

Make me a Willow Cabin

From: Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 5

William Shakespeare

Brian Robinson

$\text{♩} = 130$

Soprano
If I did love you in my mas - ter's flame, in such a suffer-ing such a

Alto
If I did love you in my mas-ter's fla-me, in such a suff' - ring such a

Tenor
8
If I did love you in my mas-ter's fla-me, in such a suff' - ring such a

Bass
If I did love you in my mas-ter's flame, in such a suff' - ring such a

7

S.
dea - dly life, in your de - ni - al I would find no sense, I would not un - der - *f*

A.
dea - dly li - fe, in your de - ni - al I would find no sense, I would not un - der - *f*

T.
8
dea - dly li - fe, In your de - ni - al I would fi - nd no sense I would not un - der - *cresc.* ----- *f*
[either or both]

B.
dea - dly life, in your de - ni - al I would find sense, I would not un - der - *f*

14 $\text{♩} = 110$

S. stand it! Make me a will-ow ca-bin at your gate, and

A. stand it! *mp* Why, what would you? Ah - - - and

T. stand it! *mp* Why, what would you? Ah - - - and

B. stand it! *mp* Why, what would you? Ah - - - and

21

S. call up-on my soul with-in the house. Write loy-al can-tons of con - temn - e - d

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

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

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

27

S. *cresc.*
 lo-ve, and sing them loud, sing them loud e-ven in the dead of ni - ght, Ha-

A. *cresc.*
 love sing them loud, sing them loud ev-en in the dead of ni - ght,

T. *cresc.*
 love sing them loud, sing them loud ev-en in the dead of ni - ght,

B. *cresc.*
 love sing them loud, sing them loud ev-en in the dead of ni - ght,

35

S. *f*
 lloo your name to the re - ver - ber-ate hills, and make the babb - ling

A. *f*
 Ha - lloo your name the re - ver - b'rate hills, and make the babb - ling

T. *f*
 Ha - lloo your name the re - ver - b'rate hills, and make the babb - ling

B. *f*
 Hall - oo your name the re - ver - ber-ate hills, and make the babb - ling

40

S. *cresc.* go-ssip of the air cry out cry ou - t *ff* O - li-vi-a

A. *cresc.* go-ssip of the air cry out cry ou - t *ff* *mp* > *p* O-li-vi-a

T. *cresc.* go-ssip of the air cry out cry ou - t *ff*

B. *cresc.* go-ssip of the air cry out cry ou - t *ff*

46 $\text{♩} = 110$

S. *ff* Oh you should not rest be-tween the *mf* el - e-ments of air and earth, but you should

A. *ff* Oh you should not rest be-tween the *mf* el - e-ments of air and earth, but you should

T. *ff* Oh you should not rest be-tween the *mf* el - e-ments of air and earth, but you should

B. *ff* Oh you should not rest be-tween the *mf* el - e-ments of air and earth, but you should

51

S. pi - - - ty me.

A. pi - - - ty me.

T. pi - - - ty me.

B. pi - - - ty me.

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!