**6. As You Like It Act III Scene 2** Touchstone: Alton Phoneraseuth  Rosalind: Andrea Jimenez  Celia: Dianna Dinh

**ROSALIND**

From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no fair be kept in mind

But the fair of Rosalind.

**TOUCHSTONE**

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and

suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the

right butter-women's rank to market.

**ROSALIND**

Out, fool!

**TOUCHSTONE**

For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So be sure will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lined,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find

Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you

infect yourself with them?

**ROSALIND**

Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

**ROSALIND**

I'll graff it with you, then it will be the earliest fruit

i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half

ripe.

**TOUCHSTONE**

You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the

forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, with a writing*

**ROSALIND**

Peace! Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

**CELIA** [Reads]

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

**ROSALIND**

O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love

have you wearied your parishioners withal.

**CELIA**

How now! back, go off a little.

**TOUCHSTONE**

let us make an honourable retreat;

though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

*Exeunt TOUCHSTONE*

**CELIA**

Didst thou hear these verses?

**ROSALIND**

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

look here what I found on a

palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed.

**CELIA**

Trow you who hath done this?

**ROSALIND**

Is it a man?

**CELIA**

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.

Change you colour?

**ROSALIND**

I prithee, who?

**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 hooping!

**ROSALIND**

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am

caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in

my disposition? I prithee, tell me who is it

quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst

pour this concealed man

out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-

mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at

all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I

may drink thy tidings.

**CELIA**

So you may put a man in your belly.

**ROSALIND**

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**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and

hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said

he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes

him here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he?

How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see

him again? Answer me in one word.

**CELIA**

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a

word too great for any mouth of this age's size.

**ROSALIND**

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.

**ROSALIND**

It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops

forth such fruit.

**CELIA**

Give me audience, good madam.

**ROSALIND**

Proceed.

**CELIA**

There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

**ROSALIND**

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well

becomes the ground.

**CELIA**

Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; He was furnished like a hunter.

**ROSALIND**

O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest

me out of tune.

**ROSALIND**

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must

speak. Sweet, say on.

**CELIA**

You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?