

As You Like It

2.4

Enter Rosalind in man's clothes as Ganymede; Celia as Aliena, a shepherdess; and Touchstone the clown

ROSALIND O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman. But I must comfort 5
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good
Aliena!

CELIA I pray you, bear with me. I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE For my part, I had rather bear with you than 10
bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you,
for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND Well, this is the forest of Ardenne.

TOUCHSTONE Ay, now am I in Ardenne; the more fool I.
When I was at home I was in a better place; but 15
travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius

ROSALIND Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who
comes here±±a young man and an old in solemn talk.

CORIN (to Silvius)

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! 20

CORIN

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine±± 25
As sure I think did never man love so±±
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily. 30

If thou rememberest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, 35

Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

O, Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe! 40

Exit

ROSALIND

Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE And I mine. I remember when I was in love

I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that

for coming a-night to Jane Smile, and I remember the 45

kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty

chapped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing

of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two

cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping

tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers 50

run into strange capers. But as all is mortal in nature,

so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit

till I break my shins against it. 55

ROSALIND

Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE And mine, but it grows something stale with

me.

CELIA

I pray you, one of you question yon man 60

If he for gold will give us any food.

I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE (*to Corin*) Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN Who calls? 65

TOUCHSTONE Your betters, sir.

CORIN Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND (*to Touchstone*)

Peace, I say. (*To Corin*) Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold 70

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,

Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,

And faints for succour.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, 75

My fortunes were more able to relieve her.

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish disposition,

And little recks to find the way to heaven 80

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cot, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now

By reason of his absence there is nothing

That you will feed on. But what is, come see, 85

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

ROSALIND

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, 90

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold. 95

Go with me. If you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Exeunt