

As You Like It

4.1

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede, Celia as Aliena, and Jaques

JAQUES I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES I am so. I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND Those that are in extremity of either are 5
abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every
modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQUES Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is 10
emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor
the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which
is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the
lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these;
but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of 15
many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed
the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my
often rumination wraps me in a most humorous
sadness.

ROSALIND A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason 20
to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see
other men's. Then to have seen much and to have
nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando

ROSALIND And your experience makes you sad. I had 25
rather have a fool to make me merry than experience
to make me sad and to travel for it too!

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

JAQUES Nay then, God b'wi'you an you talk in blank
verse. 30

ROSALIND Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp,
and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your

own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. 35

[Exit Jaques]

Why, how now, Orlando? Where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 40

ROSALIND Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heartwhole. 45

ORLANDO Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO Of a snail? 50

ROSALIND Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head±±a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO What's that? 55

ROSALIND Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO Virtue is no hornmaker, and my Rosalind is virtuous. 60

ROSALIND And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind? 65

ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, 70

they will spit; and for lovers, lacking±±God warr'nt
us±±matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins 75
new matter.

ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his beloved
mistress?

ROSALIND Marry, that should you if I were your mistress,
or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 80

ORLANDO What, of my suit?

ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your
suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO I take some joy to say you are because I would
be talking of her. 85

ROSALIND Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND No, faith; die by attorney. The poor world is
almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there
was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in 90
a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before,
and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would
have lived many a fair year though Hero had turned
nun if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, 95
good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the
Hellespont and, being taken with the cramp, was
drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found
it was Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have
died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, 100
but not for love.

ORLANDO I would not have my right Rosalind of this
mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come,
now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on 105
disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and
all.

ORLANDO And wilt thou have me? 110

ROSALIND Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO What sayst thou?
ROSALIND Are you not good?
ORLANDO I hope so.
ROSALIND Why then, can one desire too much of a good 115
thing? *(To Celia)* Come, sister, you shall be the priest
and marry us.±±Give me your hand, Orlando.±±What
do you say, sister?
ORLANDO *(to Celia)* Pray thee, marry us.
CELIA I cannot say the words. 120
ROSALIND You must begin, `Will you, Orlando'±±
CELIA Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this
Rosalind?
ORLANDO I will.
ROSALIND Ay, but when? 125
ORLANDO Why now, as fast as she can marry us.
ROSALIND Then you must say, `I take thee, Rosalind, for
wife.'
ORLANDO I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
ROSALIND I might ask you for your commission; but I do 130
take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes
before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought
runs before her actions.
ORLANDO So do all thoughts; they are winged.
ROSALIND Now tell me how long you would have her 135
after you have possessed her?
ORLANDO For ever and a day.
ROSALIND Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando;
men are April when they woo, December when they
wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky 140
changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous
of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more
clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-
fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a
monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the 145
fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to
be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when
thou art inclined to sleep.
ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?
ROSALIND By my life, she will do as I do. 150
ORLANDO O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND Or else she could not have the wit to do this.
The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a
woman's wit, and it will out at the casement. Shut
that, and 'twill out at the key-hole. Stop that, 'twill fly 155
with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO A man that had a wife with such a wit, he
might say `Wit, whither wilt?'

ROSALIND Nay, you might keep that check for it till you
met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 160

ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You
shall never take her without her answer unless you
take her without her tongue. O, that woman that
cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her 165
never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like
a fool.

ORLANDO For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock 170
I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what
you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I
thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won
me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two 175
o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God
mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not
dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or 180
come one minute behind your hour, I will think you
the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow
lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind
that may be chosen out of the gross band of the
unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep 185
your promise.

ORLANDO With no less religion than if thou wert indeed
my Rosalind. So, adieu.

ROSALIND Well, Time is the old justice that examines all
such offenders; and let Time try. Adieu. 190

Exit Orlando

CELIA You have simply misused our 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 her own nest.

ROSALIND O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou 195
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. 200

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'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out 205
of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh
till he come.

CELIA And I'll sleep.
Exeunt