

Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 5 (line 275 - Verse)

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.