

Orlando Furioso by Robert Greene

M/M BS, R&D, SmS, S&S, SS

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Enter Orlando

Orlando: Woods, trees, leaves; leaves, trees, woods; Tra sequuntur tria. – Ho, Minerva! Salve, good morrow; how do you do today? Tell me sweet goddess, will Jove send Mercury to Calypso, to let me go? Will he? Why, then he's a gentleman, every hair o' the head on him. – But, ho, Orgalio! Where art thou, boy?

Orgalio: Here, my lord; did you call me?

Orlando: No, nor name thee.

Orgalio: Then God be with you *(goes to leave)*

Orlando: Nay, prithee, Good Orgalio, stay; canst though not tell me what to say?

Orgalio: No, by my troth.

Orlando: O, this it is; Angelica is dead.

Orgalio: Why, then, she shall be buried.

Orlando: But my Angelica is dead.

Orgalio: Why, it may be so.

Orlando: But she's dead and buried.

Orgalio: Ay, I think so.

Orlando: Nothing but "I think so," and "It may be so"! *(he beats him)*

Orgalio: What do you mean, my lord?

Orlando: Why, shall I tell you that my love is dead, and can ye not weep for her?

Orgalio: Yes, yes, my lord, I will.

Orlando: Well, do so, then. Orgalio.

Orgalio: My lord?

Orlando: Medor's Angelica is dead.

Orgalio: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Orlando: So, 'tis well now.

Orgalio: Nay, this is easier than the other was.

Orlando: Now away! Seek the herb moly; for I must to hell, To seek for Medor and Angelica.

Orgalio: I know no the herb moly, I' faith.

Orlando: Come, I'll lead ye to it by the ears.

Orgalio: 'Tis here, my lord, 'tis here.

Orlando: 'Tis indeed. Now to Charon, bid him dress his boat, for he had never such a passenger.

Orgalio: Shall I tell him your name?

Orlando: No, then he will be afraid, and not be at home. (*exit Orgalio.*)