

**Twelfth Night**  
**Act I.v**

**OLIVIA**

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**

Me haría una cabaña de sauce a tu puerta  
E invocaré mi alma dentro de tu hogar  
Escribiría cantos leales de amor despreciado  
Y los cantaré en voz alta,  
Aunque sea media noche

Gritaría tu nombre y las montañas retumbaran  
haciendo que los murmullos del aire  
Griten Olivia, Olivia!  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia!' Olivia!

**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.

*Exit*

**OLIVIA**

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