Make me a Willow Cabin

From: Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 5

Soprano

If I did love you in my master's flame, in such a suffering such a
deadly life, in your denial I would find no sense, I would not under-

Alto

If I did love you in my master's flame, in such a suffering such a
deadly life, in your denial I would find no sense, I would not under-

Tenor

If I did love you in my master's flame, in such a suffering such a
deadly life, in your denial I would find no sense, I would not under-

Bass

If I did love you in my master's flame, in such a suffering such a
deadly life, in your denial I would find no sense, I would not under-

Brian Robinson
Make me a willow cabin 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!

Call upon my soul within the house. Write loyal cantons of contemned
Call upon my soul within the house. Write loyal cantons of contemned
Call upon my soul within the house. Write loyal cantons of contemned
Call upon my soul within the house. Write loyal cantons of contemned
lo-ve, and sing them loud, sing them loud e-ven in the dead of ni-ght, Ha-

love sing them loud, sing them loud ev-en in the dead of ni-ght, 

love sing them loud, sing them loud ev-en in the dead of ni-ght, 

lo-oo your name to the re-ver-b-rate hills, and make the babb-ling 

Hal-loo your name the re-ver-b'rate hills, and make the babb-ling 

Hal-loo your name the re-ver-b'rate hills, and make the babb-ling 

Hal-oo your name the re-ver-b-rate hills, and make the babb-ling
Oh you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should

Brian Robinson
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!