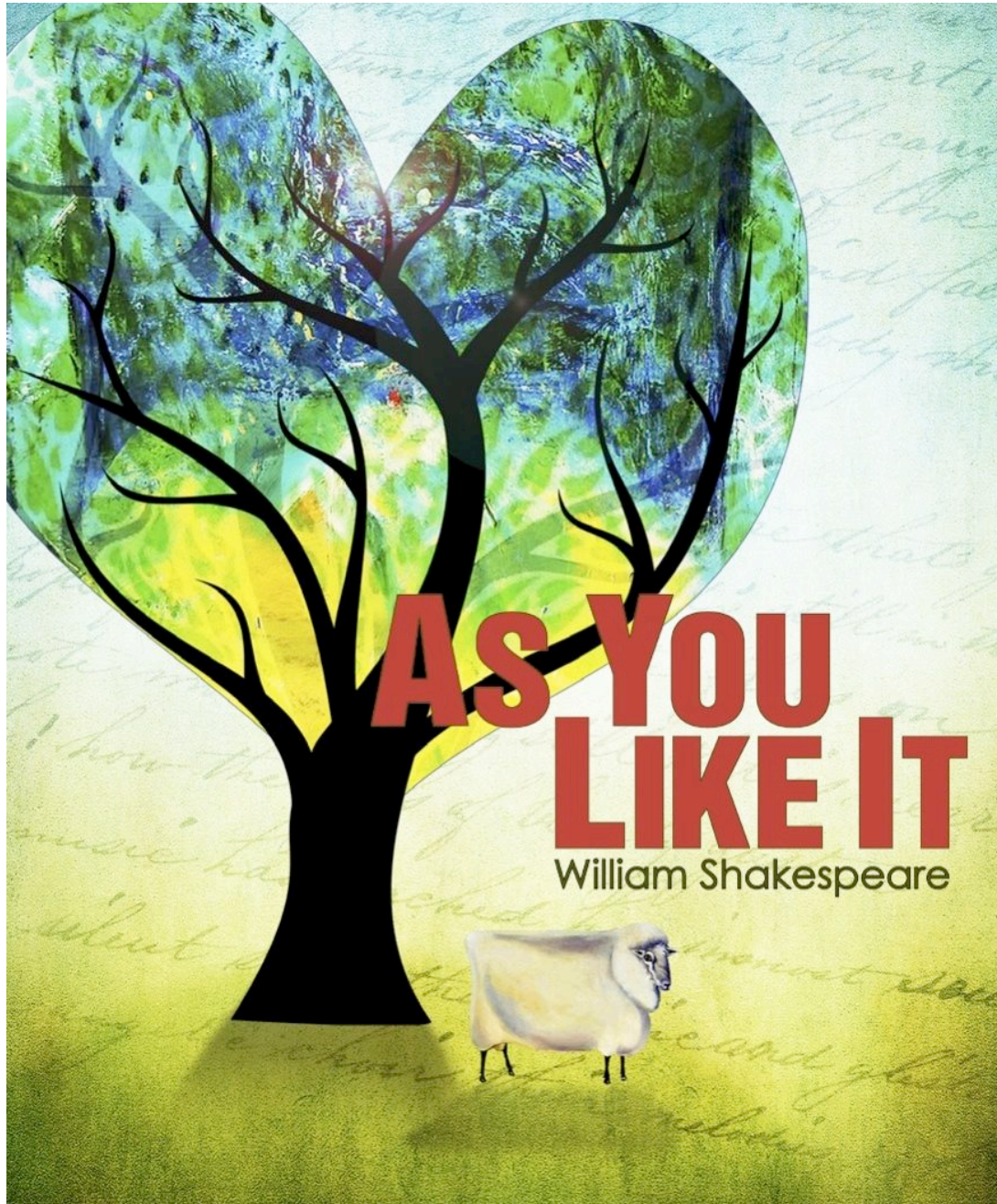


As You Like It



in an edition by
Andrew Hilton & Dominic Power

Revised 1st March 2014
as performed

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Andrew Hilton & Dominic Power

As You Like It was first performed in this edition by *Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory* on 13th February 2014, with the following cast:

Orlando	Jack Wharrier
Adam	Paul Nicholson
Oliver & Lord	Matthew Thomas
Dennis, Lord & Silvius	Ben Tolley
Charles, 1 st Lord & William	Peter Basham
Celia	Daisy May
Rosalind	Dorothea Myer-Bennett
Touchstone	Vic Llewellyn
Le Beau & Martext	Vincenzo Pellegrino
Duke Frederick & Duke Senior	Christopher Bianchi
Hisperia & Audrey	Hannah Lee
Soldier & Phebe	Sophie Whittaker
Lord & Amiens	Offue Okegbe
2 nd Lord & Corin	Alan Coveney
Lord & Jaques	Paul Currier

The play takes place in Oliver's Country Estate, Duke Frederick's Court and the Forest of Arden, an area of both woodland and pasture.

Production

Director	Andrew Hilton
Associate Director	Dominic Power
Assistant Director	Nicholas Finegan
Set & Costume Designer	Harriet De Winton
Costume Supervisor	Jane Tooze
Wardrobe Mistress	Victoria Aylwin
Composer & Sound Designer	Elizabeth Purnell
Lighting Designer	Matthew Graham
U.K. Tour Relighter	David Digby
Choreographer & Fight Director	Jonathan Howell
Fight Captain	Ben Tolley
Onstage Musical Director	Peter Basham
Dance Captain	Hannah Lee
Dialect Coach	Gary Owston
Production Photographer	Mark Douet
Production Manager	Chris Bagust
Company & Stage Manager	Kevin Smith
Deputy Stage Managers	Caroline Steele & Rhiannon Rutley
Assistant Stage Manager	Kate Hilditch

Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1)

Oliver's House
Orlando and Adam

Orlando As you remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeath'd me by will but poor a thousand crowns but, as thou sayest, charg'd my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jaque 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 hir'd. 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. He bids me feed with his footmen, bars me the place of a brother and, as much as in him lies, undermines 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!

Adam Yonder – my master!

Enter Oliver

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 employ'd 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 house.

Oliver Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are

my brother. And, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The custom 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, and truer to the name.

Oliver *[Striking him]* 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 hast 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. *[Releasing him]* 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 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 that portion 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 from me. I pray you, leave me!

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

Oliver Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt Orlando and Adam

Oliver Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness and yet give no thousand crowns neither.

Enter Dennis

What is it, Dennis?

- Dennis** So please your worship, Charles, the old Duke's wrestler, is here at the door and importunes access to you.
- Oliver** Call him in.
- Dennis** Monsieur Charles!
- Enter Charles*
- Charles** Good morrow to your worship.
- Oliver** Good Monsieur Charles. Some beer, Dennis.
- Exit Dennis*
- 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 Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke. And three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke. Therefore he gives them good leave to wander.
- Oliver** Can you tell if the fair Rosalind be banish'd with her father?
- Charles** O, no. For the new Duke's daughter so loves her – being ever from their cradles bred together – that she would have follow'd her into exile or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daughter. And never two ladies lov'd as they do.
- Oliver** Where will the old Duke live?
- Charles** They say he is already in the forest of Arden and a many merry men with him. And there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age.
- Oliver** What would you with me, Charles?
- Charles** Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle before the new Duke. And I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, 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 I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour, 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 a 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 divers means labour'd 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 – 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 tomorrow, 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!

Oliver Farewell, good Charles.

Exit Charles

I hope I shall see an end of him. For my soul – yet I know not why – my soul hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly belov'd, and indeed so much in the heart of the world and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether mispris'd. But it shall not be so long. This wrestler shall clear all.

Exit

Scene 2 (Act1 Sc2)

Duke Frederick's Court
Celia and Rosalind

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 banish'd father, you must not ask me to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father 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 father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have. And, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir. For what he hath taken away from thy father by force, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, 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. What think you of falling in love?

Celia Marry, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest – nor no further in sport than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind What shall be our sport, then?

Celia Let us sit and mock false Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

Rosalind I would we could, for her benefits are mightily misplac'd. And she doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia 'Tis true. Those she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those she makes honest she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Rosalind Nay, Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Celia No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by ill Fortune fall in the fire?

Enter Touchstone

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 father.

Celia Were you made the messenger?

- Touchstone** No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.
- Rosalind** Where learn'd you that oath, fool?
- Touchstone** Of a certain knight that swore 'by his honour' they were good pancakes and swore 'by his honour' the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.
- Celia** How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?
- Rosalind** Ay, marry, unmuzzle your wisdom.
- Touchstone** Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.
- Celia** By our beards, if we had them, thou art.
- Touchstone** By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any. Or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.
- Celia** Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?
- Touchstone** One that the old Duke, your father, loves.
- Rosalind** My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him. You'll be whipp'd 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. When the wit that fools have is silenc'd, the foolery of wise men makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.
- Rosalind** With his mouth full of news.
- Celia** Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.
- Rosalind** Then shall we be news—cramm'd.
- Celia** All the better – we shall be the more marketable.
- Enter Le Beau*
- Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau, quelles nouvelles? – What is the news?
- Le Beau** Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.
- Celia** Sport? Of what colour?

- Le Beau** What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?
- Rosalind** As wit and fortune will.
- Touchstone** Fortune will be the forwarder.
- Celia** That was laid on with a trowel.
- Touchstone** Nay, if I keep not my rank –
- Rosalind** Thou loosest thy old smell.
- Le Beau** 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.
- Le Beau** I will tell you the beginning. And, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do.
- Celia** Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.
- Le Beau** There comes an old man and his three sons –
- Celia** I could match this beginning with an old tale.
- Le Beau** Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. The eldest wrestl'd with Charles, the Duke's wrestler. Which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.
- Rosalind** Alas!
- Touchstone** But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?
- Le Beau** Why, this that I speak of.
- Touchstone** Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
- 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?
- Le Beau** Make haste if you will, for they are about to perform it.
- Celia** Come – Come, let us go!

Exeunt

Scene 3 (Act1 Sc2)

The Court

*Enter Duke Frederick, Orlando, Charles, Lords and Ladies**A wrestling mat laid out*

Frederick Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. Make ready, Charles.

Charles I await your Grace's pleasure.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, Le Beau & Touchstone

Rosalind Is yonder the man?

Le Beau Even he, Madam.

Celia Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

Frederick How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Frederick 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. We'll not be by.

Duke & Courtiers withdraw

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

Orlando No, fair princess, he is the general challenger. I come but in, as 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.

Rosalind If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.

Celia We pray you, for your own sake, embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind Do, young sir. Your reputation shall not therefore be mispris'd. We will make it our suit to the Duke 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 was 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. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Celia Your heart's desires be with you!

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.

Frederick You shall try but one fall.

Charles No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily urg'd him from a first.

Orlando An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.

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

Frederick No more, no more.

Orlando Yes, I beseech your grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Frederick How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau He cannot speak, my lord.

Frederick Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orlando Orlando, my liege. The youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Frederick 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.

Exeunt Frederick, Le Beau and Attendants

Celia Were I my father, 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 Frederick.

Rosalind My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul
 and all the world was of my father's mind.

Celia Gentle cousin,
 let us go thank him and encourage him.
 My father'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 y'have here exceeded promise,
 your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind *[Giving him a chain from her neck]* Gentleman,
 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 *[Aside]* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
 are all thrown down and that which here stands up
 is but a pillar, 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 wrestl'd well and overthrown
 more than your enemies.

Celia Will you go, coz?

Rosalind Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia

Orlando What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
 I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
 O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
 Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau

Le Beau Good sir, I 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 Duke's condition
that he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous. What he is indeed
more suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando I thank you, sir. And, pray you, tell me this:
which of the two was daughter of the Duke
that here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners.
But yet indeed the darker is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
and here detain'd by her usurping uncle
to keep his daughter company. Whose loves
are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
grounded upon no other argument
but that the people praise her for her virtues
and pity her for her good father's sake.
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

Exit Le Beau

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
from tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

Exit

Scene 4 (Act1 Sc3)

The Court

Celia and Rosalind

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 were two cousins laid up, one lam'd with reasons, the other mad without any.
- Celia** But is all this for your father?
- Rosalind** No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
- Celia** They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats will catch them.
- Rosalind** I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.
- Celia** Hem them away.
- Rosalind** I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.
- Celia** Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
- Rosalind** O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
- Celia** A good wish upon you – you would cry indeed, if he tumbl'd you! But, come, is't possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking for old Sir Rowland's youngest son?
- Rosalind** The Duke my father loved 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 father hated his father. Yet I hate not Orlando.
- Rosalind** No, faith, hate him not. Do you love him for my sake –
- Enter Frederick with Le Beau and Attendants*
- Celia** Father!
- Frederick** Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste and get you from our court.
- Rosalind** Me, uncle?
- Frederick** You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st 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 uncle,

never so much as in a thought unborn
did I offend your highness.

Frederick 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.

Frederick Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Rosalind So was I when your highness took his Dukedom.
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
or, if we did derive it from our friends,
what's that to me – my father was no traitor!

Celia Father! Dear Father, hear me speak.

Frederick Ay, Celia. We stay'd her for your sake,
else had she with her father rang'd along.

Celia I did not then entreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I know her mind, my lord. 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 wheresoever we went, like Juno's swans,
still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

Frederick 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.

Frederick You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself. If you outstay the time, upon mine honour and in the greatness of my word, you die.

Exeunt Frederick and Attendants

- Celia** O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? 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 Duke
hath banish'd me, his daughter?
- Rosalind** That he hath not.
- Celia** No – hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father 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 uncle 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,
because that I am more than common tall,
that I did suit me all points like a man?
I'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** I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
and therefore 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 father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia 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!

Exeunt

Scene 5 (Act2 Sc3)

Before Oliver's House. Night
Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting

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.
Why would you be so fond to overcome
the bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando Adam, what's the matter?

Adam Unhappy youth,
come not within these doors. Within this roof
the enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother – no, no brother – yet your brother he –
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.
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?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 a thievish living on the common road?
 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.
 Take that and He that doth the ravens feed,
 yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 be comfort to my age! Let me be your servant.
 Though I look old, my age is as a lusty winter,
 frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you.
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 in all your business and necessities.

Orlando O good old man, how well in thee appears
 the constant service of the antique world,
 when service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 that cannot so much as a blossom yield
 in lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together
 and ere we have thy youthful wages spent
 we'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 to the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt

Scene 6 (Act2 Sc1)

A Camp in Arden Woodland

Duke Senior, Amiens and Lords, like foresters

Senior Now, my co-mates and brothers 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?
 We feel not here the penalty of Adam,
 the seasons' difference – the icy fang
 and churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'this is no flattery. These are counsellors
 that feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 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.

Senior Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dapp'l'd fools,
 being native burghers of this desert city,
 should in their own confines with forked heads
 have their round haunches gor'd.

1st Lord Indeed, my lord,
 the melancholy Jaques grieves at that
 and, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 But now my Lord of Amiens and myself
 did steal behind him as he lay along
 under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
 to the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 did come to languish. And indeed, my lord,
 the wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 that their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 in piteous chase. And thus the hairy fool
 much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,
 stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 augmenting it with tears.

- Senior** But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
- Amiens** O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream,
'Poor deer' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
as worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
to that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,
left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
the flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,
full of the pasture, jumps along by him
and never stays to greet him. 'Ay' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore should you look
upon this poor and broken bankrupt here?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
the body of the country, city, court,
yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
to fright the animals and to murder them
in their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
- Senior** And did you leave him in this contemplation?
- 2nd Lord** We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
upon the sobbing deer.
- Senior** Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
for then he's full of matter.
- 2nd Lord** I'll bring you to him straight.

Exeunt severally

Scene 7 (Act2 Sc2)

The Court

Enter Frederick with Le Beau, Hisperia and Lord

- Frederick** Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be. Some people of my court
are of consent and sufferance in this.
- 1st Lord** I cannot hear of any that did see her.
This lady, an attendant of her chamber,
saw her abed, and in this morning early

found the bed untreasur'd of her mistress.

Le Beau My lord, the roynish clown, whom once your Grace was wont to laugh at, he is also missing.

Hisperia But yesternight, my lord, I o'erheard your daughter and her cousin much commend the parts and graces of the wrestler that did but lately foil the sinewy Charles. And I believe, wherever they are gone, that youth is surely in their company.

Frederick 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.

Exeunt

Scene 8 (Act2 Sc4)

Arden Pasture

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede, Celia as Aliena, and Touchstone

Rosalind O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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

Rosalind *[Aside]* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman. But britches must show itself courageous to petticoat. – Courage, good Aliena!

Celia I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Touchstone For my part, I would I had ne'er borne with you. I would you would back to the Duke your father on your knees. If penitence bear fruit all may yet be feather beds and courtesy.

Rosalind Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone Ay, now am I in Arden. The more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place. But travellers must be content.

Rosalind Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Silvius *[Off]* I will pursue her and pursue her!

Enter Corin and Silvius

Rosalind, Celia & Touchstone hide

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

- Silvius** O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
- Corin** I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.
- Silvius** No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
though in thy youth 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?
- Corin** Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
- Silvius** O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st 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,
wearying 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 Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
- Exit*
- Rosalind** Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound, I have by hard
adventure found mine own.
- Touchstone** And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I chid my sword
and bid it take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile. And I
remember how I kiss'd her bucket and the cow's dugs that
her pretty chopt hands had milk'd. And I remember the
wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two
cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears
'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into
strange capers, but as all in nature is mortal, so all nature in
love is mortal in folly.
- 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. But it grows something stale with me.
- Celia** I pray you, one of you question yond man if he for gold will

- give us any food. I faint almost to death.
- Touchstone** Holla, you clown!
- Rosalind** Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman.
- Corin** Who calls?
- Touchstone** Your betters, sir.
- Corin** Else are they very wretched.
- Rosalind** Peace, I say. – Good even to you, friend.
- Corin** 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.
- Corin** Fair sir, I pity her
and wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
my fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But I am shepherd to another man
and do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition
and little cares to find the way to heaven
by doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
are now on sale and at our sheepcote now,
by reason of his absence, there is nothing
that you will feed on. 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?
- Corin** That young swain that you saw here but erewhile
that little cares for buying anything.
- 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.
- Corin** 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 shepherd be

and buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Exeunt

Scene 9 (Act2 Sc5)

The Camp
Amiens, Jaques and Lords

- Amiens** *[Singing] Under the greenwood tree
who loves to lie with me,
and turn his merry note
unto the sweet bird's throat,
come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see no enemy
but winter and rough weather.*
- Jaques** More, more, I prithee, more.
- Amiens** It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
- Jaques** I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.
- Amiens** My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.
- Jaques** I do not desire you to please me. I do desire you to sing. Come, more, another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?
- Amiens** What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
- Jaques** Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
- Amiens** More at your request than to please myself.
- Jaques** Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you. But that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog apes, and when a man thanks me courteously methinks I have given him a penny and he render'd me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing – and you that will not, hold your tongues.
- Amiens** Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will dine anon. He hath been all this day to look you.
- Jaques** And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.
- Amiens** *Who doth ambition shun*

*and loves to live i' the sun,
 seeking the food he eats
 and pleased with what he gets,
 come hither, come hither, come hither.
 Here shall he see no enemy
 but winter and rough weather.*

Jaques I'll give you a verse to this tune that I made yesterday.
 Though I care nothing for't.

Amiens And I'll sing it. Thus it goes:
*If it do come to pass
 that any man turn ass,
 leaving his wealth and ease,
 a stubborn will to please,
 ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.
 Here shall he see
 gross fools as he
 an if he will come to me.*
 What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaques 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go
 sleep, if I can. If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of
 Egypt.

Exit

1st Lord And I'll go seek the Duke.

Scene 10 (Act2 Sc6)

The Woodland
Enter Orlando and Adam

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. For my sake, 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'dst lie in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some
 shelter. Cheerly, good Adam!

Exeunt

Scene 11 (Act2 Sc7)

The Camp

A cloth and food set out. Enter Senior and 1st Lord

Senior I think he be transform'd into a beast,
for we can no where find him like a man.

Amiens My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Senior If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
we shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him. Tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques

Amiens He saves my labour.

Senior Why, how now, monsieur – what a life is this
that your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily?

Jaques A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
a motley fool. A miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool
who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun
and rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
in good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke
and, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine
and after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe
and then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot
and thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
the motley fool thus moral on the time
my lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
that fools should be so deep-contemplative,
and I did laugh sans intermission
an hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Senior What fool is this?

Jaques

In's brain,
which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
with observation, the which he vents
in mangl'd forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Senior

Thou shalt have one.

Jaques

It is my only suit –
provided that you weed your better judgments
of all opinion that grows rank in them
that I am wise. I must have liberty
withal, as large a charter as the wind,
to blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
And they that are most galled with my folly,
they most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
doth very foolishly, although he smart,
not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
the wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
to speak my mind, and I will through and through
cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
if they will patiently receive my medicine.

Senior

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques

What would I do but good?

Senior

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
as sensual as the brutish sting itself,
and all the embossed sores and headed evils
that thou with licence of free foot hast caught
wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques

Why, who cries out 'gainst pride
that can therein tax any single party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
when that I say the city-woman bears
the cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her

when such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function
 that says his finery is not at my cost,
 thinking that I mean him, but therein fits
 his folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then. How then? What then? Let me know wherein
 my tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
 then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
 why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando with his sword drawn

- Orlando** Forbear, and eat no more.
- Jaques** Why, I have eat none yet.
- Orlando** Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
- Jaques** Of what kind should this cock come of?
- Senior** 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. Yet am I inland bred
 and know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
 He dies that touches any of this food
 till I and my affairs are answered.
- Jaques** An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
- Senior** 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.
- Senior** 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 whate'er you are
 that in this desert inaccessible,
 under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 lose and neglect the creeping hours of time –
 if ever you have look'd on better days,
 if ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

if ever sat at any good man's feast,
 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 and hide my sword.

Senior True it is we have seen better days
 and have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
 and sat at good men's feasts and wip'd our eyes
 of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 and take upon command what help we have
 that to your wanting may be minister'd.

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 man,
 who after me hath many a weary step
 limp'd in pure love. Till he be first suffic'd –
 oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger –
 I will not touch a bit.

Senior Go find him out
 and we will nothing waste till you return.

Orlando I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort!

Exit

Senior Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
 This wide and universal theatre
 presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 wherein we play in.

Jaques 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 schoolboy, 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 honour, 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.

Re-enter Orlando with Adam

Last scene of all,
 that ends this strange eventful history,
 is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Senior Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen
 And let him feed.

Orlando I thank you most for him.

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

Senior 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 remember'd not.*

Heigh-ho! Sing etc.

Senior *[Aside to Orlando]* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
as you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
and as mine eye his effigy doth witness
most truly limn'd and living in your face,
be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
that lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune
come to my cave and tell me. – Good old man,
thou art right welcome here. – Give me your hand,
and let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt

Scene 12 (Act3 Sc1)

The Court

Enter Frederick, Lords and Oliver

Frederick '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 sennight, 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 brothers 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.

Frederick More villain thou. – Well, push him out of doors
and let my bailiffs seize his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.

Exeunt

Scene 13 (Act3 Sc2)

The Woodland in Moonlight

Enter Orlando with a paper

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

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

Exit

Scene 14 (Act3 Sc2 contd)

The Pasture

Corin and Touchstone

- Corin** And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?
- Touchstone** Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well, but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As is it 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?
- Corin** 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. That he that hath learn'd no wit by nature nor art may complain of ill-breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.
- Touchstone** Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?
- Corin** No, truly.
- Touchstone** Then thou art damn'd.
- Corin** Nay, I hope.
- Touchstone** Truly, thou art damn'd – like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
- Corin** For not being at court? Your reason.

- Touchstone** Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners. If thou never sawest good manners then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
- Corin** Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour 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.
- Corin** Why, we are still handling our ewes and their fleeces, you know, are greasy.
- Touchstone** Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say. Come.
- Corin** Besides, our hands are hard.
- Touchstone** Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.
- Corin** And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep. And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.
- Touchstone** Most shallow man! Thou wormsmeat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.
- Corin** You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.
- Touchstone** Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man!
- Corin** Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.
- Touchstone** That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle. To be bawd to a bell-wether and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

- Corin** Here comes young Master Ganymede.
- Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading*
- Rosalind** *From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.*
- Touchstone** I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's jog to market.
- Rosalind** Out, fool!
- Touchstone** For a taste:
*If a hart do lack a hind
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*
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** Peace, here comes my sister, reading! – Shepherd, stand aside.
- Enter Celia, with a paper, reading*
- Celia** *... 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*

*Nature would in little show:
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 devis'd –*

Rosalind O most gentle pulpiter! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!'

Celia How now! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat. Though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exeunt Corin 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 But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Rosalind I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came. For look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhym'd since Pythagoras' time, when I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia Know you who hath done this?

Rosalind Is it a man?

Celia And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rosalind I prithee, who?

Celia O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes and so encounter!

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 and 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 britches 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 couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a 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? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?
- Celia** Nay, he hath but little beard.
- Rosalind** Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
- 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 this? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes him 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** I must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first.
- 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 wrestl'd?
- 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 called 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, it curvets unseasonably. 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 bringest 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 Jaques*
- Rosalind** 'Tis he!
- Jaques** 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.
- Jaques** God be wi' you. Let's meet as little as we can.
- Orlando** I do desire we may be better strangers.
- Jaques** 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-favour'dly.
- Jaques** 'Rosalind' is your love's name?
- Orlando** Yes, just.
- Jaques** I do not like her name.
- Orlando** There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.
- Jaques** What stature is she of?
- Orlando** Just as high as my heart.
- Jaques** You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and filch'd them out of

rings?

Orlando Not so. My answer is as plain as your question is studied.

Jaques You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlando I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

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

Orlando He is drown'd in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques There I shall see mine own figure. – I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Exit Jaques

Rosalind *[To Celia]* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. – 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 measure 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 solemniz'd. If the interim be

but a sennight, 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. 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?

Rosalind As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindl'd.

Orlando Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd 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 half-pence 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 fever 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 blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an impatient spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not – but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then should your sleeve be unbutton'd, your boot 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 admir'd?

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 cur'd 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 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 drave 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 cur'd, youth.

Rosalind I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cottage 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?

Exeunt

Part Two

Scene 15 (Act3 Sc3)

The Woodland

Jaques alone. Enter Touchstone and Audrey

- Touchstone** Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And now, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?
- Audrey** Your feature? Lord warrant us, what feature?
- Touchstone** I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.
- Jaques** *[Aside]* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd hovel!
- 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-favour'd. For honesty coupl'd to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.
- Jaques** *[Aside]* A material fool!
- Audrey** Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.
- Touchstone** Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.
- Audrey** I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.
- Touchstone** Well, prais'd be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may

come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques *[Aside]* I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey Well, the gods give us joy!

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 knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Is the single man therefore bless'd? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the fork'd forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. *[Giving him money]*
Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Martext Is there none here to give the woman?

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

Martext Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Touchstone offers another coin

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

Touchstone Good even, good Master What-ye-call't, how do you, sir? 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, sir.

Jaques removes his hat

Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaques 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.

Jaques 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 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.

Jaques Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. – You, sir, begone. A bawdy house more befits thee than a church.

Touchstone Come, sweet Audrey. We must to church, 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.*

Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey

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

Exit

Scene 16 (Act3 Sc4)

Corin's Cottage
Rosalind and Celia

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. Your dull brown was ever the only

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 cover'd goblet or 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'. Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster. They are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Rosalind I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was. I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mouths and folly guides.

Enter Corin

Corin Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd 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?

Corin 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.

Exeunt

Scene 17 (Act3 Sc5)

The Woodland

Enter Silvius and Phebe

Silvius

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phebe.
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 humbl'd neck
but first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin, behind

Phebe

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. Lean but upon a rush,
thy palm some memory keeps. But mine eyes
which I have darted at thee hurt thee not,
nor, I am sure there is no force in eyes
that can do hurt.

Silvius

O dear Phebe,
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.

Phebe

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

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? – '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
and out of you she sees herself more proper
than any of her lineaments can show 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,
foul is most foul, being found to be a scoffer. –
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phebe

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

Rosalind

He's fallen in love with your foulness – and she'll fall in love
with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with
frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. – Why look
you so upon me?

Phebe

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 abus'd in sight as he. –
 Come, to our flock.

Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin

- Phebe** Good youth, now I find that saw of might,
 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'
- Silvius** Sweet Phebe –
- Phebe** Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
- Silvius** Sweet Phebe, pity me.
- Phebe** 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.
- Phebe** Thou hast my love. Is not that neighbourly?
- Silvius** I would have you.
- Phebe** 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 scatter'd smile and that I'll live upon.
- Phebe** 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 lands
 that the old Carlot once was master of.
- Phebe** 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. 'Twas just the difference
 between the constant red and mingl'd damask.
 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 remember'd, 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 Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe 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.

Exeunt

Scene 18 (Act4 Sc1)

The Cottage

Jaques discovered. Enter Rosalind and Celia

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

Rosalind They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques 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.

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

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

Jaques 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 lawyer's which is politic, 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 other men's. Then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques 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!

Jaques Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse!

Rosalind Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

Exit Jaques

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 clapp'd 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, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes arm'd in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.
- 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 silent for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out they will spit, and for lovers lacking – God warr'nt us – matter, the cleanliest shift is 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.
- Orlando** What, out of my suit?
- Rosalind** Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. 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! The poor world is almost six thousand years old and in all this time there was not any man died in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he'd done what he could to 'die' before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, had it not been for a hot midsummer night. Good youth, he swam not to her 'cross the Hellespont. He went but to wash him and being taken with the cramp was drown'd. Yet the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was for 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies. 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.
- Celia** Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'
- Orlando** I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

- Rosalind** I might ask you for your warrant, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest. And certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.
- Orlando** So do all thoughts – they are wing'd.
- Rosalind** 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-fangl'd than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art 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. Shut 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 neighbour'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. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself for she will breed it like a fool!
- 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 Duke at dinner. 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. We must have your waistcoat and shirt pluck'd o'er your head and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

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, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in it runs out.

Rosalind No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. 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.

Exeunt

Scene 19 (Act4 Sc2)

The Woodland

Enter Jaques, Amiens and 1st Lord

- Jaques** Which is he that kill'd the deer?
- 1st Lord** Sir, it was I.
- Jaques** Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror. And it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?
- Amiens** Yes, sir.
- Jaques** Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.
- Amiens** *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home. The rest shall bear
This burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

*Exeunt***Scene 20** (Act4 Sc3)

The Pasture

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 troubl'd brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrow and is gone forth to sleep.
- Enter Silvius*
- Silvius** My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe 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 tenor. 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.
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind Come, come, you are a fool
and turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand,
a freestone-colour'd hand. I verily did think
that her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
She has a hussif's hand – but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter.
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Silvius Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.
A style for challengers. Woman's gentle brain
could not drop forth such giant-rude invention.
Will you hear the letter?

Silvius So please you, for I never heard it yet.
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosalind She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes:
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?

Rosalind *If the scorn of your bright eyne*
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect! –
Did you ever hear such railing? –
Whiles you chid me, I did love.
How then might your prayers move!

*He that brings this love to thee
 Little knows this love in me.
 By him send to me thy mind –
 Whether that thy youth and kind
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me and all that I can make,
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.*

Silvius Call you this chiding?

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 a tame snake, 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.

*Exit Silvius
 Enter Oliver*

Oliver Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know, where in the purlieu of this forest stands a sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Celia West of this place, down in the neighbour 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 tall 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
and high top bald with dry antiquity,
a wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
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** Wast 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** By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd –
as how I came into that desert place –
in brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
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
dyed 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.

Rosalind Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliver Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind So I do. But, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

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, coz?

Celia Have with you!

Exeunt

Scene 21 (Act5 Sc1)

The Pasture

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 Sir Oliver, 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.

Enter William

Here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone *[Aside]* 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.

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 cover'd. 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 pour'd 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 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 Corin

Corin Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touchstone Trip, Audrey! Trip, Audrey! – I attend, I attend.

Exeunt severally

Scene 22 (Act5 Sc2)

The Woodland at night
Enter Orlando and Oliver

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 persevere 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 and here will I live and die a shepherd.

Orlando You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow. Thither will I invite the Duke 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 showed me your handkerchief?

Orlando Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind O, I know where you are! Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came,

saw, and overcame'. For 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 sought the remedy. And in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent – or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orlando They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the Duke 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 tomorrow 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, tomorrow 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. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are. 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 tomorrow, 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, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array. Bid your friends, for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe

Phebe 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 despiteful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd. Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

- Phebe** 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 Phebe.
- Phebe** 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 Phebe.
- Phebe** 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,
all adoration, duty, and observance,
all humbleness, all patience and impatience,
all purity, all trial, all obedience,
and so am I for Phebe.
- Phebe** And so am I for Ganymede.
- Orlando** And so am I for Rosalind.
- Rosalind** And so am I for no woman.
- Phebe** 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** Who do you speak to '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 wolves
against the moon. [*To Silvius*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phebe*] I would love you, if I could. – Tomorrow meet me all
together. – [*To Phebe*] I will marry you, if ever I marry
woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. [*To Orlando*] I will
satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married
tomorrow. [*To Silvius*] I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To Silvius*] As you
love Phebe, 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.
Phebe Nor I.
Orlando Nor I.

Exeunt

Scene 23 (Act5 Sc3)

The Woodland

Enter severally, Amiens & 1st Lord, and Touchstone & Audrey

Touchstone Today is the joyful day, Audrey. Today 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 gentlewoman?
Amiens Well met, honest 'gentles'.
Touchstone By my troth – friends – well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.
1st Lord We are for you. Sit i' the middle. – Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?
Amiens I'faith, i'faith. And both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

*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 spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time etc*

*This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny-no,
 How that a life was but a flower,
 In spring time etc*

*And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny-no,
 For love is crowned with the prime –*

Touchstone Truly, young gentlemen, though there is no great matter in

the ditty, yet the note is very untuneable.

Amiens You are deceiv'd, sir. We keep time, we lose 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.

Exeunt

Scene 24 (Act5 Sc4)

The Woodland

Enter Senior, Jaques, Orlando, Silvius & Phebe, severally

Senior 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

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?

Senior 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?

Phebe 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?

Phebe So is the bargain.

Rosalind You say, that you'll have Phebe, 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 Duke, to give your daughter. You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter. Keep your word, Phebe, 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

Senior I do remember in this shepherd boy
some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey

Jaques There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are
coming to the ark. Here's a pair of very strange beasts, which
in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touchstone Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques 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 flatter'd 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 –

Jaques And did you?

Touchstone Faith, we met and mended our quarrel at the seventh degree.

Jaques How 'at the seventh degree'? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Senior 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-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own. A
poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will.
Woman's honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as
your pearl in your foul oyster.

Senior By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone According to the fool's bolt, sir – soon shot.

Jaques But, for the 'seventh degree'. How did you mend the quarrel
at the seventh degree?

Touchstone As thus, sir. – Bear your body more seeming, Audrey. – I did
dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me
word, if I said his beard was not well cut, 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 call'd 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 'Countercheck Quarrelsome'. And so to the 'Lie Circumstantial' and the 'Lie Direct'.

Jaques 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 measur'd swords and parted.

Jaques 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 Countercheck 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 make up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If', as, 'If you said such a such a thing, then I *would reply* – and so on'. And so they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peacemaker. Much virtue in 'If'.

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

Enter Amiens as Hymen, Rosalind as herself, Celia and others, singing

Amiens *Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, 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 Senior]* To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[To Orlando] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

- Phebe** 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.
- Amiens** Peace! 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.
- All** *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!*
- Senior** O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
- Phebe** I will not eat my word, now thou art mine.
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
- Enter Le Beau*
- Le Beau** Let me have audience for a word or two,
that bring fair tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke 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 restor'd to them again
 that were with him exil'd. This to be true
 I do engage my life.

Senior

Welcome, Le Beau.

Thou offer'st fairly to these brothers' weddings.
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other
 a land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
 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 endur'd shrewd days and nights with me
 shall share the good of my 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.

Jaques

Sir, by your patience. – If I heard you rightly,
 the Duke hath put on a religious life
 and thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Le Beau

He hath.

Jaques

To him will I. Out of these convertites
 there is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[To Senior] 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.

Senior

Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques

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

Exit

Senior

Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
 as we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A dance

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. As I am a woman I may kiss as many of you as have beards that please me, complexions that like me and breaths that I defy 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.