

Twelfth Night abbreviated

Act 1, Scene 5.2

Counsel

Situation: Having been sent by Orsino to woo Olivia on his behalf, Viola, masquerading as Cesario, does her best to convince Olivia that Orsino should be her man. Olivia foolishly dismisses the considered advice. Cesario steps up his pitch.

VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA: You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

She removes her veil.

OLIVIA: Is 't not well done.

VIOLA: Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA: Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola to Olivia

I see you for what you are. You are too
Proud, but most fair, and my master loves you.
He adores you with tears, passionate sighs
And thunderous groans, and suffers for it,
Not understanding why this love denies
Him. You're the cruel'st she if you see fit
To leave the world no copy, you whose red
And white sweet nature hath truly blended.
If I were he, I'd make me a willow
Cabin at your gate and write my sad songs
Of disdained love; then sing those sad songs so
Loud in the night that echoes would turn wrongs
To right. These cries would cause your rest to flee
And 'tween air and earth you should pity me.

OLIVIA: Your lord does know my mind. But yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago. 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.

VIOLA: Farewell, fair cruelty.