

## **AS YOU LIKE IT**

William Shakespeare

### **ACT III, SCENE V. Another part of the forest.**

#### **SILVIUS**

O dear Phebe,  
If ever,--as that ever may be near,--  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

#### **PHEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

#### **ROSALIND**

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,--  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed--  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.