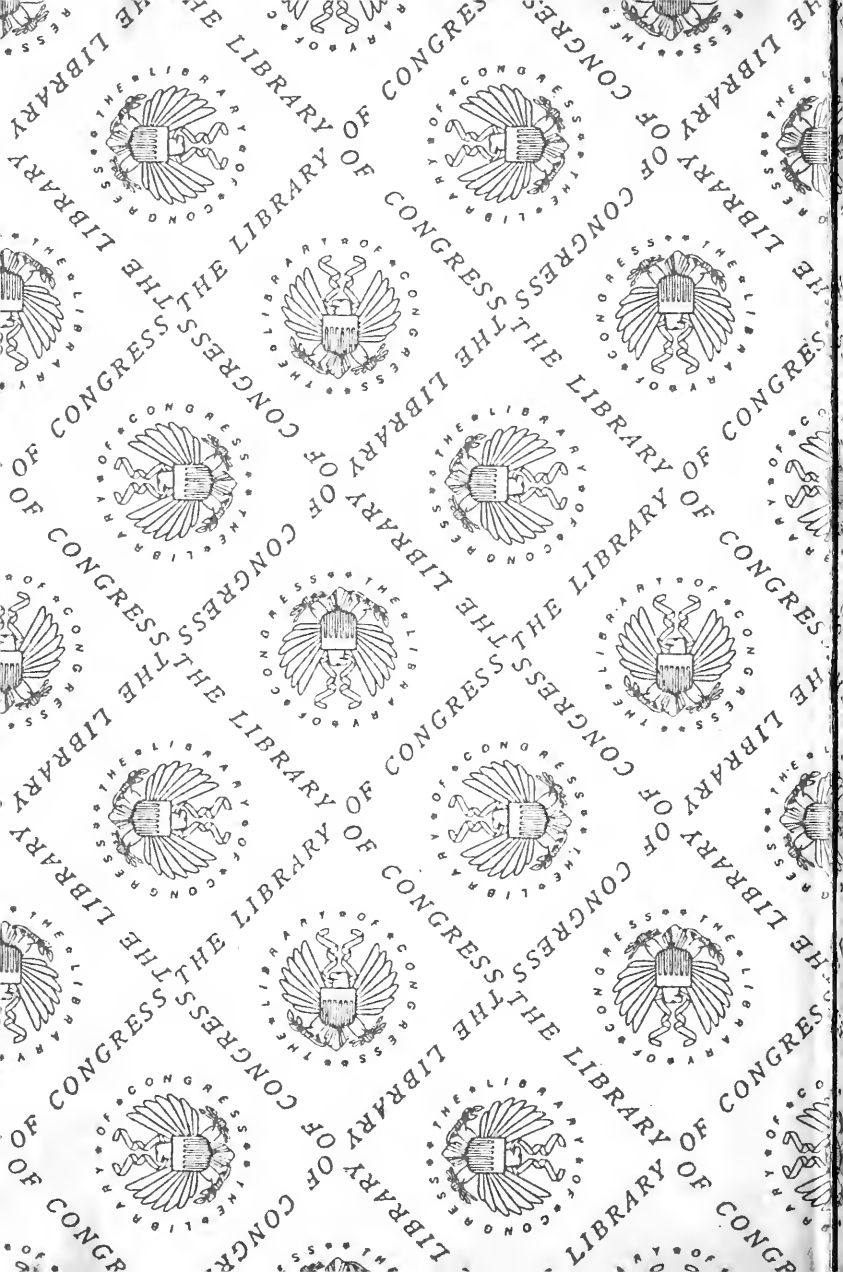


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AS YOU LIKE IT.

By William Shakespeare.

Vol. 1.
No. 49.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

WITH

THE TALE OF GAMELYN.





INTRODUCTION.

ALL who read Shakespeare are content to hear his works described as a Lay Bible, but many pause when it is added that they are not so by chance. Every play, every tale with a plot in it, good or bad, is somebody's notion of an interweaving of the lives and actions of men and women, with, so far as it has any plot at all, some problem of human life, and in the end somebody's notion of the way to solve it. The poet Crabbe said that he could read tales of all sorts, good or bad, because somebody's notion of life must needs be in the worst of them, and this could not fail to supply matter of interest. A dramatist or novelist with a low view of life, may represent a hero or a heroine opposing hate to hate, or even cutting the knot of a story with a trick or lie. His works would not be a Lay Bible. Shakespeare, in his undoubted plays, never allows evil to be overcome with evil; he invariably shows evil overcome with

good, the discords of life healed only by man's love to God and to his neighbour. Love God ; Love your Neighbour ; Do your Work, making the active business of life subject to the commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets : Shakespeare's plays contain no lessons that are not subordinate to these. Of dogmatism he is free, of the true spirit of religion he is full ; and it is for this reason that we all agree in feeling that his works are a Lay Bible, however they became so.

How could it have been but by the picturing of life with the religious spirit that was in himself ? Religion does not forbid cakes and ale. The broadest sympathies are part of it. The brightest wit may be spent by a dramatist in painting characters and manners of men who speak with their own tongues, and make evil their good, while his own sense of life and truth makes it impossible for him to mislead those whom he is teaching through delight. In Shakespeare's time there was none but Puritan dissent from the opinion set forth by Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesy*, that the purpose of the poet is to delight and teach, but so to delight that he shall not seem to mean teaching. "He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpre-

tations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth; so it is in men (most of them are childish till they be cradled in their graves), glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour and justice, which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again."

And when the study of a play of Shakespeare's begins with "obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness," its victim may swear safely not only that he is put to school

again, but that he is put to a bad school. Shakespeare's first reason for the choice of a story was that it was a good story, which would please his public, and could be told in a play. Next would inevitably come the business of thinking it over, and conceiving its arrangement into acts. But a story is good in proportion to its power of interesting all men, and it must owe that power to something in it which especially comes home to "men, as they are men within themselves." A poetic mind, even though much lower than Shakespeare's, cannot dwell on any story without finding whereabouts in it that point of interest must lie, and Shakespeare, having found it, found in it the point of view from which the whole should be presented. When Wordsworth said of his poems that each one of them had a worthy purpose, he hastened to add, "not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that any descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry with them a purpose." So every tale that Shakespeare told, set to the music in himself, falls into harmony with the best truths of life. The best truths are the simplest—never difficult, abstruse and dark.

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.

Critics there are who peer into holes of the ground, or search under a microscope for Shakespeare's meaning in a play ; who exercise prosaic wit in theories that convert the *Tempest* into an abstruse psychological parable ; or who suppose Acts I.—IV. of *King Henry VIII.* to be in no relation to the main design of the play, which is a glorification of the House of Tudor, as shown in Act V. They have yet to learn how Shakespeare seeks to walk with us upon our common earth, over the flowers and under the stars that are his fellow-teachers, with nothing more abstruse in his philosophy than that he sees life as one who has found its highest lessons in the Sermon on the Mount.

How Shakespeare's works thus grew into a Lay Bible will, it is hoped, be shown in this edition of his Plays, and we have now to show it from the play of *As You Like It*.

Shakespeare took his first notion of the tale from Lodge's *Rosalynde*. Lodge, who had drawn some part of it from the old song of *Gamelyn*, which is included in the present volume, meant his tale to be moral. It was called the *Golden Legacy* of

Euphues to the sons of Philautus because, he said, "here they may read that Virtue is the King of Labours, Opinion the Mistress of Fools; that Unity is the Pride of Nature, and Contention the Overthrow of Families." But Shakespeare has added to the tale new spiritual beauty. He wrote the play when his age was about thirty-five; for it was not in Meres's list in the *Palladis Tamia* (1598); it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* published in 1598; and it was entered at Stationer's Hall in August, 1600; but there is no known edition of it earlier than the first folio of Shakespeare's works in 1623. Like *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice*, it deals with discord between man and man, to show love conquering.

In *As You Like It* there are two discords; each is between brother and brother, each is at the outset fierce. They are set in a play filled with the harmonies of life, and are themselves reduced to music in the close. One hatred is distinctly conquered by man's love to man; the other, by man's love to God.

The play opens with the hate of Oliver for his brother Orlando, first told, then shown in action, till one brother is at the other's throat. Faithful affection of old Adam the house-servant strikes,

meanwhile, the first note of the higher music. A few words between Oliver and Charles the wrestler touch on the other discord, accompanied also with its softer note in the pure friendship of girls, love between Rosalind and Celia. The first scene then ends with a last emphasis upon Oliver's hatred for Orlando, when he stirs the strong wrestler against him.

The second and third scenes, which complete the act, open to view the other discord through a framework of pure love.

Celia forgets herself in her friend, and is bent only upon cheering Rosalind. They mock Fortune, who "reigns in the gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature." They hear of the cruel strength of the wrestler, from Le Beau, the kindest of courtly simpletons. And when Orlando has touched the heart of Rosalind with pity for his danger, admiration for his courage, triumph for his victory, there comes resentment of Duke Frederick's injustice to the brave son of Sir Rowland de Bois, and warrant for the nearest sympathy in finding of what house Orlando came—

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :—

then the young innocence of another form of love

begins to swell into that higher music in which all the discords will at last be lost.

When, in the third scene, the discordant mind of the Duke Frederick breaks on the loving talk of the two girls with banishment of Rosalind, Shakespeare varies in a noticeable way from Lodge's story. Throughout he represents in Celia the unselfish love whose life is in another's happiness. From the first word she speaks, her mind is upon Rosalind, not on herself. Lodge, in his tale, made the Duke banish her and Rosalind together. They both went to the woods perforce. Shakespeare makes only Rosalind to be banished, with suggestion that her absence will bring worldly gain to Celia. They both go to the woods, by choice of Celia, who sacrifices all gifts of the world to remain true to the lineaments of nature.

The Second Act opens in the Forest of Arden, where the banished Duke finds sweetness in the uses of adversity, and—with a tendency of mind exactly opposite to that of Monsieur Jaques—when he finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, finds also good in everything. In contrast with this mood is the picture of Jaques drawing contempt for human life from contemplation of the wounded deer. He is the cynical gentleman of whom it is said :

Thus' most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life.

It is the Duke, his opposite in nature, who loves to cope him in these sullen fits, and the cynicism of Jaques, thus introduced, is used poetically afterwards, throughout the play, as foil to throw into relief the truer lessons of humanity.

In the second scene we have Celia and Rosalind missed from court, Orlando suspected, and Oliver to be made answerable for his brother.

In the third scene Orlando is warned of a new plot of his brother's to destroy him.

This night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it: if he fail of that
 He will have other means to cut you off.

But again the note of discord is associated with the harmonies of life that ever rise and swell towards the perfect music of the close. Here it is love between young and old, master and servant; a touching picture of true service, and of old age when it wears its crown of honour. Old Adam, in offering to his young master all the thrifty hire he saved, pleads,

Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you :
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

So they also are now bound for the wood, which is the scene of the play during the rest of the second act.

Rosalind and Celia, as Ganymede with his sister Aliena, enter with Touchstone for protector, a wise fool who is devoted to Celia—"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me," Celia had said of him when she and Rosalind were planning flight. They are all weary, and Celia has wholly broken down—"I pray you, bear with me ; I can go no farther." When the love-lorn Sylvius has left old Corin the Shepherd, Celia's next words are :

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

When the questioning of Corin brings discovery that flock and pasture may perhaps be bought, Rosalind says to the Shepherd,

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Here Celia's weariness cannot prevent her mind from running out, as usual, in thought for others. There is one thought for the old shepherd, another to cheer Rosalind, who must not think that her friend suffers in her cause; her prompt addition therefore to Rosalind's suggestion of the purchase of the farm is, for the shepherd—"and we will mend thy wages;" but for Rosalind,

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

We are next to see old Adam also broken with fatigue, as he enters the wood leaning on Orlando. When he sinks with exhaustion the young man cheers him, and then bears him in his arms to better shelter while he goes to find him food. But this scene has its effect heightened by being set between two scenes of the cynicism of Monsieur Jaques. Of his mirth at a song, the Duke says,

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

In the second of these scenes, Jaques is happy at the finding of a fool; for he has come upon Touchstone in the forest, and would be himself a fool with

. . . liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please. . . .

Invest me in my motley : give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will, through and through,
Cleans the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thyself has been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all th' embosséd sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

That peep into the past life of Jaques ought, one would think, to throw clear light upon the meaning of the character, and save Shakespeare from being himself in any way identified therewith. Jaques again serving as foil, his false moralising is immediately followed by the entrance of Orlando, and again there rises the full music of the brotherhood of man. A passage, to which the poet carefully gives emphasis by repetition, sums up in few words Shakespeare's conception of true life as it is set forth in the larger features of the play. Orlando says—

Whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.
If ever you have looked on better days—

What are these better days? The days of a more active love to God—

If ever been where bells have knolled to church ;—
the days of friendly fellowship with man—

If ever sat at any good man's feast ;—
and fullness of human sympathy—

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

Shakespeare prolongs this note by making the banished Duke immediately repeat it—

True is it that we have seen better days, etc.

The poet had no faith in an ideal of Arcadian idleness. One of his very earliest plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, disposed of that. When Orlando has gone to find the old man

Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love,

Jaques, still as foil to the diamond, occupies the interval before his return with a picture of the seven ages of man. One might have supposed that even Nic. Bottom himself had imagination enough to see that it was not Shakespeare in his

own person, but in dramatic presentment of a cynic, who saw in infancy only "mewling and puking;" in childhood the "whining" schoolboy; who mocked youth in the lover and the soldier, and found in age only the lean and slippered pantaloons, or second childishness and mere oblivion. Upon that last note of contempt follows immediately Shakespeare's fine dramatic comment, his own picture of the worthiness of youth and age, when Orlando enters bearing Adam on his back. The Act ends presently with a visible entwining of men in a group significant of human fellowship. The Duke, whose temper is the opposite to that of Jaques, says to the son of good Sir Rowland—

I am the Duke

That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to your cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand.

The Third Act opens with the short scene in which Duke Frederick makes Oliver answerable for the disappearance of Orlando, and seizes his lands and goods till he has found his brother.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of door;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

In the second scene of the third act Monsieur Jaques meets with Orlando in the wood; the false and the true have a short conflict, in which Jaques is worsted. Says the sick-minded Jaques, in the course of it, "Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery." To which Orlando replies in the right wholesome tone, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

The dainty pastoral of love proceeds until we reach, in the third scene of the Fourth Act, the close of the first discord. Orlando has missed his love-lesson with Ganymede, and the cause of that yields one of the two great love-lessons of the play. He had seen where

Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same
 brother ;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That lived 'mongst men.

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

Rosalind. But, to Orlando—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oliver. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so,
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

Celia. Are you his brother ?

Rosalind. Was it you he rescued ?

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

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

This is a parable, like that of the Good Samaritan, including even more of the whole body of Christ's teaching about man's love to his neighbour. The help is not to a stranger, but to an enemy ; to one who has sought the destruction of the helper. It is not help by a kindly gift, easily spared out of

the accidents of life, but help by a risk of life itself. Orlando risks his life in battle with the lioness to save a brother who had followed him with deadly hate. He is not satisfied till he has brought his brother into safety, brought him to shelter, food, and friendship of the Duke. Not until he has actively fulfilled all offices of love does he, when fainting from his loss of blood, think of himself or Ganymede. And by such Love to his Neighbour, Orlando conquers hatred and transforms it into love.

Close of the other discord in awakening of Love to God, could not be shown so fully. Massinger might have tried to set forth in detail the argument that brought a soul to God; but Shakespeare was content with one firm touch to make the fact appear. It is significant that this was a touch all his own. In Lodge's story, when the usurping Duke brought an army against his brother and his followers within the forest, the Twelve Peers of France, in arms to recover the right of the banished Duke, met the invading army, put it to flight, and killed the usurper. The Twelve Peers give place in Shakespeare to a higher power.

Upon the scene of concord that closes the play, the second son of Sir Rowland enters—no stranger with a message, but a brother who adds to the

scene one more suggestion of the ties of love—and he it is who reports to the Duke in the forest that Duke Frederick

Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword.
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
 His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again
 That were with him exiled.

Shakespeare's substitution of this reconciliation to God for the putting of the evil-minded brother to the sword through the might of the Twelve Peers, is in the highest degree characteristic of his way of teaching.

Upon two points in the close of the play a word or two should yet be added. Celia's sudden love for Oliver is in accordance with her character. There is joy in heaven—in the heaven also of her heart—over one sinner that repenteth. We shall find a like suggestion in the *Tempest*, of love awakened in an innocent mind by the beauty of a human face expressing pure and deep emotion. Celia's heart goes out to Oliver in the hour of his repentance ; victory nobler than that of Orlando,

in which he overthrew more than the wrestler Charles. Moreover, as wife to Oliver, Celia becomes bound by a new tie of affection to Orlando's wife. The cousins become sisters.

And what is Hymen in the closing music of the play? Hymen, who, while soft music plays, leads Rosalind into a little world of human love, and sings what is meant for much more than a marriage song—

Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Is it a masque in the forest, is it an angel in the world? I do not know; but I look out on life and think it is an angel in the world.

H. M.

A NOTE.

A spare page may here be occupied by a note in answer to a question that has often been asked.

In HAMLET, page 37, Polonius is made to say to Laertes :—

“ The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched, unfledged courage.”

Here the last word is in the folio of 1623, and according to all modern editions, “ comrade.” Why was the word altered?

1. Because both of the early quartos give the word “ courage,” while they here differ so much in other parts of the reading as clearly to be separate witnesses. In the quarto of 1603, Cerambis (Polonius) says to Laertes :—

— “ do not dull the palme with entertaine
Of every new unfleg'd courage.”

In the 1804 quarto Polonius says :—

— “ doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage.”

This calls for consideration.

2. Consideration brings to mind that “ courage” meant in old English what its etymology implies, the stirring of the heart, without the limitation that has shrunk the meaning of the word. So Chaucer, at the beginning of the prologue to the “ Canterbury Tales,” wrote of the birds, how

— “ smale fowle's maken melodie,
That slepen all the night, with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in here corages.”

3. The result of such consideration is that “ couráge,” used by Shakespeare in this sense, is precisely the right word for the context ; and that “ comrade,” substituted in the folio because “ couráge” looked wrong to those who had lost sight of the first broader meaning of the word, is comparatively weak and vague. The first emotions of the heart towards each other among new comrades might be imaged as “ new hatcht and unfledged ;” so might the comradeship ; but to say that the comrades were so is much less poetical. Therefore, “ couráge” is right, “ comrade” is wrong.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, and*
Usurper of his Dominions.

AMIENS, } *Lords attending on*
JAQUES, } *the banished Duke.*

LE BEAU, *a Courtier.*

CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Row-*
ORLANDO, } *land de Bois.*

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } *Servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a*
Vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow,*
in love with Audrey.

HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the*
banished Duke.

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and
other Attendants.

The *SCENE* lies, first, and in Act II., scene 3, near OLIVER'S House ; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of ARDEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well : and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps

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

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir ! what make you here ?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

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

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

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

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient : for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

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

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. *[Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*

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

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

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

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit DENNIS.]*—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles: what's the new news at the new court.

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the

new duke ; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

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

Oli. Where will the old duke live ?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother

is but young, and tender, and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Cel. Herein I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

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

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal:

but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

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

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

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

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No : when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work

neither, but Nature's, who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone, for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—
How now, wit? whither wander you?

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight foresworn.

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

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he

had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

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

Cel. By my troth thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

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

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

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

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs,

that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

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

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

Duke F. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

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

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

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

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

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess' call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

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

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,

the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

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

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

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

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

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

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

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

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

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

[CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

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

[CHARLES *is thrown.* *Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[CHARLES *is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

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

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteemed thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

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

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.

Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better
parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands
up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my
fortunes ;

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir ?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown.

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous : what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me
this :

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners :

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

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

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

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

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon

thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come ; wrestle with thy affections.

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

Cel. O, a good wish upon you : you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

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

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

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

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

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

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin :

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

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

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

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor.

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

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

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;

So was I when your highness banished him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me ? my father was no traitor.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake ;
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her : if she be a traitor,

Why, so am I : we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together ;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips :

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my
liege :

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool :—You, niece, provide
yourself :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou
go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.

Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?

No : let my father seek another heir.

Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us :

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

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

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

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

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

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essayed to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court ? Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me,

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery : these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones; and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your
 grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

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

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
' Poor deer,' quoth he, ' thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there
alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;
' 'Tis right,' quoth he ; ' thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : ' Ay,' quoth Jaques,

‘Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 ’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?’
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
 templation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
 menting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he’s full of matter.

2 Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

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

1 *Lord*. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord*. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

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

SCENE III.—Before OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ?

Adam. What, my young master ?—O my gentle
master,

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

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam.

O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors : within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother : yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

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

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

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

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can. —
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you :
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty,
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore,
Here livéd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

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

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

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

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

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place : but travellers must be content.

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

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

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

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

Cor. I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin ; being old, thou canst not guess. Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow : But if thy love were ever like to mine, As sure I think did never man love so, How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily : If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not loved : Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not loved : Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not loved.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy

wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

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

Touch. And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

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

Touch. Holla, you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

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

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

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale ; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

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

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

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

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

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

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I

think of as many matters as he ; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes—

*If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

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

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

air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Forest.

A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone
hence :

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him : tell him, I would speak with him.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own
approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur, what a life
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool!
 ‘Good morrow, fool,’ quoth I:—‘No, sir,’ quoth
 he,
 ‘Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
 fortune.’

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, ‘It is ten o’clock:
 Thus may we see,’ quoth he, ‘how the world wags:
 ’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more ’t will be eleven:
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale.’ When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a
 courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair;

They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
And they that are most galléd with my folly
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they
so ?

The way is plain as way to parish church :
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob ; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomised
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embosséd sores, and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the customary means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,—
Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then ; how then ? what then ? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wronged him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself ; if he be free,

Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man.—But, who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answeréd.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle-
ness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
you :

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time :
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better
days,

And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the
 justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

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

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble
 you

As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

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

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

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.*

Heigh, ho ! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
 son,

As you have whispered faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither. I'm the duke,

That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
 tune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.

Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,—

And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, and attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;

Seek him with candle ; bring him, dead or living,

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth

Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in
this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownéd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

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

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

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by Nature nor Art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

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

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

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

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

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou wormsmeat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

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

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the face of Rosalind.

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

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

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

Ros. Peace, you dull fool : I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

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

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Cel. Why should this a desert be ?

For it is unpeopled ? No ;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write ;

*Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide enlarged ;
 Nature presently distilled
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised,
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal and never cried, 'Have patience, good people !'

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

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

[Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

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

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

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

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

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

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

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

Ros. Is he of God's 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.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

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

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

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

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

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

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

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

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

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

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

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*ROSALIND and CELIA retire.*]

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

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

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

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

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

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

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

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

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

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

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

Orl. He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES. — ROSALIND and CELIA come forward.]

Ros. [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well : what would you ?

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

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

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

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

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you, who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who

Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

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

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

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

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

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

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

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

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

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

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

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till its fellow fault came to match it.

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

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

counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

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

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not :—but I pardon you for that, for simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man : you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

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

Ros. Me believe it ? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie

to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

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

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

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

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

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ;

that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there thall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

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

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

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you ; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES behind.

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

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

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

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge, ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

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

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured, for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

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

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

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

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

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

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'Many a man knows no end of his goods': right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns, even so. Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore

blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

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

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

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

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

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver!—Not,

O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.]

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Before a Cottage.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* Never talk to me ; I will weep.*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.*Ros.* I 'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.*Ros.* Do you think so ?*Cel.* Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a

horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired

After the shepherd that complained of love,
 Who you saw sitting by me on the turf
 Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
 That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

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

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

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
 Phebe :

Say that you love me not; but say not so
 In bitterness. The common executioner,
 Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes
 hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck

But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers !

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee ;

Now counterfeit to swoon, why, now fall down ;

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

Sil.

O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,

'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
 Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud : though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused in sight as he.
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
 might.

'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

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

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

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

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
 Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neigh-
 bourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure, and I'll employ thee too ;

But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

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

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

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

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him.

'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well :—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him.

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion : and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;

A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek : 't was just the dif-
ference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked
him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black ; and my hair black ;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so : - I do love it better than laughing.

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

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

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

Ros. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your

own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it, too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are: or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit Jaques.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

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

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him

at Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but
 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

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

Orl. Of a snail ?

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

Orl. What's that ?

Ros. Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to
 be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed
 in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his
 wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind
 is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

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

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

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and
 when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you

might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

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

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

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

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

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

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

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived

many a fair year though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

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

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

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—‘I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.’

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there’s a girl goes before the priest; and certainly, a woman’s thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,

and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

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

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, and 't will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—‘Wit, whither wilt?’

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

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

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue: O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

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

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

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner : by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less :—that flattering tongue of yours won me :—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death !—Two o'clock is your hour ?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

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

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

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

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose

plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But I cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

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

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, like foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have, that killed the deer ?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[*The rest shall bear this burden :*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it :

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—

My gentle Phebe bid me give you this :

[*Giving a letter.*]

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

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer : bear this, bear all.
 She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love
 me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. Od's my will !
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
 Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well .
 This is a letter of your own device.

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

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turned into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-coloured hand ; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
 She has a housewife's hand ; but that's no matter.
 I say, she never did invent this letter ;
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers : why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the
letter ?

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

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant
writes.

‘ Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned ? ’—

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. ‘ Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ? ’
Did you ever hear such railing ?—

‘ Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.’

Meaning me a beast.—

‘ If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect ?
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;

How then might your prayers move ?
 He that brings this love to thee
 Little knows this love in me :
 And by him seal up thy mind,
 Whether that thy youth and kind
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make ;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no ; he deserves no pity.
 Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to make
 thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
 thee ? not to be endured ! Well, go your way to
 her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,)
 and say this to her :—that if she love me, I charge
 her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have
 her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true
 lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more
 company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you
 know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
 A sheepcote fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom :

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

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

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say, we are.

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

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

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

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed
so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

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

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

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By-and-by

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself ; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled : and now he fainted,

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

[ROSALIND swoons.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? sweet Gany-
 mede !

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

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

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

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

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man ?
 You lack a man's heart.

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

Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too great
 testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
 of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

Ros. So I do ; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

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

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

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey : patience, gentle Audrey.

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

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey ; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

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

Enter WILLIAM.

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

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head, nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

Will. William, sir.

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

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God ;—a good answer. Art rich ?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

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

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

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The

heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

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

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you : come, away, away !

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and 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 persevere to enjoy her?

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

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

all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkercher ?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are.—Nay, 't is true : there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—' I came, saw, and overcame : ' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent

before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

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

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

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena,

shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd :
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to
love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance ;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience ;
All purity, all trial, all observance ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [To ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you ?

Sil. [To PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you
me to love you ?

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

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you
me to love you ?'

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

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the
howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—[To

SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can :—[*To* PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—[*To* PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—[*To* ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—[*To* SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To* ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet :—[*To* SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well : I have left you commands.

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

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful 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 the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter Two Pages.

1 *Page*. Well met, honest gentleman.

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

2 *Page*. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

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

2 *Page*. I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

For love is crownéd with the prime

In the spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

*These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.*

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

1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

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

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.—

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

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

Ros. [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

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

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

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

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

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your
daughter ;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter ;—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry
me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd ;—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter ;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscuréd in the circle of this forest.

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

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

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

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

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

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

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous ; the second, the quip modest ; the third, the reply churlish ; the fourth, the reproof valiant ; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct, and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *if you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *if*.

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

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

Enter HYMEN leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

Good duke, receive thy daughter,

*Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] To you I give myself, for I
am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

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

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

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

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] I'll have no father, if you
be not he:—

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be
not he:—

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not
she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*] You and you
no cross shall part :

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*] You and you are
heart in heart :

[*To PHEBE.*] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord :

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*] You and
you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'T is Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock then be honouréd.

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to
me :

Even daughter welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will not eat my word, now
thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on
foot

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number

That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us

Shall share the good of our returnéd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music ! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life.

And thrown into neglect the pompous court !

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.—

[*To DUKE S.*] You to your former honour I
bequeath ;

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves
it :—

[*To ORLANDO.*] You to a love, that your true faith
doth merit :—

[*To OLIVER.*] You to your land, and love, and
great allies :—

[*To SILVIUS.*] You to a long and well-deservéd
bed :—

[*To TOUCHSTONE.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victualled.—So, to your pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as

much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not ; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TALE OF GAMELYN.



THE TALE OF GAMELYN.

LITHEH, and lesteneth · and herkeneth aright,
And ye schulle here a talkyng · of a doughty knight;
Sire Iohan of Boundys · was his righte name,
He cowde of norture ynough · and mochil of game.
Thre sones the knight hadde · that with his body
he wan ;

The eldest was a moche schrewe · and sone he
bygan.

His bretheren loued wel here fader · and of him
were agast,

The eldest deserued his fadres curs · and had it at
the last.

The goode knight his fader · lyuede so yore,
That deth was comen him to · and handled him ful
sore.

The goode knight cared sore · sik ther he lay,
How his children scholde · lyuen after his day.
He hadde ben wyde-wher · but non housbond he
was,

Al the lond that he hadde · it was verrey purchas.

Fayn he wolde it were · ^{dressed} dressed among hem alle,
 That ech of hem hadde his part · as it mighte falle.
 Tho sente he in-to cuntre · after wise knightes,
 To helpe delen his londes · and dresen hem to-
 rightes.

He sente hem word by lettres · they schulden hye
 blyue,
 Yf they wolde speke with him · whil he was on
 lyue.

Tho the knyghtes herden · sik that he lay,
 Hadde they no reste · nother night ne day,
 Til they comen to him · ther he lay stille
 On his deth-bedde · to abyde goddes wille.
 Than seyde the goode knight · syk ther he lay,
 ‘ Lordes, I you warne · for soth, withoute nay,
 I may no lenger lyuen · heer in this stounde ;
 For thurgh goddes wille · deth draweth me to
 grounde.’

Ther nas non of hem alle · that herde him aright,
 That they ne hadden reuthe · of that ilke knight,
 And seyde, ‘ sir, for goddes loue · ne dismay you
 nought ;

God may do bote of bale) that is now i-wrought.’

Than spak the goode knight · sik ther he lay,
 ‘ Boote of bale god may sende · I wot it is no nay ;
 But I byseke you, knightes · for the loue of me,
 Goth and dresseth my lond · among my sones thre.

And for the loue of god · deleth hem nat amys,
 And forgetith nat Gamelyn · my yonge sone that is.
 Taketh heed to that on · as wel as to that other ;
 Selde ye see ony eyr · helpen his brother. ’

Tho lete they the knight-lyen · that was nought
 in hele,

And went in-to counseil · his landes for to dele ;
 For to delen hem alle · to oon, that was her thought,
 And for Gamelyn was youngest · he schulde haue
 nought.

Al the lond that ther was · they dalten it in two,
 And leten Gamelyn the yonge · withoute londe go,
 And ech of hem seyde · to other ful lowde,
 His bretheren might geue him lond · whan he good
 cowde.

Whan they hadde deled · the lond at here wille,
 They comen to the knight · ther he lay ful stille,
 And tolden him anon · how they hadden wrought :
 And the knight ther he lay · liked it right nought.
 Than seyde the knight · ‘ by seynt Martyn,
 For al that ye haue y-doon · yit is the lond myn ;
 For goddes loue, neyheours · stondest alle stille,
 And I wil dele my lond · right after my wille.
 Iohan, myn eldeste sone · schal haue plowes fyue,
 That was my fadres heritage · whil he was on lyue ;
 And my myddeleste sone · fyue plowes of lond,
 That I halp for to gete · with my righte hond ;

And al myn other purchas · of londes and of leedes,
That I byquethe Gamelyn · and alle my goode
steedes.

And I byseke yow, goode men · that lawe conne of
londe,

For Gamelyns loue · that my quest stonde. ’

Thus dalte the knight · his lond by his day

Right on his deth-bedde · sik ther he lay ;

And sone aftirward · he lay stoon-stille,

And deyde whan tyme com · as it was Cristes
wille.

Anon as he was deed · and vnder gras i-graue,

Sone the elder brother · gyled the yonge knaue ;

He took into his hond · his lond and his leede,

And Gamelyn himselve · to clothen and to feede.

He clothed him and fedde him · yuel and eek
wrothe,

And leet his londes for-fare . and his houses bothe,

His parkes and his woodes · and dede nothing wel ;

And seththen he it aboughte · on his faire fel.

So longe was Gamelyn · in his brotheres halle,

For the strengest, of good wil · they douteden him
alle ;

Ther was non ther-inne · nowther yong ne old,

That wolde wraththe Gamelyn · were he neuer so
bold.

Gamelyn stood on a day · in his brotheres yerde,

And bygan with his hond · to handlen his berde ;
 He thoughte on his londes · that layen vnsawe,
 And his faire okes · that down were i-drawe ;
 His parkes were i-broken · and his deer byreued ;
 Of alle his goode steedes · noon was him byleued ;
 His howses were vnhiled · and ful yuel dight ;
 Tho thoughte Gamelyn · it wente thought aright.
 Afterward cam his brother · walkynge thare,
 And seyde to Gamelyn · ‘ is our mete yare ? ’
 Tho wraththed him Gamelyn · and swor by goddes
 book,
 ‘ Thou schalt go bake thi-self · I wil nought be thy
 cook ! ’
 ‘ How ? brother Gamelyn · how answerest thou
 now ?
 Thou spake neuer such a word · as thou dost now.’
 ‘ By my faith,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ now me thinketh
 neede,
 Of alle the harmes that I haue · I tok neuer ar
 heede.
 My parkes ben to-broken · and my deer byreued,
 Of myn armure and my steedes · nought is me
 bileued ;
 Al that my fader me byquath · al goth to schame,
 And therfor haue thou goddes curs · brother by thy
 name ! ’
 Than byspak his brother · that rape was of rees,

‘Stond stille, gadelyng · and hold right thy pees;
Thou schalt be fayn for to haue · thy mete and thy
wede;

What spekest thou, Gamelyn · of lond other of
leede?’

Thanne seyde Gamelyn · the child that was ying,
‘Cristes curs mot he haue · that clepeth me gade-
lyng!

I am no worse gadelyng · ne no worse wight,
But born of a lady · and geten of a knight.’
Ne durste he nat to Gamelyn ‘ner a-foote go,
But clepide to him his men · and seyde to them
tho,

‘Goth and beteth this boy · and reueth **him his**
wyt,
And lat him lerne another tyme · to answeere me
bet.’

Thanne seyde the child · yonge Gamelyn,
‘Cristes curs mot thou haue · brother art thou
myn!

And if I schal algate · be beten anon,
Cristes curs mot thou haue · but thou be that oon!
And anon his brother · in that grete hete
Made his men to fette staues · Gamelyn to bete.
Whan that euerich of hem · hadde a staf i-nome,
Gamelyn was war anon · tho he seigh hem come;
Tho Gamelyn seyh hem come · he loked ouer-al,

And was war of a pestel · stood vnder a wal ;
 Gamelyn was light of foot · and thider gan he lepe,
 And drof aile his brotheres men · right sone on an
 hepe.

He loked as a wilde lyoun · and leyde on good
 woon ;

When Tho his brother say that · he bigan to goon ;
 He fley vp in-til a loft · and schette the dore fast ;
 Thus Gamelyn with his pestel · made hem alle
 agast.

Some for Gamelyns loue · and some for his eyye,
 Alle they drowe hy halues · tho he gan to pleyye.
 ‘ What ! how now ? ’ seyde Gamelyn · euel mot ye
 thee !

Wil ye bygynne contek · and sone flee ? ’

Gamelyn soughte his brother · whider ne was
 flowe,

And saugh wher he loked · out at a wyndowe.

‘ Brother, ’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘ com a litel ner,
 And I wil teche the a play · atte bokeler. ’

His brother him answerde · and swor by seynt
 Rycher,

‘ Whil the pestel is in thin hond · I wil come no
 near :

Brother, I wil make thy pees · I swere by Cristes
 ore ;

Cast away the pestel · and wraththe the nomore.’

‘I mot neede,’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘wrathte me at
oones,

For thou wolde make thy men · to breke myne
boones,

Ne hadde I had mayn · and might in myn armes,
To haue i-put hem fro me · thei wolde haue do me
harmes.’

‘Gamelyn,’ sayde his brother · ‘be thou nought
wroth,

For to seen the haue harm · it were me right loth ;
I ne dide it nought, brother · but for a fondyng,
For to loken if thou were strong · and art so ying.

‘Com a-doun than to me · and graunte me my
bone

Of oo thing I wil the aske · and we schul saughte
sone.’

Doun than cam his brother . that fykil was and
fel,

And was swithe sore · agast of the pestel.

He seyde, ‘Brother Gamelyn · aske me thy boone,
And loke thou me blame · but I it graunte sone.’

Thanne seyde Gamelyn · ‘brother, i-wys,

And we schulle ben at oon · thou most me graunte
this :

Al that my fader me byquath · whil he was on
lyue,

Thou most do me it haue · gif we schul nat stryue.’

‘That schalt thou haue, Gamelyn · I swere by
Cristes ore !

Al that thi fader the byquath · though thou woldest
haue more ;

Thy lond, that lyth laye · ful wel it schal be
sowe,

And thyn howses reysed vp · that ben leyd so
lowe.’

Thus seyde the knight · to Gamelyn with mowthe,
And thoughte eek on falsnes · as he wel couthe.

The knight thoughte on tresoun · and Gamelyn on
noon,

And wente and kiste his brother · and, whan they
were at oon,

Allas ! yonge Gamelyn · nothing he ne wiste
With which a false tresoun · his brother him kiste!

Litheth, and lesteneth · and holdeth your tonge,
And ye schul heere talkyng · of Gamelyn the
yonge.

Ther was ther bysiden · cryed a wrastlyng,
And therfor ther was set vp · a ram and a ryng ;

And Gamelyn was in wille · to wende therto,
For to preuen his might · what he cowthe do.

‘Brother,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘by seynt Richer,

Thou most lene me to-nyght · a litel courser

That is freisch to the spores · on for to ryde ;

I most on an erande · a litel her byside.’

‘By god!’ seyde his brother · ‘of steedes in my
stalle

Go and chese the the best · and spare non of alle
Of steedes or of coursers · that stonden hem bisyde ;
And tel me, goode brother · whider thou wolt ryde.’

‘Her byside, brother · is cryed a wrastlyng,
And therfor schal be set vp · a ram and a ryng ;
Moche worschip it were · brother, to vs alle,
Might I the ram and the ryng · bring home to this
halle.’

A steede ther was sadeled · smertely and skeet ;
Gamelyn did a paire spores · fast on his feet.
He sette his foot in the styrop · the steede he by-
strood,

And toward the wrastelyng · the yonge child
rood.

Tho Gamelyn the yonge · was riden out at gat,
The false knigt his brother · lokked it after that,
And bysouhgte Iesu Crist . that is heuen kyng,
He mighte breke his nekke · in that wrastelyng.
As sone as Gamelyn com · ther the place was,
He lighte doun of his steede · and stood on the
gras;

And ther he herd a frankeleyn · wayloway synge,
And bigan bitterly · his hondes for to wrynge.

‘Goode man,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘why makestow this
fare ?

Is ther no man that may · you helpe out of this
care !'

'Allas !' seyde this frankeleyn · 'that euer was I
bore !

For tweye stalworthe sones · I wene that I haue
lore ;

A champioun is in the place · that hath i-wrouyt
me sorwe.

For he hath slayn my two sones · but-if god hem
borwe.

I wold yeue ten pound · by Iesu Crist ! and more,
With the nones I fand a man · to handelen him
sore.'

'Goode man,' sayde Gamelyn · 'wilt thou wel
doon,

Hold myn hors, whil my man · draweth of my
schoon,

And help my man to kepe · my clothes and my
steede,

And I wil into place go · to loke if I may speede.'

'By god !' sayde the frankeleyn · 'anon it schal be
doon ;

I wil my-self be thy man · and drawn of thy
schoon,

And wende thou into place · Iesu Crist the speede,
And drede not of thy clothes · nor of thy goode
steede.'

Barfoot and vngert · Gamelyn in cam,
 Alle that weren in the place · heede of him they
 nam,

How he durste auntere him · of him to doon his
 might

That was so doughty champion · in wrastlyng
 and in fight.

Vp sterte the champion · rapely anoon,
 Toward yonge Gamelyn · he bigan to goon,
 And sayde, ‘who is thy fader · and who is thy
 sire?’

For sothe thou art a gret fool · that thou come
 hire!’

Gamelyn answerde · the champion tho,
 ‘Thou knewe wel my fader · whil he couthe go,
 Whiles he was on lyue · by seint Martyn!
 Sir Iohan of Boundys was his name · and I Game-
 lyn.’

‘Felaw,’ seyde the champion · ‘al-so mot I
 thryue,

I knew wel thy fader · whil he was on lyue ;
 And thiself, Gamelyn · I wil that thou it heere,
 Whil thou were a yong boy · a moche schrewe
 thou were.’

Than seyde Gamelyn · and swor by Cristes ore,
 ‘Now I am older woxe · thou schalt me fynde a
 more!’

‘Be god!’ sayde the champioun · ‘welcome mote
thou be!

Come thou ones in myn hond · schalt thou neur
the.’

It was wel withinne the night · and the moone
schon,

Whan Gamelyn and the champioun · togider gonne
goon.

The champioun (caste tornes · to Gamelyn that was
prest,

And Gamelyn stood stille · and bad him doon his
best.

Thanne seyde Gamelyn · to the champioun,

‘Thou art faste aboute · to brynge me adoun ;

Now I haue i-proued · many tornes of thyne, (

Thow most,’ he seyde, ‘prouen :on or tuo of
myne.’

Gamelyn to the champioun · gede smertely anon,

Of all the tornes that he cowthe · he schewed him
but oon,

And kaste him on the lefte syde · that thre ribbes
tobrak,

And therto his oon arm · that gaf a gret crak.

Thanne seyde Gamelyn · smertely anoon,

‘Schal it be holde for a cast · or elles for noon?’

‘By god!’ seyde the champioun · ‘whether that it
bee,

He that cometh ones in thin hand · schal he neuer
thee !’

Than seyde the frankeleyn · that had his sones there,
‘ Blessed be thou, Gamelyn · that euer thou bore
were !’

The frankeleyn seyde to the champioun · of him
stood him noon eye,

‘ This is yonge Gamelyn · that taughte the this
pleye.’

Agein answerd the champioun · that liked nothing
wel,

‘ He is our alther mayster · and his pley is right fel ;
Sith I wrastled first · it is i-go ful yore,

But I was neuere in my lyf · handeled so sore.’

Gamelyn stood in the place · allone withoute serk,
And seyde, ‘ if ther be eny mo · lat hem come to
werk ;

The champioun that peyned him · to werke so sore,
It semeth by his continaunce · that he wil nomore.’

Gamelyn in the place · stood as stille as stoon,

For to abyde wrastelyng · but ther com noon ;

Ther was noon with Gamelyn · wolde wrastle more,

For he handled the champioun · so wonderly sore.

Two gentil-men ther were · that yemed the place,

Comen to Gamelyn · (god geue him goode grace !)

And sayde to him, ‘ do on · thyn hosen and thy
schoon,

For sothe at this tyme · this feire is i-doon.
 And than seyde Gamelyn · ‘so mot I wel fare,
 I haue nought yet haluendel · sold vp my ware.’
 Tho seyde the champion · ‘so brouke I my sweere,
 He is a fool that therof byeth · thou sellest it so
 deere.’

Tho sayde the frankeleyn · that was in moche care,
 ‘Felaw,’ he seyde · ‘why lakkest thou his ware ?
 By seynt Iame in Galys · that many man hath
 sought,

Yet it is to good cheep · that thou hast i-bought.’
 Tho that wardeynes were · of that wrastelyng
 Come and broughte Gamelyn · the ram and the
 ryng,

And seyden, ‘haue, Gamelyn · the ryng and the ram,
 For the beste wrasteler · that euer here cam.’
 Thus wan Gamelyn · the ram and the ryng,
 And wente with moche ioye · home in the mornyng.
 His brother seih wher he cam · with the grete rowte,
 And bad schitte the gate · and holde him withoute.
 The porter of his lord · was ful sore agast,
 And sterte anon to the gate · and lokked it fast.

Now litheth, and lesteneth · bothe yonge and olde,
 And ye schul heere gamen · of Gamelyn the bolde.
 Gamelyn come therto · for to haue comen in,
 And thanne was it i-schet · faste with a pyn ;
 Than seyde Gamelyn · ‘porter, vndo the gat,

For many good mannes sone · stondeth therat,
 Than answerd the porter · and swor by goddes berde,
 ‘Thow ne schalt, Gamelyn · come into this yerde.’
 ‘Thow lixt,’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘so browke I my
 chyn!’

He smot the wyket with his foot · and brak away
 the pyn.

The porter seyh tho · it might no better be,
 He sette foot on erthe · and bigan to flee.

By my faith,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘that trauail is i-lore,
 For I am of foot as light as thou · though thou
 haddest swore.’

Gamelyn ouertook the porter · and his teene wrak,
 And gerte him in the nekke · that the bon tobrak,
 And took him by that oon arm · and threw him in a
 welle,

Seuen fadmen it was deep · as I haue herd telle.

Whan Gamelyn the yonge · thus hadde pleyd his
 play,

Alle that in the yerde were · drewen hem away ;
 They dredden him ful sore · for werkes that he
 wroughte,

And for the faire company · that he thider broughte.
 Gamelyn gede to the gate · and leet it vp wyde ;
 He leet in alle maner men · that gon in wolde or
 ryde,

And seyde, ‘ye be welcome · withouten eny greeue,

For we wiln be maistres heer · and aske no man
leue,

Yestirday I lefte ' · seyed yonge Gamelyn,

' In my brother seller · fyue tonne of wyn ;

I wil not that this compaignye · parten a-twynne,
And ye wil doon after me · whil eny sope is
thrynne ;

And if my brother grucche · or make foul cheere,
Other for spense of mete or drynk · that we spenden
heere,

I am oure catour · and bere oure aller purs,

He schal haue for his grucchyng · seint Maries
curs. ·

My brother is a nyggoun · I swer by Cristes ore,
And we wil spende largely · that he hath spared
yore ;

And who that maketh grucchyng · that we here
dwelle,

He schal to the porter · into the draw-welle.'

Seuen dayes and seuen nyght · Gamelyn held his
feste,

With moche myrth and solas · was ther, and no
cheste ;

In a litel toret · his brother lay i-steke,

And sey hem wasten his good · but durste he not
speke.

Erly on a mornyng · on the eighte day,

The gestes come to Gamelyn · and wolde gon here
way.

‘ Lordes,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ wil ye so hye ?

Al the wyn is not yet dronke · so brouke I myn
ye.’

Gamelyn in his herte · was he ful wo,

Whan his gestes took her leue · from him for to
go ;

He wold they had lenger abide · and they seyde
nay,

But bitaughte Gamelyn · god, and good day.

Thus made Gamelyn his feste · and brought it wel
to ende,

And after his gestes · toke leue to wende.

Litheth, and lesteneth · and holdeth youre
tonge,

And ye schul heere gamen · of Gamelyn the
yonge ;

Herkeneth, lordynges · and lesteneth aright,

Whan alle the gestes were goon · how Gamelyn
was dight.

Al the whil that Gamelyn · heeld his mangerye,

His brother thoughte on him be wreke · with his
treccherie.

Tho Gamelyns gestes · were riden and i-goon,

Gamelyn stood allone · frendes had he noon ;

Tho after ful soone ‘ withinne a litel stounde,

Gamelyn was i-taken · and ful harde i-bounde.
 Forth com the false knyght · out of the selleer,
 To Gamelyn his brother · he gedde ful neer,
 And sayde to Gamelyn · ‘ who made the so bold
 For to stroye my stoor · of myn houshold ?
 ‘ Brother,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ wraththe the right
 nought,

For it is many day i-gon · siththen it was bought ;
 For, brother, thou hast i-had · by seynt Richer,
 Of fiftene plowes of lond · this sixtene yer,
 And of alle the beestes · thou hast forth-bred,
 That my fader me biquath · on his dethes bed ;
 Of al this sixtene yeer · I geue the the prow,
 For the mete and the drynk · that we have spended
 now.’

Thanne seyde the false knyght · (euel mot he the !)
 ‘ Herkne, brother Gamelyn · what I wol geue
 the ;

For of my body, brother · heir geten have I noon,
 I wil make the myn heir · I swere by seint Iohan.’
 ‘ *Par ma foy !*’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ and if it so be,
 And thou thenke as thou seyst · god yelde it the !’
 Nothing wiste Gamelyn · of his brotheres gyle ;
 Therefore he him bigyled · in a litel while.

‘ Gamelyn,’ seyde he · ‘ o thing I the telle ;
 Tho thou threwe my porter · in the draw-welle,
 I swor in that wraththe · and in that grete moot,

That thou schuldest be bounde · bothe hand and
foot ;

Therefore I the biseche · brother Gamelyn,
Lat me nought be forsworen · brother art thou
myn ;

Lat me bynde the now · bothe hand and feet,
For to holde myn auow · as I the biheet.'

' Brother,' sayde Gamelyn ' al-so mot I the !
Thou schalt not be forsworen · for the loue of me.'
Tho made they Gamelyn to sitte · mighte he nat
stonde,

Tyl they hadde him bounde · bothe foot and honde,
The false knight his brother · of Gamelyn was
agast,

And sente aftir feteres · to feteren him fast.
His brother made lesynges · on him ther he stood,
And tolde hem that comen in · that Gamelyn was
wood.

Gamelyn stood to a post · bounded in the halle,
Tho that comen in ther · lokede on him alle.

Euer stood Gamelyn · euen vpright ;
But mete ne drynk had he non · neither day ne
night.

Than seyde Gamelyn · ' brother, by myn hals,
Now I haue aspied · thou art a party fals ;
Had I wist that tresoun · that thou haddest
y-founde,

I wolde haue geue the strokes · or I had be
 bounde !'

Gamelyn stood bounden · stille as eny stoon ;
 Two dayes and two nightes · mete had he noon.
 Thanne seyde Gamelyn · that stood y-bounde
 stronge,

' Adam spenser · me thinkth I faste to longe ;
 Adam spenser · now I byseche the,
 For the mochel loue · my fader loued the,
 Yf thou may come to the keyes · lese me out of
 bond,

And I wil parte with the · of my free lond.'

Thanne seyde Adam · that was the spencer,
 ' I haue serued thy brother · this sixtene yeer,
 If I leete the goon · out of his bour,
 He wolde say afterward · I were a traytour.'

' Adam,' seyde Gamelyn · ' so brouke I myn hals !
 Thou schalt fynde my brother · atte laste fals ;
 Therfor, brother Adam · louse me out of bond,
 And I wil parte with the · of my free lond.'

' Vp swich a forward ' · seyde Adam, ' i-wys,
 I wil do therto · al that in me is.'

' Adam,' seyde Gamelyn · ' al-so mot I the,
 I wol holde the couenant · and thou wil loose me.'
 Anon as Adames lord · to bedde was i-goon,
 Adam took the keyes, and leet · Gamelyn out
 anoon ;

He vnlokkeð Gamelyn · bothe handes and feet,
 In hope of auancement · that he him byheet.
 Than seyde Gamelyn · ‘ thanked be goddes sonde !
 Now I am loosed · bothe foot and honde :
 Had I now eten · and dronken aright,
 Ther is noon in this hous · schuld bynde me this
 night.’

Adam took Gamelyn · as stille as ony stoon,
 And ladde him in-to spence · rapely anon,
 And sette him to soper · right in a priue stede,
 He bad him do gladly · and Gamelyn so dede.
 Anon as Gamelyn hadde · eten wel and fyn,
 And therto y-dronke wel · of the rede wyn,
 ‘ Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ what is now thy reed ?
 Wher I go to my brother · and girde of his heed ?’
 ‘ Gamelyn,’ seyde Adam · ‘ it schal not be so.
 I can teche the a reed · that is worth the two.
 I wot wel for sothe · that this is no nay,
 We schul haue a mangery · right on Soneday ;
 Abbotes and priours · many heer schal be,
 And other men of holy chirche · as I telle the ;
 Thow schalt stonde vp by the post · as thou were
 hond-fast,
 And I schal leue hem vnloke · away thou may hem
 cast.
 Whan that they have eten · and wasschen here
 hondes,

Thou schalt biseke hem alle · to bryng the out of
bondes ;

And if they wille borwe the · that were good
game,

Then were thou out of prisoun · and I out of
blame ;

And if euerich of hem · say vnto vs nay,

I schal do an other · I swere by this day !

Thou schalt haue a good staf · and I wil haue
another,

And Cristes curs haue that oon · that faileth that
other !

‘Ye, for gode!’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘I say it for
me,

If I fayle on my syde · yuel mot I the !

If we schul algate · assoile hem of here synne,

Warne me, brother Adam · whan I schal by-
gynne.’

‘Gamelyn,’ seyde Adam · ‘by seynte Charite,

I wil warne the byforn · whan that it schal be ;

Whan I twynke on the · loke for to goon,

And cast away the feteres · and com to me anoon.’

‘Adam,’ seide Gamelyn · ‘blessed be thy bones !

That is a good counseil · geuen for the nones ;

If they werne me thanne · to brynge me out of
bendes,

I wol sette goode strokes · right on here lendes.’

Tho the Sondag was i-come · and folk to the feste,
 Faire they were welcomed · bothe leste and meste ;
 And euer as they atte halle · dore comen in,
 They caste their eye · on yonge Gamelyn.
 The false knight his brother · ful of trechery,
 Alle the gestes that ther were · atte mangery,
 Of Gamelyn his brother · he tolde hem with
 mouthe

Al the harm and the schame · that he telle couthe.
 Tho they were serued · of messes tuo or thre,
 Than seyde Gamelyn · ‘how serue ye me ?
 It is nought wel serued · by god that al made !
 That I sytte fastyng · and other men make glade.’
 The false knight his brother · ther that he stood,
 Tolde alle his gestes · that Gamelyn was wood ;
 And Gamelyn stood stille · and answerde nought,
 But Adames wordes · he held in his thought.
 Tho Gamelyn gan speke · dolfully with-alle
 To the grete lordes · that saten in the halle :
 ‘ Lordes,’ he seyde · ‘for Cristes passioun,
 Helpeth brynge Gamelyn · out of prisoun.’
 Than seyde an abbot · sorwe on his cheeke !
 ‘ He schal haue Cristes curs · and seynte Maries
 eeke,
 That the out of prisoun · beggeth other borwe,
 But euer worthe hem wel · that doth the moche
 sorwe.’

After that abbot · than spak another,
'I wold thin heed were of · though thou were my
brother !

Alle that the borwe · foule mot hem falle !'

Thus they seyden alle · that weren in the halle.

Than seyde a priour · yuel mot he thryue !

'It is moche skathe, boy · that thou art on lyve.'

'Ow !' seyde Gamelyn · 'so brouke I my bon !

Now I have aspyed · that freendes have I non.

Cursed mot he worthe · bothe fleisch and blood,

That euer do priour · or abbot ony good !'

Adam the spencer · took vp the cloth,

And loked on Gamelyn · and say that he was
wroth ;

Adam on the pantrye · litel he thoughte,

But tuo goode staues · to halle-dore he broughte,

Adam loked on Gamelyn · and he was war anoon,

And caste away the feteres · and he bigan to goon :

Tho he com to Adam · he took that oo staf,

And bygan to worche · and goode strokes gaf.

Gamelyn cam in-to the halle · and the spencer
bothe,

And loked hem aboute · as they had be wrothe ;

Gamelyn sprengeth holy-water · with an oken
spire,

That some that stode vpright · fellen in the fire.

There was no lewed man · that in the halle stood,

That wolde do Gamelyn · eny thing but good,
 But stode besyden · and leet hem bothe werche,
 For they hadde no rewthe · of men of holy
 cherche ;

Abbot or priour · monk or chanoun,
 That Gamelyn ouertok · anon they geeden down.
 Ther was non of hem alle · that with his staf
 mette,

That he ne made him overthrowe · and quitte hem
 his dette.

‘ Gamelyn,’ seyde Adam · ‘ for seynte Charite,
 Pay large lyuerey · for the loue of me,
 And I wil kepe the dore · so euer here I masse !
 Er they ben assoyled · there shal noon passe.’

‘ Downt the nought,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ whil we ben
 in-feere,

Kep thou wel the dore · and I wol werche heere ;
 Stere the, good Adam · and lat ther noon flee,
 And we schul telle largely · how many ther be.’

‘ Gamelyn,’ seyde Adam · ‘ do hem but good ;
 They ben men of holy chirche · draw of hem no
 blood,

Saue wel the croune · and do hem non harmes,
 But brek bothe her legges · and siththen here armes.
 Thus Gamelyn and Adam · wroughte right fast,
 And pleyden with the monkes · and made hem
 agast.

Thider they come rydyng · iolily with swaynes,
And hom agen they were i-lad · in cartes and in
waynes.

Tho they hadden al y-don · than seyde a gray
frere,

‘Allas ! sire abbot · what dide we now heere ?

Tho that comen hider · it was a cold reed,
Vs hadde ben better at home · with water and
with breede.’

Whil Gamelyn made ordres · of monkes and
frere,

Euer stood his brother · and made foul chere ;
Gamelyn vp with his staf · that he wel knew,
And gerte him in the nekke · that he ouerthrew ;
A litel aboue the girdel · the rigge-bon to-barst ;
And sette him in the feteres · ther he sat arst.

‘Sitte ther, brother’ · sayde Gamelyn,

‘For to colen thy blood · as I dide myn.’

As swithe as they hadde · i-wroken hem on here
foon,

They askeden watir · and wisschen anoon,
What some for here loue · and some for here awe,
Alle the seruantz serued hem · of the beste lawe.

The scherreue was thennes · but a fyue myle,

And al was y-told him · in a litel while,

How Gamelyn and Adam · had doon a sory
rees,

Bounden and i-wounded men · agein the kinges
pees ;

The bigan sone · strif for to wake,
And the scherref com aboute · Gamelyn for to
take.

Now lytheth and lesteneth · so god gif you good
fyn !

And ye schul heere good game · of yonge Gamelyn.
Four and twenty yonge men · that heelden hem ful
bolde,

Come to the schirref · and seyde that they wolde
Gamelyn and Adam · fetten, by here fay ;
The scherref gaf hem leue · soth as I you say ;
They hyeden faste · wold they nought blynne,
Til they come to the gate · ther Gamelyn was
inne.

They knocked on the gate · the porter was ny,
And loked out at an hol · as man that was sly.
The porter hadde byholde · hem a litel while,
He loued wel Gamelyn · and was adrad of gyle,
And leet the wicket stonden · y-steke ful stille,
And asked hem withoute · what was here wille.
For al the grete company · thanne spak but oon,
' Vndo the gate, porter · and let vs in goon.'
Then seyde the porter · 'so brouke I my chyn,
Ye schul sey your erand · er ye comen in.'
' Sey to Gamelyn and Adam · if here wille be,

We wil speke with hem · wordes two or thre.’
 ‘Felaw,’ seyde the porter · ‘stond there stille,
 And I wil wende to Gamelyn · to witen his wille.’
 In wente the porter · to Gamelyn anoon,
 And seyde, ‘Sir, I warne you · her ben come your
 foon ;

The scherreues meyne · ben atte gate,
 For to take you bothe · schulle ye nat skape.’
 ‘Porter,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘so moot I wel the !
 I wil allowe the thy wordes · whan I my tyme se ;
 Go agayn to the gate · and dwel with hem a while,
 And thou schalt se right sone · porter, a gyle.
 Adam,’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘looke the to goon ;
 We have foomen atte gate · and frendes neuer oon ;
 It ben the schirrefes men · that hider ben i-come,
 They ben swore to-gidere · that we schul be nome.’
 ‘Gamelyn,’ seyde Adam · ‘hye the right blyue,
 And if I faile the this day · euel mot I thryue !
 And we schul so welcome · the scherreues men,
 That some of hem schul make · here beddes in the
 fen.’

Atte posterne-gate · Gamelyn out-wente,
 And a good cart-staf · in his hand he hente ;
 Adam hente sone · another gret staf
 For to helpe Gamelyn · and goode strokes gaf.
 Adam felde tweyne · and Gamelyn felde thre,
 The other setten feet on erthe · and bygonne fle.

‘What?’ seyde Adam · ‘so euer here I masse!
 I haue a draught of good wyn! · drynk er ye passe!’
 ‘Nay, by god!’ sayde thay · ‘thy drynk is not
 good,

It wolde make a mannes brayn · to lien in his
 hood.’

Gamelyn stood stille · and loked him aboute,
 And seih the scherreue come · with a gret route.
 ‘Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘what be now thy reedes?
 Here cometh the scherreue · and wil haue oure
 heedes.’

Adam sayde to Gamelyn · ‘my reed is now this,
 Abide we no lenger · lest we fare amys:
 I rede that we to wode goon · ar that we be founde,
 Better is vs ther loos · than in town y-bounde.’

Adam took by the hond · yonge Gamelyn;
 And euerich of hem tuo · drank a draught of wyn,
 And after took her coursers · and wenten her way:
 Tho fond the scherreue · nest, but non ay.
 The scherreue lighte adoun · and went in-to the
 halle,

And fond the lord y-fetered · fast with-alle.
 The scherreue vnfetered him · sone, and that
 anoon,

And sente after a leche · to hele his rigge-boon.

Lete we now this false knight · lyen in his care,
 And talke we of Gamelyn · and loke how he fare.

Gamelyn in-to the woode · stalkede stille,
 And Adam the spenser · likede ful ylle ;
 Adam swor to Gamelyn · by seynt Richer,
 ‘ Now I see it is mery · to be a spencer,
 That leuer me were · keyes for to bere,
 Than walken in this wilde woode · my clothes to
 tere.’

‘ Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ dismaye the **right**
 nought ;

Many good mannes child · in care is i-brought.’
 And as they stode talkyng · bothen in-feere,
 Adam herd talkyng of men · and neyh him thought
 thei were.

Tho Gamelyn vnder the woode · lokede aright,
 Seuene score of yonge men · he saugh wel a-dight ;
 Alle satte atte mete · compas aboute.

‘ Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ now haue we no doute,
 After bale cometh boote · thurgh grace of god
 almight ;

Me thynketh of mete and drynk · that I haue a
 sight.’

Adam lokede tho · vnder woode-bough,
 And whan he seyh mete · he was glad ynough ;
 For he hopede to god · for to haue his deel,
 And he was sore alonged · after a good meel.
 As he seyde that word · the mayster outlawe
 Saugh Gamelyn and Adam · vnder woode-schawe.

‘Yonge men,’ seyde the maister · by the goode
roode,

I am war of gestic · god sende vs non but goode ;
Yonder ben tuo yonge men · wonder wel adight,
And paraenture ther ben mo · who lokede aright.
Ariseth vp, ye yonge men · and fetteth hem to me ;
It is good that we witen · what men they bee.’

Vp ther sterten seuene · fro the dyner,
And metten with Gamelyn · and Adam spenser.
Whan they were neyh hem · than seyde that oon,
‘Yeldeth vp, yonge men · your bowes and your
floon.’

Thanne seyde Gamelyn · that yong was of elde,
‘Moche sorwe mot he haue · that to you hem
yelde !

I curse non other · but right my-selue ;
They ye fette to yow fyue · thanne ye be twelue !’
Tho they herde by his word · that might was in his
arm,

Ther was non of hem alle · that wolde do him harm,
But sayde vnto Gamelyn · myldely and stille,
‘Com afore our maister · and sey to him thy wille.’
‘Yonge men,’ sayde Gamelyn · ‘by your lewte,
What man is your maister · that ye with be ?’

Alle they answerde · withoute lesyng,
‘Oure maister is i-crouned · of outlawes kyng.’
‘Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘gowe in Cristes name ;

He may neyther mete nor drynk · werne vs, for
schame.

If that he be hende · and come of gentil blood,
He wol geue vs mete and drynk · and doon vs som
good.'

'By seynt Iame!' seyde Adam · 'what harm that I
gete,

I wil aunte to the dore · that I hadde mete.'

Gamelyn and Adam · wente forth in-feere,
And they grette the maister · that they founde
there.

Than seide the maister · kyng of outlawes,

'What seeke ye, yonge men · vnder woode-schawes?'

Gamelyn answerde · the kyng with his croune,

'He moste needes walke in woode · that may not
walke in towne.

Sire, we walke not heer · noon harm for to do,

But if we meete with a deer · to scheete therto,

As men that ben hungry · and mow no mete
fynde,

And ben harde bystad · vnder wood-lynde.'

Of Gamelynes wordes · the maister hadde routhe,

And seyde, 'ye schal haue ynough · haue god my
trouthe!'

He bad hem sitte ther adoun · for to take reste ;

And bad hem ete and drynke · and that of the beste.

As they sete and eeten · and dronke wel and fyn,

Than seyde that oon to that other · ‘this is Game-
lyn.’

Tho was the maister outlawe · in-to counseil nome,
And told how it was Gamelyn · that thider was
i-come.

Anon as he herde · how it was bifalle,
He made him maister vnder him · ouer hem alle.
Within the thridde wyke · him com tydyng,
To the maister outlawe · that tho was her kyng,
That he schulde come hom · his pees was i-mad ;
And of that goode tydyng · he was tho ful glad.
Tho seyde he to his yonge men · soth for to telle,
‘ Me ben comen tydynges · I may no lenger dwelle.’
Tho was Gamelyn anon · withoute taryyng,
Maad maister outlawe : and crowned here kyng.

Tho was Gamelyn crowned · kyng of outlawes,
And walked a while · vnder woode-schawes.
The false knight his brother · was scherreue and
sire,
And leet his brother *indicted* endite · for hate and for ire.
Tho were his bonde-men · sory and nothing glad,
When Gamelyn her lord · wolues-heed was cryed
and maad ;
And sente out of his men · wher they might him
fynde,

For to seke Gamelyn · vnder woode-lynde,
To telle him tydynges · how the wynd was went,

And al his good reued · and alle his men schent.

Whan they had him founde · on knees they hem
sette,

And a-doun with here hood · and here lord grette ;
'Sire, wraththe you nought · for the goode roode,
For we haue brought you tydynges · but they be
nat goode.

Now is thy brother scherreue · and hath the baillye,
And he hath endited the · and wolues-heed doth
the crie.'

'Allas !' seyde Gamelyn · 'that euer I was so
slak

That I ne hadde broke his nekke · tho I his rigge
brak !

Goth, greteth hem wel · myn housbondes and wyf,
I wol ben atte nexte schire · haue god my lyf !'

Gamelyn came wel redy · to the nexte schire,
And ther was his brother · bothe lord and sire.

Gamelyn com boldelych · in-to the moot-halle,
And put a-doun his hood · among the lordes alle ;

'God saue you all, lordynges · that now here be !

But broke-bak scherreue · euel mot thou the !

Why hast thou do me · that schame and vilonye,
For to late endite me · and wolues-heed me
crye ?'

Tho thoughte the false knight · for to ben awreke,
And leet take Gamelyn · moste he no more speke ;

Might ther be no more grace · but Gamelyn atte
laste

Was cast in-to prisoun · and fetered ful faste.

Gamelyn hath a brother · that highte sir Ote,
As good a knight and hende · as mighte gon on
foote.

Anon ther gede a messenger · to that goode knight,
And told him altogidere · how Gamelyn was dight.
Anon as sire Ote herde · how Gamelyn was a-dight,
He was wonder sory · was he no-thing light,
And leet sadle a steede · and the way he nam,
And to his tweyne bretheren · anon-right he cam.

‘Sire,’ seyde sire Ote · to the scherreue tho,
‘We ben but thre bretheren · schul we neuer be
mo;

And thou hast y-primoned · the beste of us alle;
Swich another brother · yuel mot him bifalle!’

‘Sire Ote,’ seide the false knight · ‘lat be thi curs;
By god, for thy wordes · he schal fare the wurs;
To the kynges prisoun · anon he is y-nome,
And ther he schal abyde · til the Iustice come.’

‘Parde!’ seyde sir Ote · ‘better it schal be;
I bidde him to ^{lat} maynpris · that thow graunte him
me

Til the nexte sitting · of delyueraunce,
And thanne lat Gamelyn · stande to his chaunce.’
‘Brother, in swich a forward · I take him to the;

And by thi fader soule · that the bygat and me,
 But if he be redy · when the Iustice sitte,
 Thou schalt bere the Iuggement · for al thi grete
 witte.'

'I graunte wel,' seide sir Ote · 'that it so be.
 Let delyuer him anon · and tak him to me.'
 Tho was Gamelyn delyuered · to sire Ote his bro-
 ther ;

And that night dwellede · that on with that
 other.

On the morn seyde Gamelyn · to sire Ote the
 hende,

'Brother,' he seide, 'I moot · for sothe from the
 wende,

To loke how my yonge men · leden here lyf,
 Whether they lyuen in ioie · or elles in stryf.'

'Be god!' seyde sire Ote · 'that is a cold reed,
 Now I see that al the cark · schal fallen on myn
 heed ;

For when the Iustice sit · and thou be nought y-
 founde,

I schal anon be take · and in thy stede i-bounde.'

'Brother,' sayde Gamelyn · 'dismaye the nought,
 For by seint Iame in Gales · that many man hath
 sought,

If that god almighty · holde my lyf and wit,
 I wil be ther redy · whan the Iustice sit.'

Than seide sir Ote to Gamelyn · ‘god schilde the
fro schame ;

Com whan thou seest tyme · and bring vs out of
blame.’

Litheth, and lesteneth · and holdeth you stille,
And ye schul here how Gamelyn · hadde al his
wille.

Gamelyn wente agein · vnder woode-rys,
And fond there pleyng · yonge men of prys.
Tho was yong Gamelyn · glad and blithe ynough,
Whan he fond his mery men · vnder woode-bough.
Gamelyn and his men · talkeden in-feere,
And they hadde good game · here maister to heere ;
They tolden him of auentures · that they hadde
founde,

And Gamelyn hem tolde agein · how he was fast i-
bunde.

Whil Gamelyn was outlawed · hadde he no cors ;
There was no man that for him · ferde the wors,
But abbotes and priours · monk and chanoun ;
On hem left he no-thing · whan he mighte hem nom.
Whil Gamelyn and his men · made merthes ryue,
The false knight his brother · yuel mot he thryue !
For he was fast aboute · bothe day and other,
For to hyre the quest · to hangen his brother.
Gamelyn stood on a day · and, as he biheeld
The woodes and the schawes · in the wilde feeld,

He thoughte on his brother · how he him beheet
 That he wolde be redy · whan the Iustice seet ;
 He thoughte wel that he wolde · withoute delay,
 Come afore the Iustice · to kepen his day,
 And seide to his yonge men · ‘dighteth you yare,
 For whan the Iustice sit · we moote be thare,
 For I am vnder borwe · til that I come,
 And my brother for me · to prisoun schal be
 nome.’

‘By seint Iame !’ seyde his yonge men · ‘and thou
 rede therto,

Ordeyne how it schal be · and it shall be do.’

Whil Gamelyn was comyng · ther the Iustice sat,
 The false knight his brother · forgat he nat that,
 To huyre the men on his quest · to hangen his
 brother ;

Though he hadde nought that oon · he wolde haue
 that other.

Tho cam Gamelyn · fro vnder woode-rys,
 And broughte with him · his yonge men of prys.

‘I se wel,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘the Iustice is set ;
 Go aforn, Adam · and loke how it spet.’

Adam wente into the halle · and loked al aboute,
 He seyh there stonde lordes · bothe grete and stoute,
 And sir Ote his brother · fetered wel fast ;

Tho went Adam out of halle · as he were agast.

Adam said to Gamelyn · and to his felawes alle,

‘Sir Ote stant i-fetered · in the moot-halle.’

‘Yonge men,’ seide Gamelyn · ‘this ye heeren alle,
Sire Ote stant i-fetered · in the moot-halle.’

If god yif vs grace · wel for to doo,

He schal it abegge · that broughte it thertoo.’

Thanne sayde Adam · that lokkes hadde hore,

‘Cristes curs mote he haue · that him bond so sore !

And thou wilt, Gamelyn · do after my reed,

Ther is noon in the halle · schal bere away his heed.’

‘Adam,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘we wiln nought don so,

We wil slee the giltyf · and lat the other go.

I wil into the halle : and with the Iustice speke ;

On hem that ben gultyf · I wil ben awreke.

Lat non skape at the dore · take; yonge men, yeme ;

For I wil be Iustice this day · domes for to deme.

God spede me this day · at my newe werk !

Adam, com on with me · for thou schalt be my
clerk.’

His men answereden him · and bade him doon his
best,

‘And if thou to vs haue neede · thou schalt fynde
vs prest ;

We wiln stande with the · whil that we may dure,

And but we werke manly · pay vs non hure.’

‘Yonge men,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘so mot I wel the !

As trusty a maister · ye schal fynde of me.’

Right there as the Iustice · sat in the halle,

In wente Gamelyn · amonges hem alle.

Gamelyn leet vnfetere · his brother out of bende.
 Thanne seyde sire Ote · his brother that was hende,
 ‘Thou haddest almost, Gamelyn · dwelled to longe,
 For the quest is oute on me · that I schulde honge.’
 ‘Brother,’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘so god gif me good
 rest !

This day they schuln ben hanged · that ben on thy
 quest ;

And the Iustice bothe · that is the Iugge-man,
 And the scherreue bothe · thurgh him it bigan.’
 Thanne seyde Gamelyn · to the Iustise,
 ‘Now is thy power y-don · thou most nedes arise ;
 Thow hast yeuen domes · that ben yuel dight,
 I wil sitten in thy sete · and dresen hem aright.’
 The Iustice sat stille · and roos nought anoon ;
 And Gamelyn in haste · cleuede his cheeke-boon ;
 Gamelyn took him in his arm · and no more spak,
 But threw him ouer the barre · and his arm to-brak.
 Durste non to Gamelyn · seye but good,
 For ferd of the company · that withoute stood.
 Gamelyn sette him doun · in the Iustices seet,
 And sire Ote his brother by him · and Adam at
 his feet.

Whan Gamelyn was i-set · in the Iustices stede,
 Herkneth of a bourde · that Gamelyn dede.
 He leet fetre the Iustice · and his false brother,

And dede hem come to the barre · that oon with
that other.

Tho Gamelyn hadde thus y-doon · hadde he no rest,
Til he had enquired · who was on the quest
For to deme his brother · sir Ote, for to honge ;
Er he wiste which they were · him thoughte ful
longe.

But as sone as Gamelyn · wiste wher they were,
He dede hem euerichone · feterin in-feere,
And bringen hem to the barre · and sette hem in
rewe ;

‘ By my faith ! ’ seyde the Iustice · ‘ the scherreue
is a schrewe ! ’

Than seyde Gamelyn · to the Iustise,
‘ Thou hast y-geue domes · of the wors assise ;
And the twelve sisours · that weren of the quest,
They schul ben hanged this day · so haue I good
rest ! ’

Thanne seide the scherreue · to yonge Gamelyn,
‘ Lord, I crie the mercy · brother art thou myn.’
‘ Therefore, ’ seyde Gamelyn · ‘ haue thou Cristes
curs,

For and thou were maister · yit I schulde haue
wors.’

For to make short tale · and nought to tarie longe,
He ordeyned him a quest · of his men so stronge ;
The Iustice and the scherreue · bothe honged hye,

To weyuen with the ropes · and with the wynde
drye ;

And the twelue sisours · (sorwe haue that rékke !)

Alle they were hanged · faste by the nekke.

Thus ended the false knight · with his treccherie,

That euer had i-lad his lyf · in falsnes and folye.

He was hanged by the nekke · and nought by the
purs,

That was the meede that he hadde · for his fadres
curs.

Sire Ote was eldest · and Gamelyn was ying,

They wenten with here frendes · euen to the kyng ;

They made pees with the kyng · of the best assise.

The kyng loued well sir Ote · and made him Iustise.

And after, the kyng made Gamelyn · bothe in est
and west,

Chef Iustice · of al his fre forest ;

Alle his wighte yonge men · the kyng forgaf here
gilt,

And sitthen in good office · the kyng hem hath i-
pilt,

Thus wan Gamelyn · his lond and his leede,

And wrak him of his enemys · and quitte hem here
meede ;

And sire Ote his brother · made him his heir,

And siththen wedded Gamelyn · a wyf bothe good
and feyr ;

They lyueden to-gidere · whil that Crist wolde,
And sithen was Gamelyn · grauen vnder molde.
And so schal we alle · may ther no man fle :
God bringe vs to the Ioye · that euer schal be !

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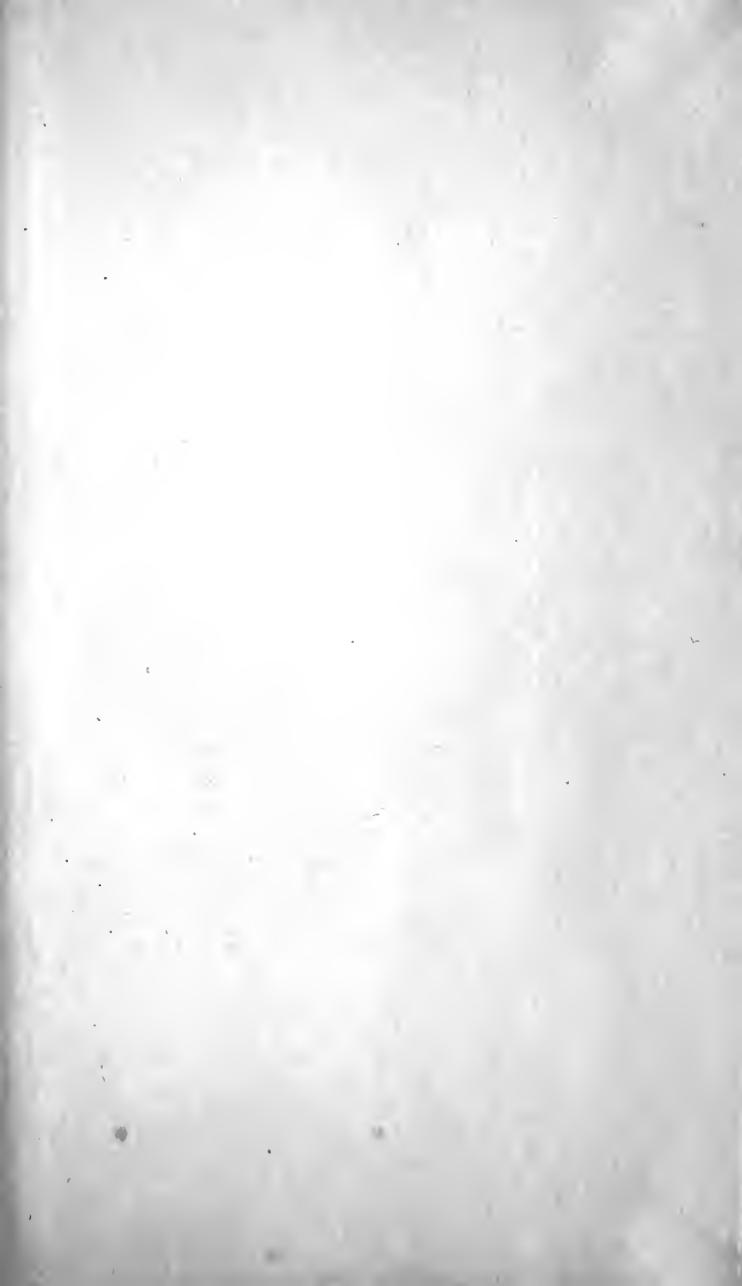
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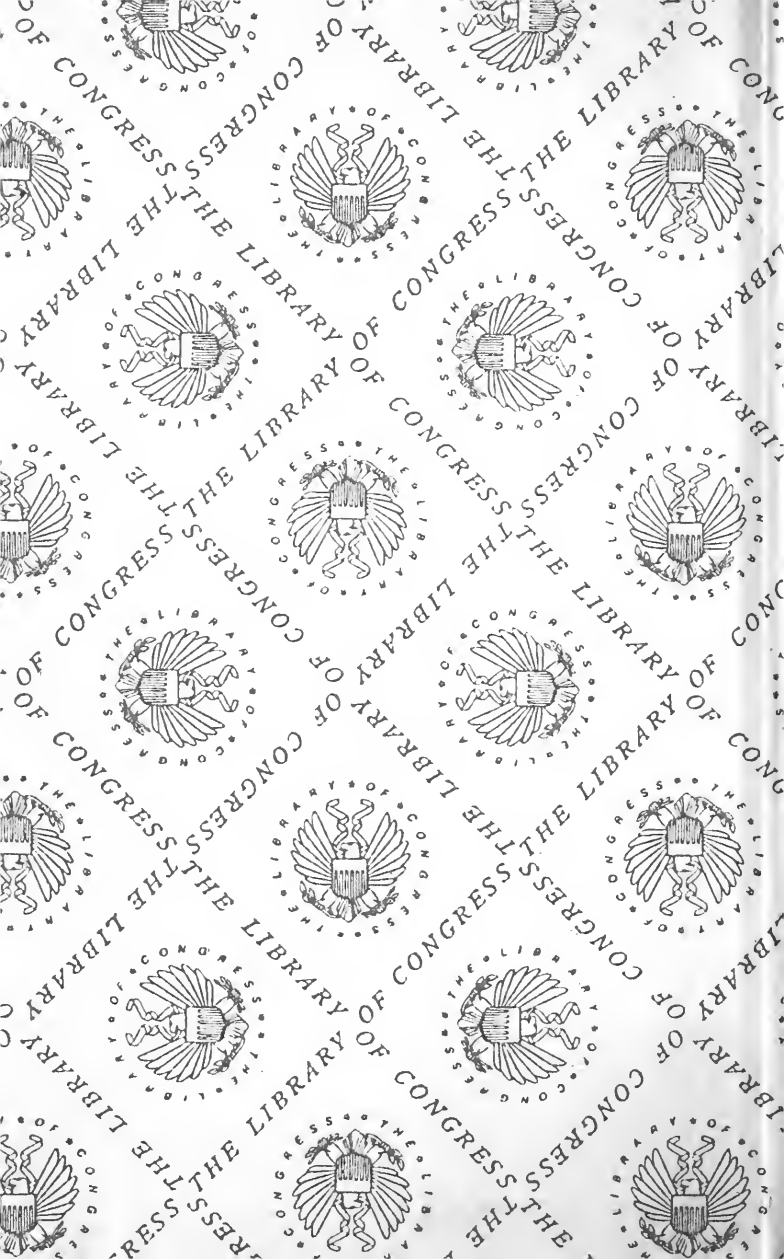
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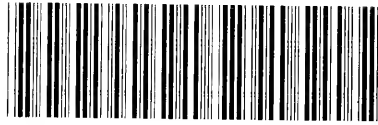


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