

## AS YOU LIKE IT

11/6/14

The Dame - Rich. Lives in a penthouse at resort  
Frederica- Her sister. Rich. Lives in a penthouse at resort  
Rosalind - Daughter to Dame. Masquerades as a surfer boy  
Celia- Daughter to Frederica. Masquerades as a surfer girl  
Amelia- Rich friend of the Dame  
Jacqueline- Rich friend of the Dame. Hates the tropics  
Vivian - Rich friend of the Dame  
Marie - Rich friend of the Dame

Touchstone- Resort comedian. Loves the beach  
La Belle - Rich, gossip friend of Frederica  
Diana - Rich, gossip friend of Frederica  
Charles- Prize Fighter. Chic magnet

Oliver- Oldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Preppy  
Jaques De Boys- Middle son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Preppy  
Orlando- Youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Romantic  
Adam- Old friend of Orlando  
Dennis- Resort Concierge

Miss Olivia Martext- Justice of the Peace  
Corrine- Island native. Hair weaver  
Silvius- Island native. Fisherman  
Phoebe- Island native. Photographer  
Audrey- Island native. Bead seller  
William- Island native. In love with Audrey  
River Maiden - Goddess of love

Settings:

Jamaica. The Court Resort and Arden Beach

## ACT I

### PROLOGUE – SONG

#### ONE

The Court Resort.

*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: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home. His horses are bred better; 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. 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*

Yonder comes my brother. Go apart, Adam.

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you here?

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

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 have as much of my father in me as you.

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. 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.

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: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament.

OLIVER. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent?  
I pray you leave me. Get you with him, you old dog.

Exit ORLANDO and ADAM

OLIVER. Holla, DENNIS!

Enter DENNIS

DENNIS. Calls your worship?

OLIVER. Was not Charles, the wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS. He is here at the door.

OLIVER. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS]

Enter CHARLES, LA BELLE and DIANA

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.

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

LA BELLE. There's no news at The Court, sir, but the old news; the old Dame is banished by her younger sister the new Dame;

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

DIANA. O, no; for the Dame's daughter, her cousin, Celia, so loves her, that she would have followed her exile. She is at the court.

OLIVER. Where will the old Dame live?

CHARLES. They say she is already at Arden, and many merry ladies with her.

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

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir.

LA BELLE. I understand that your younger brother, Orlando, comes.

CHARLES. I would be loath to foil him.

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me.  
There is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

ALL. God keep your worship!

Exit

OLIVER. Farewell. Now will I stir this gamester. I  
hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul,  
hates nothing more than he.

Exit

**TWO**

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of.  
Unless you could teach me to forget a banished mother.

CELIA. If thy mother, had banished my mother, I  
could have taught my love to take thy mother for mine.  
My sweet Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. 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.

CELIA. Enough, speak no more; 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. Here comes La Belle and Diana.

Enter LA BELLE

ROSALIND. With her mouths full of news.

CELIA. Bon jour, ladies. What's the news?

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

CELIA. Sport! of what colour?

LA BELLE. 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. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end.

DIANA. There comes an old man and his three sons-  
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. So he serv'd the second, and so the third.

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

LA BELLE. 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. Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LA BELLE. You must, if you stay here.

CELIA. Yonder, they are coming.

Enter ALL

FREDERICA. 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,  
there is such odds in the man. 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.

[FREDERICA goes apart]

LA BELLE. 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. 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.

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts.  
But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial;  
wherein if I be kill'd, there is 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.

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!

[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. He cannot speak, my lord.

FREDERICA. Bear him away.

[Exit Charles and townspeople]

What is thy name, young man?

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

FREDERICA. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit DAME, LA BELLE and DIANA

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.

ROSALIND. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck]  
Wear this for me. Shall we go, coz?

CELIA. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO. Can I not say 'I thank you'?

ROSALIND. He calls us back.

CELIA. Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO. I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Re-enter LA BELLE and DIANA

LA BELLE. Good sir, we do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place.

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. Neither her daughter, if we judge by manners;  
But yet, indeed, the smaller is her daughter;

DIANA. The other is daughter to the banish'd Dame.  
But we can tell you that of late Frederica  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst her gentle niece.

LA BELLE. Sir, fare you well.

ORLANDO. Fare you well.

Exit LA BELLE and DIANA

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

Exit

### THREE

CELIA. Why, Rosalind! Not a word?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall  
into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND. My mother lov'd his father dearly.

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?

Enter FREDERICA with LA BELLE and DIANA

ROSALIND. Look, here she comes.

CELIA. With her eyes full of anger.

FREDERICA. Mistress, get you from our court.

ROSALIND. Me, aunt?

FREDERICA. You, niece.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

FREDERICA. Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.

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

CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

FREDERICA. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake.

CELIA. If she be a traitor, why so am I.

FREDERICA. She is too subtle for thee. She is banish'd.

CELIA. I cannot live out of her company.

FREDERICA. You are a fool. If you outstay the time, you die.

Exit FREDERICA, LA BELLE and DIANA

ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA. To seek my aunt at Arden.

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far.

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
The like do you; so shall we pass along,

ROSALIND. Were it not better,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?

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. No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of The Court?

CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Let's away. Exit

## FOUR

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

LA BELLE. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

DIANA. My lady, the clown is also missing.

LA BELLE. 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;

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

FREDERICA. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.

## FIVE

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. O my sweet master! O you memory  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.  
Your brother hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it.

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

ADAM. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
All this I give you. I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

**SIX**

Arden Beach

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

CELIA. I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

ROSALIND. Well. This is Arden.

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

Enter AUDREY, CORRINE and SILVIUS

ROSALIND. Look you, who comes here.

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,  
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. Jove, Jove! this 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.

ROSALIND. I prithee, bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd.

CORRINE. Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.

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

CELIA. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

HAPPY REGGAE SONG

**SEVEN**

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food!

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. 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!

## EIGHT

DAME. Now, my co-mates and friends 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?

AMELIA. I would not change it.

VIVIAN. Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

AMELIA. Indeed, my lady.

VIVIAN. The melancholy Jacqueline grieves.  
And, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your sister that hath banish'd you.

MARIE. 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!

DAME. And did you leave her in this contemplation?

AMELIA. We did, my lady.

DAME. Show me the place;  
I love to cope her in these sullen fits,



For then she's full of matter.

Go seek her; tell her I would speak with her.

Enter JACQUELINE

VIVIAN. She saves my labour by her own approach.

DAME. Why, how now, mistress! 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,

MARIE. What fool is this?

JACQUELINE. O worthy fool! O that I were a fool!

VIVIAN. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Forbear, and eat no more.

JACQUELINE. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO. 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.

DAME. 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,  
There is an old poor nurse  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,  
I will not touch a bit.

DAME. Go find him 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.

[The following speech performed By Jacqueline, Vivian, Marie And Amelia]

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

SONG

AMELIA dances while they eat at campfire

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. Good old nurse,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

**NINE**

The Court

FREDERICA. Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be.  
Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is;  
bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.

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

FREDERICA. More villain thou.

**Ten**

The beach

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.

Enter CORRINE and TOUCHSTONE

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

Exit

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

ROSALIND. 'From the east to western Inde,  
No jewel is like 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.

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.

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, 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.  
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.

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.

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

ROSALIND. I was never so berhym'd.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

CELIA. O Lord, Lord! It is young Orlando.

ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day!

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.

ROSALIND. Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

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. 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. 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 Mistress Melancholy.

Exit JACQUELINE

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

ORLANDO. Very well; what would you?

ROSALIND. 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; yet I profess curing it by counsel.



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.

ROSALIND. Go with me and, by the way,  
you shall tell me where you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

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

## ELEVEN

The beach.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUELINE behind*

TOUCHSTONE. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet?  
doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCHSTONE. I will marry thee, and to that end I have been  
with Miss Olivia Martext, who hath promised to meet me  
in this place and to couple us.

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

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. 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. [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of her than of another: for she 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.

*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*

## TWELVE

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 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; 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. 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.

### THIRTEEN

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phoebe.  
Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness, as a common executioner.

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.

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]

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
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. 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.

Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORRINE

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe.

PHOEBE. Ha?

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

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

## FOURTEEN

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

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy lady.

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

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

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JACQUELINE. Nay, then, God be with you.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Mistress Traveller. [Exit JACQUELINE] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?

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

ROSALIND. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO. Of a snail!

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me;  
ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.  
Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and 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. 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.

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. Keep your promise.

ORLANDO. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my



Rosalind; so, adieu.

Exit ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND. 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.

SONG AND BEACH DANCE

**FIFTEEN**

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

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

CELIA. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

SILVIUS. My errand is to you, fair youth;  
My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.

ROSALIND. Why writes she so to me?  
This is a letter of your own device.

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

ROSALIND. She Phoebes me:

[Reads]

Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS. Call you this railing?

CELIA. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND. He deserves no pity. Well, go your way to her,  
and say this to her- that if she love me, I charge her to love  
thee; 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 stands a cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.

OLIVER. Are not you the owner of the house?

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.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and  
Mark what object did present itself.  
Under an oak, a wretched ragged man,  
Lay sleeping on his back. A lioness,  
Lay, head on ground, with catlike watch.  
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.

ROSALIND. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there?

OLIVER. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;  
But kindness, 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.

ROSALIND. But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER. The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and he fainted.  
I recover'd him, and bound up his wound.  
He sent me hither to tell this story,  
That you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the 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.

CELIA. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards.

Good sir, go with us.

## SIXTEEN

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

TOUCHSTONE. Patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good enough.

TOUCHSTONE. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. I know who 'tis. Here comes the man you mean.

*Enter WILLIAM*

WILLIAM. Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY. Good even, William.

TOUCHSTONE. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM. William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Art rich?

WILLIAM. So so.

TOUCHSTONE. 'So so' is good.

WILLIAM. Ay, sir.

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.' You do love this maid?

WILLIAM. I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM. No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. 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*

## SEVENTEEN

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?

OLIVER. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue will I estate upon you.

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. Tis true.

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. Believe then, if you please, that if you do love Rosalind when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her.

ORLANDO. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly. I am a magician.

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

PHOEBE. Nor I.

ORLANDO. Nor I.

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

*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 lady, 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.

MUSIC *Enter RIVER MAIDEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA*

RIVER MAIDEN. 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 DAME] To you I give myself, for I yours.

*To ORLANDO*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT. 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.

RIVER MAIDEN AND MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT.  
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;

RIVER MAIDEN. That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

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. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
Dame Frederick, was converted.  
Her crown bequeathing to her banish'd sister,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

DAME. Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*SONG*

*BOWS*