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OLD SPELLING SHAKESPEARE

As You Like It

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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



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Old-spelling...
ed. Furnivall.

[Vol. 2]

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

F. W. CLARKE, M.A.

LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT DECCAN COLLEGE, POONA



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AS YOU LIKE IT

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As You Like It

INTRODUCTION

DATE

As You Like It was first entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4, 1600, together with *Much Ado*, *Henry V*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. To all of them the curious note 'to be stayed' was attached, and it is difficult to understand the reason for this: three of these plays were printed within a few months of this entry, but *As You Like It* made its first appearance in the Folio of 1623. The entry, however, forms a later limit for the composition of *As You Like It*, while an earlier limit is suggested by the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in his famous enumeration of Shakespeare's works in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598. There are many passages in the play which have been thought to bear a topical significance: of these the most important is the famous allusion to Marlowe,

'Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight,'

in the fifth scene of the third act.

The second line of this couplet is a quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* which was printed in 1598. This goes to confirm the negative evidence supplied by Meres to fix 1598 as a lower limit. The reference to 'Diana in the fountain' has been thought to have been suggested by the erection of a statue of Diana in West Cheap in 1596: the description, however, is not an accurate one and this allusion cannot be accepted as proved when we consider how very frequently Diana was the figure chosen to ornament fountains in Elizabeth's time. Various editors have seen references to the statute prohibiting the use of

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oaths in plays, and to the penal laws against witchcraft which were drawn up in 1603 and 1605 respectively. These, again, are unsatisfactory, as the passages seem too general to be intended as conveying any distinct reference to particular laws: nor, indeed, would they prove anything as to the later date of the play even if they could be admitted. Nevertheless the *Hero and Leander* quotation, and the omission of mention by Meres together with the entry in the Stationers' Register combine to settle the play's date within well-defined limits.

Turning to internal evidence the same conclusion is arrived at. Leaving aside the songs and the love-rhymes which Orlando indulged in, rhyme is comparatively scarce: double and light endings are by no means unusual: the diction is distinctly that of the second period where thought and expression are balanced. In fact, both the subject and treatment are in some ways akin to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and combined with the similar diction, and the simultaneous entry of the two plays in the Register, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the two plays were written at no great distance of time apart from each other: it is perhaps 'to enquire too curiously' which preceded the other, but either the latter part of 1599 or the beginning of 1600 may be set down as the probable date of composition of *As You Like It*.

THE TEXT

No quarto edition of *As You Like It* exists: as has already been said the issue of one seems to have been contemplated, but the note 'to be stayed'—whatever its reasons may have been—appears to have been effective enough in this instance. The play first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed between the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Taming of the Shrew*. With practically one exception editors agree in regarding the text as unusually satisfactory in the famous edition of Heminge and Condell: and as this one exception produces nothing of any consequence to support his opinion, the reliability of the Folio version may be admitted. Such inaccuracies as 'Juno's swans,' the confusion between the statures of Rosalind and Celia, must be attributed rather to the author than the printer: while the ambiguity of time is merely an instance of a device which

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Shakespeare has freely availed himself of, namely, that of 'double time.'

SOURCE

The plot of *As You Like It* is taken from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which as its sub-title 'Euphuus and his golden legacy' indicates, was written at a time when Euphuism was still rampant, and the name of the verbose hero was still a valuable asset. Pastoral sweetness and melodramatic action are blended together in this novel. Rosader, on account of his excellent parts and his large possessions, is hated by his brother Saladyne; the latter persuades him to wrestle at the court, hoping he will be killed. He comes off victor, however, and falls in love with Rosalynde. Returning home to his brother, he is subjected to many indignities, and eventually flies to the forest of Arden. Thither also have gone Rosalynde, disguised as a page, under the name of Ganymede, and Alinda, now known as Aliena, the daughter of the usurper who is in power, both having been banished. Rosader meets Ganymede, and there is much discussion between them on the subject of love. He is persuaded to undergo a mock-marriage with her, and eventually all is revealed and is consummated in their marriage. Saladyne comes to the forest, exiled by the usurper, falls in love with and marries Aliena, after having been rescued from a lion by his brother and repented. A shepherd, Montanus, is in love with a shepherdess, Phœbe, who disdains him, but falls in love with Ganymede, and finding out the personality of the latter, marries her devoted admirer.

The true king is also in the forest, and happily witnesses the marriage of Rosader and Rosalynde: after which an army of the usurper comes to attack him, but is repulsed by his noble friends, and the king enjoys his own again.

Here then is the outline of all the various stories that combine to form the plot of *As You Like It*.

The characters of Jacques, Touchstone, William and Audrey are Shakespeare's independent creations. There are also several differences between novel and play, of which the following may be mentioned.

(1) In the play, Orlando is hated by his brother for his excel-

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lence and manliness, while in the novel, greed is made to play a stronger part.

(2) In the novel, Rosader is congratulated by the usurper on his success, and there is no marring note as there is in the play. He proceeds home with many boon companions, and resides there some time before proceeding to Arden.

(3) In the novel Alinda is banished by her father; in the play she voluntarily accompanies her friend.

(4) The treatment of the forest scenes is almost radically different. In the play anything that may mar the pastoral harmony is dismissed; thus the attack of robbers on Aliena and Ganymede is not alluded to: while the fight at the end is avoided by the sudden repentance of the usurping duke. In the love-scenes between Orlando and Rosalynde, wit and humour, with an undercurrent of tenderness, are the prevailing note: in the novel these scenes are abundantly strewed with eclogues, and the conversation is of an entirely artificial turn, elaborate in simile with but little humour. In the play, the courtship of Oliver and Celia is rapidly passed over: in the novel it is given at much greater length.

For a more detailed comparison of the source and play, as well as for the text itself of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the reader must be referred to Mr. W. W. Greg's edition in the 'Shakespeare Classics.'

As You Like It is essentially one of the 'joyous comedies' which may be grouped with *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night*. It is, in fact, the one to which this application is specially fit. In both of the other two plays of the group, sadness and even despair reigns at least for a time. In *As You Like It*, the forest of Arden seems magically to dispel the thoughts of adversity and misfortune, and a cheerful optimism, which cheerily rises above hardship and injustice, is the key-note of the play. The leading characters require no comment: Rosalind's only fault is that the prominence afforded her by the poet causes Celia to be dwarfed; a fact which readers who have been led to take a lively interest in her in the early part of the play can only regret. Her marriage with Oliver is one of the worst instances in Shakespeare of an artificial and conventional completion of a portrait which has been begun with so much promise. Jacques is an original

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conception of the poet: he cannot be said to be a very pleasing one. The famous 'seven ages' speech is justly admired; but it is rather for the language than the sentiments that this admiration is justified. Jacques is full of cheap cynical philosophy, which he is wholly unable to maintain when he meets with any one 'disputable': he perhaps approximates to the type of railer familiar to readers of early Jonsonian comedy. In the play he forms a useful foil to the manly cheerfulness of Orlando, and the happy contentedness of Rosalind, and each of these easily succeeds in putting him down, while he is a capital vehicle for the poet to express some good-natured satire on some of the foibles of the Elizabethan gallant. Touchstone is, perhaps, the first line of demarcation in the various stages of Shakespeare's clowns which may be traced in the change from Launcelot Speed to the sorrowful fool of *King Lear*: his devotion to his mistress endears us to him, while his fooling of the shepherd, and his famous divisions of the lie are genuinely humorous, and do more than make only the groundlings laugh.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

[The References are to 1st Speeches in each Scene. When an Actor is mute, the Scene in which he appears is given.]

- Duke Senior**, *living in banishment*, II.i.1, p. 17; vii.1, p. 28; V.iv.1, p. 73.
- Duke FREDERICK**, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*, I.ii.136, p. 9; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.i.1, p. 34.
- AMYENS** (or **AMIENS**), II.i.18, p. 17; v.1, p. 25; vii.173, p. 33; *as a Mute*, V.iv. p. 73.
- IAQUES**, II.v.9, p. 25; vii.12, p. 28; III.ii.241, p. 41; iii.7, p. 46; IV.i.1, p. 54; ii.1, p. 60; V.iv.35, p. 74.
- 1st Lord*, II.i.25, p. 18; vii.3, p. 28; *2nd Lord*, II.i.65, p. 19; *A Lord*, IV.ii.2, p. 60.
- 1st Page*, V.iii.6, p. 71; *2nd Page*, V.iii.8, p. 71.
- LE BEU**, *a Courtier attending upon FREDERICK*, I.ii.90, p. 8.
- 1st Lord, attending on FREDERICK*, II.ii.4, p. 19; *2nd Lord, of like estate*, II.ii.8, p. 19.
- CHARLES**, *Duke FREDERICKS Wrastler*, I.i.87, p. 3; ii.183, p. 10.
- OLIUER**, I.i.27, p. 2; III.i.13, p. 34; IV.iii.75, p. 63; V.ii.5, p. 68.
- IAQUES**, V.iv.144, p. 77.
- ORLANDO**, I.i.1, p. 1; ii.153, p. 9; II.iii.1, p. 20; vi.4, p. 27; vii.88, p. 30; III.ii.1, p. 34; IV.i.27, p. 55; V.ii.1, p. 68; iv.3, p. 73.
- ADAM**, I.i.24, p. 1; II.iii.2, p. 20; vi.1, p. 27; vii.168, p. 33.
- DENNIS**, I.i.80, p. 3.
- A Clowne or Motley, named TOUCHSTONE*, I.ii.53, p. 7; II.iv.2, p. 22; III.ii.12, p. 35; iii.1, p. 46; V.i.1, p. 66; iii.1, p. 71; iv.38, p. 74.
- Sir OLIUER MAR-TEXT**, *a Vicar*, III.iii.60, p. 47.
- CORIN**, *an old man*, II.iv.19, p. 23; III.ii.11, p. 35; iv.42, p. 50; V.i.57, p. 67; *as a Mute*, III.v. p. 50.
- SILVIUS**, *a yong man, in loue with PHEBE*, II.iv.20, p. 23; III.v.1, p. 50; IV.iii.5, p. 61; V.ii.78, p. 70; iv.17, p. 73.
- WILLIAM**, *a country Clowne, in loue with AUDREY*, V.i.13, p. 66.
- An Actor, presenting HYMEN*, V.iv.101, p. 76.

¹ The heading of the Dramatis Personæ in *How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad*.—Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 4.

Persons Represented.

- ROSALIND** (or **ROSALINE**), daughter to the banished Duke, I.ii.2, p. 5; iii.3, p. 13: for **GANIMED**, II.iv.1, p. 22; III.ii.31, p. 37; iv.1, p. 48; v. 35, p. 51; IV.i.3, p. 54; iii.1, p. 61; V.ii.17, p. 68; iv.5, p. 73.
- CELLIA**, daughter to **FREDERICK**, I.ii.1, p. 5; iii.1, p. 13: for **ALIENA**, II.iv.8, p. 22; III.ii.118, p. 38; iv.2, p. 48; IV.i.60, p. 56; iii.3, p. 61: as a Mute, III.v. p. 50; V.iv. p. 76.
- PHEBE**, a Shepherdess, beloved by **SILVIUS**, III.v.8, p. 50; V.ii.78, p. 70; iv.12, p. 73.
- AUDREY** (or **AWDRIE**), a country Wench, III.iii.4, p. 46; V.i.3, p. 66; as a Mute, V.iv. p. 74.
- The Scenes supposed.* Oliuers orchard, I.i. pp. 1-5: Before Oliuers house, II.iii. pp. 20-22: Before Duke Fredericks palace, I.ii. pp. 5-13: Duke Fredericks palace, I.iii. pp. 13-17; II.ii. pp. 19, 20; III.i. p. 34: *The Forrest of Arden*, II.i. pp. 17-19; iv-vii. pp. 22-33; III.ii.-V.iv. pp. 34-78.
- The Time¹ embraced by the Play cannot be ascertained, the Interim between scenes ii. and iii., in Act III., being of indefinite duration. 10 Days are represented on the Stage, and 3 Interims elapse.*
- Day 1**, I.i. pp. 1-5: **Day 2**, I.ii,iii. pp. 5-17; II.i. pp. 17-19: **Day 3**, II.ii,iii. pp. 19-22: *Interim of a few days*: **Day 4**, II.iv. pp. 22-25: **Day 5**, II.v,vi,vii.; III.i. pp. 25-34: *Interim of a few days*: **Day 6**, III.ii. pp. 34-45: *Interim*: **Day 7**, III.iii. pp. 46-48: **Day 8**, III.iv,v.; IV.; V.i. pp. 48-67: **Day 9**, V.ii,iii. pp. 68-72: **Day 10**, V.iv. pp. 73-78.

¹ We throw sc. iii. Act II., and sc. i. Act III. into Days 3 and 5 respectively, because the distance between the Duke's palace and Oliver's house may have been too great to allow Orlando to reach home before Day 3, the day after the wrestling-match, and for Oliver—sent for on Day 3—to arrive at the court before Day 5. Mr. Daniel bracketed these scenes under Days 2 and 3 respectively, as being out of place. For the rest, we follow his Time-Analysis in the *New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions*, 1877-79, pp. 156-162.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623, from which the text is edited. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ë.

As You Like It

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

As you Like it.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

OLIVERS Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Oriando.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was vpon this fashïon: **My** Father bequeathed me by will but poore a thousand Crownes; and, as thou saist, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed mee well: and there begins [4 my sadnesse. My brother *Iaques*, he keeps at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speake more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept; for call you that ‘keeping’ [8 for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their man- nage, and, to that end, Riders deerey hir’d: but I (his [12 brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the some- thing that Nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to [16 take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with n.y education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieues me; and the spirit of my Father, which I [20 thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother. 24

Orlan. Goe a-part, *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp! [ADAM draws back.

1, 2. *fashion: My Father*] fashion; my father Heath conj. fashion F.

As you like it.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, Sir! what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to 'make' any thing. 28

Oli. What mar you then, fir?

Orl. Marry, fir, I am helping you to 'mar' that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours, with idleneffe.

Oliuer. Marry, fir, be better employed, and be naught a while! 33

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? What prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to fuch penury? 36

Oli. Know you where you are, fir?

Orl. O, fir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, fir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee. I [40 know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first borne; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there [44 twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my Father in mee as you; albeit, I confesse, your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What, Boy! 48

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villaine?

[*ORL. seizes him by the throat.*

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my Father; and he is thrice a [52 villaine that saies fuch a Father begot villaines! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thy selfe. 56

Adam. [*coming forward*] Sweet Masters, bee patient! for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord!

Oli. Let me goe, I fay!

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall heare mee! [60 My Father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education:

26. *Enter Oliuer.*] F (after l. 23).

As you like it.

you haue train'd me like a pezant, obfcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The fpirit of my father growes ftrong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: [64 therefore allow me fuch exercifes as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by teftament! With that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is fpent? [68 Well, fir, get you in! I will not long be troubled with you; you fhall haue fome part of your will: I pray you, leaue me!

Orl. I will no further offend you then becomes mee for my good. 72

Oli. [to **ADAM**] Get you with him, you olde dogge!

Adam. Is 'old dogge' my reward? Mofl true, I haue loft my teeth in your feruice. God be with my olde mafter! he would not haue fpoke fuch a word. [*Ex. ORL. and AD.* 76

Oli. Is it euen fo? Begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyficke your ranckenefle, and yet giue no thoufand crownes neyther. Holla, *Dennis*!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worfhip? 80

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Dukes Wraftler, heere to fpeake with me?

Den. So pleafe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceffe to you. 84

Oli. Call him in! [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to morrow the wraftling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worfhip! 87

Oli. Good Mounfier *Charles*, what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court, Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banifhed by his yonger brother the new Duke; and three or foure louing Lords [92 haue put themfelues into voluntary exile with him, whofe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rofalind*, the Dukes daughter, be banifhed with her Father? 97

As you like it.

Cha. O, no! for the Dukes daughter, her Cofen, fo loues her, (being euer from their Cradles bred together,) that shee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leffe beloued of her Vncle [101 then his owne daughter; and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They fay hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like [106 the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they fay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelesly, as they did in the golden world. 109

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, doe I, fir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am giuen, fir, secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother, *Orlando*, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall. To morrow, fir, I [114 wrastle for my credit; and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your loue, I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must, for my owne honour, if hee [118 come in: therefore, out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into; in that it is a thing of his owne searce, and altogether against my will. 123

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite. I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand [126 meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee, *Charles*: it is the stubbornest yong fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuier against mee [130 his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion; I had as liefe thou didst breake his necke as his finger! And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee [134 will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some

99. *shee*] F3. hee F.

As you like it.

treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirec[t] meanes or other; for, I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it,) there is not one so young, [138 and so villanous, this day liuing! I speake but brotherly of him; but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder. 141

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment! if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so, God keepe your worship! [Exit. 145

Ol. Farewell, good *Charles!* Now will I stirre this Gamester! I hope I shall see an end of him; for my foule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he. Yet hee's gentle; neuer school'd, and yet learned; full of noble deuise; of all forts enchantingly beloued; and, indeed, so much in the [150 heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised! But it shall not be so long! this wrastler shall cleare all! Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now Ile goe about. [Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Secunda

Lawn before the DUKES Palace.

Enter ROSALIND, and CELLIA.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind,* sweet my Coz, be merry! I

Rof. Deere *Cellia,* I shew more mirth then I am mistresse of; and would you yet I were merrier? Vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'ft mee not with the full waight that I loue thee. If my Vncle, thy banished father, had banished thy Vncle, the Duke my Father, so thou hadst [8 beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 11

As you like it.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe but I, nor none is like to haue: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father [16 perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor, I will! and, when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster! therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry! 20

Rof. From henceforth I will, Coz; and deuise sports. Let me see: what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry, I prethee, doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neyther, then (with safety of a pure blush) thou maist in honor come off againe. 26

Rof. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let vs fit and mocke the good houswife, Fortune, from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally. 30

Rof. I would wee could doe so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 33

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest; & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfaoueredly. 36

Rof. Nay, now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 39

Enter Clowne (TOUCHSTONE).

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argumēt? 43

Rof. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Natures naturall the cutter off of Natures witte. 46

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason

As you like it.

of such goddeffes, **and** hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone; for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole is the whetstone of the wits. ¶ How now, Witte! whether wander you? 52

Clo. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honor! but I was bid to come for you.

Rof. Where learned you that oath, foole? 56

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now, Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good; and yet was not the Knight forsworne. 61

Cel. How proue you that, in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I, marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdome! 64

Clo. Stand you both forth, now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue!

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art. 67

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were; but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or, if he had, he had sworne it away before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard. 72

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke*, your Father, loues.

Cel. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him: enough! speake no more of him! you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies. 77

Clo. The more pittie, that fooles may not speake wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou saiest true; for, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew. Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*! ¹ 83

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vwill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

49. *and*] Malone.

75. *Cel.*] Theobald. Ros. F.

53. *father*] farher F.

¹ So F. *Le Beu* Fz.

As you like it.

Rof. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we shalbe the more Marketable. 88

Enter LE BEAU.

¶ *Bon-iour, Monsieur le Beau!* what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princeesse, you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. 'Sport'! of what colour?

Le Beau. 'What colour,' Madame! How shall I aunswer you? 93

Rof. As wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said! that was laid on with a trowell. 96

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke, . . .

Rof. Thou loofest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, Ladies! I would haue told you of good wraffling, which you haue lost the fight of. 100

Rof. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraffling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to doe; and heere, where you are, they are comming to performe it. 105

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. 108

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preface.

Rof. With bils on their neckes: 'Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.' 112

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wraffled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraffler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third. Yonder [116 they lie; the poore old man, their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas! 120

Clo. But what is the 'sport,' Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

88. *Enter Le Beau.*] F (after l. 83).

89. *Bon-iour*] *Boon-iour* F.

As you like it.

Le Beau. Why, this that I speake of. 123

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day! It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was 'sport' for Ladies. 136

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? ¶ Shall we see this wraffling, Cofin? 130

Le Beau. You must, if you stay heere; for heere is the place appointed for the wraffling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it! 135

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on! since the youth will not be intreated, his owne perill on his forwardnesse!

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam. 139

Cel. Alas, he is too yong! yet he looks successfully.

Du. F. How now, daughter, and Cousin! are you crept hither to see the wraffling?

Rof. I, my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue. 143

Du. F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such oddes in the man. In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not be entreated. Speake to him, Ladies! see if you can moue him. 148

Cel. Call him hether, good Monsieur *Le Beau!*

Duke F. Do so! He not be by. [DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you!

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie. 153

Rof. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraffler?

Orl. No, faire Princesse; he is the generall challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 157

As you like it.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares. You haue feene cruell prooffe of this mans strength: if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your adventure would counfel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you, for [162 your owne sake, to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Rof. Do, yong Sir! your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wraftling might not go forward. 167

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts; wherein I confesse me much guiltie, to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire [170 eies, and gentle wifhes, go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious; if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament [174 me; the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing; onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied when I haue made it emptie. 177

Rof. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you!

Cel. And mine, to eeke out hers!

Rof. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you!

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you! 182

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

Orl. Readie, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 186

Duk. F. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies! 191

Rof. Now *Hercules* be thy speede, yong man!

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge! [Wrafile. 194

Rof. Oh excellent yong man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

As you like it.

- Duk. F.* No more, no more! 198
Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well
breath'd. 200
Duk. F. How do'st thou, *Charles*?
Le Beau. He cannot speake, my Lord.
Duk. F. Beare him awaie! [CHARLES is borne out.
¶ What is thy name, yong man?
Orl. Orlando, my Liege; the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland*
de Boys. 204
Duk. F. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house. 209
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou had'st told me of another Father!
[Exeunt DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.
Cel. Were I my Father, (Coze,) would I do this?
(*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne, 213
His yongest sonne; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.)
Rof. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde: 217
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd!
Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him! 221
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart. ¶ Sir, you haue well deferr'd:
If you doe keepe your promises in loue
But iustly, as you haue exceeded all promise, 225
Your Mistris shall be happie!
Rof. Gentleman,
[Throwing a chain from off her neck round his.
Weare this for me (one out of suites with Fortune)
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes! 228
¶ Shall we goe, Coze?

211. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit Duke. F. 215. *Fredricke*] *Fredricke* F.

As you like it.

Cel. I. ¶ Fare you well, faire Gentleman! 229
[*ROS. & CEL. turn to go.*

Orl. Can I not say, 'I thanke you'? My better parts
Are all throwne downe; and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

Rof. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes; 233
Ile aske him what he would. ¶ Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you haue wraffled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe, Coze?

Rof. Haue with you! ¶ Fare you well! 237

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and Clown.*

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet the vrg'd conference.

O poore *Orlando*, thou art ouerthrowne!

Or *Charles*, or something weaker, mafters thee. 241

Re-enter LE BEU.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place. Albeit you haue deferu'd
High commendation, true applaufe, and loue,
Yet such is now the Dukes condition, 245
That he misconfters all that you haue done.

The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeede,
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this! 249
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraffling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners;
But yet, indeede, the taller¹ is his daughter: 253

The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle,
To keepe his daughter companie; whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters. 257

But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeafure gainft his gentle Neece;
Grounded vpon no other argument,

237. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit. F.

241. *Re-enter* . . .] Enter Le
Beu. F (after l. 239).

¹ really 'shorter': see I. iii. 110,
p. 16.

As you like it.

But that the people praise her for her vertues, 261
And pittie her, for her good Fathers fake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth! Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world then this, 265
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother;
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother. 269
But heauenly *Rosaline!* [*Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALINE.

Cel. Why, Cofen! why, *Rosaline!* *Cupid* haue mercie!
Not a word?

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog. 3

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon
curs; throw some of them at me! come, lame mee with
reasons! 6

Rof. Then there were two Cofens laid vp; when the one
should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father? 9

Rof. No, some of it is for my childe's Father.¹ Oh, how
full of briers is this working day world! 11

Cel. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee in holi-
day foolerie: if we walke not in the trodden paths, our very
petty-coates will catch them.

Rof. I could shake them off my coate: these burs are in
my heart. 16

Cel. Hem them away!

Rof. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections!

Scena Tertia.] *Scena Tertius. F.* | stood) was thinking of Orlando.
¹ So F. She (Theobald under- | father's child Rowe.

As you like it.

Rof. O, they take the part of a better wrafler then my felfe! 21

Cel. O, a good wifh vpon you! you will trie in time, in difpight of a fall. But, turning thefe iefts out of feruice, let vs talke in good earnest. Is it poffible, on fuch a fodaine, [22 you fhould fall into fo ftrong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongeft fonne?

Rof. The Duke, my Father, lou'd his Father deerelie. 27

Cel. Doth it therefore enfue that you fhould loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I fhould hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Rof. No, faith, hate him not, for my fake!

Cel. Why fhould I not? doth he not deferue well? 32

Rof. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him becaufe I doe! Looke, here comes the Duke!

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Enter DUKE **FREDERICK**, with Lords.

Duk. F. [*to Ros.*] Miftris, difpatch you with your fafeft hafte, 36

And get you from our Court!

Rof. Me, Vncle?

Duk. F. You, Cofen:

Within thefe ten daies if that thou beeft found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou dieft for it!

Rof. I doe befeech your Grace, 40

Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me!

If with my felfe I hold intelligence,

Or haue acquaintance with mine owne defires;

If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, 44

(As I doe truft I am not,) then, deere Vncle,

Neuer fo much as in a thought vnborne,

Did I offend your highneffe!

Duk. F. Thus doe all Traitors:

If their purgation did confift in words, 48

They are as innocent as grace it felfe:

Let it fuffice thee that I truft thee not!

35. *Enter . . . Lords.*] *Enter . . . Lords, F* (after l. 32).

As you like it.

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends ! 52
Duk. F. Thou art thy Fathers daughter ; there's enough.
Rof. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome ;
So was I when your highnesse banisht him :
Treason is not inherited, my Lord ; 56
Or, if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my Father was no Traitor :
Then, good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous ! 60
Cel. Deere Soueraigne, heare me speake !
Duk. F. I, Celia ; we staid her for your sake ;
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay ; 64
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse :
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a Traitor,
Why, so am I ! we still haue slept together, 68
Rof at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together ;
And wherefoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.
Duk. F. She is too subtile for thee ; and her smoothnes, 72
Her verie silence, and her patiënce,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her.
Thou art a foole ! she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt shew more bright, & seem more vertuous, 76
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firme and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her : she is banish'd !
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Leige ! 80
I cannot liue out of her companie.
Duk. F. You are a foole ! ¶ You, Neice, prouide your selfe !
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word, you die ! 84
[*Exeunt DUKE, &c.*]
Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe ?
Wilt thou change Fathers ? I will giue thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

73. *her*] per F.

84. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit . . . F.

As you like it.

<i>Rof.</i> I haue more caufe.	
<i>Cel.</i> Thou haft not, Cofen ;	88
Prethee, be cheerefull ! know'ft thou not, the Duke Hath banifh'd me, his daughter ?	
<i>Rof.</i> That he hath not.	
<i>Cel.</i> No ? hath not ? <i>Rofaline</i> lacks then the loue Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :	92
Shall we be fundred ? fhall we part, fweete girle ? No ! let my Father feeke another heire ! Therefore deuife with me how we may flie, Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs :	96
And doe not feeke to take your change ¹ vpon you, To beare your griefes your felfe, and leaue me out ; For, by this heauen, now at our forrowes pale, Say what thou canft, Ile goe along with thee !	100
<i>Rof.</i> Why, whether fhall we goe ?	
<i>Cel.</i> To feeke my Vncle in the Forreft of <i>Arden</i> .	
<i>Rof.</i> Alas, what danger will it be to vs (Maides as we are) to trauell forth fo farre !	104
Beautie prouoketh theeues, fooner then gold.	
<i>Cel.</i> Ile put my felfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kinde of vंबर fmirch my face ; The like, doe you : fo fhall we paffe along,	108
And neuer ftir affailants.	
<i>Rof.</i> Were it not better (Beaufe that I am more then common tall) That I did fuite me all points like a man ?	
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh, A bore-fpeare in my hand ; and, (in my heart Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,) Weele haue a fwafhing and a marfhall outfide ; As manie other mannifh cowards haue,	116
That doe outface it with their femblances.	
<i>Cel.</i> What fhall I call thee when thou art a man ?	
<i>Rof.</i> Ile haue no worfe a name then <i>Ioues</i> owne Page ; And therefore looke you call me ' <i>Ganimed</i> .'	120
But what will you be call'd ?	
<i>Cel.</i> Something that hath a reference to my ftate :	

¹ change (*sc.*) of Fortune. *charge* F2. 121. *be*] by F.
I. iii. 88-122.] 16

As you like it.

No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
Rof. But, Cofen, what if we affaid to feale 124
The clownifh Foole out of your Fathers Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?
Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me;
Leaue me alone to woe¹ him! Let's away, 128
And get our Iewels and our wealth together;
Deuife the fitteft time, and fafeft way
To hide vs from purfuite that will be made
After my flight! Now goe we in content,
To libertie, and not to banifhment! [Exeunt. 133

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior; AMYENS, and two or three Lords,
like Forrefters.*

Duk. Sen. Now, my Coe-mates and brothers in exile, 1
Hath not old custome made this life more fweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not thefe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court? 4
Heere feele we **but** the penaltie of *Adam*,
The feafons difference; as, the Icie phange
And churlifh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body, 8
Euen till I fhrinke with cold, I fmile, and fay,
'This is no flattery: thefe are counfellors
That feelingly perfwade me what I am.'
Sweet are the vies of aduerfitie, 12
Which, like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes, 16
Sermons in ftones, and good in euery thing!
I would not change it.

Amien. Happy is your Grace,

¹ *woe* = *wooe*.

132. *we in*] F2. in we F.

5. *but*] Theobald. not F.

18. *I would not change it.*

Amien. *Happy*] Dyce (Upton
conj.). Amien. I would not
change it, happy F.

[I. iii. 123-133; II. i. 1-18.

As you like it.

That can translate the stubbornesse of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile. 20

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs veniſon ?
And yet it irkes me, the poore dapled fooles
(Being natiue Burgers of this deſert City)
Should, in their owne confines, with forked heads 24
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that ;
And, in that kinde, ſweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 28
To day, my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſeſe,
Did ſteale behinde him, as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe ánticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood · 32
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
(That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt)
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animall heau'd forth ſuch groanes, 36
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noſe
In pitteous chaſe : and thus the hairie foole, 40
Much markèd of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques* ?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle ? 44

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand families.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame ;
'Poore Deere !' quoth he, 'thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy ſum of more 48
To that which had too much : ' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friends ;
'Tis right,' quoth he ; ' thus miſerie doth part
The Fluxe of companie : ' anon a careleſſe Heard, 52
Full of the paſture, iumps along by him,
And neuer ſtaies to greet him ; ' I,' quoth *Iaques*,

49. *much*] F2. must F.

50. *friends*] Rowe. friend F.

As you like it.

'Sweepe on, you fat and greazie Citizens!
'Tis iust the fashion: wherefore doe you looke 56
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most inuectiuelly he pierceth through
The body of **the** Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp,
In their assign'd and natiue dwelling place.
D. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation? 64
2. Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the fobbing Deere.
Du. Sen. Show me the place!
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter. 68
1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait. [Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duk. F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? 1
It cannot be! some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her. 4
The Ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreafur'd of their Mistris.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft, 8
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princeesse Gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend 12
The parts and graces of the Wraftler¹
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*;

59. *the*] F2.

10. *Gentlewoman*] Gentlewoman F.

¹ *Wrast(e)ler* is here made three syllables.

As you like it.

And the beleeues, where euer they are gone,
That youth is surely in their companie. 16
Duk. F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither!
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me;
Ile make him finde him! do this sodainly!
And let not searh and inquisition quaile, 20
To bring againe these foolish runawaies! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Before Oliuers House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? 1
Ad. What, my yong Master? Oh my gentle master!
Oh my sweet maffer! O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? 4
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ftrong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond, to ouercome
The bonie prifer of the humorous Duke? 8
Your praife is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, Master, to some kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies?
No more doe yours: your vertues, gentle Master, 12
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Euenoms him that beares it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O vnhappy youth, 16
Come not within these doores! within this rooffe
The enemy of all your graces liues:
Your brother (no, no brother! yet the sonne . . .
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his Father)

21. *Exeunt.*] Exunt F.

8. *bonie*] boney Warburton, | *bonnie F.*
10. *some*] seeme F

As you like it.

Hath heard your praises; and this night he meanes
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that, 24
He will haue other meanes to cut you off:
I ouerheard him, and his practises.
This is no place; this house is but a butcherie:
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it! 28
Orl. Why, whether, *Adam*, would'ft thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What! would'ft thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or, with a base and boistrous Sword, enforce 32
A theeuishe liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subiect me to the malice 36
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so! I haue five hundred Crownes,
The thirtie hire I faued vnder your Father,
Which I did store, to be my foster Nurse, 40
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne:
Take that! and He that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea, proudly caters for the Sparrow, 44
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I giue you! Let me be your seruant!
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply 48
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,¹
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie;
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter, 52
Frostitie, but kindly: let me goe with you!
He doe the seruice of a yonger man,
In all your businesse and necessities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears 56
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

29. *Orl.*] *Ad.* F.

¹ *woe* = *wooe* F.

As you like it.

Where none will sweate, but for promotiön ;	60
And, hauing that, do choake their feruice vp,	
Euen with the hauing: it is not so with thee.	
But, poore old man, thou prun'ft a rotten tree,	
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,	64
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie.	
But come thy waies, weele goe along together ;	
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,	
Weele light vpon some setled low content.	68
<i>Ad.</i> Master, goe on, and I will follow thee,	
To the last gaspe, with truth and loyaltie!	70
From seauenteene yeeres till now almost fourefcore,	
Here liuèd I, but now liue here no more.	72
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke ;	
But, at fourefcore, it is too late a weeke :	74
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,	
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. [Exeunt. 76	

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALINE for GANIMED, CELIA for ALIENA, and
Clowne, alias TOUCHSTONE.*

Rof. O *Iupiter*, how weary are my spirits!

Clo. I care not for my 'spirits,' if my legges were not wearie. 3

Rof. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to shew it selfe coragious to petty-coate: therefore, courage, good *Aliena!* 7

Cel. I pray you, beare with me! I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather 'beare' with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse, if I did beare you; for I thinke you haue no money in your purse. 11

Rof. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden.*

71. *seauentene*] seventeen Rowe. | 1. *weary*] Theobald (Warbur-
seauentie F. | ton). merry F.

As you like it.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*: the more foole I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but Trauellers must be content. 15

Rof. I, be fo, good *Touchstone*!

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here! a yong man, and an old, in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you ffill. 19

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ft how I do loue her!

Cor. I partly gueffe; for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not gueffe,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a loue 23

As euer figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
(As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so,)

How many actions most ridiculous, 27

Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then nere loue so hartily!

If thou remembrest not the slightest folly 31

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lou'd!

Or if thou hast not fat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise, 35

Thou hast not lou'd!

Or if thou hast not broke from companie,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lou'd! 39

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*! [Exit.]

(*Rof.* Alas, poore Shepheard! searching of thy wound,
I haue (by hard aduenture) found mine owne. 42

Clo. And I mine. I remember, when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt [46 hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peafcod

16. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 15). | 41. *thy wound*] Rowe. they
30. *nere*] ne'er Rowe. neuer F. | would F.

As you like it.

instead of her, from whom I tooke two cōds, and, giuing her them againe, said with weeping teares, 'Weare these for my fake!' Wee, that are true Louers, runne into strange [50 capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Rof. Thou speake'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it. 55

Rof. *Ioue, Ioue!* this Shepherds passion
Is much vpon my fashion. 57

Clo. And mine; but it growes something stale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode: 60
I faint almost to death.)

Clo. Holla, you Clowne!

Rof. Peace, foole! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls? 61

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Rof. Peace, I say! ¶ Good euen to you, friend! 64

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all!

Rof. I prethee, Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed! 68
Here's a yong maid, with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish, for her fake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her; 72

But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes¹ to finde the way to heauen 76
By doing deeds of hospitalitie:

Besides, his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede,
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing 80
That you will feed on; but, what is, come see,

64. *you*] your F.

¹ reckes, cares.

As you like it.

And in my voice, most welcome shall you be!	82
<i>Rof.</i> What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?	
<i>Cor.</i> That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile, That little cares for buying any thing.	85
<i>Rof.</i> I pray thee, if it stand with honestie, Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke!	
And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs.	88
<i>Cel.</i> And we will mend thy wages. I like this place, And willingly could wafte my time in it.	
<i>Cor.</i> Assuredly the thing is to be sold: Go with me! if you like, vpon report,	92
The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life, I will your very faithfull Feeder be, And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.	[<i>Exeunt.</i> 95

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter AMYENS, IAQUES, & others.

Song.

<i>Amyens.</i> Under the greene wood tree, who loues to lye with mee,	2
And turne his merrie Note vnto the sweet Birds throte,	4
Come hither! come hither! come hither! Heere shall he see Noemie, But Winter and rough Weather.	8
<i>Iaq.</i> More, more! I pre'thee, more!	
<i>Amy.</i> It will make you melancholly, Monsieur <i>Iaques.</i>	
<i>Iaq.</i> I thanke it. More, I prethee, more! I can sucke melancholly out of a fong, as a Weazel suckes egges. More, I pre'thee, more!	13
<i>Amy.</i> My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you!	
<i>Iaq.</i> I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more! another stanza! Cal you'em 'stanzo's'?	

3. *turne*] *turne* (turned *u*) F. tune Rowe (ed. 2).

As you like it.

Amy. What you wil, Monsieur *Iaques.* 17

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe. 20

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the [24
beggerly thankes. Come, sing! ¶ and you that wil not, hold your tongues!

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. ¶ Sirs, couer the while! the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree. ¶ He hath bin all this day to looke you. 29

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him. He is too disputeable for my companie: I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue Heauen thankes, and make no boaf of them. Come, warble, come! 33

Song.

[*Altogether heere.*

Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i' th Sunne; 35

Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets, 37

Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Heere shall he see, &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention. 41

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Iaq. Thus it goes: [The rest gather round him.

If it do come to passe,
That any man turne Assè, 45

Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please, 47

Ducdamè, ducdamè, ducdamè!
Heere shall he see

Grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me. 51

43. *Iaq.*] *Amy.* F.

As you like it.

Amy. What's that 'Ducdamè'?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a circle. Ile go sleepe, if I can; if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of *Egypt*.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke: his banket is prepar'd.
[*Exeunt seuerally.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Sexta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & ADAM.

Adm. Deere Master, I can go no further! O, I die for food! Heere lie I downe, and meafure out my graue. Farwel, kinde master!

Orl. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in [4 thee? Liue a little! comfort a little! cheere thy selfe a little! If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage, I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee. Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers. For my sake be [8 comfortable! hold death a while at the armes end! I wil heere be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eate, I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Wel said!¹ thou look'ft cheerely, and Ile be with thee quickly. Yet [13 thou liest in the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lacke of a dinner, if there liue any thing in this Defert. Cheerely, good *Adam!* 16
[*Exit, bearing ADAM.*]

¹ *Wel said* = Well done, that's right. Cf., e. g., *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. iv. 28.

16. *Exit . . . Adam.*] *Exeunt.* F.

As you like it.

Actus Secundus. Scena Septima.

*Another part of the Forrest (the same as in Sc. v.).
A Table set out.*

Enter DUKE Sen., AMIENS, & Lords, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaft; 1
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence:
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song. 4

Du. Sen. If he, compact of iarres, grow Muficall,
We fhall haue fhortly difcord in the Spheares.
Go feeke him! tell him I would fpeake with him!

Enter IAQUES.

1. *Lord.* He faues my labor by his owne approach. 8

Du. Sen. Why, how now, Monfieur! what a life is this,
That your poore friends muft woe¹ your companie?
What, you looke merrily!

Iaq. A Foole, a foole! I met a foole i'th Forrest, 12
A motley Foole; (a miferable world!)

As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, 16
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.

'Good morrow, foole!' (quoth I.) 'No, Sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not foole, till heauen hath fent me fortune!' 20
And then he drew a dial from his poake,

And, looking on it with lacke-luftre eye,
Sayes, very wifely, 'It is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee' (quoth he) 'how the world waggēs:
'Tis but an houre agoe fince it was nine, 24

And, after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen;
And fo, from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from houre to houre, we rot, and rot;

Lords] Lord F.

¹ *woe* = wooe.

As you like it.

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did heare	28
The motley Foole thus morall on the time,	
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,	
That Fooles should be fo deepe contemplatiue;	
And I did laugh, fans intermissiön,	32
An houre by his diall. Oh, noble foole!	
A worthy foole! Motley's the onely weare!	
<i>Du. Sen.</i> What foole is this?	
<i>Iaq.</i> O worthie Foole! One that hath bin a Courtier,	36
And Iayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,	
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,	
(Which is as drie as the remainder basket	
After a voyage,) he hath frange places cram'd	40
With obseruatiön, the which he vents	
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole!	
I am ambitious for a motley coat.	
<i>Du. Sen.</i> Thou shalt haue one.	
<i>Iaq.</i> It is my onely sute;	44
Provided that you weed your better iudgements	
Of all opinion that growes rauke in them,	
That I am wise. I must haue liberty	
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,	48
To blow on whom I please; for so fooles haue:	
And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,	
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?	
The 'why' is plaine as way to Parish Church.	52
Hee, that a Foole doth (very wisely) hit,	
Doth (very foolishly, although he smart)	
Seeme senselesse of the bob; if not,	
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd	56
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.	
Inuest me in my motley! Giue me leaue	
To speake my minde! and I will through and through	
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,	60
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.	
<i>Du. Sen.</i> Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.	
<i>Iaq.</i> What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?	
<i>Du. Sen.</i> Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:	64

38. *braine*] braiue (turned *n*) F. 48. *Withall*] Wiithall F.

64. *sin*] sin F.

As you like it.

For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
 As sensuall as the brutish thing it selfe;
 And all th'imboss'd sores, and headed euils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught, 68
 Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.
Iaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any priuate party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea, 72
 Till that the wearers verie meanes do ebbe?
 What woman in the Citie do I name,
 When that I say the City woman beares
 The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders? 76
 Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
 When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost, 80
 (Thinking that I meane him,) but therein suites
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 'There then!' 'How then? what then!' Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, 84
 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe; if he be free,
 Why, then my taxing, like a wild-goofe, flies,
 Vnclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more!
Iaq. Why, I haue eate none yet. 88
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.
Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?
Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distres,
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners, 92
 That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?
Orl. You touch'd my veine at first: the thorny point
 Of bare distresse hath tane from me the shew
 Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred, 96

<p>72. <i>the</i>] the F. 73. <i>wearers</i>] Singer. wearie F. <i>Till that the very very means do</i> <i>ebb</i> Pope. <i>Till that the very means</i></p>	<p>of wear <i>do ebb</i> Collier MS. <i>Till</i> <i>that the</i> means, the <i>very means do</i> <i>ebb</i> Swynfen Jervis conj. 87. <i>comes</i>] F2. come F.</p>
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As you like it.

And know some nourture. But forbear, I say!
 He dies that touches any of this fruite,
 Till I and my affaires are answer'd. 99
Orl. And you will not be answer'd with reason, I must dye.
Du. Sen. What would you haue? Your gentleness shall
 force,
 More then your force moue vs to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me haue it!
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table! 104
Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you!
 I thought that all things had bin sauage heere;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are, 108
 (That in this desert inaccessible,
 Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
 Loose and neglect the creeping houres of time,
 If euer you haue look'd on better dayes, 112
 If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church,
 If euer fate at any good mans feast,
 If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
 And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied, 116
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be!
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.
Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes;
 And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church; 120
 And sat at good mens feasts; and wip'd our eies
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engendred:
 And therefore sit you downe in gentleness,
 And take vpon command what helpe we haue, 124
 That to your wanting may be ministr'd!
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while!
 Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
 And giue it food. There is an old poore man, 128
 Who after me, hath many a weary stepp
 Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
 (Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,)
 I will not touch a bit!
Duke Sen. Go finde him out! 132

113. *beene*] bcene F.

132. *finde*] sinde F.

As you like it.

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*]

Du. Sen. Thou see'st, we are not all alone vnhappye:
This wide and vniuerfall Theater 136
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women meereley Players:
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances; 140
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes.
Then, the whining Schoole-boy, with his Satchell, 144
And shining morning face, creeping like snaille
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then, the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, 148
Full of frange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, fodaine and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth. And then, the Iustice 152
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes feuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wife sawes, and moderne instances;
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts 156
Into the leane and flipper'd Pantalooone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hofe, well sau'd, a world too wide
For his thrunke thanke; and his bigge manly voice 160
(Turning againe toward childish trebble) pipes
And whistles in his found. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion, 164
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing!

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Du. Sen. Welcome! Set downe your venerable burthen,
And let him feede!

As you like it.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede, 168

¶ I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome! fall to! I wil not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

¶ Giue vs some Muficke! ¶ and, good Cozen, sing! 172

Song.

Amyens. Blow, blow, thou winter winde!
Thou art not so vnkinde 174

As mans ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keene,

Because thou art not seene,

Although thy breath be rude. 178

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! vnto the greene holly:

Most Friendship is fayning; most Louing, meere folly: 180

Then, heigh ho, the holly!

This Life is most iolly. 182

Freixe, freixe, thou bitter skie!

That dost not bight so nigh 184

As benefitts forgot;

Though thou the waters warpe,

Thy sting is not so sharpe

As freind remembred not. 188

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,

(As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness, 192

Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,)

Be truly welcome hither! I am the Duke

That lou'd your Father: the residue of your fortune,

Go to my Caue, and tell mee! ¶ Good old man, 196

Thou art right welcome, as thy master is!

¶ Support him by the arme! ¶ Giue me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. [*Exeunt.* 199

170. *to*] too F.

181. *Then,*] Rowe. The F.

190, 191. *were . . . were*] F.

| are . . . are Hudson (Dyce conj.).

197. *master*] masters F.

As you like it

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, & OLIVER.

Du. F. 'Not see him since'? Sir, fir, that cannot be! 1
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present. But looke to it! 4
Finde out thy brother, wherefoere he is!
Seeke him with Candle! bring him, dead, or liuing,
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie! 8
Thy Lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth feizure, do we feize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee. 12
Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this!
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villaine thou! ¶ Well, push him out of dores!
And let my officers of such a nature 16
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands!
Do this expediently, and turne him going! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

The Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my loue! 1
And thou, thrice crown'd Queene of night, suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue,
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway! 4
• *Rosalind!* these Trees shall be my Bookes, 5
And in their barks my thoughts Ile character;

III. i. 1-18; ii. 1-6.]

As you like it.

That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where. 8
Run, run, *Orlando!* carue, on euery Tree,
The faire, the chafte, and vnexpressiue shee! [Exit. 10

Enter CORIN & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life, *Master Touchstone?*

Clo. Truely, Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a [12
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well;
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now,
in respect it is in the fields, it pleafeth mee well; but in [16
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life, (looke you,) it fits my humor well; but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't
any Philofophie in thee, Shepheard? 20

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the
worfe at ease he is; and that hee that wants money, meanes,
and content, is without three good frends. That the proprietie
of raine is to wet, and fire to burne. That good pasture [24
makes fat sheepe; and that a great cause of the night, is lacke
of the Sunne. That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature,
nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very
dull kindred. 28

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher. Was't euer in
Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd. 32

Cor. Nay, I hope, . . .

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted Egge, all
on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason! 36

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'ft
good manners; if thou neuer saw'ft good maners, then thy
manners must be wicked; and wickednes is sin, and sinne is
damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, Shepheard. 40

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone!* those, that are good maners
at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaiour

24. *good*] good F.

As you like it.

of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your [44 hands: that courtesie would be vncleanlie, if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly! come, instance!

Cor. Why, we are still handling our Ewes; and their Fels, you know, are greasie. 49

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; Come!

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 53

Clo. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow agen! A more founder instance, come!

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer with the surgery of our sheepe; and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet. 58

Clo. Most shallow man! Thou wormes meate, in respect of a good peece of flesh, indeed! Learne of the wife, and perpend! Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre; the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance, Shepheard! 62

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit for me: Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer: I earne that I eate, [66 get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse; glad of other mens good, content with my harme; and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke. 70

Clo. That is another simple finne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing by the copulation of Cattle; to be bawd to a Bel-weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked- [74 pated, olde, Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 78

Cor. Heere comes yong *Maister Ganimed*, my new Mistresses Brother.

As you like it.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper

Rof. From the east to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like Rofalinde. 82

Hir worth, being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rofalinde. 84

All the pictures, fairest linde,
are but blacke to Rofalinde. 86

Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rofalinde! 88

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke¹ to Market.

Rof. Out, Foole! 92

Clo. For a taft:

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
let him seeke out Rofalinde! 95

If the Cat will after kinde,
so, be sure, will Rofalinde. 97

Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rofalinde. 99

They that reap must sheafe and binde;
then to cart with Rofalinde! 101

Sweetest nut hath fowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rofalinde. 103

He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rofalinde! 105

This is the verie false gallop of Verfes: why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Rof. Peace, you dull foole! I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yeelds bad fruite! 109

Rof. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country; for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler. 113

Clo. You haue said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forreft iudge!

¹ ranke = file. rate Hanmer. | *Farme*, I. xxviii. 134) Aldis Wright
rack (a pace 'which is neither trot | conj.
nor amble'.—Markham's *Countrie*

As you like it.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Rof. Peace!

Here comes my sifter, reading: stand aside!

<i>Cel.</i> [<i>reads</i>] <i>Why should this a Desert bee?</i>	118
<i>for it is vnpeopled? Noe!</i>	
<i>Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,</i>	
<i>that shall ciuill sayings shoe:</i>	121
<i>Some, how briefe the Life of man</i>	122
<i>runs his erring pilgrimage,</i>	
<i>That the stretching of a span</i>	
<i>buckles in his summe of age;</i>	125
<i>Some, of violated vowes</i>	126
<i>twixt the soules of friend and friend.</i>	
<i>But vpon the fairest bowes,</i>	
<i>or at euerie sentence end,</i>	129
<i>Will I Rosalinda write,</i>	130
<i>teaching all that reade, to know</i>	
<i>The quintessence of euerie sprite,</i>	
<i>Heauen would in little show.</i>	133
<i>Therefore, Heauen Nature charg'd,</i>	134
<i>that one bodie should be fill'd</i>	
<i>With all Graces wide enlarg'd:</i>	
<i>Nature presently distill'd</i>	137
<i>Helens cheeke, but not hir heart,</i>	138
<i>Cleopatra's Maiesstie,</i>	
<i>Attalanta's better part,</i>	
<i>fad Lucrecia's Modestie.</i>	141
<i>Thus Rosalinde, of manie parts,</i>	142
<i>by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd;</i>	
<i>Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,</i>	
<i>to haue the touches deereft pris'd.</i>	145
<i>Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,</i>	
<i>and I to liue and die her slaue.</i>	147

Rof. O most gentle *Iupiter!* what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, 'Haue patience, good people!' 150

118. a] Rowe.

138. *hir*] her Rowe. his F.

As you like it.

Cel. [to *Clo.* & *Cor.*] How now! backe, friends! Shepheard, go off a little! ¶ Go with him, firrah!

Clo. Come, Shepheard! let vs make an honorable retraits; though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt *CORIN* & *TOUCHSTONE.* 155

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Rof. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y^e verses. 159

Rof. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 162

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Rof. I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came; for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree! [166 [Shewing the Paper] I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro¹ you who hath done this? 169

Rof. Is it a man?

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

Rof. I pre'thee, who? 173

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it? 177

Cel. Is it possible?

Rof. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is! 180

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull! and most wonderfull wonderfull! and yet againe wonderful! and after that out of all hooping!² 183

Rof. Good my complection! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me who is it, quickly, and speake apace! [187

155. Exeunt . . . Touchstone.] Exit, F. ¹ Tro = Trow.
² hooping = whooping.

As you like it.

I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre 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 pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings! 192

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

Rof. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. 196

Rof. Why, God will fend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin!

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrestlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant. 201

Rof. Nay, but the diuell take mocking! speake, fadde brow and true maid!

Cel. I'faith, (*Coz*,) tis he.

Rof. *Orlando*? 205

Cel. *Orlando*.

Rof. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What [209 makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vvord! 212

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a 'Word' too great for any mouth of this Ages size. To say 'I' and 'no,' to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme. 216

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrestled? 219

Cel. It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolue the propositions of a Louer; but take a taste of my finding him, and rellish it with good obseruance! I found him vnder a tree, like a drop'd *Acorne*. 223

Rof. It may vvel be cal'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes forth **such** fruite.

As you like it.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam!

Rof. Proceed! 227

Cel. There lay hee, stretch'd along, like a Wounded Knight.

Rof. Though it be pittie to seee fuch a fight, it vvell becomes the ground. 231

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to the tongue, I prethee! it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnis'd like a Hunter.

Rof. O, ominous! he comes to kill my Hart. 234

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman? when I thinke, I must speake. Sweet, say on! 238

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not heere?

Rof. 'Tis he! flinke by, and note him!

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Enter ORLANDO & IAQUES.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company; but, good faith, I had as life haue beene my selfe alone. 242

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thanke you too for your societie.

Iaq. God buy¹ you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers. 246

Iaq. I pray you, marre no more trees vvith Writing Louefongs in their barkes!

Orl. I pray you, marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly! 250

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name?

Orl. Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name. 253

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

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart. 257

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers. Haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiuues, & cond them out of rings?

240. *Enter . . .*] F (after line 238).

¹ *buy* = be with.

As you like it.

Orl. Not so! but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions. 261

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you fitte downe with me? and wee two will raille against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie. 265

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe, against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I wil not change for your best vertue. I am wearie of you. 270

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke: looke but in, and you shall see him! 274

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you: Farewell, good Signior *Loue!* 278

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu, good Monsieur *Melancholly!*

[*Exit IAQUES. CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*

Rof. [*aside to CELIA*] I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him. ¶ Do you hear, Forrester? 283

Orl. Verie wel! What would you?

Rof. I pray you, what i'ft a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me 'what time o'day': there's no 'clocke' in the Forrest. 287

Rof. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest; else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre, wold detect the lazie foot of Time as wel as a clocke. 290

Orl. And why not the swift foote of Time? Had not that bin as proper? 292

Rof. By no meanes, sir: Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons. Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall. 296

267. *most*] *most* F.

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Rof. Marry, he trots hard with a yong maid between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare. 301

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Rof. With a Priest that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt; for the one sleepe easily, because he cannot study; and the other liues merrily, because he feelles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and [306 wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal? 309

Rof. With a theefe to the gallowes; for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staies it stil withal? 312

Rof. With Lawiers in the vacation; for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how Time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you, prettie youth? 316

Rof. With this Shepheardesse, my sifter; heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natue of this place? 319

Rof. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling. 323

Rof. I haue bin told so of many: but, indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew Courtship too well, for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many [327 Lectors¹ against it; and I thanke God I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal. 330

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils that hee laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfe pence are; euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it. 335

¹ *Lectors* = lectures.

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, recount some of them!

Rof. No, I wil not cast away my phyfick but on thofe that are ficke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abufes our yong plants with caruing '*Rofalinde*' on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all [340 (forfooth) deifying the name of '*Rofalinde*.' If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him fome good counfel, for he feemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him. 343

Orl. I am he that is fo Loue-shak'd: I pray you, tel me your remedie! 345

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue; in which cage of rufhes, I am fure, you are not prifoner.

Orl. What were his markes? 349

Rof. A leane cheeke, which you haue not; a blew eie and funken, which you haue not; an vnqueftionable¹ fpirit, which you haue not; a beard neglected, which you haue not; (but I pardon you for that, for, fimplly, your hauing in beard [353 is a yonger brothers reuennew :) then your hofe fhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande, your fleewe vnbutton'd, your fhoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you demonftrating a careleffe defolation. But you are no fuch man; you [357 are rather point deuice in your accouftrements, as louing your felfe, then feeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue, I Loue! 361

Rof. Me beleue it! You may affoone make her that you Loue, beleue it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do then to confeffe the do's: that is one of the points in the which women fill giue the lie to their confciences. But, in [365 good footh, are you he that hangs the verfes on the Trees, wherein *Rofalind* is fo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rofalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he! 369

Ros. But are you fo much in loue as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreffe how much!

Rof. Loue is meerey a madneffe, and, I tel you, deferues

341 *deifying*] F2. *deifying* F. 348. *arz*] art F.
¹ *vnqueftionable* = inuenerſable.

As you like it.

as wel a darke houle, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too. Yet I professe curing it by counsel. 376

Orl. Did you euer cure any fo?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris; and I fet him euerie day to woe¹ me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, [381 proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing; (as boyes and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour;) would now like him, now loath [385 him; then entertaine him, then forswear him; now weepe for him, then spit at him: that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue to a liuing humor of madnes; which was, to forswear the ful stream of y^e world, and to liue in a [389 nooke meerly Monastick. And thus I cur'd him; and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't! 393

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat,² and woe me. 396

Orlan. Now, by the faith of my loue, I will! Tel me where it is!

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you! and, by the way, you shal tell me where in the Forrest you liue. Wil you go? 401

Orl. With all my heart, good youth!

Rof. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*. ¶ Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt. 404

¹ woe = woove.

² Coat = cote, cottage.

As you like it.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne, AUDREY; & IAGUES behind.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey!* I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey!* And how, *Audrey?* am I the man yet? doth my simple feature¹ content you?

Aud. Your 'features'! Lord warrant vs! what features? 4

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest *Ouid*, was among the *Gothes*.

(Iaq. [aside] O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house!) 8

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit fecoded with the forward childe, Vnderstanding, it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome. Truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical!

Aud. I do not know what 'Poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? 14

Clo. No, trulie; for the trueest poetrie is the most faining; and Louers are giuen to Poetrie; and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said, (as Louers,) they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the Gods had made me Poetical? 19

Clo. I do, trulie; for thou swear'ft to me thou art honest: Now, if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest? 23

Clo. No, trulie, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd; for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

(Iaq. A materiall foole!) 27

Aud. Well, I am not faire; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule flut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish. 31

Aud. I am not a flut, though (I thanke the Goddes!) I am foule. 33

¹ *feature* = making, composition of verses.

As you like it.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! fluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village; who hath promised [37] me to meete me in this place of the Forreft, and to couple vs.

(*Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.)

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy! 41

Clo. 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 horse-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horses are odious, they are necessarie. It [45] is said, 'many a man knowes no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good Horses, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife; 'tis none of his owne getting. Horses? euen so: poore men alone? No, no! [49] the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchel- [53] ler; and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horse more precious then to want. Here comes Sir *Oliuer*!

Enter Sir *OLIUER MAR-TEXT.*

Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, you are wel met! Will you dispatch vs here vnder this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none here to giue the woman? 60

Clo. I wil not take her on giift of any man.

Ol. Truly, she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. [*advancing*] Proceed, proceede! Ile giue her. 64

Clo. Good euen, good *Maister* What-ye-call't! how do you, Sir? [*IAQ. takes off his hat*] You are verie well met: Goddild you for your last companie! I am verie glad to see you: (euen a toy in hand here, Sir :) Nay, pray be couer'd! 68

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow, fir, the horse his curb, and

56. *Enter . . .*] F (after *want*).

As you like it.

the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as Pigeons
bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling. 72

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
married vnder a bush, like a begger? Get you to church,
and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is!
this fellow wil but ioyn you together as they ioyn [76
Waincot; then one of you wil proue a thrunke pannell, and,
like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 78

Clo. I am not in the minde but I were better to bee mar-
ried of him then of another: for he is not like to marrie
me wel; and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse
for me heereafter to leaue my wife. 82

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, and let me counfel thee!

Clo. Come, sweete *Audrey!*

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey. 85

¶ Farewel, good *Master Oliuer!* not,

O sweet *Oliuer,*

O braue *Oliuer,*

Leaue me not behind thee! 89

but,

Winde away,

Bee gone, I say, 92

I wil not to wedding with thee!

[*Exeunt IAQUES, Clowne, and AUDREY.*

Ol. 'Tis no matter: Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all
shal flout me out of my calling! [*Exit.* 95]

Actus Tertius. Scœna Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND & CELIA.

Rof. Neuer talke to me! I wil weepe! 1

Cel. Do, I prethee! but yet haue the grace to consider that
teares do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not cause to weepe? 4

84. *Clo.*] *Ol.* F.

93. *Exeunt . . . Audrey.*] *Exeunt.* F (after l. 95).

As you like it.

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weepe!

Rof. His very haire is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then *Iudaffes*: marrie, his kisses
are *Iudaffes* owne children. 8

Rof. I'faith, his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: Your Cheffenut was euer the
onely colour.

Rof. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie as the touch of
holy bread. 13

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun
of winters sifterhood kisses not more religiouflie; the very yce
of chastity is in them. 16

Rofa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

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

Rof. Doe you thinke so? 20

Cel. Yes; I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-
stealer, but, for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue
as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in loue? 24

Cel. Yes, when he is 'in'; but I thinke he is not 'in'.

Rof. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a *Louer* is no
stronger then the word of a *Tapster*; they are both the [28
confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the Forrest
on the Duke your father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question
with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told [32
him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But
what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as
Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a braue man! hee writes braue verses, [36
speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them
brauely, quite trauers, athwart the heart of his loue; as a
puiſny Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breakes
his staffe like a noble goose: but all's braue that youth [40
mounts, and folly guides. Who comes heere?

12. *the*] the F.

27. *a Louer*] F2. Louer F.

As you like it.

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph, 44
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid,
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, 48
And the red glowe of sorne and prouwd disdainie,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will marke it.

Rof. [*to CEL.*] O, come, let vs remoue!
The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue. 52

¶ Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say
Ile proue a busie actor in their play! [*Exeunt.* 54

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter SILVIA and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, doe not sorne me! do not, *Phebe!* 1
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse! The common executioner
(Whose heart th'accustom'd fight of death makes hard) 4
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner: 8
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee.
Thou tellst me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes (that are the fraillst, and softest things, 12
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes)
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers!

III. iv. 42-54; v. 1-14.] 50

As you like it.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart ; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee !	16
Now counterfeit to f'wound ; why, now fall downe ; Or, if thou canst not, Oh, for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers !	
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee !	20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarre of it ; Leane but vpon a ruff, The Cicatrice and capable impressure	
Thy palme some moment keepes ; but now mine eyes, Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,	24
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.	
<i>Sil.</i> O deere <i>Phebe</i> ,	
If euer (as that euer may be neere)	28
You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds inuisible That Loues keene arrows make !	
<i>Phe.</i> But, till that time, Come not thou neere me ! and, when that time comes,	32
Afflict me with thy mockes ! pitty me not ! As, till that time, I shall not pitty thee.	
<i>Rof.</i> [<i>aduancing</i>] And why, I pray you ? Who might be your mother,	
That you insult, exult, and all at once,	36
Ouer the wretched ? What though you haue no beauty, (As, by my faith, I see no more in you Then, without Candle, may goe darke to bed,)	
Must you be therefore proud and pittiless ?	40
Why, what meanes this ? Why do you looke on me ? I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures sale-worke. ('Ods my little life, I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too !)	44
No, faith, proud Mistresse, hope not after it ! 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame, That can entame my spirits to your worship.	48

22. *but*] F2.

30. *wounds*] wounds (turned *n*) F.
37. *haue*] hau F.

As you like it.

¶ You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine?
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you 52
 That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children:
 'Tis not her glasse, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
 Then any of her lineaments can show her. 56

¶ But, Mistris, know your selfe! downe on your knees,
 And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue!
 For I must tell you (friendly) in your eare,
 Sell when you can: you are not for all markets! 60
 Cry the man mercy! loue him! take his offer!
 Foule is most foule, being foule, to be a scoffer. 62

¶ So, take her to thee, Shepheard! fare you well!
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a yere together!
 I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.
Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulness, ¶ & shee'll [66
 fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers
 thee with frowning lookes, ile fauce her with bitter words.
 ¶ Why looke you so vpon me?
Phe. For no ill will I beare you. 70

Rof. I pray you, do not fall in loue with mee!
 For I am falsfer then voves made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not. ¶ If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by. 74
 ¶ Will you goe, Sister? ¶ Shepheard, ply her hard!
 ¶ Come, Sister! ¶ Shepheardesse, looke on him better,
 And be not proud! though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in fight as hee! 78
 ¶ Come, to our flocke!

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead Shepheard! now I find thy saw of might:
 'Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first fight?'¹ 81
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*! . . .
Phe. Hah! what saist thou, *Siluius*?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pittie me!

79. *Exeunt* . . . *Corin*.] Exit. F. | 1st Sestiad. *Works*, ed. Dyce,
¹ Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, | 1870, p. 281, col. 2.

As you like it.

<i>Phe.</i> Why, I am forry for thee, gentle <i>Siluius</i> .	84
<i>Sil.</i> Where euer forrow is, reliefe would be :	
If you doe forrow at my grieft in loue, By giuing loue, your forrow and my grieft Were both extermin'd.	88
<i>Phe.</i> Thou haft my loue, is not that neighbourly?	
<i>Sil.</i> I would haue you.	
<i>Phe.</i> Why, that were couetoufneffe. <i>Siluius</i> , the time was, that I hated thee ; And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue :	92
But fince that thou canft talke of loue fo well, Thy company, which erft was irkefome to me, I will endure ; and Ile employ thee too :	
But doe not looke for further recompence Then thine owne gladneffe, that thou art employd !	96
<i>Sil.</i> So holy, and fo perfect is my loue, And I in fuch a pouerty of grace, That I fhall thinke it a moft plenteous crop,	100
To gleane the broken eares after the man That the maine harueft reapes : loofe now and then A fcattered fmile ; and that Ile liue vpon !	103
<i>Phe.</i> Knowft thou the youth that fpoke to mee yere while ?	
<i>Sil.</i> Not very well, but I haue met him oft ; And he hath bought the Cottage, and the bounds, That the old Carlot once was Mafter of.	
<i>Phe.</i> Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him !	108
'Tis but a peeuifh boy ; (yet he talkes well :) But what care I for words ? (yet words do well, When he that fpeakes them pleafes thofe that heare.)	
It is a pretty youth : (not very prettie :) But, fure, hee's proud ; (and yet his pride becomes him :) Hee'll make a proper man : the beft thing in him Is his complexion ; and fafter then his tongue	112
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp.	116
He is not very tall ; (yet for his yeeres hee's tall :) His leg is but fo fo ; (and yet 'tis well :) There was a pretty redneffe in his lip, A little riper and more luftie red	120
Then that mixt in his cheeke ; 'twas iuft the difference Betwixt the conftant Red, and mingled Damaske.	

As you like it.

There be some women, *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere 124
To fall in loue with him : but, for my part,
I loue him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I haue more cause to hate him then to loue him :
For what had he to doe to chide at me ? 128
He said, mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke ;
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :
I maruell why I answer'd not againe :
But that's all one ; ' omittance is no quittance.' 132
He write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it : wilt thou, *Siluius* ?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart !
Phe. He write it frait ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart : 136
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Goe with me, *Siluius* ! [Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*The Forrest of Arden. Before a Cottage, as in
Act III. sc. iv.*

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA, and IAQUES.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee !

Rof. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so ; I doe loue it better then laughing. 4

Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable
fellowes ; and betray themselues to euery moderne censure,
worfe then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing. 8

Rof. Why then, 'tis good to be a posse.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is
emulation ; nor the Musicians, which is fantastickall ; nor the
Courtiers, which is proud ; nor the Souldiers, which is [12
ambitious ; nor the Lawiers, which is politick ; nor the Ladies,

127. *I haue*] F2. Haue F.

1. *be*] F2.

III. v. 123-138 ; IV. i. 1-13.] 54

As you like it.

which is nice; nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects, and, indeed, the fundrie [16] contemplation of my trauells, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Rof. A Traueller! By my faith, you haue great reason to be sad! I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see [20] other mens; then, to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience. 23

Rof. And your 'experience' makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad; and to trauaile for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind!* 27

Iaq. Nay, then, God buy¹ you, and you talke in blanke verse! [*Exit.*]

Rof. Farewell, Mounsfieur Trauellor! looke you lifpe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie; be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almost [32] chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello! ¶ Why, how now, *Orlando!* where haue you bin all this while? You a louer! And you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more! 37

Orl. My faire *Rosalind,* I come within an houre of my promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promise in loue! Hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a [41] part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me, deere *Rosalind!* 45

Rof. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight! I had as liefse be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. 'Of a Snaile'? 48

17. my] F2. by F.

26. *Enter Orlando.*] F (after l. 23).

¹ buy = be with.

As you like it.

Rof. I, of a Snail; for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioynture, I thinke, then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him. 52

Orl. What's that?

Rof. Why, hornes, which such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. 56

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker; and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*. 59

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe me! for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*? 64

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first; and when you were grauel'd for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse. Verie good Orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for louers, lacking (God warne vs!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse. 70

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter. 73

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Rof. Marrie, that should you, if I were your Mistris; or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite? 77

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your 'suite'. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 81

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, 'I will not haue you.'

Orl. Then, in mine owne person, I die. 83

Rof. No, faith, die by Attorney! The poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause. *Troilus* had his braines dashed out with a [87 *Grecian* club; yet he did what hee could to die before; and

As you like it.

he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night; for (good youth) [91 he went but forth to wash him in the *Hellefpont*, and, being taken with the crampe, was droun'd: and the foolish Chronoclers of that age found it was '*Hero* of *Cestos*.' But these are all lies: men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue. 96

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I protest, her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie! But come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition; and aske me what you will, I will grant it. 101

Orl. Then loue me, *Rosalind*!

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridaies, and Saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie such. 105

Orl. What saiest thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so. 108

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? ¶ Come, sifter, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs!

¶ Giue me your hand, *Orlando*! ¶ What doe you say, sifter?

Orl. Pray thee, marrie vs! 112

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin: 'Will you, *Orlando* . . .'

Cel. Goe to! ¶ 'Wil you, *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?' 116

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you must say: 'I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.'

Orl. 'I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.' 121

Rof. I might aske you for your Commission. But I doe take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest! and, certainly, a Womans thought runs before her actions. 125

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

As you like it.

Rof. Now tell me, how long you would haue her, after you haue poffest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day! 129

Rof. Say, 'a day,' without the 'euer!' No, no, *Orlando*: men are Aprill when they woe,¹ December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues. I will bee more iealous of thee, [133 then a *Barbary* cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen; more clamorous then a Parrat against raine; more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my defires then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that [137 when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe! 141

Orl. O, but she is wife!

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wifer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney! 147

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whether wil't?'

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed. 151

Orl. And what wit could wit haue to excuse that?

Rofa. Marry, to say, she came to seeke you there. You shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole! 157

Orl. For these two houres, *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two a clock I will be with thee againe. 161

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies! I knew what you would proue: my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me:

¹ woe = wooe

As you like it.

'tis but one cast away, and so, come, Death! Two o'clockes
is your howre? 166

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Rof. 'By my troth,' and 'in good earnest,' and 'so God
mend mee,' and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous,
if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute
behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheti- [171
call breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most
vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out
of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull! therefore beware my
censure, and keep your promise! 175

Orl. With no lesse religion then if thou wert indeed my
Rosalind! so, adieu!

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such
offenders, and let Time try! adieu! [*Exit ORLANDO.* 179

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate:
we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head,
and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne
neaft. 183

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst
know how many fathome deepe I am in loue! But it can-
not bee founded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,
like the Bay of *Portugall*. 187

Cel. Or rather, bottomlesse; that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out. 189

Rof. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of mad-
nesse; that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes,
because his owne are out, let him bee iudge how deepe [193
I am in loue. Ile tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the
fight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and figh till he
come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe. [*Exeunt.* 197

189. *it*] in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter IAQUES and Lords, like Forrefters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare? 1

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Romane Conquerour!* and it would doe well to fet the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory. ¶ Haue you no song, Forrefter, for this purpose? 6

A Lord. Yes, Sir.

Iaq. Sing it! 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough. 9

Muficke.

A Lord. Song.

What shall he haue, that kild the Deare?

His Leather skin, and hornes to weare! 11

[Then sing him home: the rest shall beare this burthen.

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne!

It was a crest ere thou wast borne: 13

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it: 15

The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne! [Exeunt. 17

2, 7. *A Lord.*] Lord. F. For. Rowe. At l. 6 a Lord is addressed in his assumed character of a forrester. See the Entry of Act II.

sc. i. p. 17.

11. *Then sing . . . burthen.*]
Printed as part of the song in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rof. How say you now? Is it not past two a clock? and heere much *Orlando!*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, he hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth—to sleepe. Looke, who comes heere? 5

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth; My gentle *Phebe* did bid me giue you this: [*Giues a Letter,*
I know not the contents; but, as I guesse, *Ros. reads it.*
By the sterne brow, and waspish action 9
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure: pardon me!
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger. 12

Rof. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Beare this, beare all!
Shee saies I am not faire; that I lacke manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not loue me 16
Were man as rare as Phenix. Od's my will!
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuce. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rof. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue!
I saw her hand: she has a leatherne hand, 24
A freestone coloured hand; I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands
She has a hufwiues hand; but that's no matter:

5. *Enter Siluius.*] F (after *brain*, l. 3).

As you like it.

I say, she neuer did inuent this letter ;	28
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.	
<i>Sil.</i> Sure, it is hers.	
<i>Rof.</i> Why, tis a boyfterous and a cruell file,	
A file for challengers; why, she defies me,	32
Like <i>Turke</i> to Christian: vvomens gentle braine	
Could not drop forth fuch giant rude inuention,	
Such <i>Ethiop</i> vvords, blacker in their effect	
Then in their countenance. Will you heare the letter ?	36
<i>Sil.</i> So please you, for I neuer heard it yet;	
Yet heard too much of <i>Phebes</i> crueltie.	
<i>Rof.</i> She ' <i>Phebes</i> ' me: marke how the tyrant vvrites!	39
[Reads] ' <i>Art thou god to Shepherd turn'd,</i>	
<i>That a maidens heart hath burn'd ?</i> '	41
Can a vvoman raile thus ?	
<i>Sil.</i> Call you this railing ?	
<i>Rof.</i> [Reads] ' <i>Why, thy godhead laid a part,</i>	
<i>War'st thou with a womans heart ?</i> '	45
Did you euer heare fuch railing ?	
' <i>Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,</i>	
<i>That could do no vengeance to me.</i> '	48
Meaning me, a beast.	
' <i>If the scorne of your bright eie</i>	
<i>Haue power to raise fuch loue in mine,</i>	51
<i>Alacke, in me, what strange effect</i>	
<i>Would they worke in milde aspect!</i>	53
<i>Whiles you chid me, I did loue;</i>	
<i>How then might your praiers moue!</i>	55
<i>He that brings this loue to thee,</i>	
<i>Little knowes this Loue in me:</i>	57
<i>And by him seale vp thy minde;</i>	
<i>Whether that thy youth and kinde</i>	59
<i>Will the faithfull offer take</i>	
<i>Of me, and all that I can make;</i>	61
<i>Or else by him my loue deuie,</i>	
<i>And then Ile studie how to die !</i> '	63
<i>Sil.</i> Call you this chiding ?	
<i>Cel.</i> Alas, poore Shepheard!	
<i>Rof.</i> Doe you pittie him? no, he deserues no pittie!	
¶ Wilt thou loue fuch a woman? What! to make thee [67	

As you like it.

an instrument, and plaie false fraines vpon thee! not to be
endur'd! Well, goe your way to her, (for I see Loue hath
made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her! That if the
loue me, I charge her to loue thee; if she will not, I [71
will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her. If you be
a true louer. Hence, and not a word! for here comes more
company! [Exit SIL.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones! pray you, (if you know,)
Where, in the Purlues of this Forrest, stands 76
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom,
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place. 80
But, at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description; 84
Such garments, and such yeeres: 'the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sifter: the woman low,
And browner then her brother.' Are not you 88
The owner of the house I did enquire 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 hee calls his *Rosalind*, 92
He sends this bloody napkin. ¶ Are you he?

Rof. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where 96
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it!

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre¹; and, pacing through the Forrest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe, vvhhat befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, marke, vvhhat obiekt did present it selfe!

¹ Two hours. See IV. i. 158, p. 58.

As you like it.

- Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were mos'd with age, 104
And high top bald with drie antiquitie,
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe, 108
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but sodainly,
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And, with indented glides, did slip away 112
Into a bush : vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stirre ; (for 'tis 116
The royall disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seeme as dead :)
This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120
Cel. O, I haue heard him speake of that same brother ;
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men !
Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall. 124
Rof. But, to *Orlando* ! did he leaue him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse ?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so ;
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge, 128
And Nature, stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awaked. 132
Cel. Are you his brother ?
Rof. Was't you he rescu'd ?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him ?
Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion 136
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rof. But, for the bloody napkin ?
Oli. By and by.

137. *sweetly*] sweetly F.

As you like it.

When from the first to last, betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140
As, how I came into that Defert place; . . .
In brieft, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue; 144
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himfelfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, 148
And cride, in fainting, vpon *Rosalinde*.
Brieft, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 152
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin,
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth, 155
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*. [ROSALIND swoons.
Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed!* sweet *Ganimed!*
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it. ¶ *Cofen!* . . . *Ganimed!*
Oli. Looke, he recouers! 160
Rof. I would I were at home!
Cel. Wee'll lead you thither.
¶ I pray you, will you take him by the arme?
Oli. Be of good cheere, youth! you, a man! You lacke a
mans heart. 164
Rof. I doe so, I confesse it. Ah, firra, a body would thinke
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited! Heigh-ho! 167
Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony
in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you! 170
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and 'counterfeit' to be
a man!
Rof. So I doe: but, yfaith, I should haue beene a woman
by right. 174
Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards! ¶ Good fir, goe with vs!

As you like it.

Oli. That will I; for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.* 178
Rof. I shall deuise somethig; but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him! ¶ Will you goe? [Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

Enter Clowne and AUDRIE.

Clow. We shall finde a time, *Audrie*; patience, gentle
Audrie!

Aud. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the olde
gentlemans saying. 4

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Audrie*, a most vile *Mar-*
text! But, *Audrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest
layes claime to you.

Aud. I, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in mee in
the world: here comes the man you meane! 9

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne: by my
troth, we that haue good wits haue much to answer for; we
shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 12

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good eu'n, *Audrey!*

Aud. God ye good eu'n, *William!*

Will. And good eu'n to you, Sir! [Takes off his hat. 15

Clo. Good eu'n, gentle friend! Couer thy head, couer
thy head! Nay, prethee, bee couer'd! How olde are you,
Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie, Sir. 19

Clo. A ripe age. Is thy name *William?*

Will. *William*, fir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I, fir, I thanke God! 23

Clo. 'Thanke God!' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, fir, so, so. 25

12. *Enter William.*] F (after l. 9).

As you like it.

Clo. 'So, fo,' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but fo, fo. Art thou wife?

Will. I, fir, I haue a prettie wit. 28

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: 'The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wifeman knowes himselfe to be a Foole.' The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he [32 put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do, fir. 35

Clo. Giue me your hand! Art thou Learned?

Will. No, fir.

Clo. Then learne this of me! 'To haue, is to haue.' For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink, being pow'r'd out of [39 a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he. 42

Will. Which 'he,' fir?

Clo. 'He,' fir, that must marrie this woman. Therefore, you Clowne, abandon, (which is in the vulgar, leaue,) the [45 societie, (which in the boorish is, companie,) of this female, (which in the common is, woman;) which together is, abandon the societie of this Female! or, Clowne, thou perishest; or, to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or, (to wit) I kill thee, [49 make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage! I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in feele; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will ore-run thee with policie; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes! therefore tremble, and depart! 54

Aud. Do, good *William*!

Will. God rest you merry, fir! [Exit. 55

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you; come, away, away!

Clo. Trip, *Audry*! trip, *Audry*! ¶ I attend, I attend! 59
[Exeunt. 60

26. *Clo.*] Cle. F.
35. *sir*] sit F.

38. *of*] os F.
53. *policie*] policy F2. police F.

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & OLIVER.

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 preferre to enjoy her? 4

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my fondness wooing,¹ nor her fondness consenting; but say with mee, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves mee; consent with both, that we [8 may enjoy each other! it shall be to your good; for my fathers house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd. 12

Orl. You have my consent. Let your Wedding be to-morrow! thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers. Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, looke you, here comes my *Rosalinde*! 16

Enter ROSALIND.

Rof. God save you, brother!

Ol. And you, faire sister!

[*Exit.*

Rof. Oh, my deere *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarf!

20

Orl. It is my arme.

Rof. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. 'Wounded' it is, but with the eyes of a Lady. 24

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

27

Rof. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so fond, but the fight of two Rammes,

¹ *woing* == wooing.

6. *her*] Rowe.

16. *Enter Rosalind.*] F (after l. 12).

As you like it.

and *Cesars* Thrafonicall bragge of 'I came, saw, and ouercame.' For your brother and my sifter no sooner met, [31 but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they figh'd; no sooner figh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they fought the remedie: and in these degrees haue they made [35 a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them. 39

Orl. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But, O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes! By so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart [43 heauinesse, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Rof. Why, then, to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*? 47

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will wearie you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speake to some purpose,) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my know- [52 ledge, insofmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue, then, if you please, that I can do frange things: [56 I haue, since I was three yeare olde, conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. [60 I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen; and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger. 64

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life, I do! which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian. Therefore, put you in your best aray;

31. *ouercame*] overcome F.

53. *are*] arc F.

As you like it.

bid your friends! for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will. 69

Enter SILVIUS & PHEBE.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I haue: it is my studie, 73
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:

You are there followed by a faithful shepheard;
Looke vpon him, loue him! he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue! 77

Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teares;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*! 81

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*! 85

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes; 89

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,¹

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance;²

And so am I for *Phebe*! 93

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And so am I for no woman! 96

Phe. [*to ROS.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. [*to PHE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Rof. Who do you speake to, 'Why blame you mee to loue you?' 101

¹ So F. *obedience* Dyce (Collier | *obeisance* Ritson conj.
MS.).

² So F. *obedience* Malone conj. | 100. *Who*] Rowe. Why F.

100. *speake to*] speake too F.

As you like it.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Rof. Pray you, no more of this! 'tis like the howling of *Irish* Wolues against the Moone. [*To SIL.*] I will helpe you, if I can: [*to PHE.*] I would loue you, if I could. To morrow meet me altogether! [*To PHE.*] I wil marrie you, [106 if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: [*to ORL.*] I will fatisfie you, if euer I fatisfi'd man, and you fhall bee married to morrow: [*to SIL.*] I wil content you, if what pleafes you contents you, and you fhall be married [110 to morrow. [*To ORL.*] As you loue *Rofalind*, meet! [*to SIL.*] as you loue *Phebe*, meet! and as I loue no woman, Ile meet. So fare you wel! I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue!

Phe.

Nor I!

Orl.

Nor I! [*Exeunt.* 114

Actus Quintus. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day, *Audrey*; to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y^e world. Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages! 5

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met, honest Gentleman!

Clo. By my troth, well met! Come, fit, fit, and a fong! 8

2. *Pa.* We are for you: fit i'th middle! 8

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or faying we are hoarse? which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith! and both in a tune, like two gipfies on a horse. 13

108. *will*] will F.

71

[V. ii. 102-114; iii. 1-13.

As you like it.

Song.

*It was a Louer, and his lassè,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passè, 16
In the spring time, the onely pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet Louers loue the spring. 19*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino,
These prettie Country folks would lie, 22
In spring time, &c.*

*This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower 26
In spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time !¹
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino ,
For Loue is crownèd with the prime 30
In spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vntunable. 33

1. Pa. You are deceiu'd, Sir; we kept time, we loft not our time!

Clo. By my troth, yes! I count it but time loft, to heare such a foolish song. God buy² you! and God mend your voices! ¶ Come, *Audrie* ! [Exeunt. 38]

17. *ring*] Edinburgh MS., and | printed as the second stanza in F.
Stevens conj. rang F. | ² *buy* = be with.

¹ *And therefore . . . prime* is |

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMYENS, IAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER,
CELIA.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleuee, *Orlando*, that the boy 1
Can do all this that he hath promis'd?

Orl. I fomtimes do beleuee, and fomtimes do not;
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare. 4

Enter ROSALINDE, SILVIUS, & PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our comp&act is vrg'd!
[*To DUKE*] You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir! 8

Ros. [*to ORL.*] And you say, you wil haue her, when I
bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King!

Ros. [*to PHE.*] You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after! 12

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard?

Phe. So is the bargaine. 15

Ros. [*to SIL.*] You say, that you'l haue *Phebe*, if she will?

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing!

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen.

Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter!

¶ You yours, *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter! 20

¶ Keepe you your word, *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this Shepheard!

¶ Keepe your word, *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her,

If she refuse me! and from hence I go, 24

To make these doubts all euen. [*Exeunt ROS. and CELIA.*]

Du. Sen. I do remember, in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

25. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit . . . F.

As you like it.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, 28
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne ;
And hath bin tutor'd, in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vncle, 32
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian,
Obscur'd in the circle of this Forreft.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Iaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples
are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie
strange beasts, which, in all tongues, are call'd Fooles. 37

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome ! This is the Motley-
minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forreft-
he hath bin a Courtier, he sweares. 41

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my pur-
gation ! I haue trod a measure ; I haue flattred a Lady ;
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
emie ; I haue vndone three Tailors ; I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one. 46

Iaq. And how was that tane vp ?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the
seuenth cause. 49

Iaq. How 'seuenth cause' ? ¶ Good my Lord, like this
fellow !

Du. Se. I like him very well. 52

Clo. God'ild you, sir ! I desire you of the like. I presse
in heere, sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues, to
sweare and to forswear ; according as mariage binds and
blood breakes : a poore virgin, sir, an il-fauor'd thing, [56
sir, but mine owne ; a poore humour of mine, sir, to take
that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a miser,
sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious. 60

Clo. According to the 'fooles bolt,' sir, and such dulcet
disseases.

29. *daughter*] *daughter* F.

34. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 33).

As you like it.

Iaq. But, for the feuenth caufe! How did you finde the quarrell on the feuenth caufe? 64

Clo. Vpon a lye, feuen times remoued: (¶ Beare your bodie more seeming, *Audry!*) ¶ as thus, fir. I did diflike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: [68 this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I ſent him word againe, 'it was not well cut,' he wold ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelfe: this is call'd the Quip Modeſt. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he difabled my iudgment: [72 this is called the Reply Churlifh. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: this is call'd the Reprooſe Valiant. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he wold ſay, I lie: this is call'd the Counter-checke Quarrellſome: and ſo to the Lye Circumſtantiall, and the Lye Direct. 77

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

Clo. I durſt go no further then the Lye Circumſtantiall, nor he durſt not giue me the Lye Direct; and ſo wee meaſur'd ſwords, and parted. 81

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O fir, we quarrel 'in print,' by the booke; as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the [85 degrees. The firſt, the Retort Courteous; the ſecond, the Quip Modeſt; the third, the Reply Churlifh; the fourth, the Reprooſe Valiant; the fiſt, the Counterchecke Quarrellſome; the ſixt, the Lye with Circumſtance; the ſeauenth, the [89 Lye Direct. All theſe you may auoyd, but the Lye Direct; and you may auoide that too, with an 'If'. I knew when ſeuen Juſtices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themſelues, one of them thought but of [93 an 'If'; as, 'If you ſaide ſo, then I ſaide ſo;' and they ſhooke hands, and ſwore brothers. Your 'If' is the onely peace-maker; much vertue in 'If'. 96

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and, vnder the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit. 100

77. *so to the*] F2. so ro F.

As you like it.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. <i>Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made eauen</i>	
<i>Attone together.</i>	103
Good Duke, <i>receiue thy daughter</i> !	
Hymen <i>from Heauen brought her,</i> (<i>Yea, brought her hether,</i>)	100
That thou <i>mightst ioynе hir hand with his,</i> <i>Whose heart within his bosome is.</i>	108
Rof. [<i>to DUKE.</i>] <i>To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !</i>	
[<i>To ORL.</i>] <i>To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !</i>	
Du. Se. <i>If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter !</i>	
Orl. <i>If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind</i> !	112
Phe. <i>If fight & shape be true,</i>	
Why, then, my loue, adieu !	114
Rof. [<i>To DUKE.</i>] <i>Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :</i>	
[<i>To ORL.</i>] <i>Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he :</i>	
[<i>To PHE.</i>] <i>Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.</i>	117
Hy. <i>Peace, hoa ! I barre confusion :</i>	
'Tis I must make conclusion	
Of these most strange euent :	120
Here's eight that must take hands, To ioynе in <i>Hymens</i> bands,	
If truth holds true contents.	123
[<i>To ORL. and ROS.</i>] <i>You and you, no croffe shall part :</i>	
[<i>To OLI. and CEL.</i>] <i>You and you, are hart in hart :</i>	125
[<i>To PHE.</i>] <i>You, to his loue must accord,</i>	
Or haue a Woman to your Lord :	127
[<i>To CLO. and AUD.</i>] <i>You and you, are sure together,</i>	
As the Winter to fowle Weather.	129
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing, Feede your selues with questioning ;	131
That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things finish !	133

107. *hir*] her F2. his F.

As you like it.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne : 134
O blessed bond of boord and bea
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne ,
High wedlock then be honor'd ! 137
Honor, high honor and renoune,
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne ! 139

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me !
¶ *Euen*, daughter, welcome, in no lesse degree ! 141
Phe. [to **SIL.**] I wil not eate my word : now thou art mine ;
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine. 143

Enter IAQUES DE BOYS, ORLANDOS Second Brother

2. *Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two !
I am the second sonne of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that euerie day 147
Men of great worth reforted to this **Forrest**,
Address a mightie power ; which were on foote,
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword : 151
And to the skirts of this wilde **Wood** he came ;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted,
Both from his enterprize, and from the world ; 155
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to **them** againe,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome, yong man ! 159
Thou offer'ft fairely to thy brothers wedding :
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this **Forrest**, let vs do those ends 163
That heere vvere well begun, and wel begot :
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies and nights with vs,

157. *them*] Rowe. him F.

164. *vvere*] vvete F.

[V. iv. 134-166.

As you like it.

- Shal share the good of our return'd fortune, 167
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie! 170
¶ Play, Musicke! ¶ And you, Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall! 172
Iaq. [to IAQ. DE B.] Sir, by your patience! If I heard
you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court
2. Bro. He hath. 176
Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd.
[To DUKE] You, to your former Honor, I bequeath;
Your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it. 180
[To ORL.] You, to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
[To OLI.] You, to your land, and loue, and great allies:
[To SIL.] You, to a long, and well-deferued bed:
[To Clo.] And you to wrangling; for thy louing voyage 184
Is but for two moneths victuall'd. So, to your pleasures!
I am for other, then for dancing meazures. 186
Du. Se. Stay, Iagues, stay!
Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know at your abandon'd caue. [Exit. 189
Du. Se. Proceed, proceed! wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust they'l end, in true delights. [A dance. 191

EPILOGUE.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue; but it is no more vnhandfome then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that 'good wine needs no bush,' 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue: yet to good [195 wine they do vse good bushes; and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play! I am not [199 furnisht'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become

167. *share*] share F.

191. *A dance.*] Exit. F.

As you like it.

mee. My way is, to coniure you; and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play as please¹ you! And [203 I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women, (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them,) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please! If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had [207 beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I desi'de not: And, I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell! [*Exeunt.* 211

211. *Exeunt.*] F2. Exit. F.

¹ *please* = may please.

FINIS.

NOTES.

p. 8, I. ii. 91. '*Sport*'! of what colour? Celia ridicules Le Beus pronunciation of *sport* as *spot*.

p. 23, II. iv. 35. *Wearing* = Wearying.

p. 25, II. v. 16. *stanzo*. 'Tiercet: m. A Song of triple Stanzoes, or Stanzo of three verses.'—1611. Cotgrave.

p. 26, II. v. 48. *Ducdame*. 'Welshman,' a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Sept. 5, 1883, p. 2), wrote: . . . 'when Amiens asks, "What's that *ducdame*?" the dramatist at once sets Jaques into the cunning of the scene, by replying, "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.'" Now, in point of fact, Jaques was but verbally repeating the self-same invitation which in the song he was parodying had been twice given in the vernacular, "Come hither, come hither"—"An' if he will come to me." For the "Greek" rendering which accompanied it was good honest Welsh—as nearly as the Saxon tongue could frame it. Its exact Cambrian equivalent is, "Deuwch (gy) da mi," "Come with (or to) me." It is jargon no longer. In early times the Sasnach, no doubt, often heard this "challenge" ("Come if you dare") shouted to him by the Cymri from the hill-top or the embattled crag. Hence it was perpetuated in the mimic warfare of their children's games. So that, instead of being the "jargon" it has been assumed to be, it had a distinct historic *raison d'être*.'

The *Pall Mall Gazette* for Sept. 10, 1883, p. 3, has the following communication from Professor Dowden: 'Among conjectures as to *ducdame*, I should be glad to let a conjecture of my own take its chance. Jaques has all day avoided the Duke; Amiens tells him the Duke is coming to drink under this tree, but he is "too disputable" for Jaques's company. Jaques's song ridicules the folly of the Duke's followers in Arden. What is the Folio's *ducdame* but the French *duc damné*, damned duke? It is "an invocation to call fools into a circle," because the Duke has gathered his followers around him in Arden, and presently they will encircle this tree. It is a "Greek invocation" because it is not Greek, nor Welsh either, but French, the speech of Arden. Jaques will sleep if he can; if he cannot, he will rail at the "first-born of Egypt." Why first-born? Because duke senior, the elder brother, is at present the object of Jaques's spleen.'

Notes.

- p. 29, II. vii. 55. *Seeme senselesse of the bob.* Theobald supplied *Not to* before *seem*. Dyce (Collier MS.) read *But to seem*. Dr. Ingleby thus explains ll. 53-57: 'Why does a fool do *wisely* in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man "in a straight betwixt two": to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or, to put up with the smart, and dissemble it, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation—which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i. e.* "If not" ("If he do not"), his "folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool"; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways.'—*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, 1875, pp. 81, 82. We understand Jaques to mean that a wise man, being (wisely, *i. e.* cleverly) hit, must (really like a fool) pretend it is no hit at all, but turn it off as a joke; otherwise, his folly would be at once apparent to all onlookers: the Fool would have made a fool of him. From 'And why' to 'bob' might be left out, so far as the argument is concerned. The wise man's object is to prevent his folly being made apparent to every one by the Fool. He therefore must laugh (and is thus a fool) when the Fool (then a wise man) does hit his folly.
- p. 39, III. ii. 186. *a South-sea of discoverie.* For *of* Warburton read *off*, *i. e.* from. But Rosalind compares the multitude of questions which Celia must answer to the vast South Sea, that offers the widest range of discovery to explorers.
- p. 55, IV. i. 29. We follow F2 in placing Jaques's exit here, believing, with Mr. Grant White, that Jaques flies the inevitable lovers' talk; and Rosalind mocks him till he is out of sight, pretending the while not to see Orlando, whose delay has piqued her.
- p. 73, V. iv. 4. *As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.* That is: as those to whom fear suggests that they have nothing but hope to rely on, while they have distinct and abiding consciousness of fear.

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