MONOLOGUE SIDES

ADAM: The aged family servant of the late Rowland de Bois, warns Orlando to avoid his brother; he want to accompany Orlando in his flight to safety

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,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
I have 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,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold.
All this I give you. 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,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you.
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

JAQUES: A melancholy, witty fellow who describes the seven ages of a man

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.

ROSALIND: **as Ganymede, her male disguise, Rosalind purports to cure Orlando of his love to ascertain how much he actually loves her instead of just infatuation**

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?

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: his opening monologue, wherein he lays down exposition as to his quarrel with his family

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this
fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand
crowns, and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on
his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my
sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and
report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he
keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more
properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you
that “keeping,” for a gentleman of my birth, that
differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are
bred better, for, besides that they are fair with their
feeding, they are taught their manage and, to that
end, riders dearly hired. But I, his brother, gain
nothing under him but growth, for the which his
animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him
as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives
me, the something that nature gave me his countenance
seems to take from me. He lets me feed with
his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as
much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my
education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the
spirit of my father, which I think is within me,
begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no
longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy
how to avoid it.

PHOEBE: she has fallen in love with Rosalind as Ganymede but cannot admit it to herself.

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—
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. 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.
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

PHOEBE I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

DUKE SENIOR: Exiled in the forest, he addresses his loyal followers at camp and extolling the virtues of a pastoral life

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.

OLIVER: Oliver manipulates a local wrestler, Charles, seeking to have him kill Orlando, Oliver's brother, because he feels threatened by Orlando.

I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. 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, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other. For I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE SIDES

Audrey and Touchstone

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 and Rosalind

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.

Corine and Touchstone

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.

Jaques and Orlando

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.

Rosalind and Duke Frederick

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 and Celia

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!

Rosalind (as Ganymede) and **Orlando**

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 (as Ganymede) and **Orlando**

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.

Corin and Silvia

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

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?