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Shakespeare's

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A COMEDY,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Covent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE THEATRE.

1810.

Price Eighteen Pence.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Duke, — — — — — Mr. Criswelly.
Frederick, the Usurper, — — Mr. Chapman.
Amiens, — — — — — Mr. Incledon.
Jaques, — — — — — Mr. Kemble.
Eustace, — — — — — Mr. Treby.
Louis, — — — — — Mr. Field.
Le Beau, — — — — — Mr. Farley.
Oliver, — — — — — Mr. Brunton.
Jaques de Bois, — — — — Mr. Claremont.
Orlando, — — — — — Mr. C. Kemble.
Adam — — — — — Mr. Murray.
Charles — — — — — Mr. Waddy.
Dennis, — — — — — Mr. Sarjant.
Silvius, — — — — — Mr. Menage.
Corin, — — — — — Mr. Davenport.
William, — — — — — Mr. Blanchard.
Touchstone, — — — — — Mr. Fawcett.

Rosalind, — — — — — Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Celia, — — — — — Mrs. Gibbs.
Phebe, — — — — — Miss Bristow.
Audrey, — — — — — Mrs. C. Kemble.

Masque.

Hymen, — — — — — Mrs. Liston.

Cupids and Dancers.

Lords as Foresters.—Gentlemen.—Guards.

The Scene lies, first, in Oliver's Orchard, and House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Oliver’s Orchard and House.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath’d me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say’st, charg’d my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques 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. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[Adam retires a little.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir, what make you here?
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.
Oli. What mar you then, sir?
Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which heaven made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
Oli. Know you where you are, sir?
Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.
Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Oli. What, boy!

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

[Lays hold on him.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois: 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. [Advances.] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

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

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

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

[Exit Orlando.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[Exit Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in Oliver's House.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Hola, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?
Den. So please you, he is here, and importunes
access to you.
Oli. Call him in.

[Exit Dennis.
'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling
is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new
news at the new court?
Cha. 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.
Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's
daughter, be banish'd with her father?
Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cou-
sin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred
together,—that she would have follow'd her exile, or
have died to stay behind her: She is at the court,
and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daugh-
ter; and never two ladies lov'd as they do.
Oli. Where will the old duke live?
Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Ar-
den, 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
world.
Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new
duke?
Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you
with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to under-
stand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a
disposition to come in against me to try a fall: To-
morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that
escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit
him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to soil 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.

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

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

[Exit Charles.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly lov'd; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, that I am altogether
mispriz’d: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all.—Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I’ll go about.  

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Lawn before the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

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

Ros. 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 learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, 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 would’st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper’d as mine is to thee.

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

Cel. 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 perforce, 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.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr’ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in
sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplac'd: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou go'st from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—

[Without—Touchstone sings.]

Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Enter Touchstone.

How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learn'd you that oath, fool?

Touch. 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.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.
Touch: 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.

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.
Ros. With his mouth full of news.
Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.
Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm’d.
Cel. All the better; we shall be the more mar ketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau: What’s the news?
Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.
Cel. Sport? Of what colour?
Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Touch. Or as the destinies decree.
Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.
Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
Ros. 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; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.
Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—
Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.
Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—
Ros. With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled 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.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

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

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure; they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

[A Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Charles, Orlando, Gentlemen, and Guards.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entertained, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.
Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can
tell you, there is such odds in the men: 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.
Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.
Duke F. Do so; I’ll not be by.  

[Takes his seat.  

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses
call for you.
Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challeng’d Charles the
wrestler?
Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challe-
gen: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the
strength of my youth.
Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold
for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this
man’s strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes,
or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of
your adventure would counsel you to a more equal
enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to em-
brace your own safety, and give over this attempt.
Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not
therefore be mispriz’d: we will make it our suit to
the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.
Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny
so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your
fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:
wherein if I be foil’d, there is but one sham’d that
was never gracious; if kill’d, but one dead that is
willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong,
for I have none to lament me: the world no injury,
for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a
place, which may be better supplied when I have
made it empty.
Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it
were with you.
Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.
Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

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

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

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

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

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

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

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets,

while

CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

CHARLES is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

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

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Touch. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

CHARLES is carried away by the Guards,

TOUCHSTONE going before them.

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. 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:
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

[Exeunt Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Le Beau, and Gentlemen.]
Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that call-
ing,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
Cel. 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 you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me; one of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quaint, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fort-
tunes:
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Celia, and Rosalind.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
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 me to speak of.

Orl. 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 shorter 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 virtuæ,
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.

Orl. 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 IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have
mercy!—Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child’s father: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Col. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon the in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Col. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

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

Col. O, a good wish upon you!—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland’s youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov’d his father dearly.

Col. 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 dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

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

Col. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.

*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

*Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

*Within these ten days if that thou be’st found*
So near our publick court 'as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
    Ros. [Kneels.] 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 frantick,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

    Duke F. 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.
    Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

    Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

    Ros. [Rises.] 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:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.
    Celi. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

    Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

    Celi. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
If she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

    Duke F. 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 most
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.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, prove yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die:

[FLOURISH OF DRUMS AND TRUMPETS.]

[EXECUTE DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACH, LOUIS, AND GENTLEMEN.]

Cel. 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.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr’ythee, be cheerful: know’st thou not, the duke
Hath banish’d me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the low
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:
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I’ll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle.

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

Cel. I’ll put myself in poor and mean attire,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtal-ax upon my thigh?
A boar-spear in my hand?—and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman’s fear there will,) We’ll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. 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?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. 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?
Cel. He’ll go along o’er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let’s away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight.
Ros. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT I.]
ACT II.

SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard and House.

Enter Orlando, and knocks at the Door.

Orl. Who's there?

Enter Adam.

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?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home to you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. 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 thrift me hire I say'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore 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.
Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
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.—

[Exit Orlando.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But, at fourscore, it is too late a-week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, and four other
Lords, all in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. 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?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference: as, 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 publick haunt;
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Jaq. Indeed, my lord, I've often griev'd at that;
And, in that kind, think you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind
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 hunters' 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
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said you?
Did you not moralize this spectacle?

Jaq. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth I, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth I; this 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 I,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus pierc'd I through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: for we, my lord,
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

_Duke S._ Show me the place;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter,
_Jaq._ I'll bring you to it straight.

Scene III.

_An Apartment in the Palace._

_Flourish of Drums and Trumpets._

_Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Gentlemen, and Guards._

_Duke F._ Can it be possible, that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

_Louis._ I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

_Eust._ My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

_Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,_
_Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

_Duke F._ Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

_Flourish of Drums and Trumpets._

[Exeunt.]
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques, Amiens, and three other Lords, as Foresters.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it; I do love it better than laughing.

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

Jaq. 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, is a most humourous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee, sing:

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs.—Come, warble, warble.

Amiens sings.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune 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.

C 4
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Jaq. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And we will go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Touchstone, and Celia, drest like a Shepherdess, leaning on him.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

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

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

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

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. 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.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Silvius, and Corin.

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

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

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

Sil. 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?
   Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
   Sil. 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 talk'd as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou has 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!

[Exeunt Silvius, and Corin.

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

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that, for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooling of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cobs, 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 is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

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

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!
Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:

Good even to you, friend.

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

Ros. I pr’ythee, shepherd, if that lowe, 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 saints for succour.

Cor. 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 recks 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.

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

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

Ros. 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.

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

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE VI.
Another Part of the Forest.
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.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.
Another Part of the Forest.
A Banquet prepared.
Musick of Horns.
Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and four Lords, as Foresters.

Duke S. I think he be transform’d into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

Ami. My lord, he parted from me even now, And he was merry, hearing of a song.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke S. 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.
Ami. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is
this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?

Enter Jaques.

What! you look merrily.

Jaq. 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 may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 't will 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.

[They all go to the Table.]

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. 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?
Orl. 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 fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. 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 eye-lids 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.

Duke S. True is it that 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 ministred.
Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
While, 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.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort!

[Exit Orlando.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq: 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;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: 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: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

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

Duke S. Welcome; fall to:—I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

I.

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.

II.

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.

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

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Eustace, Louis,
Gentlemen, and Guards.

Duke F. 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;
Bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II,
The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando, with a Paper.

Orl. 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 every where.

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

[Exit.

Enter Corin, and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. 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 it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but, as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. 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 good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.
Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. What ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then, thou art damn’d.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn’d; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

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

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. 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.

Touch. 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 be’st not damn’d for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst ‘scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress’s brother.

Enter Rosalind, who takes down the Paper, which Orlando just now fix’d on the Tree, and reads it.

Ros. 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 face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.
AS YOU LIKE IT:

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.
Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a kind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.
Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.
Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Enter Celia, reading a Paper.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show;
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.
Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homely of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear those verses?

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

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

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on yonder tree.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

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

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

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

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd 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 pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, heaven 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.

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

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

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

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

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

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

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

Cel. 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 a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd scorn.

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O luminous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know, I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
Ces. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?
Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Enter Jaques, and Orlando.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jaq. Heaven be with you; let's meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?
Orl. Yes, just.
Jaq. I do not like her name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.
Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings? Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.
Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.
Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.
Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good
signior love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good
monsieur melancholy.

[Exit Jaques.

Celia and Rosalind come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and
under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you
hear, forester?
Orl. Very well; what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is 't a-clock?
Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's
no clock in the forest.
Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else,
sighing every minute, and groaning every hour,
would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not
that been as proper?
Ros. 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 gal-
llops withal, and who he stands still withal.
Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, be-
tween the contract of her marriage, and the day it is
solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's
pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.
Orl. Who ambles withall?
Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man
that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, be-
cause he cannot study; and the other lives merrily,
because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.
Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?
Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for, though he
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too
soon there.
Orl. Who stays it still withal?
Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleepe
AS YOU LIKE IT.

between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov’d a dwelling.

Ros. 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 heaven, I am not a woman, to be touch’d with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax’d their whole sex withal.

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

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

Orl. I pr’ythee, recount some of them.

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

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak’d; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. 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.

Orl. What were his marks?

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

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

Ros. 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?

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

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

Ori. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. 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.

Ori. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. 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, apiab, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath 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 monastick: 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.

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

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

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. 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?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go?

[Exit.

Enter Touchstone, and Audrey.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee, and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.—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.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. 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.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?
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**Touch.** I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

**Aud.** Would you not have me honest?

**Touch.** No, truly; unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

**Aud.** Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

**Touch.** Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**Aud.** I am not a slut; though, I thank the gods, I am foul.

**Touch.** 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 Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

**Aud.** Well, the gods give us joy!

**Touch.** 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. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore bless'd? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

**Exit.**

**End of Act III.**
A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

A Lawn, before a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Rosalind. Never talk to me, I will weep.
Celia. Do, I pr'ythee; 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. 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-cates 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 confirners 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 mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?
Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquir'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.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. 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.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say,  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Sil. 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 the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Ph. 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:  
Now I do frown on thee, with all my heart;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Sil. 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.

Phe. 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.

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

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

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falsr 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.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phæbe,—

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

Sil. Sweet Phæbe, pity me.

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

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

Phe. 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.—
Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

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

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
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?
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phæbe, with all my heart.

Phe. 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 III.
Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind, and Orlando.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Rosalind. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you saw me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. 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, will 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 warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. 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.

Orl. Of a snail?

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slow, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first; and, when you were gravell’d for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they shut out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.—Am not I your Rosalind?

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

Rosalind. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.
Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No; faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, vide-liset, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did 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 turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for,—good youth!—he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly.—

Enter Celia.

But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and, ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. 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?

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—Will you, Orlando,—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why now: as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for
wife.
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her,
after you have possess'd her.
Orl. For ever, and a day.
Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Or-
lando; men are April when they woo, December
when they wed: maids are May when they are maids,
but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be
more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon
over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against
rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in
my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing,
like Diana in the fountain,—and I will do that, when
you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a
hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.
Orl. Will my Rosalind do so?
Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.
Orl. O, but she is wise.
Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this:
the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a
woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut
that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill
fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he
might say,—Wit, whither wilt?
Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till
you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's
bed.
Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?
Ros. 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.
Rosalind sings.

I.
When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,—
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.
When shepherds pipe on bateh straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen’s clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner:—By two o’clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. 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?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so heaven 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 pithetical break-promise, and the most hol low 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.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misus’d our sex in your love-prate.

Ros. 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.

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

Ros. 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.

Cel. Look, who comes here?

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear this.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners.
She calls me proud; and, that she could not dow-me.
Were men as rare as phoenix: Od’s my will!
Her love is not the bare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.
Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So please you,—for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how thy tyrant writes.

[Reads.] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—
If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
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:
And by him seal up 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.
Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!
Ros. 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; for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvia.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair one: Pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc’d about with olive-trees?
Cel. 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.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask’d, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin.—Are you he?
Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am,—and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain’d.
Cel. I pray, you, tell it.
Oli. 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 befel!—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 unlik’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.

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

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

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness?

Oli. 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 hurting
From miserable slumber—I awak’d.

Ros. Are you his brother?

Cel. Was it you he rescu’d?

Ros. Was’t you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. ’T was I; but ’t is not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. 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 cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart;
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND faints.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!

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

Cel. There is more in it: — Cousin — Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:

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

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: — You a man? —

You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would

think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell

your brother how well I counterfeit. — Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great

testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion

of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Ol. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but, 'tis faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Col. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.
Ol. That will I; for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT, IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

A Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone, and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.
Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.
Aud. Give ye good even, William,
Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; may, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, sir.

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

Will. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.

Touch. Thank heaven:—a good answer:—Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

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

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remem-
ber 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?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand:—Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then, learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, 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 ipsa is he; now you are not ipsa, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. 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; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy
liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. Rest you merry, sir.

[Exit William:

Touch. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Lawn, before a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Oliver, and Orlando.

Orl. 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?

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

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers.

Enter Rosalind.

Go you, and prepare Aliena: for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. Heaven save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[Exit Oliver.

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

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion,
Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.
Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he show'd me your handkerchief?
Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.
Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true; there was never anything so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and 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 ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.
Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; 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 to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.
Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?
Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.
Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in this 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, human as she is, and without any danger.
Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?
Ros. 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 to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter PHEBE, and SILLVIUS.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungente-ness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despeteful and ungente to you:
You are there follow’d by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what ’tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

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

Sil. I’ll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.
SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke senior, Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Jaques, Silvius, and Phebe.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. Patience once more, whilsts our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. 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.

[Exeunt Rosalind, and Celia.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[Touchstone and Audrey without.]

Touch. Come along, Audrey.
Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
call'd fools.

Enter Touchstone, and Audrey.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaq. 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.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to
my purification. I have trod a measure; I have flat-
ter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend,
smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tail-
lors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought
one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was
upon the seventh cause.

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

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. Heaven '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: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

_Duke S._ By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

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

_Jaq._ But, for the seventh cause: How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

_Touch._ Upon a lie seven times remov'd;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd 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 judgement: This is call'd the _Reply churlish_. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the _Reproof valiant_. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is call'd the _Counter check quarrelsome_ and so to the _Lie circumstantial_, and the _Liq direct._

_Jaq._ And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

_Touch._ I durst go no further than the _Lie circumstantial_, nor he durst not give me the _Liq direct_; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

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

_Touch._ 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 take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

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

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Jaques de Boyis.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two:
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
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.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.
Enter two Cupids, waving on eight Masquers.

A Dance.

Enter Hymen.

Hymen sings.

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 might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

[At the end of the Song, Hymen leads forward Rosalind in woman's clothes:—she is followed by Celia, in her own dress,—and Hymen leads away the Cupids and Masquers.]

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

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

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

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she,

[To Phebe.
Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
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 us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

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

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I; out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeathe;

[To Duke S.
You patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [To Orlando] to a love, that your true faith
doth merit:—
You [To Oliver] to your land, and love, and great
allies:—
You [To Silvius] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [To Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.

Touch. Come along, Audrey.

[Exeunt Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

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

[Exit Jaques.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these
rites,
And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
EPISODE.

Ros. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, it's true, that a good play needs no epilogue: yet good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. When a case am I in then, that am neither a good epiloget nor can I insinuate with you in the behalf of a play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and so I charge you, men, for the love you bear to women, (as, I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If were among you, I would kiss as many of you as I beards that pleas'd me, and complexions that like me: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I may curtsey, bid me farewell.

THE END.

ERRATUM.
Page 16, line 20, for one of suits, read, one out of suits.
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