

## WOMEN – Please choose only one

**Phebe:**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy; -yet he talks well;-

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him: He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue.

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

**Phebe:** There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him: For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black; And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

**Rosalind:**

And why I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty – As by my faith I  
see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed –

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No faith proud mistress, hope not after it.

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship.

**Rosalind:**

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South puffing with wind and rain? You are a thousand times a  
properer man

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children. 'Tis not her glass but you  
that flatters her,

And out of you she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments  
can show her.

But mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees, And thank heaven,

fasting, for a good man's love; For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.