CELIA
You have simply misused your sex in your love-prate! We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and show the world what the bird hath done to your own nest.

ROSALIND
O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded - my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA
Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND
No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I tell, thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CELIA
And I'll sleep.
Now, my sisters and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference - as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say:
'This is no flattery. These are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
CELIA/DUKE FREDERICK (any gender, also plays Duke Senior)
ACT 1 SCENE 3

CELIA
Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK
Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

CELIA
I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
And wherso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE FREDERICK
She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and thy pity her.
Thou are a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

CELIA
Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK
You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
DUKE FREDERICK
Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND
Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK
You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND
I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic -
As I do trust I am not - then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
did I offend your highness.

DUKE FREDERICK
Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND
Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

DUKE FREDERICK
Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROSALIND
So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
ROSALIND There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO What were his marks?

ROSALIND A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are not such man. You are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO Fair, youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND Love is merely a madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel,

ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND Yes, one, and in this manner.
SILVIUS
Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phoebe.
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th’ accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

PHOEBE
I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon - why now, fall down!
Or if thou canst not - O, for shame, for shame -
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes that can do hurt.

SILVIUS
O dear Phoebe,
If ever - as that ever may be near -
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHOEBE
But till that time
Come not thou near me. And when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that I time I shall not pity thee.
Come apace, good Audrey - I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Your features, Lord warrant us? What features?

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. (Audrey has no idea what he is talking about.)

When a man's verses cannot be understood, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most faining, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

I do truly, for thou swear'st to me thou are honest. Now if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Would you not have me honest?

No, truly, unless thou were hard favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Truly; and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Well, praised by the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee.
DUKE FREDERICK (any gender, also plays Duke Senior)/OLIVER
ACT 3 SC 1

DUKE FREDERICK
Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercy
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it!
Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle. Bring him dead or living
Within this this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER
O that your highness knew my heart in this;
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK
More villain thou!
JAQUES MONOLOGUE  (Any gender)
ACT 2 SCENE 7

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i'th' forest,
A motley fool - a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms - and yet a motley fool!
'Good morrow, fool, ' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luster eye
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.
Thus may we see', quoth he, 'how the world wags
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool this moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
JAQUES (any gender)/AMIENS
ACT 2 SCENE 5

JAQUES
More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS
It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES
I thank it; more, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel
sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more!

AMIENS
My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES
I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more another stanza -
call you 'em stanzos?

AMIENS
What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES
Will you sing?

AMIENS
More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES
Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the
encounter of two dog-ages. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have
given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; - and you
than will not, hold your tongues.
Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul - yet I know not why - hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long. This wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.
OLIVER/ORLANDO
ACT 1 SCENE 1

OLIVER   Now, sir, what make you here?

ORLANDO   Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER   What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO   Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God
          made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER   Marry, sir, be better employed.

ORLANDO   Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What
          prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER   Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO   O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER   Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO   Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you
          are my elder brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so
          know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the
          first-born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there
          twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you.

OLIVER   What, boy! Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO   I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de
          Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father
          begot villains. Wert thou not my brother I would not take this hand from thy
          throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.
CELIA
O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved that I am.

ROSALIND
I have more cause.

CELIA
Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful. Knowst thou not the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND
That he hath not.

CELIA
No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir!
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your change upon you
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what though canst, I will go along with there.
CELIA
You have simply misused your sex in your love-prate! We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and show the world what the bird hath done to your own nest.

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CELIA
And I'll sleep.
PHOEBE
Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?'

SILVIUS
Sweet Phoebe - I

PHOEBE
Huh? - What sayst thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS
Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

PHOEBE
Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS
Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterminated.

PHOEBE
Thou hast my love, is not that neighborly?

SILVIUS
I would have you.

PHOEBE
Why, that were covetousness!
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee -
And yet it is not that I bear thee love -
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thy own gladness that thou art employed.

SILVIUS
So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scattered smile, and I 'll live upon.
ROSALIND
From the east to western Inde
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the picture fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE
I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted.

ROSALIND
Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE
For a taste -

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut has sourest rind,
Such a nut Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick - and Rosalind.

This is a very false gallop of verse. Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND
Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE
Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.