

Resource E: **Stereotypes Act 4, Scene 1 (edited)**

ROSALIND But come, now
I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on
disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

ORLANDO Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO What sayest thou?

ROSALIND Are you not good?

ORLANDO I hope so.

ROSALIND Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?
No, no, Orlando;
men are April when they woo, December when they wed:
maids are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous
of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen,
more giddy in my desires than a monkey:
I will weep for nothing, and I will do that when you are
disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and
that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I
will be with thee again.

ROSALIND Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you
would prove: my friends told me as much, and I
thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours
won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death!

Exit ORLANDO