

AS YOU LIKE IT

11/6/14

The Grand Dame- living in exile
Frederica- her sister, and usurper of her dominions
Rosalind- daughter to The Grand Dame
Celia- daughter to Frederica
Amiens- lady attending The Grand Dame
Jacqueline- lady attending The Grand Dame
First Lady- attending The Grand Dame
Second Lady- attending The Grand Dame

Touchstone- the court jester
Madame La Belle 1- a lady attending Frederica
Madame La Belle 2- a lady attending Frederica
Madame La Belle 3- a lady attending Frederica
Charles- wrestler to Frederica

Oliver- oldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys
Jaques De Boys- middle son of Sir Rowland de Boys
Orlando- youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys
Adam- servant to Oliver, friend to Orlando
Dennis- servant to Oliver

Miss Olivia Martext- a priestess
Corrine- a shepherdess
Silvius- a shepherd
Phoebe- a shepherdess
Audrey- a shepherdess
William- a country youth in love with Audrey
Hymen- goddess of marriage

Settings:

Oliver's house; the court; and the Forest of Arden

ACT I

PROLOGUE

ONE

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ORLANDO.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacqueline he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER. What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORLANDO. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER. Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLIVER. Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER. *[Threatening Orlando]* What, boy!

ORLANDO. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou has rail'd on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER. Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.

ORLANDO. I no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is 'old dog' my reward? God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

Exit ORLANDO and ADAM

OLIVER. Is it even so? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, DENNIS!

Enter DENNIS

DENNIS. Calls your worship?

OLIVER. Was not Charles, the Grand Dame's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLIVER. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER. Good Monsieur Charles! What's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Dame is banished by her younger sister the new Dame; and three or four loving ladies have put themselves into voluntary exile with her, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Dame; therefore she gives them good leave to wander.

OLIVER. Can you tell if Rosalind, her daughter, be banished with her mother?

CHARLES. O, no; for the Dame's daughter, her cousin, Celia, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her aunt than her own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLIVER. Where will the old Dame live?

CHARLES. They say she is already in the Forest of Arden, and many merry ladies with her; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say they fleet the time carelessly, as if they lived in a golden world.

OLIVER. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Dame?

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly

of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

Exit

OLIVER. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

Exit

TWO

The DAME'S palace

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished mother, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my aunt, thy banished mother, had banished thy aunt, the Dame my mother, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy mother for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA. You know my mother hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when she dies thou shalt be her heir; for what she hath taken away from thy mother perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports.
Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CELIA. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

ROSALIND. What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROSALIND. Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? How now, wit! Whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your mother.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were
good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught.
It was one that Frederica, your mother, loves.

CELIA. My mother's love is enough to honor him. Enough, speak no
more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise
men do foolishly.

CELIA. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that
fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have
makes a great show. Here comes the ladies La Belle.

Enter LA BELLES

ROSALIND. With their mouths full of news.

CELIA. Which they will put on us as pigeons feed their young.
Bon jour, Madames La Belles. What's the news?

LA BELLE 1. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport! of what colour?

LA BELLE 2. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROSALIND. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE. Or as the Destinies decrees.

CELIA. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, if I keep not my rank-

ROSALIND. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LA BELLE 3. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LA BELLE 1. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LA BELLE 2. There comes an old man and his three sons-

CELIA. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LA BELLE 3. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND. With bills on their necks: 'Be it known unto all men by these presents'-

LA BELLE 1. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Dame's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him.

LA BELLE 2. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie;

LA BELLE 3. The poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, madame, that we have lost?

LA BELLE 1. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LA BELLE 2. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Enter DAME FREDERICA, ORLANDO, CHARLES and townspeople

FREDERICA. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND. Ay, madame; so please you give us leave.

FREDERICA. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA. Call him hither, good Madame La Belle.

FREDERICA. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DAME FREDERICA goes apart]

LA BELLE 3. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as the others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND. Do, young Sir. Your reputation will not be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Dame that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA. And mine to eke out hers.

ROSALIND. Fare you well.

CHARLES. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

FREDERICA. You shall try but one fall.

ROSALIND. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle]

ROSALIND. O excellent young man!

CELIA. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout]

FREDERICA. No more, no more.

ORLANDO. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

FREDERICA. How dost thou, Charles?

LA BELLE 1. He cannot speak, my lord.

FREDERICA. Bear him away.

[Exit Charles and townspeople]

What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

FREDERICA. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit DAME and LA BELLES

CELIA. Were I my mother, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son- and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederica.

ROSALIND. My mother lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my mother's mind;

CELIA. My mother's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck]
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

CELIA. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO. Can I not say 'I thank you'? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA. Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Re-enter LA BELLE

LA BELLE 2. Good sir, we do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Dame's condition
That she misconstrues all that you have done.

ORLANDO. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Dame
That here was at the wrestling?

LA BELLE 3. Neither her daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is her daughter;
The other is daughter to the banish'd Dame,
And here detain'd by her usurping aunt,

To keep her daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

LA BELLE 1. But I can tell you that of late Frederica
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst her gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise Rosalind for her virtues
And pity her for her good mother's sake;
And, on my life, Frederica's malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.

ORLANDO. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well.

Exit LA BELLES

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Dame unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

Exit

THREE

The DAME's palace

CELIA. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!
Not a word?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs;
throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROSALIND. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should
be lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any. O, how full
of briers is this working-day world!

CELIA. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday
foolery.

ROSALIND. I cannot shake them off: these burs are in my heart.

CELIA. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

CELIA. Turn these jests out of service, let us talk in
good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall
into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND. The Dame my mother lov'd his father dearly.

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?
By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my mother hated his
father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter DAME FREDERICA with LA BELLES

ROSALIND. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I
do. Look, here comes the Dame.

CELIA. With her eyes full of anger.

FREDERICA. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND. Me, aunt?

FREDERICA. You, niece.

Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic-
As I do trust I am not- then, dear aunt,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

FREDERICA. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

FREDERICA. Thou art thy mother's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND. So was I when your Highness took her Damedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd her.
Treason is not inherited;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My mother was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

FREDERICA. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her mother rang'd along.

CELIA. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse!
If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

FREDERICA. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CELIA. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

FREDERICA. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Exit DAME and LA BELLES

CELIA. O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change mothers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROSALIND. I have more cause.

CELIA. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Dame
Hath banish'd me, her daughter?

ROSALIND. That she hath not.

CELIA. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund'red? Shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my mother 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 charge 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 aunt in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far.
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND. Were it not better,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and- in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will-
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND. Look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CELIA. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your mother's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

Exit

FOUR

The Forest of Arden

DAME. Now, my co-mates and fellows in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AMIENS. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DAME. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads

Have their round haunches gor'd.

FIRST LADY. Indeed, my lady,
The melancholy Jacqueline grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your sister that hath banish'd you.
To-day we did steal behind her as she lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood!

AMIENS. To the which place a poor sequest' red stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish-

SECOND LADY. And, indeed, my lady,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting-

FIRST LADY. And the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase-

AMIENS. And thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jacqueline,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DAME. But what said Jacqueline?
Did she not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LADY. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

DAME. And did you leave her in this contemplation?

SECOND LADY. We did, my lady, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DAME. Show me the place;
I love to cope her in these sullen fits,
For then she's full of matter.

FIRST LADY. We'll bring you to her straight.

FIVE

The DAME'S palace

FREDERICA. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

LA BELLE 1. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

LA BELLE 2. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

LA BELLE 3. Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

LA BELLE 2. And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

FREDERICA. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

SIX

Before OLIVER'S house

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORLANDO. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother- no, no brother; yet the son-
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father-
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you.

ORLANDO. O good old man,
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
It is not so with thee.

ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

SEVEN

The Forest of Arden

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel,
and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel,
as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to
petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CELIA. I pray you bear with me; I cannot go no further.

ROSALIND. Well. This is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Well. Now am I in Arden, the more fool I.

Enter AUDREY, CORRINE and SILVIUS

ROSALIND. Look you, who comes here, three young shepherds
in solemn talk.

CORRINE. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS. O Corrine, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

AUDREY. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

SILVIUS. No, Audrey, thou canst not guess,
Though mayhap thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORRINE. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS. O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit Silvius

ROSALIND. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE. And I mine. We that are true lovers run into strange
capers.

ROSALIND. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break
my shins against it.

ROSALIND. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE. And mine.

CELIA. I pray you, one of you question her
If she for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

ROSALIND. Holla!

CORRINE. Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE. Good even to you... friend.

AUDREY. And to you, gentle sir... and to you all.

ROSALIND. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

CORRINE. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But we are shepherds to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

AUDREY. Our master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

CORRINE. Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on-

AUDREY. But what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORRINE. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

ROSALIND. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORRINE. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me; if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

EIGHT

SONG – JACQUELINE & AMIENS?

NINE

Another part of the forest

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie
I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO. Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a
little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this
uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for
it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death
than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile
at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I
bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die;
but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.
Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some
shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there
live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

TEN

The forest

DAME. I think Jacqueline be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find her like a man.
Go seek her; tell her I would speak with her.

Enter JACQUELINE

FIRST LADY. She saves my labour by her own approach.

DAME. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

JACQUELINE. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool. O noble fool!
Motley's the only wear.

DAME. What fool is this?

JACQUELINE. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
O that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DAME. Thou shalt have one.

JACQUELINE. It is my only suit.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DAME. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JACQUELINE. What would I do but good?

DAME. Most Mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself.
But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Forbear, and eat no more.

JACQUELINE. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JACQUELINE. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DAME. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. But forbear, I say;
They die that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JACQUELINE. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

DAME. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DAME. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But

If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush.

DAME. True is it that we have wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minist'red.

ORLANDO. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor nurse
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till she be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

DAME. Go find her out.
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

Exit

DAME. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JACQUELINE. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM

DAME. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.
And let her feed.

ORLANDO. I thank you most for her.

ADAM. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DAME. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'ed not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

DAME. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Dame
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old nurse,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support her by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

ACT II

ONE

The palace

FREDERICA. Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be.

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

FREDERICA. More villain thou.

TWO

The forest

ORLANDO. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.

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 every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Exit

Enter CORRINE and TOUCHSTONE

CORRINE. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, Corrine, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is nought. In respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORRINE. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun.

TOUCHSTONE. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court?

CORRINE. No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE. Then thou art damn'd.

CORRINE. Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, thou art damn'd.

CORRINE. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORRINE. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORRINE. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

ROSALIND. 'From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalinde.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalinde.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalinde.'

TOUCHSTONE. I'll rhyme you so.

ROSALIND. Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE. For a taste:
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalinde.
This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect
yourself with them?

ROSALIND. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND. I'll graff it with you. Then it will be the earliest
fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe.

TOUCHSTONE. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest
judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing

ROSALIND. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

CELIA. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

ROSALIND. O most gentle pulpiter! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal.

CELIA. How now! Back, friends; shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, let us make an honorable retreat.

Exit CORRINE and TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CELIA. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came. I was never so berhym'd.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND. Is it a man?

CELIA. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.
Change you color?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

CELIA. O Lord, Lord!

ROSALIND. Nay, but who is it?

CELIA. Is it possible?

ROSALIND. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA. O wonderful, wonderful, most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

ROSALIND. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of narrow-mouth'd bottle—either too much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND. Is he of God's making? What manner of man?

CELIA. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND. Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid.

CELIA. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?
What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he?
Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where
remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him
again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too
great for any mouth of this age's size.

ROSALIND. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's
apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the
propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and
relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a
dropp'd acorn.

ROSALIND. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth
such fruit.

CELIA. Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND. Proceed.

CELIA. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes
the ground.

CELIA. Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee.
He was furnish'd like a hunter.

ROSALIND. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out
of tune.

ROSALIND. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.
Sweet, say on.

CELIA. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and

JACQUELINE

ROSALIND. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

JACQUELINE. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as
lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too
for your society.

JACQUELINE. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JACQUELINE. I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in
their barks.

ORLANDO. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them
ill-favouredly.

JACQUELINE. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO. Yes, just.

JACQUELINE. I do not like her name.

ORLANDO. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

JACQUELINE. What stature is she of?

ORLANDO. Just as high as my heart.

JACQUELINE. You have a nimble wit. The worst fault you have is to be in
love.

ORLANDO. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.

JACQUELINE. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO. The fool is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see.

JACQUELINE. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO. Which I take to be a fool.

JACQUELINE. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Exit JACQUELINE

ROSALIND. [Aside to CELIA] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey.
Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO. Very well; what would you?

ROSALIND. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO. Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO. Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND. With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Are you native of this place? Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORLANDO. I prithee recount some of them.

ROSALIND. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO. What were his marks?

ROSALIND. A lean cheek, which you have not; a sunken eye, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. Your hose should be ungarter'd, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORLANDO. I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORLANDO. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

ROSALIND. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way,

you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

THREE

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUELINE behind

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.

JACQUELINE. [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.

JACQUELINE. [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 Miss Olivia Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

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

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and know no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Miss Olivia.

Enter MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT

Miss Olivia Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE. I will not take her on gift of any man.

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JACQUELINE. [Advancing]
Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, good Mistress What-ye-call't: how do

you, mam? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, mam: nay, pray be covered.

JACQUELINE. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JACQUELINE. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE. [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JACQUELINE. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE. 'Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,--

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee: but,--

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

Exit JACQUELINE, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT

'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them
all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exit

FOUR

The forest

ROSALIND. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears
do not become a man.

ROSALIND. But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA. Something browner than Judas's.

Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA. An excellent colour.

ROSALIND. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of
holy bread.

CELIA. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously;
the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and
comes not?

CELIA. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND. Do you think so?

CELIA. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND. Not true in love?

CELIA. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA. 'Was' is not 'is'.

O, he's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORRINE

CORRINE. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA. Well, and what of him?

CORRINE. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND. O, come, let us remove!
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

FIVE

Another part of the forest

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, PHOEBE.
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORRINE, at a distance

PHOEBE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is not force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS. O dear Phoebe,
If ever- as that ever may be near-

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHOEBE. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND. [Advancing] And why, I pray you? Who might be your
mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty-
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed-
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear:
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHOEBE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall
in love with my anger. Why look you so upon me?

PHOEBE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORRINE

PHOEBE

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe.

PHOEBE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS. Sweet PHOEBE, pity me.

PHOEBE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHOEBE. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS. I would have you.

PHOEBE. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SILVIUS. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatt' red smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHOEBE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHOEBE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth- not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am rememb'ed, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS. PHOEBE, with all my heart.

PHOEBE. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

SIX

The forest

JACQUELINE. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JACQUELINE. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JACQUELINE. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JACQUELINE. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see others; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JACQUELINE. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO

ROSALIND. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad- and to travel for it too.

ORLANDO. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JACQUELINE. Nay, then, God be with you.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. [Exit JACQUELINE] Why, how now,

Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more!

ORLANDO. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO. Of a snail!

ROSALIND. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head- a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO. What's that?

ROSALIND. Why, horns.

ORLANDO. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND. And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

ORLANDO. How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.
Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND. No, faith, die by attorney. Men have died from time to

time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. 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? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO. Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND. You must begin 'Will you, Orlando'-

CELIA. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. Ay, but when?

ORLANDO. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND. I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

ORLANDO. For ever and a day.

ROSALIND. Say 'a day' without the 'ever.' 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 clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like a fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou are inclin'd to sleep.

ORLANDO. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO. O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

ROSALIND. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

ORLANDO. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.

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 Dame; 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! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so, adieu.

ROSALIND. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. Exit ORLANDO

CELIA. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate.

ROSALIND. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CELIA. And I'll sleep.

SEVEN

SONG – JACQUELINE & LORDS?

EIGHT

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROSALIND. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

CELIA. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

SILVIUS. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle PHOEBE did bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt;
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phoebe did write it.

ROSALIND. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style;
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me!
Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND. She Phoebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads]

'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'

Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS. Call you this railing?

CELIA. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love
such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false
strains upon thee! Not to be endur'd! Well, go your way to her,

for I see love hath made thee tame, and say this to her-
that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not,
I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a
true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER. Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLIVER. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description-
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLIVER. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND. I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where,
This handkercher was stain'd.

CELIA. I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
A wretched ragged man,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

OLIVER. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLIVER. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CELIA. Are you his brother?

ROSALIND. Was't you he rescu'd?

CELIA. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLIVER. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND. But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER.

In brief, he led me to the gentle Dame,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons]

CELIA. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER. Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND. I would I were at home.

CELIA. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!

You lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

CELIA. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards.
Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

NINE

The forest

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE. A most wicked Miss Olivia, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

TOUCHSTONE. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM

WILLIAM. Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY. God ye good even, William.

WILLIAM. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM. William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM. I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM. No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that

ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILLIAM. Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,--which is in the vulgar leave,--the society,--which in the boorish is company,--of this female,--which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY. Do, good William.

WILLIAM. God rest you merry, sir.

Exit

Enter CORRINE

CORRINE. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Exit

TEN

The forest

ORLANDO. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLIVER. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORLANDO. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow. Thither will I invite the Dame and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND

ROSALIND. God save you, brother.

OLIVER. And you, fair sister.

Exit

ROSALIND. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORLANDO. It is my arm.

ROSALIND. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon

when he show'd me your handkercher?

ORLANDO. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy- and in these degrees have they made pair of stairs to marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Dame to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORLANDO. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly. I
am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your
friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to
Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHOEBE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHOEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And so am I for no woman.

PHOEBE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROSALIND. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

ORLANDO. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish
wolves against the moon. [To SILVIUS] I will help you if I can.
[To PHOEBE] I would love you if I could.- To-morrow meet me all
together. [To PHOEBE] I will marry you if ever I marry woman,
and I'll be married to-morrow. [To ORLANDO] I will satisfy you if
ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To
Silvius] I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and
you shall be married to-morrow. [To ORLANDO] As you love
Rosalind, meet. [To SILVIUS] As you love PHOEBE, meet;- and as I
love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you
commands.

SILVIUS. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHOEBE. Nor I.

ORLANDO. Nor I.

ELEVEN

The forest

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUDREY. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished Dame's ladies.

Enter two Ladies

FIRST LADY. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND LADY. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST LADY. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND LADY. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST LADY. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

Exit

AMIENS. It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

TWELVE

DAME. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not:
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHOEBE

ROSALIND. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DAME. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND. And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHOEBE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHOEBE. So is the bargain.

ROSALIND. You say that you'll have PHOEBE, if she will?

SILVIUS. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Dame, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive her daughter;
Keep your word, PHOEBE, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA

DAME. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

ADAM. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

ORLANDO. But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JACQUELINE. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JACQUELINE. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JACQUELINE. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JACQUELINE. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

GRAND DAME. I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear: according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor

humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

GRAND DAME. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JACQUELINE. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE. Upon a lie seven times removed:--bear your body more seeming, Audrey:--as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say I lied: this is called the Counter-cheque Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JACQUELINE. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

JACQUELINE. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheque Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

JACQUELINE. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

GRAND DAME. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA

Still Music

HYMEN. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Dame, receive thy daughter
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his

Whose heart within his bosom is.
ROSALIND. [To GRAND DAME] To you I give myself, for I
yours.

To ORLANDO

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

GRAND DAME. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

ORLANDO. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHOEBE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

ROSALIND. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

GRAND DAME. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHOEBE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQUES DE BOYS. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Dame Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

GRAND DAME. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent Damedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JACQUELINE. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Dame hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQUES DE BOYS. He hath.

JACQUELINE. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

To GRAND DAME

You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

To ORLANDO

You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

To OLIVER

You to your land and love and great allies:

To SILVIUS

You to a long and well-deserved bed:

To TOUCHSTONE

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

GRAND DAME. Stay, Jacqueline, stay.

JACQUELINE. To see no pastime I what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

Exit

GRAND DAME. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A dance

THIRTEEN

EPILOGUE

ROSALIND. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women--as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them--that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Exit