**AS YOU LIKE IT  
ROSALIND, ACT 3 SCENE 2**

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.

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he  
taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage  
of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

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.

You would you could make me believe you love?

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?

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

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.

I have, 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.

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind  
and come every day to my cote and woo me.