

## WHAT 'TIS TO LOVE

ROSALIND (GEENA)

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. Men have died from time  
to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

CELIA (NATALIE WOOLAMS-TORRES)

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS (GREGG)

It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
And so am I for Phoebe.  
It is to be all made of faith and service,  
And so am I for Phoebe.  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance,  
And so am I for Phoebe.

CELIA (NATALIE WOOLAMS-TORRES)

Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke  
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND (GEENA) That he hath not.

CELIA (NATALIE WOOLAMS-TORRES)

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?  
No, let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND (GEENA) Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA (NATALIE)

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

ORLANDO (TY)

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love!  
And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

CLEOPATRA (ALEXANDRIA)

I dreamt there was an emperor Antony.  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man.  
His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted  
The little O, the Earth.  
His legs bestrid the ocean, his reared arm  
Crested the world. His voice was propertyed  
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping. His delights  
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above  
The element they lived in.  
Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamt of?

IMOGEN (LILY)

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford Haven! Read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,  
Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st—

O, let me bate—but not like me, yet long'st  
But in a fainter kind—O, not like me,  
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick—  
Love's counselor should fill the bores of hearing  
To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is  
To this same blessèd Milford. And by th' way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
T' inherit such a haven.

OLIVIA (NATALIE) ¿Y qué hariais?

VIOLA (DANAYA)

Me haría una cabaña de sauce a vuestra puerta  
y llamaría a mi alma, que vive en esta casa.  
Compondría tiernos cantos de amor menospreciado,  
que cantaría a toda voz en la calma de la noche.  
Gritaría vuestro nombre al eco de los montes  
y haría que la comadre balbuciente de los aires  
repite «¡Olivia!». ¡Ah, no podríais vivir  
entre los elementos de aire y tierra  
sin tener piedad de mí!

OLIVIA (NATALIE) ¡Tal vez lo consigais!

SILVIUS (ATO)

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.  
O, thou didst then never love so heartily.  
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.  
O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

ROSALIND (GEENA) O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou  
didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But  
it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an

unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal!

*Beat*

Pray you, no more of this.

'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

I will help you if I can. I would love you if I could.

Tomorrow, meet we all together.