

# Twelfth Night

Act I, sc. 5 (line 275)

## 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.