If I did love you in my master's flame, in such a suffer- ing such a dead-ly life, in your de- ni- al I would find no sense, I would not un- der-
stand it! Make me a will-ow ca-bin at your gate, and

stand it! Why, what would you? Ah — — — and

stand it! Why, what would you? Ah — — — and

stand it! Why, what would you? Ah — — — and

stand it! Why, what would you? Ah — — — and

call up-on my soul with-in the house. Write loy-al can-toms of con-temn-ed

call up-on my soul with-in the house. Write loy-al can-toms of con-temn-ed

call up-on my soul with-in the house. Write loy-al can-toms of con-temn-ed

call up-on my soul with-in the house. Write loy-al can-toms of con-temn-ed

Brian Robinson
love, and sing them loud, sing them loud even in the dead of night, Hall-o-o your name to the reverberate hills, and make the babbling
Oh you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should be the cry out of Oli-vi-a.

Oh you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should be the cry out of Oli-vi-a.

Oh you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should be the cry out of Oli-vi-a.

Oh you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should be the cry out of Oli-vi-a.
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
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!