

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 5*

OLIVIA

Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA, and Attendants*

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me; I shall answer for her.  
Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I  
pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house,  
for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away  
my speech, for besides that it is excellently well  
penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good  
beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very  
comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and that  
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me  
modest assurance if you be the lady of the house,  
that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs  
of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you  
the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp  
yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours  
to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will  
on with my speech in your praise, and then show you  
the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you,  
keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates,  
and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you  
than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if  
you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of  
moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little  
longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet  
lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when  
the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of  
war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my  
hand; my words are as fun of peace as matter.

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 5*

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA and Attendants  
Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.  
Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA

O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

*Unveiling*

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

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;

*Twelfth Night: Act 1, Scene 5*

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.

Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

*Exit*

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

'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!

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