

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) 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. (*As Ganymede.*) Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) I have been told so of many. 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.

ORLANDO. I am he, that unfortunate he, that is so love-shaked.

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) 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.

ORLANDO. What were his marks?

ROSALIND. (*As Ganymede.*) A lean cheek, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. You are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love!

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. Yet, I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. I pray you tell me your remedy.