

As You Like It

Act III, sc. 5

PHOEBE

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

Between the constant red and mingled damask.

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?