

## VIOLA and OLIVIA

- **Viola.** 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.
  
- **Olivia.** O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give  
out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be  
inventoried, and every particle and utensil  
labelled to my will: as, item, two lips,  
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to  
them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were  
you sent hither to praise me?
  
- **Viola.** I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!
  
- **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, learn'd 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 suffering, 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: 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.