

As You Like It Audition side #11 [Orlando; scene 12]

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;

And thou, thrice-crowned 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.