As You Like It Act III Scene 2   Rosalind: Morgan Bard

No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that

are sick. 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.

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, for

simply your having in beard is a younger brother's

revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your

bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe

untied and every thing about you demonstrating a

careless desolation; but you are no such man; you

are rather point-device in your accoutrements as

loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you

love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to

do than to confess she does: that is one of the

points in the which women still give the lie to

their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he

that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind

is so admired?

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.

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 any

thing, as boys and women are for the most part

cattle of this colour; 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 humour of love to a living humour 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.