

Orlando (tenor) and Rosalind (soprano) are in exile, in a rural place. Before going into exile, they'd fallen in love, but don't know each other well.

*In exile, they haven't encountered each other, until this scene. Orlando, lovesick, has been writing love poems and attaching them to trees. (That's what he sings about, in the tenor arioso I also use in *Quartet for Anne*.)*

Everyone makes fun of him for doing this. But when Rosalind sees him, she's struck to the heart. This is the man she loves!

But in exile, she's disguised herself as a man. When she approaches Orlando, he doesn't recognize her. Unwilling to reveal herself, she banters with him, teasing him for being lovesick, and offering a cure – he should pretend she's Rosalind, and act like her lover.

Shakespeare, of course, handles this with wit and finesse.

ROSALIND [stepping forward, speaking to Orlando]

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?

divers: different

ROSALIND

By no means, sir; Time travels in divers^o 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.^o

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:^o for they sleep between term and term, and they perceive not how Time moves.

withal: besides, moreover

in the vacation: a time of year when London courts weren't open

ORLANDO

Where dwell you pretty youth?

ROSALIND

With this shepherdess my sister.

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

As the cony^o you see dwell where she is kindled.^o

ORLANDO

Your accent is finer, than you could purchase in so removed^o 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^o 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.

cony: rabbit

kindled: born; also inflamed with passion. The reference to rabbits being born is partly a dirty joke, because rabbits reproduce so quickly.

removed: remote; isolated

touched: tainted

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,^o 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^o, which you have not. Then your hose^o
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^o than confess that she
does. But in good sooth^o, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees?

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

fancy-monger: someone who sells love

blue eye and sunken: circles under the eyes

hose: socks

apter to do: more likely to do

in good sooth: truthfully

deserves a whip: in Shakespeare's time, madmen were whipped

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,^o 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.

fantastical: irrational