Twelfth Night Act 1 scene 5b

OLIVIA How does he love me?

VIOLA With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA If I did love you in my master’s flame,
With such a suff’ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA Why, what would you?

VIOLA Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house,
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out “Olivia!” O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me.

OLIVIA You might do much.

What is your parentage?

VIOLA Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. [Offering a purse] Spend this for me.

VIOLA I am no fee’d post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervor, like my master’s, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.