

As You Like It Audition side #6 [Phoebe; scene 14; w/Silvius]

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe!

Say that you love me not, but say not so

In bitterness. The common executioner,

Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard, Falls not the axe
upon the humbled neck

But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

PHOEBE

I would not be thy executioner.

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things, Should be called tyrants,
butchers, murderers.

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee. Now counterfeit to
swoon; why, now fall down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee. Scratch thee but with a
pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.