

As You Like It abbreviated

Act 3, Scene 2

Enchantment

Situation: Masquerading as Ganymede, a giddy Rosalind tells Orlando that she can cure him of his love sickness. Orlando has been running through the woods hanging “odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, deifying the name of Rosalind.”

ROSALIND AS GANYMEDE: Me believe it? But are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO: I swear to thee, youth, 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. I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO: Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND AS GANYMEDE: Yes, one, and in this manner.

Rosalind as Ganymede to Orlando, No. 1

He was to imagine me his mistress,
And I set him everyday to dismiss
All else and woo me. Then would I, being
A fickle youth, grieve, be effeminate,
Changeable, silly, longing, and liking,
Inconstant, full of tears; first passionate,
Then no passion for anything, as boys
And girls only can. I'd make squawkish noise,
Then entertain him, then forswear him, now
Weep for him, so that I drove my suitor
To seek a nook monastic; to allow
His love to become one of madness. For
Certain, I could leave your heart so bereft
That there shall be not one spot of love left.

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 cottage and woo me.

ORLANDO: Now, by the faith of love, I will. Tell me where it is.