

Act I Scene IV

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire

| *Looks confused, forgetting what she was supposed to say* |

SONNET 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

| *Walks around Viola* |

VIOLA

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

SONNET 18

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

VIOLA

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

SONNET 18

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

VIOLA

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

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, learned, 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.

SONNET 18

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense.
I would not understand it.

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.

| *She offers money.* |

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.

| *She exits.* |

*SONNET 20

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

OLIVIA

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!