

**Scene Eleven
Elsewhere in Arden**

(TOUCHSTONE and ANDY enter, in a flirtatious chase.)

TOUCHSTONE. Good Andy! Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

ANDY. Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

ANDY. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

ANDY. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

ANDY. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

ANDY. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE. Be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end, I have been with Martext, the vicar of Arden, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us!

ANDY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the wood. But what though? Courage! Here comes the vicar.