

1 **VIOLA**
2 It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of
3 war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my
4 hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.
5 **OLIVIA**
6 Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?
7 **VIOLA**
8 The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
9 learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I
10 would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears,
11 divinity, to any other's, profanation.
12 **OLIVIA**
13 Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

14 *Exeunt MARIA and Attendants*

15 Now, sir, what is your text?
16 **VIOLA**
17 Most sweet lady,--
18 **OLIVIA**
19 A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.
20 Where lies your text?
21 **VIOLA**
22 In Orsino's bosom.
23 **OLIVIA**
24 In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
25 **VIOLA**
26 To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
27 **OLIVIA**
28 O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
29 **VIOLA**
30 Good madam, let me see your face.
31 **OLIVIA**
32 Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate
33 with my face? You are now out of your text: but
34 we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
35 Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't
36 not well done?

37 *Unveiling*

38 **VIOLA**
39 Excellently done, if God did all.
40 **OLIVIA**
41 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
42

1 **VIOLA**
2 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
3 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
4 Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
5 If you will lead these graces to the grave
6 And leave the world no copy.
7 **OLIVIA**
8 O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give
9 out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be
10 inventoried, and every particle and utensil
11 labelled to my will: as, item, two lips,
12 indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to
13 them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were
14 you sent hither to praise me?
15 **VIOLA**
16 I see you what you are, you are too proud;
17 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
18 My lord and master loves you: O, such love
19 Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
20 The nonpareil of beauty!
21 **OLIVIA**
22 How does he love me?
23 **VIOLA**
24 With adorations, fertile tears,
25 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
26 **OLIVIA**
27 Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
28 He might have took his answer long ago.
29 **VIOLA**
30 If I did love you in my master's flame,
31 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
32 In your denial I would find no sense;
33 I would not understand it.
34 **OLIVIA**
35 Why, what would you?
36 **VIOLA**
37 Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
38 And call upon my soul within the house;
39 Write loyal cantons of contemned love
40 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
41 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
42 And make the babbling gossip of the air
43 Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
44 Between the elements of air and earth,
45 But you should pity me!
46

1 **OLIVIA**
2 You might do much.
3 What is your parentage?
4 **VIOLA**
5 Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
6 I am a gentleman.
7 **OLIVIA**
8 Get you to your lord;
9 I cannot love him: let him send no more;
10 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
11 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
12 I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
13 **VIOLA**
14 I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
15 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
16 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
17 And let your fervor, like my master's, be
18 Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

19 *Exit*

20 **OLIVIA**
21 'What is your parentage?'
22 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
23 I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
24 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
25 Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
26 soft, soft!
27 Unless the master were the man. How now!
28 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
29 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
30 With an invisible and subtle stealth
31 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
32 What ho, Malvolio!

33 *Re-enter MALVOLIO*

34 **MALVOLIO**
35 Here, madam, at your service.
36 **OLIVIA**
37 Run after that same peevish messenger,
38 The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
39 Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
40 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
41 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him: