

“Do you hear, forester?”

Though Orlando doesn't know this, Rosalind, too, has fled the ducal court, and is living in the Forest of Arden. She pretends to be a local resident, and for protection dresses as a man. Her only companion is her friend Celia, also a refugee from the court, who pretends to be her sister, a local shepherdess.

Rosalind is lovesick for Orlando, and is almost overcome when she learns that he's the one hanging poems about her on trees. When she finds herself alone with him, she barely knows what to do. She wants to talk to him, but can't tell him who she is.

At first she's tongue-tied, and when she finds her voice, she makes meaningless (if witty) conversation.

But then she teases him about his hopeless love, and finds a crazy way for them to spend romantic time together. She tells him she can cure his love, if he — who of course thinks she's a man — will pretend she's Rosalind, and court her.

ROSALIND

Do you hear forester?

ORLANDO

Very well, what would you?

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 would detect the lazy foot of Time.

ORLANDO

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND

By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND

Marry he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized.

ORLANDO

Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND

With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND

With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and they perceive not how Time moves.

(pause)

ORLANDO

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND

With this shepherdess my sister.

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

As the cony [rabbit] you see dwell where she is kindled. [born; or inflamed with passion]

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

I have been told so of many: But indeed, an uncle of mine taught me to speak, one that knew courtship too well: for he fell in love. I have heard him read lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with giddy offenses.

ORLANDO

Can you remember the principal evils, that he laid to women?

ROSALIND

There were none principal, they were alike, as halfpence are.

ORLANDO

I pray you recount some.

ROSALIND

There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind upon their barks. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel.

ORLANDO

I am he that is so love-shaked.

ROSALIND

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you.

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not. Then your hose [socks] should be ungartered, your shoe untied: but you are no such man.

ORLANDO

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND

Me believe it? You may as soon make her believe it, which she is apter to do than confess that she does. But in good sooth [in truth], are you he that hangs the verses on the trees?

ORLANDO

I swear to thee youth, I am he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALND

Love is a madness, and deserves a whip, as madmen do: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, and woo me. At which time would I grieve, be changeable, proud, fantastical, full of tears, full of smiles: now weep for him, now spit at him; and thus I cured him.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would call me Rosalind, and woo me.

ORLANDO

Now by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where you live.

ROSALIND

Go with me, and I'll show you.

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.