

**“Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love”**

*Orlando, exiled from a ducal court, is living in the rural Forest of Arden, where most people are shepherds. He's lovesick for Rosalind, a woman he knew in the court, and hangs poems about her on trees.*

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love,  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run Orlando, carve on every tree,  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.