

As You Like It (Rosalind/Orlando), 3.2 | Comedy**ROSALIND**

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO

You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

ORLANDO

Where dwell you pretty youth?

ROSALIND

With this shepherdess my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND

I have been told so of many. But indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak.

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

My uncle taught me how to know the marks of 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 – but I pardon you for that. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation.

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. 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. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORLANDO

Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

ROSALIND

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

Exeunt