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JACK R. CRAWFORD

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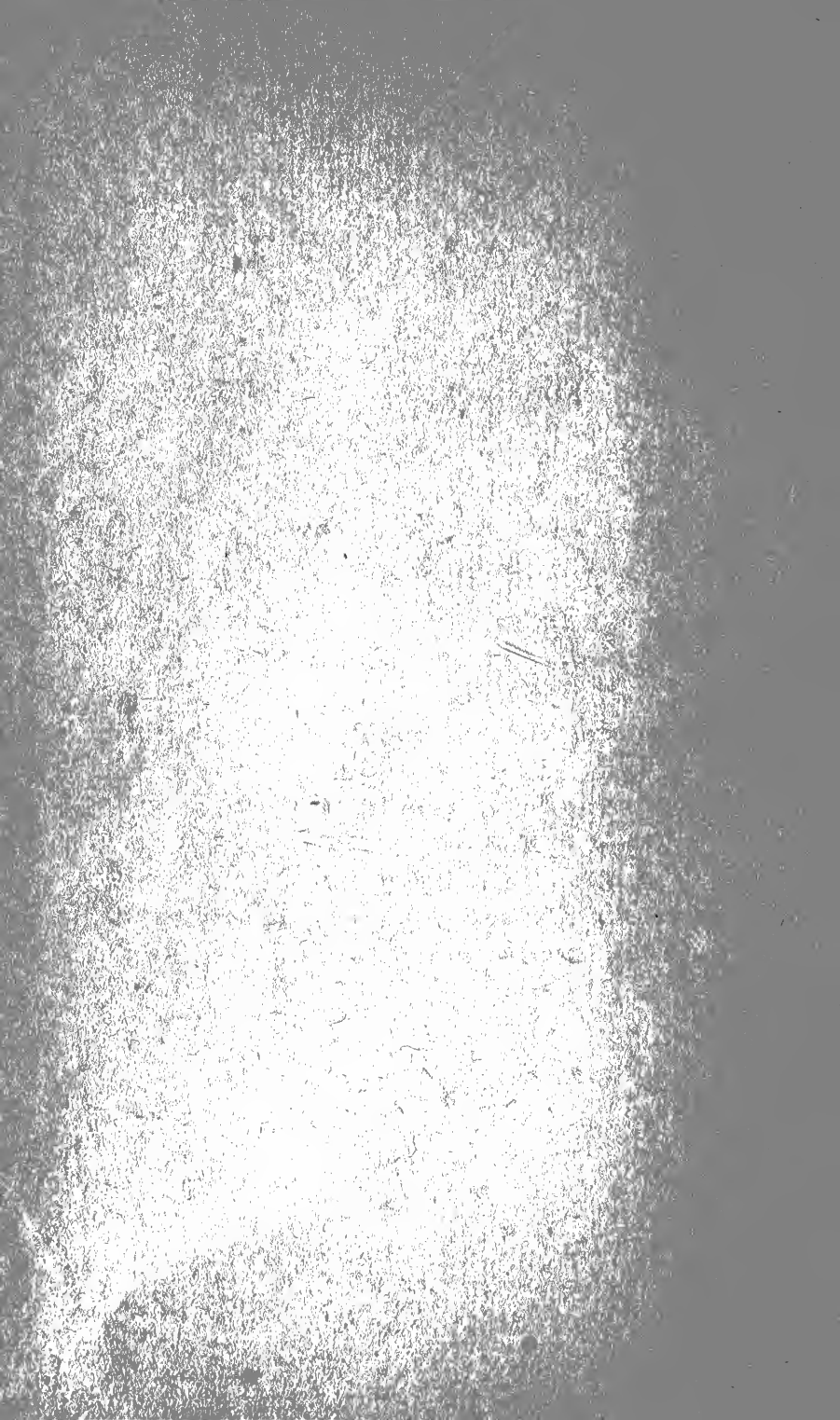
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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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OF THE

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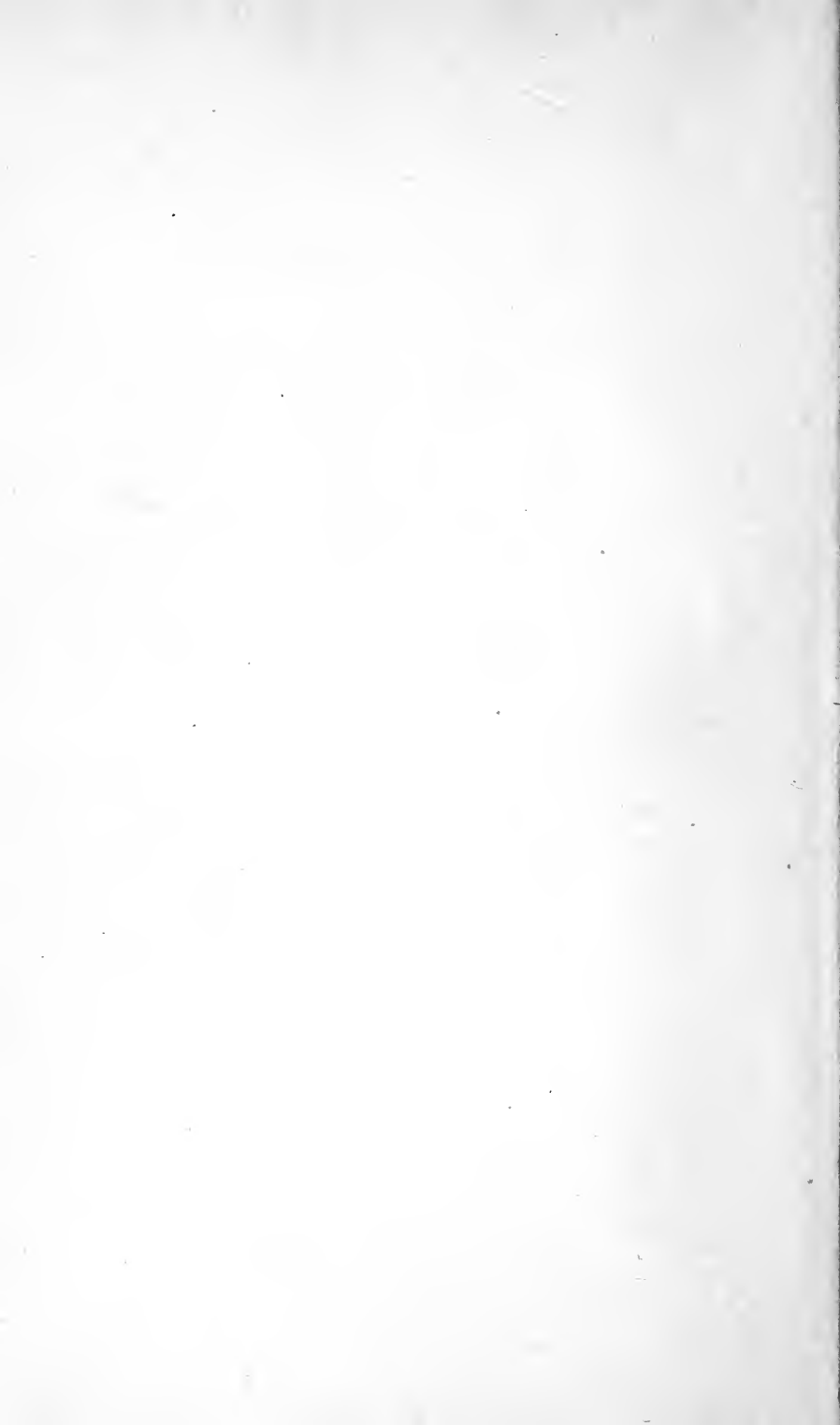
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∴ *The Yale Shakespeare* ∴

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY

JACK R. CRAWFORD



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The facsimile opposite shows the cast which performed Johnson's adaptation of 'As You Like It' in 1723, and suggests the nature of the alterations made by Johnson. (See Appendix B for further details.) The title-page mentions neither Shakespeare's name nor that which he gave the comedy. It runs as follows: 'LOVE in a FOREST. A COMEDY. As it is ACTED at the THEATRE ROYAL in Drury-Lane, By His Majesty's Servants . . . By Mr. Johnson . . . 1723.'

The Prologue, spoken by Wilks, closes with the following lines:

*'Now,—As you like it, judge the following Play,
And when you view this Work retriev'd to Day;
Forgive our modern Author's Honest Zeal,
He hath attempted boldly, if not well:
Believe, he only does with Pain, and Care,
Presume to weed the beautiful Parterre.
His whole Ambition does, at most, aspire
To tune the sacred Bard's immortal Lyre;
The Sceme from Time and Error to restore,
And give the Stage, from SHAKESPEAR one Play more.'*

Dramatis Persona.

M E N.

<i>Frederick</i> , the usurping Duke, ———	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Alberto</i> , the banish'd Duke, ———	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Jaques</i> , } two Friends to <i>Alberto</i> , }	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Amiens</i> , }	Mr. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Oliver</i> , } three Brothers, ——— }	Mr. <i>Thurmond</i> .
<i>Orlando</i> , }	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Roberto</i> , }	Mr. <i>Roberts</i> .
<i>Adam</i> , an old Servant to <i>Orlando</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Le Beau</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mr. <i>Theo. Cibber</i> .
<i>Charles</i> , } Master of the Duke's } Academy, }	Mr. <i>W. Mills</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Rosalind</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mrs. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Celia</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mrs. <i>Thurmond</i> .
<i>Hymen</i> , ——— ——— ———	Miss <i>Linder</i> .

In the Mock-Play.

<i>Pyramus</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Thisby</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mrs. <i>Miller</i> .
<i>Wall</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Lion</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mr. <i>Wilson</i> .
<i>Moonshine</i> , ——— ——— ———	Mr. <i>Ray</i> .

Lords, Foresters, Gentlemen, Guards, Singers and
Dancers.

SCENE, Liege, and the Forest of Arden.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE SENIOR, *living in exile*

FREDERICK, *brother to Duke Senior, and usurper of his dukedom*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon Duke Senior in his*
 JAQUES, } *banishment*

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending on Frederick*

OLIVER, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant of Duke Senior*

JAQUES, } *younger brothers to Oliver*

ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando*

DENNIS, *servant to Oliver*

CHARLES, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind*

CORIN, } *Shepherds*
 SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a clown in love with Audrey*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a country curate*

A boy *impersonating Hymen*

ROSALIND, *daughter to Duke Senior*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess*

AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants

The scene lies first near Oliver's house, and afterwards partly in the Duke Frederick's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.]

As You Like It

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[*An Orchard near Oliver's House*]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother 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 8 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 16 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

2 *Cf. n.* poor a: *i.e.*, a beggarly

5 Jaques; *cf. n.*

6 at school: at college

7 rustically: *i.e.*, without opportunity to see the world

8 stays: *detains*

13 manage: action and paces to which a horse is trained. *Cf.*

French manège

19 countenance: favor, patronage

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. 27

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here? 31

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. 37

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? 42

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 45

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

20 hinds: *servants*

27 S. d.; *cf. n.*

35 Marry: *an oath derived from the name of Saint Mary*

38 be naught: *efface yourself, withdraw*

48 gentle condition of blood: *kind disposition caused by relationship*

22 mines: *undermines*

31 make you: *are you doing*

41 prodigal portion; *cf. n.*

know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but 50 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! 56

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 59

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself. 66

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

Oli. Let me go, I say. 70

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

49 courtesy of nations: *usage of civilized nations*

55 reverence; *cf. n.*

58 young: *inexperienced, i.e., in manly prowess*

60 villain: *serf, servant. (In 59 the word has its modern meaning)*

78 allottery: *share, portion*

my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 80

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me. 84

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? 95

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.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 102

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. 111

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. 120

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? 129

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 136 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

112 duke's daughter; *cf. n.*

126 fleet: *pass*

138 foil: *throw in wrestling*

122 forest of Arden; *cf. n.*

127 golden world; *cf. n.*

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. 144

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young 150 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 158 thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 167

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:

141 withal: *therewith*

142 intendment: *purpose* brook . . . well: *endure*

148 underhand: *indirect*

153 natural brother: *blood brother*

156 look to 't: *take care*

158 grace himself: *do honor to* practise: *scheme*

165 anatomize: *analyze, expose*

if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship! 171

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 177 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 Two

[*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy

170 go alone: *walk without aid, i.e., of crutches*

173 gamester: *frolicsome person*

175 gentle: *well born*

176 noble device: *a noble cast of mind*

177 enchantingly beloved: *i.e., loved as if he put men under a spell of fascination*

180 misprised: *despised*

181 clear all: *settle everything*

182 kindle . . . thither: *incite to take up the wrestling match*

1 coz: *cousin*

4 I; *cf. n.*

6 learn: *teach*

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. 15

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 20 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. 25

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love? 28

Cel. Marry, I prithee, 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 mayst in honour come off again. 33

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. 37

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.

21 perforce: *by violence*

22 render: *return*

24 monster: *i.e., something to point one's finger at in scorn*

27 sports: *amusements, diversions*

32 pure blush: *i.e., one without shame in it* come off: *escape*

36 Fortune . . . wheel; *cf. n.*

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. 43

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? 51

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? 61

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. 66

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore

42 honest: *chaste*

45 office: *function*

48-50 Fortune: in 48 it means 'accident,' 'mischance'; cf. n.

53 natural: *idiot, half-wit*

57 reason of: *debate*

43 ill-favouredly: *ill-looking*

by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 73

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. 79

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. 86

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

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. 92

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

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest 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. 98

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

70 naught: *worthless*

90 *Cel.*; *cf. n.*

96 fools . . . silenced; *cf. n.*

71 stand to it: *maintain*

92 taxation: *slander, backbiting*

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

Ros. Then we shall be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be more marketable. 104

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

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

Cel. Sport! Of what colour? 108

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree. 112

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. 118

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. 123

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

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,— 127

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

100 put on: *force on*

103 marketable: *i.e.*, 'because we shall be like pigeons fattened for market' 108 Sport; *cf. n.* 112 Destinies; *cf. n.*

113 laid . . . trowel: *i.e.*, 'spread thickly'

114 rank; *cf. n.*

129 old tale: *i.e.*, because *Le Beau's* words resemble the opening line of many old fairy tales 116 amaze: *bewilder*

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.' 133

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 137 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. 141

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 144

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. 148

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? 153

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 156

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

Flourish. Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

130 proper: *good-looking*

132 bills: *labels*

135 which: *the which*

140 dole: *grief, lamentation*

151 broken music; *cf. n.*

131 presence: *demeanor, carriage*

'Be . . . presents': *a legal phrase; cf. n.*

137 that: *so that*

150 any: *anyone*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 161

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully. 165

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. 169

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. 176

[*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 181

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. 184

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,

160 entreated: *i.e.*, not to wrestle his . . . forwardness: *i.e.*, 'let him blame his peril on his own rashness'

164 looks successfully: *seems likely to succeed*

166 cousin: *often used for any collateral relative, as niece*

171 odds . . . man: *i.e.*, balance of advantage in favor of Charles

179 them; *cf. n.*

187 saw . . . judgment; *cf. n.*

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. 192

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. 196

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; 202 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. 208

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! 213

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? 216

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

Duke F. You shall try but one fall. 219

195 suit: *petition, entreaty*

202 gracious: *in good favor*

206 only: *modifies 'place'*

212 deceived: *i.e., mistaken in my estimate of your ability*

218 working: *intention*

198 wherein . . . guilty; *cf. n.*

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. 225

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. 228

[*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. 232

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. 236

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? [*Charles is borne out.*]

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. 240

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

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 244

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit Duke [*with Lords and Attendants*].

226 Hercules . . . speed; cf. n.

234 well breathed: fully exercised

243 still: constantly

245 house: family

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this? 248

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 lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, 252
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, 256
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love 260
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. 264

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. 268

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my for-
tunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

250 calling: *name* 255 unto: *in addition to*

258 envious: *spiteful*

259 Sticks . . . heart: *stabs me to the heart*

261 But justly: *as exactly* promise: *i.e., in wrestling*

263 suits . . . fortune; *cf. n.*

264 could: *i.e., could find it in her heart*

266 better parts: *i.e., his spirit and sense*

268 quintain; *cf. n.*

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz? 272

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 urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 276

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

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

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause and love, 280

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconsters all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of. 284

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: 288

But yet, indeed the taller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves 292

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 296

273 Have with you: *I'll go along with you*

275 urg'd conference: *invited talk*

281 condition: *disposition*

283 humorous: *capricious*

282 misconsters: *misconstrues*

289 taller; *cf. n.*

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: 300
 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; 304
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
 But heavenly Rosalind! *Exit.*

Scene Three

[*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. 3

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. 9

Cel. But is all this for your father?

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

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon
 thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
 trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
 them. 16

301 better world: *i.e.*, in a better age, or state of affairs

303 bounden: *obliged*

304 smoke . . . smother; *cf. n.*

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

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him. 21

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself! 24

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. 32

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. 36

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

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

Enter Duke [Frederick,] with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 42

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, 44

19 Hem: clear away with a cough

26 in despite of: notwithstanding
missing

36 dearly: deeply

44 safest haste: i.e., with haste conducive to your best safety

20 'hem' . . . him; cf. n.

turning . . . out of service: dis-
34 chase: pursuit of an argument

38 Why . . . not; cf. n.

deserve well; cf. n.

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, 48
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,— 52
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: 56
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. 60

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

Ros. So was I when your highness took his duke-
dom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord; 64
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. 68

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

50 intelligence: *communication*

56 purgation: *clearing from the accusation of guilt*

57 grace: *God himself* 60 likelihood: *ground of probable inference*

70 stay'd: *i.e., allowed her to stay*

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay: 72

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, 76

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

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

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-
ness, 80

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 84

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my
liege: 88

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-
self:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die. 92

Exit Duke [with 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 griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

71 rang'd: *roamed*

74 that: *at that*

77 at an instant: *at the same time* eat: *eaten*

78 Juno's swans; *cf. n.*

84 virtuous: *gifted with good qualities*

73 remorse: *compassion*

86 doom: *sentence*

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 96
 Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: 100
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us: 104
 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. 108

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! 112
 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 116
 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, 120
 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 124
 That do outface it with their semblances.

105 change: *i.e.*, of fortunes

115 umber: brown pigment

119 suit: *clothe, dress* all points: *in all respects*

120 curtle-axe: *broad cutting sword*

123 swashing: *blustering*

125 outface it: *brazen it out*

semblances: *appearance*

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. 128

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal 132
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, 136

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 140
To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene One

[*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? 4
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference—, as, the icy fang

128 Ganymede; *cf. n.*
S. d. Duke Senior; *cf. n.*
5 penalty of Adam; *cf. n.*

131 Aliena; *cf. n.*
3 painted: *artificial, unnatural*
6 as: *for example*

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body, 8
 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, 12
 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, 16
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

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. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads 24
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 28
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak whose antic root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; 32
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

7 churlish: *rough, violent* chiding: *angry noise*

13 toad; *cf. n.* 15 haunt: *resort* 18 I . . . it; *cf. n.*

20 style: *manner of life*

22 fools: *here a term of pity* 23 desert; *cf. n.*

24 confines: *regions* forked heads: *i.e., the heads of barbed arrows*

27 in that kind: *in that way* 30 along: *at full length*

31 antic: *fantastic, grotesque, or antique*

32 brawls: *i.e., the noise made by a brook flowing over stones*

33 sequester'd: *separated, i.e., from the herd*

That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans 36
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
 Much marked 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 moralize this spectacle? 44

First 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 48
 To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 "'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company': anon, a careless herd, 52
 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 56
 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 60
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

38 tears; *cf. n.*39 Cours'd: *pursued*44 moralize: *interpret, give a moral sense to*46 needless: *not in need, i.e., of more water*48 worldlings: *men of this world (?)*50 velvet: *i.e., because of their soft coats (?)*; *cf. n.*52 flux of company; *cf. n.* anon: *presently*55 greasy: *i.e., with excess prosperity*56 fashion: *prevalent way, what is to be expected*58 invectively: *with denunciation*

To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation? 64

Sec. 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. 68

Sec. Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
Exeunt.

Scene Two

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Duke [Frederick], with Lords.

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.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see
her. 4

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft 8

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend 12

62 kill . . . up: *kill off*

68 matter: *sense, substance*

3 of consent and sufferance: *i.e., have complied and permitted with-
out opposition*

8 roynish: *scurvy*

67 cope: *encounter*

69 straight: *straightway*

7 untreasur'd: *devoid of the treasure*

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. 16

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 20
To bring again these foolish runaways. *Exeunt.*

Scene Three

[*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? 4
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 bonny priser of the humorous duke? 8
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, 12
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely

13 parts: *personal qualities*

20 quail: *falter*

7 so fond: *so foolish as*

8 bonny priser: *stout champion; cf. 'prize-fighter'*

12 No . . . yours; *cf. n.*

19 suddenly: *immediately*

3 memory: *memorial*

10 kind: *sorts*

13 sanctified: *sanctimonious*

Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth! 16

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 20

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, 24

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. 28

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 32

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 36

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

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

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.

15 Envenoms: *proves poisonous to; cf. n.*

23 use: *are wont*

26 practices: *stratagems*

27 place: *residence* butchery: *shambles; cf. n.*

37 diverted blood; *cf. n.* 39 thrifty . . . sav'd: *hire I thriftily saved*

42 in corners thrown: (*lie*) *cast aside*

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, 44
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 48
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, 52
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 56
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, 60
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, 64
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. 68

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 lived I, but now live here no more. 72
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:

43 ravens; *cf. n.*

51 means: *causes*

58 meed: *reward*

67 youthful: *i.e., earned in youth*

50 Nor . . . not; *cf. n.*

53 kindly: *seasonable, healthful*

65 In lieu of: *in return for*

74 a week; *cf. n.*

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. 76

Exeunt.

Scene Four

[*The Forest of Arden*]

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and
Clown, alias 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 it 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 petti-
coat: therefore, courage, good Aliena. 8

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

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if
I did bear you, for I think you have no money
in your purse. 14

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.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you,
who comes here; a young man and an old in
solemn talk. 21

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

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

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now. 24

Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,— 28

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. 32

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd: 36

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own. 44

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 batler, and
the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands
had milked; and I remember the wooing of a 50
peascod instead of her, from whom I took two

31 fantasy: *imagination*

43 thy wound; *cf. n.*

48 batler: *bat for beating clothes, in the process of washing*

49 chopped: *chapped*

38 Wearing: *wearing out*

44 adventure: *hazard, chance*

51 peascod; *cf. n.*

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. 56

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. 60

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

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me. 64

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? 68

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 prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold 72
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, 76
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,

52 cods: *pod*s

55 nature in love: *i.e.*, *human lovers* mortal in folly: *deadly foolish*

57 ware: *aware*

59 be ware: *beware*

67 clown: *peasant*

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: 80
My master is of churlish disposition
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed 84
Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote 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. 88

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

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, 92
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. 96

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, 100
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *Exeunt.*

82 reckes: *cares*

84 cote: *cottage* bounds of feed: *range of pasture*

88 in my voice: *as far as my opinion is concerned*

89 What: *who* shall: *is expected to*

92 honesty: *honor*

96 waste: *spend*

100 feeder: *servant*

95 mend: *increase*

98 upon report: *i.e., what is said about*

Scene Five

[*Another Part of the Forest*]*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and Others.**Song.*

Ami. 'Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat, 4
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.' 8

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur
 Jaques. 11

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I
 can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel
 sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot
 please you. 16

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do
 desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza:
 call you them stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

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

Ami. More at your request than to please
 myself. 24

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
 you: but that they call compliment is like the en-

3 turn: *compose*; *cf. n.*21 names: *i.e., their technical names*18 stanza: *stanza*

counter 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. 33

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.

Ami. 'Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats, 40
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy 44
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. 48

Jaq. Thus it goes:

'If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease, 52
A stubborn will to please,

27 dog-apes; *cf. n.*

31 cover: *spread the cloth for a meal*

35 disputable: *inclined to dispute*

46 note: *tune*

47 in . . . invention: *in defiance of my imagination*

29 beggarly: *i.e., like a beggar*

33 look: *look for*

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

56

An if he will come to me.'

Ami. What's that '*ducdame*'?

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

61

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

Exeunt.

Scene Six

[*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.

3

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 lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou

54 Ducdame; *cf. n.*

61 first-born of Egypt; *cf. n.*

8 conceit: *imagination*

11 presently: *immediately*

59 fools . . . circle: *i.e., as if by conjuring*

5 comfort: *take comfort*

9 comfortable: *cheerful*

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 Seven

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

[*A table set out.*] *Enter Duke Senior, [Amiens,] and
Lords, like Outlaws.*

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

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

Here was he merry, hearing of a song. 4

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.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own ap-
proach. 8

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, 12
A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, 16

4 hearing of: *listening to*

5 compact of jars: *made up of discords*

6 spheres; *cf. n.*

13 motley: *i.e., in the parti-colored dress of a professional jester*

16 rail'd . . . Fortune; *cf. n.*

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, 20
 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, 24
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear 28
 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 32
 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, 36

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 cramm'd 40
 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; 44

Provided that you weed your better judgments

20 dial: *pocket sun-dial* (?) poke: *pocket*
 23 wags: *goes forward* 28 thereby . . . tale; *cf. n.*
 29 moral: *moralize* 30 chanticleer; *cf. n.* 32 sans: *without*
 34 wear: *proper uniform* (*i.e., we ought all to dress as fools*)
 39 dry: *dull, stupid* 41 vents: *utters* 44 my only suit; *cf. n.*

Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind, 48
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The 'why' is plain as way to parish church: 52
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd 56
 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 th' infected world, 60
 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: 64

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught, 68
 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, 72
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?

48 large . . . charter: <i>broad license</i>	50 galled: <i>made sore</i>
55 senseless: <i>insensible</i> bob: <i>taunt</i>	57 squandering: <i>random</i>
63 counter: <i>a coin of no intrinsic value</i>	
66 sting: <i>carnal impulse</i>	
67 embossed: <i>swollen</i> headed evils: <i>diseases come to a head</i>	
68 licence of free foot: <i>licentious freedom</i>	69 general: <i>whole</i>
71 tax: <i>censure</i>	73 weary very: <i>cf. n.</i>

What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? 76
 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,— 80
 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 wrong'd him: if it do him right, 84
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando [with his sword drawn].

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet. 88

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners, 92
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred 96
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

79 function: *office, or employment*

81 suits: *fits*

85 free: *i.e., from guilt or blame*

94 vein: *disposition*

97 nurture: *gentle upbringing*

79-82 *Cf. n.*

82 mettle: *substance*

91 bolden'd: *emboldened*

96 inland; *cf. n.*

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, 100
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it. 104

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 108

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; 112

If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear, 116

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, 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness 124

And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

100 An: *if*
118 enforcement: *compulsion*
126 wanting: *necessity*

114 knoll'd: *rung, tolled*
125 upon command: *at pleasure*

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn 128
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, 132
 I will not touch a bit.

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

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good com-
 fort! [Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone un-
 happy: 136

This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players: 140
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. 144
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad 148
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation 152
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

132 Oppress'd: *oppressed as he is*

143 seven ages; *cf. n.*

150 pard: *leopard*

151 Jealous: *suspicious, or, apprehensive*

154 capon; *cf. n.*

139 All . . . stage; *cf. n.*

144 Mewling: *crying feebly*

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances; 156
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide 160
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, 164
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable bur-
den,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him. 168

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. 172
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Ami. 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude; 176
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

156 saws: *maxims* modern instances: *commonplace illustrations*

158 pantaloon: *an enfeebled old man; cf. n.*

163 his: *its*

165 mere: *total*

167 venerable burden; *cf. n.*

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh-ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, 184

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp 188

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh-ho! the holly! 192

This life is most jolly.'

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

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness 196

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke

That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man, 200

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.*

187 warp: *i.e.*, by freezing or ruffling them

195 faithfully: *assuringly*

197 limn'd: *painted, portrayed*

196 effigies: *likeness*

ACT THIRD

Scene One

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not seen 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: 4
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. 8
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. 12

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

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of
doors;
And let my officers of such a nature 16
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going. *Exeunt.*

2 made mercy: *made of mercy*

6 candle; *cf. n.*

11 quit: *acquit*

18 expediently: *expeditiously*

3 argument: *subject*

7 turn: *return*

17 extent; *cf. n.*

Scene Two

[*The Forest of Arden*]*Enter Orlando [with a paper].*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway. 4
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere. 8
 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? 12

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
 it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shep-
 herd'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 17
 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? 23

Cor. No more but that I know the more one
 sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that

2 thrice-crowned; *cf. n.*4 huntress' name; *cf. n.* full: *whole*6 character: *inscribe*15 naught: *good for nothing*3 sphere: *orbit*doth sway: *hath under con-*10 unexpressive: *inexpressible*20 spare: *frugal*humour: *whim*

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. 33

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

Cor. No, truly. 36

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 40

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 46

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. 53

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy. 56

27 property: *particular quality, peculiarity*
31 complain of: *bewail the lack of*
44 manners: *here in sense of 'morals'*
46 parlous: *contraction of 'perilous'*
50 mockable: *deserving ridicule*

56 fells: *fleeces*

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. 60

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. 67

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, 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. 72

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. 77

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. 82

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 be-

67 civet: *perfume derived from the civet cat*

68 worms-meat; *cf. n.*

69 in respect of: *in comparison with*

70 perpend: *consider*

71 flux: *discharge*

76 incision: *i.e., to cure thee of thy simpleness; cf. n.*

77 raw: *untrained*

79 owe . . . hate: *have hate toward no man*

85 offer: *presume*

86 bell-wether: *leading sheep of a flock on whose neck a bell is hung*

tray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked- 87
pated, old, cuckoldy 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 shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede,
my new mistress's brother. 93

Enter Rosalind [reading a paper].

Ros. 'From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 96
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind, 100
But the fair of Rosalind.'

Touch. I'll rime you so, eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping hours ex-
pected: it is the right butter-women's rank to
market. 105

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

'If a hart do lack a hind, 108
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd, 112
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,

87 crooked-pated: *crooked-headed; i.e., in reference to the ram's horns*

88 cuckoldy; *cf. n.* out . . . match: *quite unsuitable for her*

98 lin'd: *drawn*

104 butter-women's rank; *cf. n.*

107 taste: *i.e., sample of skill*

110 after kind: *follow the dictates of nature*

Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, 116
 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? 121

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

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. 124

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. 129

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

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace! 132

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. 'Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree, 136

That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span 140

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

115 cart: a pun on farmer's cart which bore the harvest to market
 and the sheriff's cart on which female offenders were publicly
 disgraced 121 infect: contaminate (?) 125 graff: graft
 126 medlar: a fruit, with quibble on 'meddler' 137 civil sayings; cf. n.
 139 erring: wandering 140 span; cf. n. 141 Buckles in: limits

But upon the fairest boughs, 144
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite 148
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd: 152
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part, 156
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts, 160
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.'

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious 164
 homily of love have you wearied your parishion-
 ers withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good
 people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go
 off a little: go with him, sirrah. 169

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an ho-
 nourable retreat; though not with bag and bag-
 gage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 172

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

148 quintessence; *cf. n.* 149 in little: *in miniature* (?); *cf. n.*
 156 Atalanta's better part: *i.e., her athletic grace*; *cf. n.*
 159 heavenly synod: *assembly of the gods* 161 touches: *features*
 164 Jupiter; *cf. n.* 166 withal: *with*
 172 scrip: *a shepherd's pouch* scrippage: *its contents*

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 176

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. 181

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? 184

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-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 189

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? 193

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter. 197

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 201

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping! 204

185 seven . . . nine; *cf. n.*

188 Pythagoras' . . . rat; *cf. n.*

190 Trow: *know*

195 hard . . . meet; *cf. n.*

204 out . . . whooping: *beyond all shouting of astonishment*

187 palm-tree; *cf. n.*

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

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly. 216

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. 220

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. 224

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. 228

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 sawest him? What said he? How looked he? 233

205 Good my complexion; *cf. n.*

207 doublet and hose: *i.e., typical male attire; cf. n.* One . . . discovery; *cf. n.*

217 God's making; *cf. n.*

222 stay: *wait for*

228 sad . . . maid: *i.e., in earnest and as you are a true maiden*

229 I' faith: *on my faith*

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. 238

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. 242

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? 245

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. 252

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight. 256

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

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I. prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter. 261

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

235 Wherein went he: *i.e.*, how was he dressed makes: does
 239 Gargantua's mouth; *cf. n.*
 241 ay . . . catechism; *cf. n.*
 244 freshly: *bloomingly* 246 atomies: *atoms, notes*
 247 resolve: *answer logically* propositions: *questions*
 248 relish: *appreciate* good observance: *respectful attention*
 251 Jove's tree; *cf. n.* 253 audience: *hearing, attention*
 258 becomes: *adorns* 259 'holla': *stop*
 260 curvets unseasonably: *prances ill-timedly* furnish'd: *dressed*
 262 heart: *with quibble on 'hart'*

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen:
thou bringest me out of tune. 264

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

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not
here? 268

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

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. 273

Jaq. God be wi' 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 moe of my verses
with reading them ill-favouredly. 280

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. 285

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, 289
and conn'd them out of rings?

263 burthen: *refrain, bass, or undersong*

264 bringest: *puttest*

271 myself alone: *all by myself*

280 ill-favouredly: *badly*

289 goldsmiths' wives . . . rings; *cf. n.*

290 conn'd: *learned by heart*

269 by: *aside*

279 moe: *more*

282 just: *exactly that*

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 293

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. 297

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

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

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

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. 305

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

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure. 308

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

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love. 312

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 317

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. 321

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every

291 painted cloth; *cf. n.*
316 habit: *garb*

298 breather: *living creature*

hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 325

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. 332

Orl. I prithee, 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 solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. 338

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? 348

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? 352

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? 356

334 hard: *uneasily*
344 wasteful: *consuming*

337 se'nnight: *seven-night, week*
354 term: *period of court sessions*

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? 360

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. 364

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 368 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. 373

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 his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them. 380

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

361 cony: *rabbit*

364 purchase: *acquire* removed: *remote, secluded*

366 religious: *i.e., belonging to a religious order (?)*

368 courtship: *courtliness of manners, with quibble on 'wooing'*

370 lectures: *admonitions*

387 fancy-monger: *dealer in love*

some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 389

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? 396

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 403 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. 409

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,

389 quotidian: *an intermittent daily fever; cf. n.*

394 cage of rushes: *i.e., ineffectual prison*

398 blue eye: *i.e., with a dark circle about the eye*

399 unquestionable: *unwilling to talk*

401 having: *possessions*

403 ungartered . . . untied: *i.e., the signs of a disconsolate lover*

404 unbanded: *without a hatband*

407 point-device: *extremely precise*

are you he that hangs the verses on the trees,
wherein Rosalind is so admired? 418

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

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

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express
how much. 425

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? 432

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 effemi-
nate, changeable, longing and liking; proud,
fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of 438
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 445
humour of madness, which was, to forswear the
full stream of the world, and to live in a nook

427 dark . . . whip; *cf. n.*

434 set him: *i.e., as a task*

438 fantastical: *capricious* apish: *imitative*

443 entertain: *receive* forswear: *renounce*

445 living . . . madness: *humor of actual madness*

431 profess: *claim to have knowledge of*

436 moonish: *variable*

merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth. 452

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. 457

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. 461

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

Scene Three

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Touchstone, Audrey, and Jaques.

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? 4

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. 9

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

449 liver; *cf. n.* 5 features; *cf. n.* 8 capricious . . . Goths; *cf. n.*
10 ill-inhabited: *ill-lodged* 11 Jove in a thatch'd house; *cf. n.*

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. 17

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing? 20

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. 24

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

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 29

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 33

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

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 36

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. 41

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it

14 strikes . . . room; *cf. n.*
24 feign: *relate in fiction, or lying*
41 foul: *ill-looking*

22 feigning: *imaginative*
34 material: *full of sense*

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! 49

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': 55 right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the 60 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.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Martext, 67 you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? 72

49 gods . . . joy; *cf. n.*

53 horn-beasts: *i.e., deer*

65 defence: *skill in swordplay*

51 stagger: *hesitate*

60 rascal: *young or inferior deer of a herd*

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

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 76

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? 84

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. 88

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. 95

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. 100

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 104

81 God 'ild: *God reward*

85 bow: *yoke*

103 bawdry: *immorality*

82 toy: *trifling matter*

‘O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:’
but,— 108
‘Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.’
[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]
Sir Oli. ’Tis no matter: ne’er a fantastical
knave of them all shall flout me out of my call-
ing. [Exit.]

Scene Four

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to
consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep? 4

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. 9

Ros. I’ faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was
ever the only colour. 12

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

105 O sweet Oliver; *cf. n.*
7 dissembling: *false; cf. n.*

11 your chestnut; *cf. n.*

15 cast: *cast off, possibly a quibble for ‘chaste’*

109 Wind away: *go away*
8 Judas’s; *cf. n.*

Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. 17

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? 21

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. 25

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 28

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. 35

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? 40

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 puisny 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.

16 winter's sisterhood; *cf. n.*

41 brave: *fine*

43 traverse: *across; cf. n.*

24 concave: *hollow*

44 puisny: *paltry*

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft in-
quir'd 48

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

Cel. Well, and what of him? 52

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, 56
If you will mark it.

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

Scene Five

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

~~X~~
Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard, 4

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: 8
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

5 Falls: *lets fall*

7 dies and lives; *cf. n.*

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, 12

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee; 16

Now counterfeit to swound; 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; 20

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, 24

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, X D.R.-

If ever,—as that ever may be near,— 28

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, 32

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As, till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, 36

11 sure: *surely*

23 cicatrice: *scar, here 'mark'
ceivable) impression*

17 swound: *swoon*

capable impressure: *sensible (i.e., re-
ceivable) impression*

29 fancy: *love*

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? 40

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary ~~X - S~~
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too. 44

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. 48

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you 52
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; ~~J~~
And out of you she sees herself more proper ~~X - P~~
Than any of her lineaments can show her. 56

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets. 60

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
~~Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.~~ ~~J~~
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year to-
gether: 64

39 dark: *without light*; cf. n.

43 sale-work: *ready-made work*, (hence) *work not of the best quality*
Od's: *God save* 44 tangle: *entangle*

45 after it: *i.e., to accomplish this*

47 bugle: *black*; cf. n.

48 entame: *subdue*

50 south: *south wind*

51 properer: *better looking*

61 Cry . . . mercy: *beg for mercy*

62 Foul . . . scoffer; cf. n.

64 together: *on end*

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house, 74

'Tis 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, 78

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

COME SISTER
[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Phe. ~~Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:~~
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?' 92

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

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

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be: 86

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

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; 92

75 tuft: *clump*

81 Dead shepherd; *cf. n.*

79 abus'd in sight: *deceived by eyesight*

89 extermin'd: *exterminated*

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; 96
 But do not look for further recompense
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. 104

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

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot once was master of. 108

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. 112

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 116
 Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the differ-
 ence

93 yet . . . not: *i.e.*, the time is not yet

100 grace: *good esteem, favor*

110 peevish: *captious*

108 carlot: *peasant*

121 lusty: *vigorous*

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
 him 124
 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
Have more cause to hate him than to love him: 128
For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
 I marvel why I answer'd not again: 132
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; 136
 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 FOURTH

Scene One

[*The Forest of Arden*]*Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.*

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

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

123 constant: *uniform* mingled damask: *mixed red and white; cf. n.*
 125 In parcels: *in detail* 131 am remember'd: *recall*
 133 omittance is no quittance: *omission is no discharge (proverbial)*
 138 passing short: *extremely curt*

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing. 5

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. 8

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

Ros. Why, then, 'tis 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 15 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 humorous sadness. 21

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. 26

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

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!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

8 censure: judgment, opinion; cf. n.

12 emulation: i.e., envy of other scholars' superior mental attainments

16 nice: trivial, or dainty

18 simples: ingredients (literally, 'herbs')

21 humorous: whimsical

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

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 38
you that countenance you are; or I will scarce
think you have swam in a gondola. 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. 45

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

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 52

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more
in my sight: I had as lief be wooed 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 wo-
man: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that? 60

Ros. Why, horns; that such as you are fain
to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes

36 lisp: *i.e.*, talk with the affectation of a foreign accent
disparage

disable:

38 nativity: *place of birth*

40 swam . . . gondola; *cf. n.*

58 jointure: *marriage portion*

61 fain: *i.e.*, glad under the circumstances, obliged

62 beholding: *beholden*

armed in his fortune and prevents the slander
of his wife. 64

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosa-
lind 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. 69

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am
in a holiday humour, and like enough to con-
sent. What would you say to me now, an I
were your very very Rosalind? 73

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. 80

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 be-
loved mistress? 85

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your
mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker
than my wit. 88

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of
your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? 91

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

63 prevents: *anticipates*

76 gravelled: *nonplused*

79 God warn us: *God keep us*

80 cleanliest shift: *cleverest device*

69 leer: *complexion, countenance*

78 out: *i.e., out of material*

87 ranker: *more excessive*

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

Orl. Then in mine own person I die. 96

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 103 have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was 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. 112

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. 120

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such. 124

Orl. What sayest thou?

97 attorney: *proxy*
103 patterns: *models*
109 chroniclers: *cf. n.*

100 *videlicet*: *namely*
Leander; *cf. n.*

Troilus; *cf. n.*
113 right: *true*

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. 132

Cel. I cannot say the words.

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

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 136

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.’ 141

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. 147

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. 151

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 cla-

135 Go to: here an ejaculation of assent.

145 there’s . . . goes; cf. n.

morous than a parrot against rain; more new- 158
 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? 164

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 168
 upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-
 ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole;
 stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the
 chimney. 172

Orl. A man that hath 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 neigh-
 bour's bed. 177

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. 185

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

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two
 hours. 189

158 against: *in expectation of*

161 Diana . . . fountain; *cf. n.*

168 make: *bar*

175 check: *rebuke*

new-fangled: *fond of what is new*

163 hyen: *hyena*

174 'Wit . . . wilt'; *cf. n.*

184 husband's occasion; *cf. n.*

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

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 197

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. 207

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. 211
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. 216

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

195 cast away: *forsaken*

202 pathological: 'miserable' (?)

208 religion: *fidelity*

213 simply: *completely*

216 bird . . . nest; *cf. n.*

199 mend: *amend*

205 gross: *whole*

211 Time try: *i.e., prove your fidelity*

misused: *reviled*

220 bay of Portugal; *cf. n.*

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 222

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. 230

Cel. And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Jaques and Lords, Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

[*First*] *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? 6

[*Second*] *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

Music. Song.

'What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home. 12

The rest shall bear this burden.

224 thought: *melancholy* spleen: *impulse*

S. d. Lords, Foresters: (*Lords dressed as foresters*)

5 branch; *cf. n.*

S. d. The . . . burden; *cf. n.*

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: 16
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.'

Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*The Forest of Arden*]

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 a
troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and ar- 4
rows, and is gone forth to sleep.

Enter Silvius.

Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.

My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: 8
 [*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me; 12
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; 16
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!

18 phœnix; cf. n.

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, 20
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 turn'd into the extremity of love. 24

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter: 28
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, 32
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 36
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. [*Reads.*] 40

'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing? 44

Ros. [*reads.*]

'Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?'

25 hand: *handwriting*

34 Turk to Christian; *cf. n.*

36 Ethiop: *dark*

26 freestone-colour'd: *brick-colored*

35 giant-rude: *excessively rude*

45 laid apart: *put away*

Did you ever hear such railing?

‘Whiles the eye of man did woo me, 48
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, 52
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! 56
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 60
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.’ 64

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 68 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, 72 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.*

49 vengeance: *mischief, harm*

54 aspect; *cf. n.*

60 thy youth and kind: *i.e., thy youthful nature*

69 instrument . . . strains: *i.e., use thee for her own purposes and at the same time deceive thee*

72 snake: *a term of contempt for a wretched fellow*

51 eyne: *archaic plural of ‘eye’*

59 seal . . . mind: *express thy mind*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you if you
know, 77

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom: 80

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. 84

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 88
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are. 92

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? 96

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

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you 100

He left a promise to return again

77 Pray: *I pray*

78 purlieus: *tracts of land on the border of a forest*

80 neighbour bottom: *neighboring valley*

81 rank of osiers: *row of willow trees*

88 favour: *features* bestows himself: *carries himself*

89 ripe: *grown up* low: *i.e., in stature*

95 napkin: *handkerchief*

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness, 132
 Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill
 him? 136

Oli. '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.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by. 140

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place:—
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke, 144

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm 148

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; 152

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, 156
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

130 kindness: *tenderness*

133 hurtling: *clashing tumult*

142 recountments: *recitals*

152 recover'd: *brought back to consciousness*

131 just occasion: *provocation*

136 contrive: *plot*

Cel. [*Rosalind swoons.*] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 160

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? 164

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! 170

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest. 173

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. 180

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 FIFTH

Scene One

[*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. 4

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. 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. 10

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. 16

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend? 20

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? 25

13 we . . . flouting: *i.e.*, we must have something to mock at

14 hold: *i.e.*, our peace

16 God ye: *God give you*

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich? 28

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? 32

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

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 41

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir. 44

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. 50

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 59
 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. 64

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you:
 come, away, away! 68

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend,
 I attend. *Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[Another Part of the Forest]

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaint-
 ance you should like her? that, but seeing, you
 should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing,
 she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy
 her? 5

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in ques-
 tion, 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

59 translate: *transform*

62 bandy: *strive*

63 policy: *craft*

61 bastinado: *beating with a stick*

faction: *dissension*

o'errun: *overwhelm*

6 call . . . in question: *scrutinize, inquire into*

was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you,
and here live and die a shepherd. 14

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding
be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke
and all's contented followers. Go you and
prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my
Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother. 20

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. 24

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. 28

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I coun-
terfeited to swound when he showed me your
handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 32

Ros. O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis
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 40
sooner knew the reason but they sought the

13 estate: *bestow*; *cf. n.*

21 fair sister; *cf. n.*

33 where you are: *i.e., what you are driving at*

35 thrasonical: *boastful*; *cf. n.*

36 'I . . . overcame'; *cf. n.*

15-19 *Cf. n.*

23 heart in a scarf; *cf. n.*

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. 46

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. 53

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

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. 56

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 year 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;

42 degrees: *pun on two meanings: 'successive gradations' and 'steps'*

44 incontinent: *forthwith; cf. n.*

46 clubs; *cf. n.*

62-65 neither . . . good; *cf. n.*

69 damnable; *cf. n.*

45 wrath: *ardor*

60 conceit: *understanding*

65 grace me: *do honor to myself*

70 gesture: *bearing*

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. 76

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

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

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, 84

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: 88 Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

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

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. 92

Phe. And I for Ganymede. —

Orl. And I for Rosalind. —

Ros. And I for no woman. — *none*

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; 96 And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. 100

74 inconvenient: *undesirable*
79 though . . . magician; *cf. n.*

78 tender: *regard*
86 study: *diligent endeavor*

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; 104
 All purity, all trial, all obedience;
 And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind. 108

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

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. 114

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- 120
 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 com-
 mands. 129

102 wishes: *longings*

103 observance: *service*

105 *Cf. n.*

116 Irish wolves; *cf. n.*

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

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*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. 6

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. 9

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

First 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?

Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse. 17

Song.

'It was a lover and his lass,

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

5 woman of the world: *married woman*

10 are for you: *agree to your proposal*

12 clap into 't roundly: *set about it briskly*

14 only: *invariable*

16 a: *one*

Song; *cf. n.*

That o'er the green corn-field did pass, 20
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye, 24
 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, 28
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, 32
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the spring time, &c.'

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

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time. 40

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.

21 ring time: *season for exchanging rings (in betrothal or marriage)*

34 prime: *spring*

38 untuneable: *discordant*

Scene Four

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, 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. 4

cut *Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urg'd.

[*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. 8

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, that you'll marry me, if
I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after. 12

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? 16

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

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; 20

4 As . . . fear; *cf. n.*
18 even: *smooth, i.e., plain*

5 urg'd: *clearly emphasized*

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 If she refuse me: and from hence I go, 24
 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, 28
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle, 32
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

X ENTER

Enter Clown [i.e., Touchstone] and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
 these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes
 a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues
 are called fools. 38

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. 43

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 un-
 done three tailors; I have had four quarrels,
 and like to have fought one. 49

25 doubts: *ambiguities*

34 Obscured: *hidden, or, living in retirement*

35 toward: *forthcoming*

45 measure: *stately dance*

32 desperate: *reckless, heterodox*

44 put . . . purgation; *cf. n.*

47 undone three tailors; *cf. n.*

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 52

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. 59
A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster. 64

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

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. 68

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 73 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,

50 ta'en up: *made up*

58 copulatives: *i.e., persons about to be married*

59 blood: *passion*

66 sententious: *pithy*

68 dulcet diseases: *sweet vexations (?)*

73 dislike: *express disapproval of*

79 'quip modest': *i.e., a moderate flout*

56 desire . . . like; *cf. n.*

65 swift: *quick-witted*

67 fool's bolt: *i.e., which is soon shot*

72 seeming: *becomingly*

he disabled my judgment: this is called the 80
 '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? 88

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 de-
 grees of the lie? 93

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 're-
 proof valiant'; the fifth, the 'countercheck 99
 quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circum-
 stance'; 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.' 109

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

85 countercheck: *rebuke*91 measured swords: *fought a few passes*92 nominate: *name*86 circumstantial: *indirect*95 book; *cf. n.*

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. 114

Enter Hymen, Rosalind [in woman's dress], and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. 'Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even 116
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither, 120
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. 124

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! FALL INTO S. ARMS 128

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.

112 stalking-horse; *cf. n.*

113 presentation: *display*

114 S. d. Hymen; *cf. n.* Still: *soft*

117 Atone: *unite*

121, 122 *Cf. n.*

127 sight and shape; *cf. n.*

Hym. 'Peace, ho! I bar confusion: 132
 'Tis I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events:
 Here's eight that must take hands
 To join in Hymen's bands, 136
 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, 140
 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, 144
 Feed yourselves with questioning,
 That reason wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

'Wedding is great Juno's crown: 148
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
 High wedlock then be honoured.
 Honour, high honour, and renown, 152
 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;~~ 156

137 truth . . . contents: *i.e.*, if there be truth in truth142 sure together: *indissolubly united*146 reason: *explanation*155 Even daughter; *cf. n.*

~~Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.~~

Enter Second Brother [Jaques de Boys].

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. 160

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot

In his own conduct, purposely to take 164

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 168

Both from his enterprise and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again

That were with him exil'd. This to be true, 172

I do engage my life. *RISKY BACK TO NEXT P.*

Duke S. *ENTER* 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. 176

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun and well begot;

And after, every of this happy number

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with 180

us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

157 combine: <i>bind</i>	163 Address'd: <i>prepared</i>	power: <i>army</i>
164 conduct: <i>guidance</i>	168 question: <i>talk</i>	173 engage: <i>pledge</i>
174 offer'st fairly: <i>makest generous offerings</i>		
177 do . . . ends: <i>complete those purposes</i>		
180 shrewd: <i>grievous</i>	182 states: <i>i.e., positions in the world</i>	
183 new-fall'n: <i>recently acquired</i>		

And fall into our rustic revelry. 184
 Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life, 188
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. 192
 [*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I be-
 queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
 [*To Orlando.*] You to a love that your true faith
 doth merit:

[*To Oliver.*] You to your land, and love, and great
 allies: 196

[*To Silvius.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
 [*To Touchstone.*] And you to wrangling; for thy lov-
 ing voyage

Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleas-
 ures:

I am for other than for dancing measures. 200

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

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

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
 rites, 204

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Exeunt.

[EPILOGUE.]

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.]

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they 5 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 10 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 15 love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them,—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that 20 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.

Exit.

Epilogue—

- 1 the lady; *cf. n.*
- 2 unhandsome: *improper, unseemly*
- 4 wine . . . bush; *cf. n.*
- 9 insinuate: *i.e., wheedle myself into your favor*
- 12 conjure: *call solemnly upon*
- 18 If . . . woman; *cf. n.*
- 21 defied: *distrusted*

FINIS

NOTES

I. i. 2. The nominative 'he' is often omitted when it may be readily inferred from the context, as in this instance before 'bequeathed.' There are numerous other unnecessary conjectures and emendations of the text. The sentence is abrupt, but its meaning is clear.

I. i. 5. *Jaques*. Jaques de Boys, who appears in V. iv. Not to be confused with the follower of Duke Senior, the 'melancholy Jaques.'

I. i. 27 S. d. A return has been made to the 'anticipatory entrances' of the First Folio. In nearly every case the entrance is placed earlier in the First Folio than in modern editions. Time is required for the actor to cross the stage, hence the entrances of the First Folio correspond to the necessities of stage representation.

I. i. 41. *prodigal portion*. A reference to the Biblical story of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15).

I. i. 55. *reverence*. I.e., 'as the first-born you should stand nearer the inheritance of reverence derived from the head of the family.' It is the irony in Orlando's tone as he says this which angers Oliver.

I. i. 112. *duke's daughter*. I.e., Rosalind is daughter to Duke Senior, Celia to Duke Frederick.

I. i. 122. *forest of Arden*. The scene of Lodge's novel is laid in France and therefore the literal minded have suggested that by the forest of Arden Shakespeare meant the forest of the Ardennes in northeastern France. There is, however, a forest of Arden in Warwickshire. Needless to say, the forests of neither locality contain either palm or olive trees, to say nothing of lions. Shakespeare himself has sufficiently identified his forest as a place where men

may 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.' It is an Arcadia inhabited by shepherds and shepherdesses, a never-never land whose exact location is in the uncharted seas of a poet's imagination.

I. i. 127. *golden world*. According to classical mythology, the first inhabitants of the world lived together in innocence and happiness under the natural laws of truth and right. The earth brought forth all man's necessities, without labor, and strife was unknown. For a description of the golden world and man's successive departures from an age of innocence see Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book I.

I. ii. 4. *I*. The addition of 'I' is Rowe's emendation (1709), accepted by later authorities as necessary.

I. ii. 36. *Fortune . . . wheel*. Fortune's emblem was a wheel which symbolized the instability of her favors. A good housewife also had a wheel, but one of another kind, namely, a spinning wheel. Celia jestingly likens Fortune's wheel to the housewife's, and proposes to drive this housewife Fortune from her wheel by wit to prevent her hereafter from being inconstant.

I. ii. 90. *Cel*. The First Folio assigns this speech to Rosalind. In that case it would be necessary to infer that both the Dukes were named Frederick. As they were brothers, this would not be probable.

I. ii. 96. *fools . . . silenced*. Wright believes this to be a reference to some recent inhibition of the players; Fleay, 'probably to the burning of satirical books by public authority 1st June, 1599.' If the latter were true it would be an important indication of the date of the play.

I. ii. 108. *Sport*. Le Beau probably pronounces 'sport' so that it sounds like 'spot.' Hence Celia's quibble.

I. ii. 112. *Destinies*. There were three Destinies

or Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who spun the threads of human lives, cutting these threads short with shears when they pleased.

I. ii. 114. *rank*. A pun on 'rank' meaning 'position' and its adjectival meaning of 'strong' in relation to odors.

I. ii. 132. *Be . . . presents*. A common legal phrase introduced for the sake of the pun on 'presence' in line 131.

I. ii. 151. *broken music*. Chapell (*Popular Music*, p. 346) explains the phrase as follows: 'Some instruments such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were made in sets of four, which when played together made a consort. If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no longer a consort, but broken music.' A damaged wrestler groaning in pain, might, therefore, be looked upon as broken music, since neither his utterance nor himself was now a harmony.

I. ii. 179. *them*. Orlando's plural includes Rosalind.

I. ii. 187. *saw . . . judgment*. I.e., 'if your eyes saw yourself in your true proportion, or your judgment were mature enough to know your own limitations.'

I. ii. 198. *wherein . . . guilty*. I.e., 'much deserving of your hard thoughts to deny, etc.'

I. ii. 226. *Hercules . . . speed*. I.e., 'may Hercules be your patron.'

I. ii. 263. *suits . . . fortune*. I.e., 'whom fortune has denied favors.'

I. ii. 268. *quintain*. A stout post or plank or some object mounted on such a support, set up as a mark to be tilted at (Onions). Here used figuratively.

I. ii. 289. *taller*. Apparently a slip of the pen on Shakespeare's part, for afterwards Rosalind is de-

scribed as 'taller' than Celia. Malone suggested the emendation 'smaller,' which has been adopted by many editors unwilling to credit Shakespeare with even so trivial an error.

I. ii. 304. *smoke . . . smother.* Proverbial, equivalent to 'out of the frying pan into the fire.' 'Smother' is a suffocating smoke.

I. iii. 20. *hem . . . him.* A quibble on the likeness of sound between 'hem' and 'him.' Possibly the whole phrase is proverbial, although no commentator has quoted such a proverb.

I. iii. 38. *Why . . . not.* I.e., 'Why should I not hate him?' *deserve well.* I.e., 'to be hated.'

I. iii. 78. *Juno's swans.* As far as known, Juno had no swans. The peacock was her favorite bird. Shakespeare has possibly been influenced by the story of Jupiter and Leda.

I. iii. 128. *Ganymede.* He was a Trojan boy whom Jupiter, in the disguise of an eagle, seized and carried off from the midst of his playfellows on Mount Ida to make him cup-bearer to the gods.

I. iii. 131. *Aliena.* From the Latin, meaning a stranger. Cf. alien.

II. i. S. d. *Duke Senior.* So designated throughout the First Folio.

II. i. 5. *penalty of Adam.* I.e., 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread' (Genesis 3. 19). In the forest they do not suffer from this penalty, for they fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world where none had to toil. 'The season's difference' which some commentators take to be the 'penalty of Adam' is not so described in the Bible.

II. i. 13. *toad.* The natural history of Shakespeare's time spoke of the toad as 'venomous,' while it was believed to carry in its head a stone or jewel 'of power to repulse poysons.'

II. i. 18. *I . . . it.* Many modern editions give this half line to Duke Senior. The present text follows the First Folio in assigning it to Amiens, who thus agrees with the Duke's summary of their happy life.

II. i. 23. *desert.* Any uninhabited or sparsely inhabited wild country was called a 'desert' by the Elizabethans. The lack of vegetable and animal life was not implied in its meaning.

II. i. 38. *tears.* There are many references to the tears shed by a wounded or dying stag in Elizabethan literature.

II. i. 50. *velvet.* Other interpretations of velvet are: 'sleek and prosperous' (Aldis Wright); velvet is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth. Here 'velvet' seems to be equivalent to 'delicate' (Neil).

II. i. 52. *flux of company.* I.e., 'the continuous stream of people, or friendships.'

II. iii. 12. *No . . . yours.* I.e., 'your graces serve you to no better purpose.'

II. iii. 37. *diverted blood.* I.e., 'natural affection turned into a false channel.'

II. iii. 43. *ravens.* Cf. Job 38. 41. 'Who provideth for the raven his food?'

II. iii. 50. *Nor . . . not.* The double negative, with the force of a single negative, occurs in several places throughout this play.

II. iii. 74. *a week.* Probably a proverbial method of expression, with a slightly ironical implication, viz., 'eighty years of age is at least a week too late to begin a career of adventure.'

II. iv. 12. *cross . . . money.* The ancient penny had a cross stamped upon it, hence Touchstone's quibble, which includes likewise a reference to Matthew 10. 38.

II. iv. 43. *thy wound*. The First Folio has 'they would,' which obviously does not make sense. The later Folios read 'their wound.' The present emendation, 'thy wound,' comes from Rowe.

II. iv. 51. *peascod*. 'The peascod is the husk or pod which contains the peas, but it here appears to be used for the plant itself' (Wright). 'Touchstone surely means that he took both the cods from, and returned them to, the peascod, the representative of his mistress' (Staunton). There is a Suffolk superstition current today in which peascods play a part in love omens.

II. v. 3. *turn*. It has been suggested that this is a misprint for 'tune.' There is, however, good authority for this use of 'turn' in the sense given in the gloss.

II. v. 27. *dog-apes*. I.e., dog-faced baboons (?).

II. v. 54. *ducdame*. In spite of the plain warning given by Jaques of the purpose of his refrain, a number of scholars have made laborious guesses at its etymology.

II. v. 61. *first-born of Egypt*. Cf. Exodus 11. 4-5. 'And Moses said, Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die . . .'

II. vii. 6. *spheres*. According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the planets revolved in crystal spheres which made heavenly harmonies in their turnings.

II. vii. 16. *rail'd . . . Fortune*. I.e., apparently because the lady had not, in Touchstone's case, lived up to the proverb that 'fortune favors fools.'

II. vii. 28. *thereby . . . tale*. I.e., the commonplace story of every man.

II. vii. 30. *chanticleer*. I.e., 'laugh in triumph at my discovery, like the crowing of Chanticleer, the cock.'

II. vii. 44. *my only suit*. A pun on the two meanings 'my only request' and 'the only dress for me.'

II. vii. 73. *weary very*. A satisfactory paraphrase has not as yet been made. The general idea seems to be: 'pride flows in as vast a stream as the sea until its very sources begin to ebb—i.e., exhaust themselves.' The line is probably corrupt.

II. vii. 79-82. I.e., 'or who is he of lowest office, or employment, that says his fine clothes are not at my expense, thinking I mean him, but by so saying fits his folly to the substance of my speech?'

II. vii. 96. *inland*. To be 'inland bred' was to be educated among cultured surroundings, not among 'outlanders' (foreigners) nor 'uplanders' (peasants).

II. vii. 139. *All . . . stage*. The phrase goes back to classical antiquity and had appeared in English drama before Shakespeare's day.

II. vii. 143. *seven ages*. This seems to have been a common number into which to divide the life of man. Seven was itself a mystic number.

II. vii. 154. *capon*. Hales states that the present of a capon was a common method employed to temper the decision of the justice.

II. vii. 158. *pantaloon*. A foolish old man who was a stock character in the Italian *commedia dell'arte*. He appeared usually with slippers, spectacles on nose and hobbled on a cane.

II. vii. 167. *venerable burden*. There is a tradition, not well authenticated, that Shakespeare himself played the part of Adam and, in this rôle, was borne upon the stage on another man's back.

III. i. 6. *candle*. Probably a reference to Luke 15. 8. 'Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?' (Stevens).

III. i. 17. *extent*. A legal term derived from 'extendi facias,' a writ seizing house and lands upon the forfeiture of a debt. It is not here used in its strict legal sense, since the seizure is an act of arbitrary power on the Duke's part.

III. ii. 2. *thrice-crowned*. I.e., in her triple capacity as Proserpina, Luna, and Diana.

III. ii. 4. *huntress' name*. Orlando calls his mistress one of Diana's huntresses, as being a votary of her order because a virgin (Cowden Clarke).

III. ii. 68. *worms-meat*. The idea that man's bodily fate is ultimately to feed worms occurs several times in Shakespeare; for example, in *Hamlet*, IV. iii.

III. ii. 76. *incision*. 'Bloodletting' by an incision was regarded by the Elizabethans as a cure for most ills.

III. ii. 88. *cuckoldy*. I.e., because of the symbolical horns upon his head. Another example of the inexhaustible Elizabethan jest concerning the imaginary horns upon the forehead of a husband whose wife had proved unfaithful.

III. ii. 104. *butter-women's rank*. I.e., these verses amble monotonously along like files of butter-women riding nags to market.

III. ii. 137. *civil sayings*. Sayings relating to orderly social life such as are illustrated by the examples cited in the lines immediately following.

III. ii. 140. *span*. Cf. the Prayer-Book, Psalm 39. 6. 'Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long.'

III. ii. 148. *quintessence*. A term in alchemy. The fifth essence of ancient and mediæval philosophy, supposed to be the substance of which the heavenly bodies were composed, and to be actually latent in all things: hence, pure essence or extract, essential part of a thing (Murray).

III. ii. 149. *in little*. Possibly, to adopt a sug-

gestion made by Furness, Orlando means that Rosalind is in her own person the microcosm of every delightful sprite.

III. ii. 156. *Atalanta's better part*. To rid herself of her suitors, because an oracle had warned her not to marry, she challenged them in turn to a footrace. Overtaking them in the race she would smite them in the back with a spear, until Hippomenes finally conquered her with the aid of the three golden apples given him by Aphrodite. Her 'better part' clearly, therefore, is her swiftness of foot.

III. ii. 164. *Jupiter*. Spedding altered 'Jupiter' to 'pulpiter' (i.e., preacher) and in this he has been followed by many recent editors. The change though ingenious is not absolutely required by the sense or context, and therefore, the present editor has returned to the reading of the First Folio.

III. ii. 185. *seven . . . nine*. There is an old proverbial saying that any marvelous event will cause 'a nine days' wonder' (Capell).

III. ii. 187. *palm-tree*. The strange flora and fauna of the forest of Arden have already been commented upon.

III. ii. 188. *Pythagoras' . . . rat*. Pythagoras believed in the transmigration of men's souls into the bodies of animals. As for Irish rats, there are many references to the power of Irish witches and rhymers to rhyme rats to death.

III. ii. 195. *hard . . . meet*. Possibly an inverted reference to the proverb 'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet' (Steevens).

III. ii. 205. *Good my complexion*. An exclamation of Rosalind's that has puzzled commentators. Rosalind swears by her woman's temperament which, she explains, naturally contains a large measure of feminine curiosity, or 'Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing color' (Wright).

III. ii. 207. *One . . . discovery.* I.e., 'Each inch of delay makes me await the impending disclosure with the eager anticipation one has for South Sea discoveries'; or, 'A moment's delay will dissolve my whole womanhood.' Commentators are in wide disagreement over the meaning of this sentence.

III. ii. 217. *God's making.* I.e., 'or his tailor's.' Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 256.

III. ii. 239. *Gargantua's mouth.* Gargantua was a giant who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad (Rabelais, Book I, chapter xxxviii). The story of Gargantua was known in England before any translation of Rabelais had appeared.

III. ii. 241. *ay . . . catechism.* Celia means that even the shortest answers to all Rosalind's questions would be a longer task than to go through the Catechism (Furness).

III. ii. 251. *Jove's tree.* The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

III. ii. 289. *goldsmiths' wives . . . rings.* Rings which were given as love tokens had engraved upon the inside 'posies' or love mottoes. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 163. Jaques implies that Orlando has secured permission from the goldsmiths' wives to memorize the pretty sayings in the rings they had for sale.

III. ii. 291. *painted cloth.* Tapestries or paintings of scenes from familiar stories, often accompanied by brief explanatory legends, whence Orlando charges Jaques with having learned his commonplace sayings. Cf. *Henry IV*, pt. I, IV. ii. 27, 'slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.'

III. ii. 389. *quotidian.* According to Euphuistic love-making, quotidian fevers were a symptom of violent love.

III. ii. 427. *dark . . . whip.* This barbarous treatment was an Elizabethan method of dealing with

insanity. Cf. Malvolio's punishment in *Twelfth Night*.

III. ii. 449. *liver*. The liver was regarded by Elizabethans as the seat of love.

III. iii. 5. *features*. There is a jest here, caused by Audrey's misunderstanding, whose meaning has been lost. There are numerous conjectures but none satisfactory.

III. iii. 8. *capricious . . . Goths*. The pun is a double one on the word 'goats.' 'Capricious' is derived from the Latin 'capra,' a goat. 'Goths' was probably pronounced by the Elizabethans to sound like 'goats.' Ovid dwelt, during his exile, among the Getæ on the shore of the Black Sea.

III. iii. 11. *Jove in a thatch'd house*. A reference to the story of Baucis and Philemon. Jove, in human form, was entertained unawares by the two peasants in their thatched house.

III. iii. 14. *strikes . . . room*. I. e., 'is more overwhelming than an excessive bill for the poor accommodation of a private room in an inn.'

III. iii. 49. *gods . . . joy*. From other references in Elizabethan literature this phrase appears to be equivalent to an acknowledgment of marriage.

III. iii. 105. '*O sweet Oliver*.' Possibly a quotation from an old ballad (Warburton) or the lines from an old play (Capell).

III. iv. 7. *dissembling*. Red or auburn hair was supposed to indicate a deceitful person.

III. iv. 8. *Judas's*. Mediæval tradition assigns red, hence a 'dissembling colour,' to Judas' hair.

III. iv. 11. *your chestnut*. In this sense 'your chestnut' means 'chestnut in general.'

III. iv. 16. *winter's sisterhood*. Used figuratively of nuns dedicated to the 'ice of chastity.'

III. iv. 43. *traverse*. An allusion to the disgrace

of breaking one's lance across one's opponent's body, instead of lengthways (Onions).

III. v. 7. *dies and lives*. Equivalent to live and die, i.e., subsist from the cradle to the grave (Arrow-smith).

III. v. 39. *dark*. I.e., 'If you depend upon your beauty to illuminate you, you will be left in the dark' (Wright).

III. v. 47. *bugle*. 'A tube shaped glass bead, usually black' (Murray).

III. v. 62. *Foul . . . scoffer*. Abbott paraphrases: 'foulness is most foul when its foulness consists in being a scoffer.'

III. v. 81. *Dead shepherd*. The 'saw' which Phebe quotes is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was first printed in 1598. The 'dead shepherd' is therefore Marlowe (d. 1593) and the reference to the poem gives a possible clue to the date of this play.

III. v. 123. *mingled damask*. 'Damask' was applied both to roses and to a silken material. Here, of course, the phrase refers to a color. A 'mingled damask' rose would be flush pink in tint.

IV. i. 8. *censure*. I.e., 'Those who run to extremes either of mirth or melancholy expose themselves to the ill opinion of the everyday world worse even than do drunkards.'

IV. i. 40. *swam . . . gondola*. Venice was the Mecca of the young Elizabethan fop. Rosalind means that without these affectations which travelers usually bring back from abroad, it will be difficult for her to believe that Jaques has really been to Venice and ridden in a gondola.

IV. i. 100. *Troilus*. He was slain by Achilles. The 'Grecian club' is an invention of Rosalind's.

IV. i. 103. *Leander*. He was wont to swim the

Hellespont to join Hero, but was drowned one night in a storm. Rosalind, of course, is making fun of the fate of these classical lovers.

IV. i. 109. *chroniclers*. Thus set down in the First Folio, although some editors have altered it to 'coroners.'

IV. i. 145. *there's . . . goes*. I.e., 'There's a girl who goes faster than the priest.'

IV. i. 161. *Diana . . . fountain*. Diana was a frequent subject for Renaissance fountains. It is not necessary to suppose that Shakespeare had any particular fountain in mind. The 'weeping' naturally refers to the water gushing from the fountain, and not to any sad story of Diana.

IV. i. 174. *'Wit . . . wilt.'* A phrase of proverbial purport, whose meaning is now somewhat obscure. Perhaps it means, 'Whither away? Restrain your tendency to roam.' Or, 'Do not let your wit desert you.'

IV. i. 184. *husband's occasion*. I.e., 'occasioned by her husband,' or 'the woman who cannot make her offence against her husband seem a special service to him.'

IV. i. 216. *bird . . . nest*. A reference to the proverb, 'It is a foul bird that defiles its own nest.'

IV. i. 220. *bay of Portugal*. A portion of the sea, of great depth, from Oporto to the headland of Cintra (Wright).

IV. ii. 5. *branch*. A quibble on 'palm-branch,' an emblem of victory, and on the division of a deer's horn called a 'branch.'

IV. ii. 12 S. d. *The . . . burden*. This apparent stage direction is printed in the First Folio as a part of the song.

IV. iii. 18. *phœnix*. There was never but one phoenix in the world at one time. After several hun-

dred years this miraculous bird would burn itself to ashes, and from these ashes would arise another.

IV. iii. 34. *Turk . . . Christian.* In the old Christmas mumming plays the Turkish knight challenged the Christian to combat with many 'strange oaths' in the name of 'Mahound.'

IV. iii. 54. *aspect.* A term from astrology. In 'mild aspect' meant in 'a favorable conjunction.'

IV. iii. 119. *royal.* The lion was supposed not to touch any who submitted or lay prostrate before him on the ground. The lion accepted this as the proper homage to the king of beasts.

V. i. 49. *ipse is he.* Touchstone is punning on the current use of the phrase 'ipse he,' i.e., the man himself, the man of the hour, with special reference to a successful lover. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Croll, p. 92): 'though Curio be . . . Ipse, he.'

V. ii. 21. *fair sister.* 'Oliver enters into Orlando's humour in regarding the apparent Ganymede as Rosalind' (Wright).

V. ii. 23. *heart in a scarf.* As we say, 'wear your heart on your sleeve.' The red stain of Orlando's wound suggested to Rosalind her gentle teasing.

V. ii. 35. *thrasonical.* This adjective is derived from the name of a boastful character in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, and had come into English before Shakespeare's day.

V. ii. 36. '*I . . . overcame.*' Cæsar's famous dispatch was '*veni, vidi, vici.*'

V. ii. 44. *incontinent.* The second time this word is used it has its present-day meaning.

V. ii. 46. *clubs.* 'Clubs' was the rallying cry of the London 'prentices, who used these weapons in their not infrequent riots. It is with this in mind that Rosalind uses the word.

V. ii. 62-65. *neither . . . good.* I.e., 'nor am I

seeking any further favorable opinion than that degree of trust in my powers which will conduce to your own good.'

V. ii. 69. *damnable*. I.e., Rosalind means that his magic was not 'black art' but lawful spells, not contrary to the teachings of the Church.

V. ii. 79. *though . . . magician*. A statute of Elizabeth provided severe penalties for magicians who used their art to cause harm.

V. ii. 105. The First Folio has 'observance,' which already appears in line 103. Clearly, therefore, the second 'observance' is a careless substitution by the compositor. Probably the original word resembled in lettering 'observance' and thus caught the printer napping. In addition to 'obedience,' which the present editor follows Malone in inserting, other suggestions are 'obeisance,' 'endurance,' and 'deservance.'

V. ii. 116. *Irish wolves*. Why Rosalind prefers to go to Ireland for her zoölogical allusions,—cf. her 'Irish rats'—is not certain, unless the animals of Erin share in the Celtic temperament. There were no wolves in England at this time, but they were still to be found in Scotland. As between the two, an Irish wolf would probably make more noise.

V. iii. 17. *Song*. The First Folio arranges this Song in a different order. The stanza 'And therefore . . . prime' is there printed as part of the chorus. Music for this song will be found on p. 205 of Chapell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

V. iv. 4. *As . . . fear*. I.e., 'As those who hope against hope and yet fear that they know their hopes to be vain.' Nearly all the commentators have different paraphrases. The present editor offers still another.

V. iv. 44. *put . . . purgation*. I.e., 'Let him test me thoroughly,' with a quibble on the medical meaning of the word. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 323.

V. iv. 47. *undone three tailors.* I.e., 'like a true courtier, I have ruined three tailors by not paying my bills.'

V. iv. 56. *desire . . . like.* I.e., 'I desire this "like" of yours.' With a quibble on 'like' as an adjective.

V. iv. 95. *book.* There were several books on fencing and the proper methods to follow in challenging an opponent. Possibly Shakespeare is here ridiculing a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo (Second Book 1594; First Book 1595). Cf. also Mercutio's mockery, in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the elaborate terms used in Italian fencing. Shakespeare probably had in mind the type and not a particular book.

V. iv. 112. *stalking-horse.* A real or artificial horse behind which a fowler hid when pursuing his game.

V. iv. 114 S. d. *Hymen.* The Greek and Roman god of marriage, represented as a young man carrying a torch and veil. As Rosalind's appearance is supposed to be caused by magic, she has carried out her plan as an allegorical masque in which she has some shepherd swain take the part of Hymen.

V. iv. 121, 122. In the First Folio the pronoun throughout these two lines is 'his.' The alteration of 'his' to 'her' where this occurs in the present text was suggested by Malone. A case can, however, by casuistry be made for the reading of the Folio.

V. iv. 127. *sight and shape.* I.e., if all this is not magic and Phebe may trust the evidence of her eyesight, 'why then, etc.'

V. iv. 155. *Even daughter.* I.e., 'you are welcome both as niece and daughter.'

Epil. 1. *the lady.* It was rare in Shakespeare's day for a female character to speak the epilogue, as these rôles were taken by boy actors who were, usually, not the most important actors in the company.

Epil. 4. *wine . . . bush.* The sign of an inn was often the branch of a tree hung over the door. This gave rise to the proverb, 'good wine needs no bush,' for it advertises itself.

Epil. 18. *If . . . woman.* Rosalind is not a woman, for the part is being played by a boy actor.

APPENDIX A

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The source of *As You Like It* is, without doubt, a novel, or pastoral romance, by Thomas Lodge, the title-page of the first edition of which runs as follows:

‘Rosalynde. / Euphues Golden Le- / gacie: found
after his death / in his Cell at Si- / lexedra. / Be-
queathed to Philautus sonnes / noursed vp with their /
father in Eng- / land. / Fetcht from the Canaries. /
By T. L. Gent. / LONDON, / Imprinted by Thomas
Orwin for T. G. / and John Busbie. / 1590.’

The possibility that Shakespeare may have made use of an earlier play by some other author from the same source has been advanced by Furness to account for certain minor inconsistencies in Shakespeare’s comedy. There is, however, no actual evidence of the existence of an earlier play.

Modern scholars have confirmed the discovery, made by Dr. Zachary Grey in 1754, that the source of Lodge’s romance was in turn *The Tale of Gamelyn*, a narrative poem of unknown authorship which had been interpolated into many manuscripts of Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*. *The Tale of Gamelyn* is not to be found in any printed copy of the *Canterbury Tales* before Urry’s edition of Chaucer in 1721, where it appeared as *The Coke’s (Cook’s) Tale*. Of course, it is possible that Shakespeare, as well as Lodge, had read this story in one of the manuscript versions. The chief resemblances between *As You Like It* and *The Tale of Gamelyn* occur in the first two hundred and fifty lines of the latter. Gamelyn is abused by his brother, emerges victorious from the wrestling match; and then, later in the poem, flees into a forest to join

some outlaws, accompanied by an old retainer named Adam.

In his introduction 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' Lodge states that he wrote his romance on the ocean, a fact further implied by the phrase 'Fetcht from the Canaries' on the title-page. The connection of *Rosalynde* with the manuscript *Tale of Gamelyn* would therefore seem to be the result of memory or of a few notes earlier jotted down. *Rosalynde* is written in the elaborate Euphuistic prose which John Lyly had made famous. Euphuism is perhaps forbidding to modern ears, but there is much charm and delightful pastoral atmosphere in *Rosalynde*, and excellent material on which to found a pastoral comedy.

In adapting Lodge's novel for the stage, Shakespeare, as usual, so transformed his material as to leave recognizable hardly more than the outlines of certain incidents. His touch lightened and simplified the whole, substituting for the labored Euphuistic phraseology the lively wit of the forest of Arden. Shakespeare made some important additions to the list of characters, additions which are the very life of his comedy. The melancholy Jaques, the inimitable Touchstone, Audrey and William, are, as far as we know to-day, characters of his invention. They are not to be found in *Rosalynde*. Rosalind herself is the most noteworthy illustration of Shakespeare's character creation. In Lodge's romance she is a typical example of the artificial court ladies of Elizabethan stories, who spin far-fetched verbal fancies and quote often from Ovid and other Latin authors. Shakespeare has humanized her and made her one of his most charming heroines.

The following summary of the beginning of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, together with the text of Lodge's description of the wrestling match, will give some idea of Shakespeare's material and of the changes he made in it.

In the romance, the knight, Sir John of Bourdeaux, divides his estate among his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. The latter is the Orlando of Shakespeare's comedy. Saladyne, the eldest brother, is resentful that more property has been bequeathed to the younger sons than to himself. Fernandine may be ignored, for he is a scholar intent only upon Aristotle. His portion, therefore, may be easily rifled. Upon Rosader, Saladyne's chief anger falls, and he makes of him a footboy for the space of two or three years. After Rosader has borne his treatment in patience for a time, one day he encounters his brother in the garden and charges him with ill-treatment. Saladyne, fearing Rosader's wrath, promises to make amends. Soon after this episode, Torismond, King of France, appoints for his pleasure a day of wrestling, lest the common people, being idle, should let their thoughts run upon the remembrance of their old banished king, Gerismond. A Norman champion is found to stand against all comers. Saladyne, hearing of this, secretly plots with the Norman that if Rosader come within his claws he may never more return to quarrel with Saladyne over the inheritance. Saladyne then urges Rosader to enter the wrestling match for the honor of his famous father. Rosader is easily persuaded and sets forth for the court of Torismond.

'At last . . . the wrastling began, and the NORMAN presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers; but he looked like HERCULES when he aduaunst himselfe against ACHELOÛS; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any déede of actiuitie: till at last a lustie FRANCKLIN of the Countrie came with two tall men, that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the NORMAN, who straight coapt with him,

and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, lept presently into the place, and thirstie after the reuenge, assayed the NORMAN with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knées: which repulst so the NORMAN, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young FRANCKLIN, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broake his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother . . .

‘With that ROSADER vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him as amourous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of ROSALYND whose admirable beautie so inueagled the eye of ROSADER, that forgetting himselfe, hee stode and fed his lookes on the fauour of ROSALYNDs face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of AURORA at the sight of vnacquainted PHAETON was not halfe so glorious: The NORMAN, séeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, draue him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; ROSADER looking back with an angrie froune, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the swéetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of fauours, they griued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but séeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of vic-

torie. After ROSADER was thus called out of his *memento* by the NORMAN, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the NORMAN called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom SALADYNE had appoynted him to kil; which coniecture, made him stretch euerie limb, & try euerie sinew, that working his death he might recouer the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrarie part, ROSADER while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vppon ROSALYND, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of ROSALYND so fiered the passionate desires of ROSADER, that turning to the NORMAN, hee ranne vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter; the NORMAN receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last ROSADER calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his Fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his missfortune, roused himselfe and threw the NORMAN against the ground, falling vpon his Chest with so willing a waight, that the NORMAN yeilded nature her due, and ROSADER the victorie.¹

Rosalynde is next banished by Torismond and Alinda (Celia) pleads vainly in her defence. As in the comedy, the two girls agree to disguise themselves, Rosalynde in male attire, and they set forth to seek the forest and Rosalynde's banished father. Rosalynde takes the name of Ganymede, and Alinda, of Aliena. After wandering for a time, they meet two shepherds, who offer them a cottage. Meanwhile Rosader, driven from home by his brother, takes with

¹ Text from pp. 22-24 of vol. 1 of *The Complete Works of Thomas Lodge*, printed for the Hunterian Club, Glasgow, 1883.

him an old servant, Adam Spencer, and journeys to the forest of Arden.

From this point on the comedy follows the main incidents of the romance with equal closeness, even to the lions and other strange fauna. Enough has been given, however, to indicate the nature of the material Shakespeare made use of, and to give some indication of the method he followed in turning it into a stage play.

APPENDIX B

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

An entry in the Stationers' Register, dated August 4, and belonging in all probability to the year 1600, lists *As You Like It* with three other plays 'to be staid'—i.e., an order to postpone publication. The prohibition was apparently effective, for the first known edition of this comedy is the text found in the First Folio, published in 1623. Scholars are in fairly general agreement that the play was written in the year 1600, or a few months before. The internal evidence, such as it is, tends to confirm this date.

Practically nothing is known of the early stage history of *As You Like It* from the time of its first mention in the Stationers' Register until its revival in the eighteenth century. There are two traditions, neither of them substantiated by facts, relative to the performances of this comedy in Shakespeare's lifetime. One of them, quoted by Oldys, is to the effect that Shakespeare played the part of old Adam; the other is that *As You Like It* was performed before King James I at Wilton House, December 2, 1603. Of the latter, Sir Sidney Lee affirms that there is 'no tangible evidence' to show what play or plays were

represented at Wilton House upon this occasion of the visit of the King's Players.

On January 9, 1723, Charles Johnson, poetaster and tavern-keeper in Bow Street, brought out at Drury Lane an adaptation entitled *Love in a Forest* (published the same year), which ran for six nights. Colley Cibber played Jaques; Wilks, Orlando, and Mrs. Booth, Rosalind. (This version was wretched stuff. It is chiefly notable for the omission of Touchstone, for making Jaques fall in love with Celia, and for introducing, into the fifth act, the Pyramus and Thisbe interlude from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.) In 1739 there was published an even more disguised form of the comedy called *The Modern Receipt; or A Cure for Love*, by one 'J. C.' (James Carrington, according to Halliwell). This was a modernized paraphrase with the scene laid at Liège and environs. The names of the characters were altered. Nothing seems to be known about a stage performance of this adaptation.

It was not until December 20, 1740, that Shakespeare's *As You Like It* was revived. This production was at Drury Lane. The obscurity concerning the earlier history of the comedy is well illustrated by the two entries in Genest, the accurate historian of the stage, concerning the revival. In one place he states that it was 'not acted after Charles II until 1740,' and under the entry for 1740, he notes 'not acted 40 years.' During the season of its revival in 1740, however, it was played about twenty-five times. Quin was the Jaques, Mrs. Pritchard, Rosalind, and the sprightly Kitty Clive, Celia. From this time on to the present, the history of the stage lists performances as often at least as once in four years, and, in many instances, in successive seasons.

The eighteenth century productions were characterized by well-balanced casts in which the rôles of Jaques, Orlando, Touchstone, Rosalind, and Celia

were each assigned some actor of note. Among the more famous revivals of this century may be recalled Mrs. Woffington's *Rosalind*, together with Macklin's *Touchstone*, at Drury Lane, November, 1747. She had earlier played *Rosalind* in October, 1741, (to Theophilus Cibber's *Jaques*.) Francis Gentleman, writing in 1770 of this charming actress's *Rosalind*, found that her 'utterance and deportment were too strongly tinged with affectation' to suit the simplicity of the forest of Arden. Peg Woffington's fame was derived from playing more sophisticated rôles. Again, at Drury Lane, in October, 1767, Mrs. Barry (also known at various times as Mrs. Dancer and Mrs. Crawford) played *Rosalind*, and *King, Touchstone*. John Taylor, writing the *Records of My Life*, in 1832-33, described her *Rosalind* as 'the most perfect representation of the character I ever witnessed. It was tender, animated, and playful to the highest degree.' (The prompt-book appears to have been standardized by this performance.) Mrs. Barry introduced into the fourth act the cuckoo song from *All's Well That Ends Well* (the music by Dr. Arne), and this alteration remained a part of the stage text for many years. This is the most notable deviation from the text of the First Folio which *As You Like It* underwent until recent times, apart from the 'cuts' to reduce the actual time of acting to one hour and forty-nine minutes. Although produced many times during the eighteenth century, Mrs. Inchbald, in 1808, said of this comedy: 'on the stage it is never attractive, except when some actress of very superior skill performs the part of *Rosalind*.' This complaint is borne out by the fact that the eighteenth century runs were less than average length for popular plays even with the most distinguished actresses, in turn, playing *Rosalind*.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, however, there were two famous productions of *As You*

Like It. At Drury Lane, on April 30, 1785, (the incomparable) Mrs. Siddons chose Rosalind for her benefit performance and played the rôle four times that season. Boaden said of her: 'Rosalind was one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs. Siddons. (The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of tragedy, made the express charm of Rosalind.)' The other important Rosalind was that of Mrs. Jordan, to the Orlando of Kemble, at Drury Lane, April, 1787. (Campbell informs his readers that here alone in her professional career, Mrs. Siddons found a rival who beat her out of a character. Mrs. Jordan 'had the naïveté of it to a degree that Shakespeare himself, if he had been a living spectator, would have gone behind the scenes to have saluted her for her success in it.')

In America, *As You Like It* was first performed at New York, at the John Street Theatre, July 14, 1786. Mrs. Kenna played Rosalind and Hallam, Touchstone. It was again played at the same theatre on June 21, 1796, with Joe Jefferson (the grandfather of the Joseph Jefferson of *Rip Van Winkle* fame) as Le Beau. There was only one other important production of this comedy in America during the eighteenth century: that of January 29, 1798, when the Park Theatre, New York, was opened.

The great stage popularity of *As You Like It* really began in the nineteenth century and has continued to the present day. More than sixty important revivals were witnessed in the nineteenth century. We find, likewise, a gradual change from the stock company method of production, which assigned the leading rôles to well-known actors, to the 'star' method which emphasizes one, or at most two, of the characters. The latter was illustrated in Kemble's performance of Jaques at Covent Garden, October, 1805, with Miss Smith as Rosalind. The comedy now alternates as a 'star' play, with sometimes a great

actor playing Jaques, or, again, a famous actress stressing the character of Rosalind. (Space does not permit of reference to all the numerous performances of this century; only the more important will be mentioned.)

Following Kemble, the next actor of note to essay Jaques was Macready, at Drury Lane, January 11, 1820, the Rosalind by a 'young lady.' Macready again revived it at Covent Garden in October, 1842, with Mrs. Stirling as Celia. (Colman described this as 'the most superb production of *As You Like It* the world has ever seen or ever will see.') By far the most famous Rosalind of the nineteenth century was Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). She first performed the comedy on March 18, 1839, at Covent Garden, and made her last appearance in it at Drury Lane, April 23, 1875, although she played it once more at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on October 2, 1879. Macready called her Rosalind 'perfect.' Sir Henry Irving said of it: 'a more brilliant and exquisite conception of Rosalind never entered the imagination of man.'

One alteration in the text was frequently adopted in the nineteenth century. The speeches of the First Lord in Act II., Scene i., Kemble gave to Jaques, a custom in which he was followed by many others. This change, which, curiously enough, Johnson had anticipated in his version, *Love in a Forest*, is not a judicious one.

Charlotte Cushman played Rosalind for the first time in London in 1845, appearing in New York, at the Astor Place Theatre, in this rôle, January 8, 1850. Among other famous actors and actresses of the period were: Charles Kean as Jaques, 1851, W. Wallack, 1854, Barry Sullivan, 1855, and Samuel Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, in 1857. Phelps introduced the custom of producing Shakespeare with gorgeous scenery and with costumes supposed to be appropriate to the historical settings of the plays. (From

his time onwards the tendency has been to make Shakespearean productions gorgeous pageants, necessitating compression of several scenes into one and other questionable alterations of the text.)

The most noteworthy of comparatively recent productions were: the *Rosalind* of Mrs. Kendall to her husband's *Orlando* (and the *Jaques* of Hermann Vezin at the Opéra Comique, London, 1875; ten years later she played *Rosalind* with John Hare as *Touchstone*. For this performance Alfred Cellier wrote new incidental music.) Mrs. Langtry first appeared as *Rosalind* in 1882, with Kyrle Bellew as *Orlando*. At Stratford-on-Avon, in August, 1885, the beautiful American actress, Mary Anderson, opened the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre with a performance of her *Rosalind*. She was noted for her earnest candor and demure reserve in the part.

The American manager, Augustin Daly, gave several productions of *As You Like It* in New York, as well as at Stratford-on-Avon and London. By the playgoers of the last generation, Daly's productions of Shakespeare were looked upon with respect little short of idolatry. As a matter of fact, he took many liberties with the text and had a fondness for inappropriate musical accompaniment to the longer speeches. He was, on the other hand, aided by a company of excellent artists, such as Miss Ada Rehan and John Drew. In his acting version of *As You Like It*, he omitted Sir Oliver Martext and the Second Lord, and rearranged the incidents of the fifth act. On the credit side, he omitted the cuckoo song, restored the speeches of the First Lord in II. i., and the *Masque of Hymen*, which latter was not generally played, except by Mrs. Langtry, in nineteenth century versions. Miss Ada Rehan first played *Rosalind* under Daly's management, at New York, on December 17, 1889, and in London, in April, 1894. Miss Rehan acted *Rosalind* as a young girl enjoying a

merry woodland frolic. William Winter says her Rosalind was 'all sweetness and brilliancy.'

Of late years, *As You Like It* has been frequently seen upon both the amateur and professional stages. It likewise crossed the Channel to the Continent. George Sand wrote, in 1856, a free French translation under the title, (*Comme il vous plaira*), which was played in Paris. In Germany it is also a familiar comedy—at least, in German translations. In America, Julia Arthur, 1898, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, 1910, and Margaret Anglin, 1914, have continued the stage history of this play. In England, Sir George Alexander, Ben Greet, Sir F. H. Benson, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, Oscar Ashe and Lily Brayton, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Nigel Playfair, and others have given acceptable and often beautiful performances. Perhaps the most remarkable chapter in all its history occurred during the Great War. At Ruhleben, the English civilian prison camp in Germany, Welland produced the forest scenes with actors chosen from among the prisoners of war.

APPENDIX C

THE TEXT

There is no known quarto edition of *As You Like It*. The earliest edition is, therefore, that of the First Folio of 1623.

The text of the present edition is by permission that of Craig's Oxford Shakespeare, published by the Oxford University Press. Deviations from the Oxford text have been made in a few places in which the late Mr. Craig adopted modern emendations. The reading of the First Folio has been followed wherever the sense does not clearly demand an alteration. Minor changes of spelling and punctuation have not been listed.

The stage directions are those of the First Folio, with all supplementary directions enclosed in square brackets.

The list of departures from the Oxford text follows, Craig's readings being those after the colons:

- I. i. 46 him: he
- I. ii. 150 see: feel
- I. ii. 177 princess calls: princes call
- I. ii. 282 misconsters: misconstrues
- I. ii. 289 taller: smaller
- II. i. 5 not: but
- II. i. 5 Adam.: Adam,
- II. i. 6 The seasons' difference—,: the seasons' difference;
- II. i. 9 smile and say—: smile and say
- II. i. 18 *Ami.* I would not change it: This is assigned by Craig to Duke Senior
- II. iii. 8 bonny: bony
- III. ii. 279 moe: more
- IV. i. 109 chroniclers: coroners
- IV. iii. 89 the woman low: but the woman low,
- IV. iii. 106 an old oak: an oak
- V. ii. 105 obedience: obeisance
- V. ii. 113 Why do you speak too: Who do you speak to,

APPENDIX D

SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

W. W. Greg: *Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' being the original of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.'* The Shakespeare Classics. New York and London, 1907.

Richard Grant White: *Studies in Shakespeare.* Boston, 1886. See pp. 233 ff.

Helena Faucit, Lady Martin: *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters.* 7th ed. London, 1904. See pp. 227 ff. (1st ed., 1885.)

Mrs. Anna Jameson: *Characteristics of Women.* Boston, n. d., Riverside Press. See pp. 110 ff. (1st ed., London, 1832; revised and enlarged, 1833.)

Louis Lewes: *The Women of Shakespeare.* Translated from the German by Helen Zimmern. New York, 1895. See pp. 224 ff.

Stopford A. Brooke: *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.* New York, 1904. *As You Like It*, pp. 155 ff.

H. N. Hudson: *Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters.* 4th ed., revised. New York, 1915. See pp. 330 ff.

William Winter: *Shakespeare on the Stage.* Second series. New York, 1914. *As You Like It*, pp. 215 ff.

W. W. Greg: *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.* London, 1906.

H. H. Furness: A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. *As You Like It.* 1st ed. Philadelphia, 1890. Contains portions of *The Tale of Gamelyn* and Lodge's *Rosalynde* in an appendix.

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(Figures in full-faced type refer to page-numbers)

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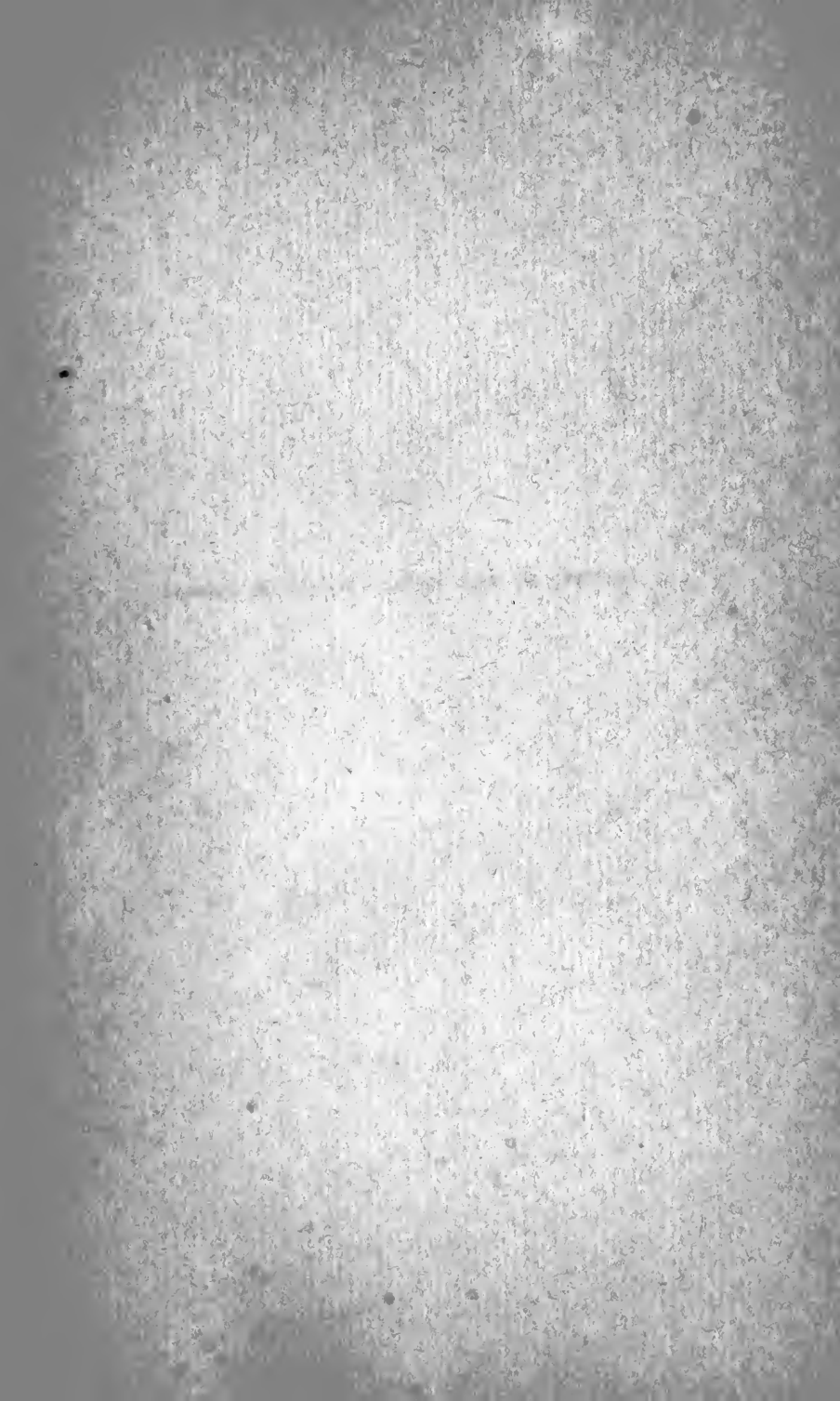
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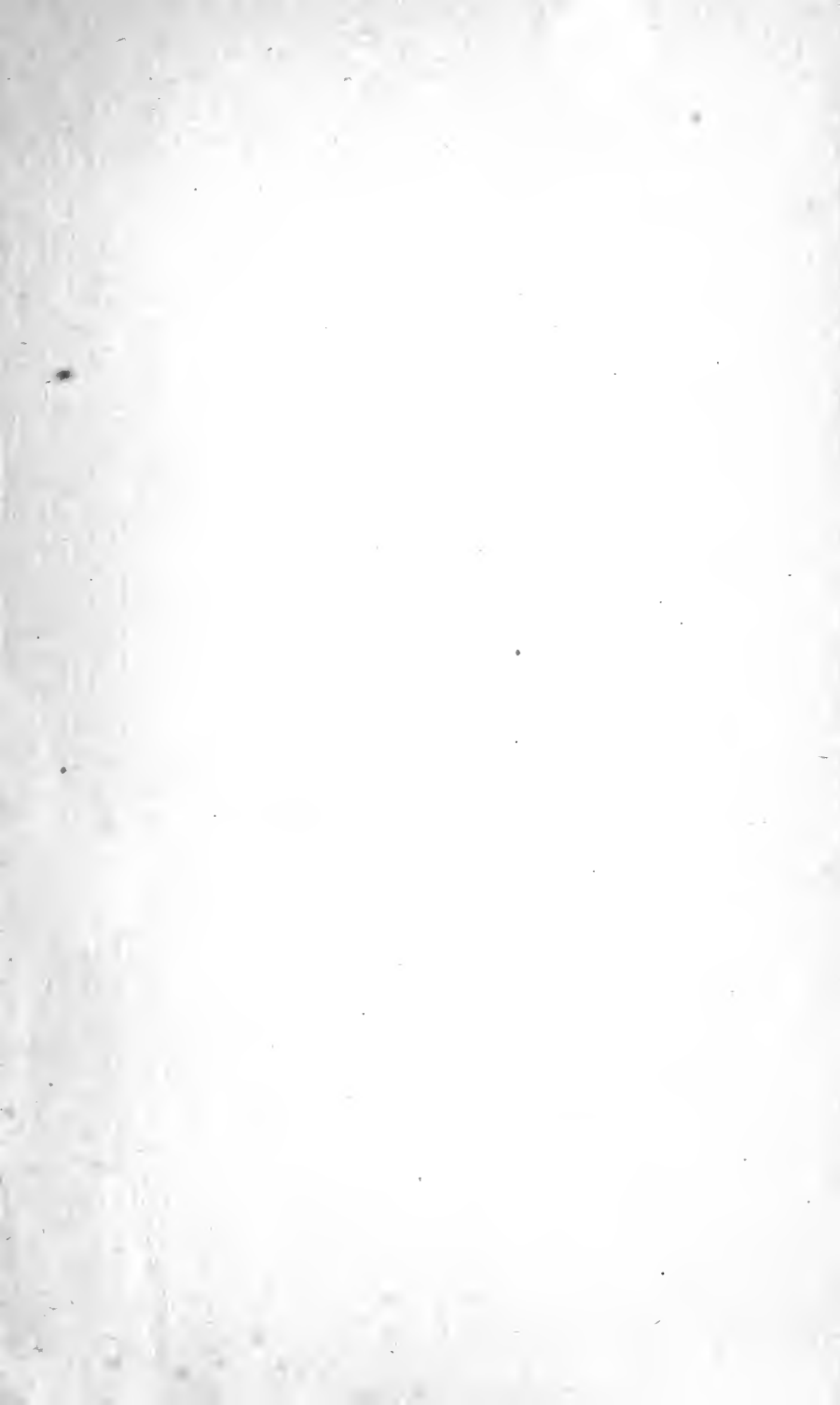
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