

**As You Like It (Silvius/Phebe/Rosalind), 3.5 | Comedy**

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE running*

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind*

**PHEBE**

I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
I am sure, there is no force in my eyes  
That can do hurt.

**SILVIUS**

O dear Phebe,  
If ever,--as that ever may be near,--  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

**PHEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

**ROSALIND**

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched?  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

**PHEBE**

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Shepherdess, look on him better, and be not proud.

*Exeunt ROSALIND*

**PHEBE**

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe,--

**PHEBE**

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

**PHEBE**

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Phebe, with all my heart.

**PHEBE**

I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt*