

As You Like It

2.6

Enter Orlando and Adam

ADAM Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food.
Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell,
kind master.

ORLANDO Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in
thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little. 5
If this uncouth forest yield anything savage I will either
be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit
is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be
comfortable. Hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will
here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not 10
something to eat, I will give thee leave to die. But if
thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my
labour. Well said. Thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with
thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I
will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die 15
for lack of a dinner if there live anything in this desert.
Cheerly, good Adam.

Orlando carries Adam off