

BRAVE NEW SHAKESPEARE: TAKING ACTION

As You Like It

By William Shakespeare

Act 1, Scene 3

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND I have more cause.

CELIA Thou hast not, cousin.

Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND That he hath not.

CELIA

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.