

Scene Five
Rosalind's Dressing Chamber

(Enter CELIA and ROSALIND. She hums to herself, picking up where Orlando's melody left off.)

ROSALIND.

OOH... OOH OOH OOH

CELIA. Why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy, not a word?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND. No, some of it is for my child's father!

CELIA. Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

(DUKE FREDERICK enters with his ROYAL MINIONS.)

[MUSIC 05A - ALL HAIL DUKE FREDERICK]

ROYAL MINIONS.

AH AH AH

ALL HAIL DUKE FRED'RICK!

AH AH AH

ALL HAIL DUKE FRED'RICK!

EGIN DUKE FREDERICK. *(To ROSALIND.)* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, and get you from our court, or in the greatness of my word, you die.

ROSALIND. Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK. You, niece.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your Highness!

DUKE FREDERICK. Thou art thy father's daughter. There's enough.

ROSALIND. Treason is not inherited, my lord.

But my father was no traitor.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much to think my poverty is treacherous!

CELIA. If she be a traitor, why, so am I!

DUKE FREDERICK. Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience speak to the people and they pity her.

Thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous when she is gone.

Firm and irrevocable is my doom.

She is banished!

ROYAL MINIONS.

~~ALL HAIL DUKE FRED'RICK!~~

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~~ALL HAIL DUKE FRED'RICK!~~

(DUKE FREDERICK and ROYAL MINIONS exit.)

CELIA. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am!

ROSALIND. I have more cause.

CELIA. Thou hast not, cousin.

Know'st thou not the duke

Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND. That he hath not.

Rosalind's Grace

CELIA. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly!

ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA. To seek my uncle and his followers in the Forest of
Arden!

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us to travel forth
so far? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.

ROSALIND. Were it not better,
Since I am more than common strong,
That I did suit me all points like a man?

CELIA. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede!
But what will you be called?

CELIA. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool, Touchstone, out of your father's court?

CELIA. Leave me alone to woo him. Now go we in content
to liberty, and not to banishment!

END

(They exit.)

**[MUSIC 05B - TO LIBERTY AND NOT TO
BANISHMENT]**

End of Scene