside town where dwelt a countess fair,
Olivia, object of Orsino's love.
The lady, who had lost a brother dear
And vowed to mourn him seven years or more
Repulsed the suit and hid her beauteous face
Beneath a black veil which she always wore.

About this time, to Duke Orsino's court
A maiden saved from recent shipwreck came,
Viola, known as Page Cesario, swore
For him the fair Olivia's love to claim.
Although she loved Orsino much herself,
We find her going to woo his lady fair,
So if you patiently attend our play,
A moment more shall find us also there.