As You Like It Audition Sides

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Adam: Act II, Scene iii, Lines 17-77

Adam, the aged family servant of the late Rowland de Bois, warns Orlando not to enter the house, for his brother plans to murder him. Adam then offers his retirement funds, and offers to accompany Orlando on his flight to safety.

ADAM

O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors. Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother—yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orlando, I have me five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame.
Take the gold, and let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Audrey: Act III, Scene iii, Lines 17-77

Audrey, a bawdy (and perhaps simple) country woman, captures the eye of the fool Touchstone. He proposes that they marry almost on the spot!

TOUCHSTONE
Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY
Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE
I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. When a man's verses cannot be understood, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY
I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE
No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUDREY
Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE
I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY
Would you not have me honest? Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE
Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY
I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE
Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee.

AUDREY
Well, the gods give us joy!

Celia: Act I, Scene iii, Lines 1-37

Celia is astonished that her cousin (and best friend) could have fallen in love so quickly. She wants all the details.

CELIA
Why, cousin! Why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy, not a word?

ROSALIND
Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA
No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs. Throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

ROSALIND
Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CELIA
But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND
No, some of it is for my child's father.
[Celia reacts to this development.]
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

CELIA
They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND
I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

CELIA
Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND
O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

CELIA
Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND
The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA
Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly. Yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND
No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA
Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

ROSALIND
Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do.

Celia: Act I, Scene iii, Lines 94-114

Faced with the banishment of her cousin and closest friend, Celia comes up with a plan to run away together.

CELIA
O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND
I have more cause.

CELIA
Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter? You lack the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND
Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA
To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

Celia: Act I, Scene iii, Lines 1-37

Celia has seen Orlando hanging his poems in the wood, and asks if Rosalind knows who is responsible for them. Celia is shocked by how naive/dense her friend is being.

CELIA
Didst thou hear these verses? Didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?
Trow you who hath done this?
ROSALIND
Is it a man?
CELIA
And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?
ROSALIND
I prithee, who?
CELIA
O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.
ROSALIND
Nay, but who is it?
CELIA
Is it possible?
ROSALIND
Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.
CELIA
O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping! It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant. I found him under a tree… like a dropped acorn.

Charles: Act I, Scene i, Lines 121-134

Charles, a court wrestler, has heard that Orlando plans to challenge him. Since Charles must always do his best in the ring to uphold his brutal reputation, he tries to ask Olliver to talk his younger brother out of the bout.

CHARLES

Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honor if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Corin: Act III, Scene ii, Lines 21-114

Corrin, a shepherd, speaks with Touchstone, the fool, about their perspectives on the world

TOUCHSTONE
Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?
CORIN
No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.
TOUCHSTONE
Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?
CORIN
No, truly.
TOUCHSTONE
Then thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
CORIN
For not being at court? Your reason?
TOUCHSTONE
Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners. Then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.
CORIN
Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good
manners at the court are as ridiculous in the
country as the behavior of the country is most
mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at
the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy
would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Duke Frederick: Act I, Scene iii, Lines 43-88

Frederick exiles his niece Rosaland, arguing that she is beginning to take after her father/his brother, the exiled Duke Senior. When his daughter Celia (Rosalind's best friend) will not leave her side, Frederick says she'll be better off without her.

DUKE FREDERICK

You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND

I do beseech your Grace,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Thou art thy father's daughter. There's enough.
... [To Celia, referring to Rosalind.]
She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

Duke Senior: Act II, Scene i, Lines 1-18

Exiled in the forest, Duke Senior addresses loyal followers at his camp, extolling the virtues of a simple pastoral life.

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery. These are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Jaques: Act II, Scene vii, Lines 44-63

The melancholy Jaques dreams of becoming a fool, using his newfound freedom and wit to help fix the curmudgeons of the world by way of the "medicine" of humor.

JAQUES

O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the jest. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Jaques: Act II, Scene vii, Lines 146-173

Jaques describes the seven ages of one's life… how we begin and end as children.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques: Act III, Scene ii, Lines 258-286

Perpetually melancholy loner, Jaques, asks to be left alone. Impressed by his wit, he then asks Orlando to sit down so they can rail against the world together.

JAQUES
I thank you for your company, but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO
And so had I, but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQUES
God be wi' you. Let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO
I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES
I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

ORLANDO
I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

JAQUES
Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO
Yes, just.

JAQUES
I do not like her name.

ORLANDO
There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQUES
What stature is she of?

ORLANDO
Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES
You have a nimble wit.Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

ORLANDO
I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQUES
The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Oliver: Act I, Scene i, Lines 136-170

Threatened by his brother's strength and growing reputation, Oliver manipulates a local wrestler, Charles, convincing him to kill Orlando during an exhibition match.

OLIVER

I'll tell thee, Charles, it is
the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of
ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good
parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me
his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion. I
had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.
And thou wert best look to 't, for if thou dost him
any slight disgrace, he will entrap thee
by some treacherous device, and never leave
till he hath ta'en thy life. For I assure thee—
and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so
young and so villainous this day living. Farewell, Charles.

[*Charles exits.*]

Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an
end of him, for my soul—yet I know not why—
hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never
schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all
sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in
the heart of the world, and especially of my own
people, who best know him, that I am altogether
misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler
shall clear all.

Oliver: Act IV, Scene iii, Lines 99-145

Oliver recounts how Orlando saved his life in the forest, leading to their reconciliation.

OLIVER
When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
He threw his eye aside— And mark what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself. But suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself
And, with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir—
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Twice did he turn his back and made to leave,
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awaked.
CELIA
Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLIVER
'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame to tell you what I was, since my conversion so sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Orlando: Act I, Scene i, Lines 55-73

Oliver has been tasked with raising his younger brother, Orlando, in the wake of his father's death. Orlando accuses Oliver of being neglectful of his duties, physically attacking him to claim what he's been rightfully bequeathed.

OLIVER
Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO
I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.

OLIVER
Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO
I will not till I please. You shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

Orlando: Act III, Scene ii, Lines 1-10

After his banishment, a lovesick Orlando runs free in the forest of Arden. In exaltation of Rosalind's beauty, he hangs poems upon the trees and begins to carve her name into their bark.

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Orlando: Act I, Scene ii, Lines 176-186

After Rosaland and Celia express concern prior to Orlando's bout with Charles, Orlando states that he has nothing left to lose.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Phoebe: Act III, Scene v, Lines 9-28

Phoebe, a shepherd girl, is relentlessly pursued by Silvius, a shepherd boy who is madly in love with her. She eloquently tells him to leave her alone.

PHOEBE

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.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. Lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Phoebe: Act III, Scene v, Lines 114-150

Phoebe has fallen in love with Ganymede (Rosalind in disguise), though she can't admit it to herself. She delivers him a strongly worded letter.

PHOEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked 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
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Rosalind: Act I, Scene iii, Lines 45-68

After being exiled from the kingdom by Duke Frederick, Rosalind demands she be given a legitimate reason for her dismissal.

ROSALIND

I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thus do all traitors.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thou art thy father's daughter. There's enough.

ROSALIND

So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.
So was I when your Highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord.
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Rosalind: Act III, Scene ii, Lines 206-250

As Celia playfully teases her, Rosalind pleads that she reveal the identity of her mysterious forest admirer.

ROSALIND
I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?
CELIA
Nay, he hath but a little beard.
ROSALIND
Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
CELIA
It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.
ROSALIND
Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.
CELIA
I' faith, coz, 'tis he.
ROSALIND
Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
CELIA
I found him under a tree like a dropped acorn, furnished like a hunter.
ROSALIND
O, ominous! He comes to kill my heart!

<u>Rosalind</u>: Act III, Scene ii, Lines 398-443

While disguised as a boy, Rosaland meets her love, Orlando in the forest. He does not recognize her. He is clearly lovesick, and Ganymede (really Rosalind) offers to cure him of his love affliction by "pretending" to be Rosalind and letting Orlando woo him.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
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***(as Ganymede)***
But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO
Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO
Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a

moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORLANDO
I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
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, good youth.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

Rosalind: Act IV, Scene i, Lines 45-68

Rosalind (as Ganymede) begins to test the depth of Orlando's love.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?

ORLANDO
I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
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, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO
How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

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

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO
What, of my suit?

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? In her person I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO
Then, in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
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, in a love cause. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO
I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind. Her frown might kill me.

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

ORLANDO
Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO
And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND ***(as Ganymede)***
Ay, and twenty such.

Silvius/Silvia: Act II, Scene iv, Lines 21- 41

Silvius, a young shepard, has asked his older mentor for advice on how to win his love, Phoebe. Silvius doesn't believe Corin can understand the true depth of his affections.

CORIN
…That is the way to make her scorn you still.
SILVIUS
O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
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—
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.
If thou rememb'rest 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,
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!

Silvius/Silvia: Act V, Scene ii, Lines 86- 109

Silvius explains the essence of true love, asking one last time why Phoebe refuses to acknowledge his devotion.

PHOEBE
Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS
It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
And so am I for Phoebe.
It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for Phoebe.
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance,
And so am I for Phoebe.
If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Touchstone: Act I, Scene ii, Lines 55-79

Touchstone, the court fool, describes a conversational loophole allowing him to break oaths.

TOUCHSTONE
Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA
Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE
No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND
Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE
Of a certain knight that swore by his
honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his
honor the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it,
the pancakes were naught and the mustard was
good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CELIA
How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

TOUCHSTONE
Stand you both forth now: stroke your
chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.
But if you swear by that that is not, you are not
forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his
honor, for he never had any, or if he had, he had
sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or
that mustard.

<u>Touchstone/William</u>: Act V, Scene i, Lines 18-60

In love with Audrey, Touchstone the fool uses his wits and bravado to threaten William (a farmer and Audrey's ex-boyfriend) into leaving her be. He feels he needs to dumb down the threats.

TOUCHSTONE
Is thy name William?

WILLIAM
William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE
A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

WILLIAM
Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE
"Thank God." A good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM
'Faith sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE
"So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not: it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM
Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE
Why, thou sayst well. I do now remember a saying: “The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.” You do love this maid?

WILLIAM
I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE
Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM
No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE
Then learn this of me: to have is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar “leave”—the society—which in the boorish is “company”—of this female—which in the common is “woman”; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in steel. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. Therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY
Do, good William.

WILLIAM (*to Touchstone*)
God rest you merry, sir.