

As You Like It

3.4

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede and Celia as Aliena

ROSALIND Never talk to me. I will weep.

CELIA Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider
that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep. 5

ROSALIND His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses
are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA An excellent colour. Your chestnut was ever the 10
only colour.

ROSALIND And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch
of holy bread.

CELIA He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun
of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The 15
very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND But why did he swear he would come this
morning, and comes not?

CELIA Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND Do you think so? 20

CELIA Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-
stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as
concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND Not true in love?

CELIA Yes, when he is in. But I think he is not in. 25

ROSALIND You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA 'Was' is not 'is'. Besides, the oath of a lover is no
stronger than the word of a tapster. They are both the
confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the
forest on the Duke your father. 30

ROSALIND I met the Duke yesterday, and had much
question with him. He asked me of what parentage I
was. I told him, of as good as he, so he laughed and
let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is
such a man as Orlando? 35

CELIA O that's a brave man. He writes brave verses,
speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks
them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his
lover, as a puny tilter that spurs his horse but on one
side breaks his staff, like a noble goose. But all's brave 40
that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin

CORIN
Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complained of love
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess 45
That was his mistress.

CELIA Well, and what of him?

CORIN
If you will see a pageant truly played
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, 50
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND *(to Celia)* O come, let us remove.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
(To Corin) Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt