

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

**AUDREY**

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

**TOUCHSTONE**

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

**JAQUES**

[Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

**TOUCHSTONE**

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

**AUDREY**

I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

**AUDREY**

Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

**AUDREY**

Would you not have me honest?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

**JAQUES**

[Aside] ~~A material fool!~~

**AUDREY**

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**AUDREY**

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

**JAQUES**

[Aside] ~~I would fain see this meeting.~~

**AUDREY**

Well, the gods give us joy!