



Shakespeare's Comedy of
AS YOU LIKE IT

with Illustrations by
Hugh Thomson



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AS YOU LIKE IT

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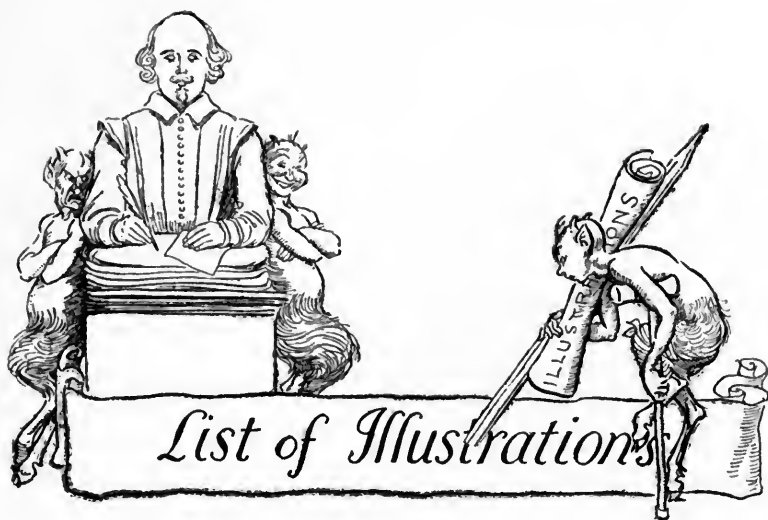


Shakespeare's Comedy
AS YOU LIKE IT
with Illustrations by
Hugh Thomson



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THE STORY OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

THE Duke of a certain province in France had been driven into banishment and his place and title usurped by a younger brother Frederick. Now it happened that each of the brothers had a daughter; and these cousins, being of like age, were close friends. The name of the rightful Duke's daughter was Rosalind, and the name of the usurper's Celia: and through Celia's loving intercession Rosalind had been exempted from the sentence of banishment and suffered to remain at court as her companion: a reprieve only, as it turned out, and bitter-sweet at the best. By disposition the blither and bolder of the two, Rosalind yet could not check her thoughts from travelling into exile after her lost father, and it was in vain that her gentler cousin Celia longed to chase the gloom from her face.

'I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!' Celia would entreat.

'Dear Celia,' answered Rosalind, 'already I show more mirth than I have at command. Would you have me yet merrier, you must teach me how to forget a banished father.'

'Ah!' sighed Celia. 'You do not love me as I love you. Had your father banished mine I could yet have taught myself to love him for his daughter's sake—and that proves it!'

Rosalind put aside this pretty sophistry. 'Well then,' she answered kindly, 'I will forget my own fortunes to rejoice in yours.'

'As for that,' said Celia, 'you know that I am my father's only child. When he dies you shall be his heiress, and take back from me in affection all that he took from your father by force. Listen, I swear it. And so, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry!'

The protestation might be simple and show little knowledge of

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the world. But Celia meant it with all the strength of her generous young heart, and Rosalind knew that she meant it. Her brow cleared.

‘From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports,’ she promised. Indeed it was not in her nature to be a kill-joy. ‘Let me see. . . . What think you of falling in love?’

They played with this notion for a while : albeit even princesses cannot choose their own way of falling in love, but must wait until the right moment comes to teach them. So their discussion led nowhither, and they fell back upon chopping wit with the court jester, one Touchstone—a merry fellow who like themselves felt mopish just now, with the time hanging on his hands. Perhaps he regretted the change at court ; but he did not confess this, for in his own fashion he was sincerely attached to both his young mistresses and thus his affection drew him both ways.

While they bandied talk with him there arrived a courtier from the Duke Frederick, to bid them make haste and attend a wrestling-match. They had already missed much good sport, the courtier said, and he described it. The Duke’s wrestler, a huge fellow called Charles, had pitted himself to meet all comers ; and the first challengers had been three brothers, and these had brought their father to witness their success. The eldest of the three ventured the first bout ; ‘but Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, so that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders share in his weeping.’

‘Alas!’ exclaimed Rosalind ; and Touchstone asked, ‘But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?’

‘Why this that I speak of.’

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

The ladies, however, had scarcely a choice whether to go see the wrestling or no. For—it may have been because, to avoid reminder of these opening brutal bouts—the Duke Frederick and his courtiers had decided to shift the wrestling, and now approached with intent to stake out a fresh ring on the lawn where Celia





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and Rosalind sat. In the train behind Frederick walked the giant wrestler Charles and a fresh competitor—a country youth on whom the maidens looked with pity and interest. ‘Alas! he is too young!’ exclaimed gentle Celia. ‘In pity of his youth,’ said her father, ‘I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him by a word in private.’ The young man being summoned, stood before the ladies with a respectful bow.

‘Young man,’ asked Rosalind, ‘have you challenged Charles the wrestler?’

‘No, fair princess: it is he who challenges all comers. I but come in, as others do, to try my strength with him.’ The youth’s speech and bearing were those of one gently nurtured, and Celia recognising this, addressed him yet more courteously.

‘Young gentleman,’ she pleaded, ‘your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man’s strength. We pray you, for your own sake, to give over this attempt.’

‘Ay, do so, young sir,’ added Rosalind. ‘Your reputation shall not suffer, for we ourselves will entreat the Duke that the wrestling may not go forward.’

‘I beseech you,’ the youth answered, ‘do not think hardly of me, though I deserve it for denying so fair and excellent ladies anything. Rather let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial. If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never of much esteem; 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; and the world no injury, for in it I have nothing—I but fill up a place that may be better supplied when I have made it empty.’

These were bitter words to be spoken by one so gallant and good-looking and of an age when to be hopeless is not natural; mysterious words, too. But since he made no offer to explain and the ladies saw only that he would not be persuaded, they could only give him the good wishes he had begged.

‘The little strength that I have, I would it were with you,’ said Rosalind.

‘And mine, to eke out hers,’ said her cousin.

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But had they known all, it is likely they would have entreated him further: for indeed the young wrestler stood in even more serious peril than he guessed.

His name was Orlando and he the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, a lifelong loyal subject and counsellor of the banished Duke. This good knight, dying, had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth and estates to his firstborn, Oliver; and to the younger Jaques and Orlando the small patrimony of a thousand crowns apiece. In this he followed the usual custom; but he had charged Oliver on his blessing to give the boys good nurture and such training as befitted their birth. With his brother Jaques, Oliver had kept this obligation fairly and sent him away to school. Not so with Orlando: for as the boy grew up with strength and fair looks and promise to excel the family in accomplishments, some devil of envy began to whisper in the elder brother's heart. He hated the lad, and in mere spite kept him at home, setting him to feed with the farm labourers, and seeking to undermine his gentility and good manners by every form of neglect. Orlando, perceiving this design, girded at it, and would often complain bitterly of it to one Adam, a faithful old servant of Sir Rowland his father. It happened one day when he had been thus pouring out his indignation, that Oliver came upon them and in an evil temper. Hot words passed, and Orlando, blazing up and losing his self-control, caught his elder brother by the throat, nor would let him go, despite the entreaties of old Adam, before speaking his mind and demanding either to be trained as a gentleman or given the thousand crowns, his portion, to go and seek his fortune with it. On a sort of promise Oliver got rid of him: but with no intention to part with the thousand crowns. In Orlando's grip he had felt himself the weaker man, which is not pleasant for an elder brother; and it left him in a viler temper than ever.

Pat upon this hateful mood he was visited by Charles, the Duke's wrestler. Now Charles had come with an intent which did him some credit. There was to be a wrestling match on the morrow, and a whisper had reached him that young Orlando de Boys had a mind to enter, under an assumed name, and try a fall. 'To-morrow, sir,' he explained, 'I wrestle for my credit, and he

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that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit himself well. Your brother is but young and tender: for your love I would be loth to hurt him, and yet for my honour I must, if he come in. So I come to tell you, that you may save him from a disgrace that is of his own tempting and altogether against my will.' This was honestly spoken, but it called forth an answer very different from that the burly fellow had come expecting: for with his words the devil of envy had been whispering Oliver that here was a chance—nay, a certainty—to break that young strength of which, a few minutes since, he had stood in terror, and to rid him of this brother who, without schooling, outshamed him in every one's liking and was by all, as he confessed to himself, 'enchantingly beloved.' So 'Hark ye,' said he to Charles, 'I had myself notice of the lad's purpose'—which was a lie—'and have laboured to dissuade him: but he is resolute. Between ourselves, he is the stubbornest young fellow in France: ambitious and envious; a secret and villainous plotter against me his natural brother. Therefore use your discretion. For my part I had as lief you broke his neck as his finger: and indeed whatever you do had best be done thoroughly, for if you disgrace him a little and let him live, he is safe to be quits with you by poison or by some treacherous means. I assure you—and, as his brother, almost with tears I tell it—that, for his years, you will not find his match in villainy!'

'Oho!' replied the thick lout. 'If that's so I am heartily glad I came to you. He shall have his payment if he stand up to me to-morrow, and if ever he walk again without help let me never wrestle again for prize.'

Thus promising, he took his leave: and the base Oliver, pretending to be reconciled to Orlando, that evening drew his purpose from him and craftily encouraged it.

The lad, then, stood in worse peril than he guessed, while he glanced from the ladies to the ring where Charles the wrestler had stripped and called tauntingly—

'Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie on mother earth!'

Orlando sprang forward.

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'You shall try but one fall,' said the Duke Frederick.

'No, I warrant your Grace,' boasted the big man, 'you shall not invite him to a second.'

'If you mean to mock me afterwards,' said Orlando modestly, 'you should not have mocked me before. But have it as you like.'

He leapt lightly in, and the two clinched. 'O excellent young man!' cried Rosalind after a few moments as they swayed to and fro and it appeared that Charles had no easy task. It became evident that he had met his match—if not his master. 'Oh! that I had Jove's thunderbolt,' murmured Celia, 'and could choose whom to strike down!' But just then a great shout went up as the two fell, locked together. But the youth was uppermost. He disengaged himself and leapt up.

'No more, no more!' the Duke interposed.

'Nay, I beseech your Grace,' panted young Orlando, yet eager, 'I am not yet well breathed.'

But the heavy champion lay speechless, with all life for the present knocked out of him.

'Bear him away,' the Duke commanded. 'And you? What is your name, young man?'

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

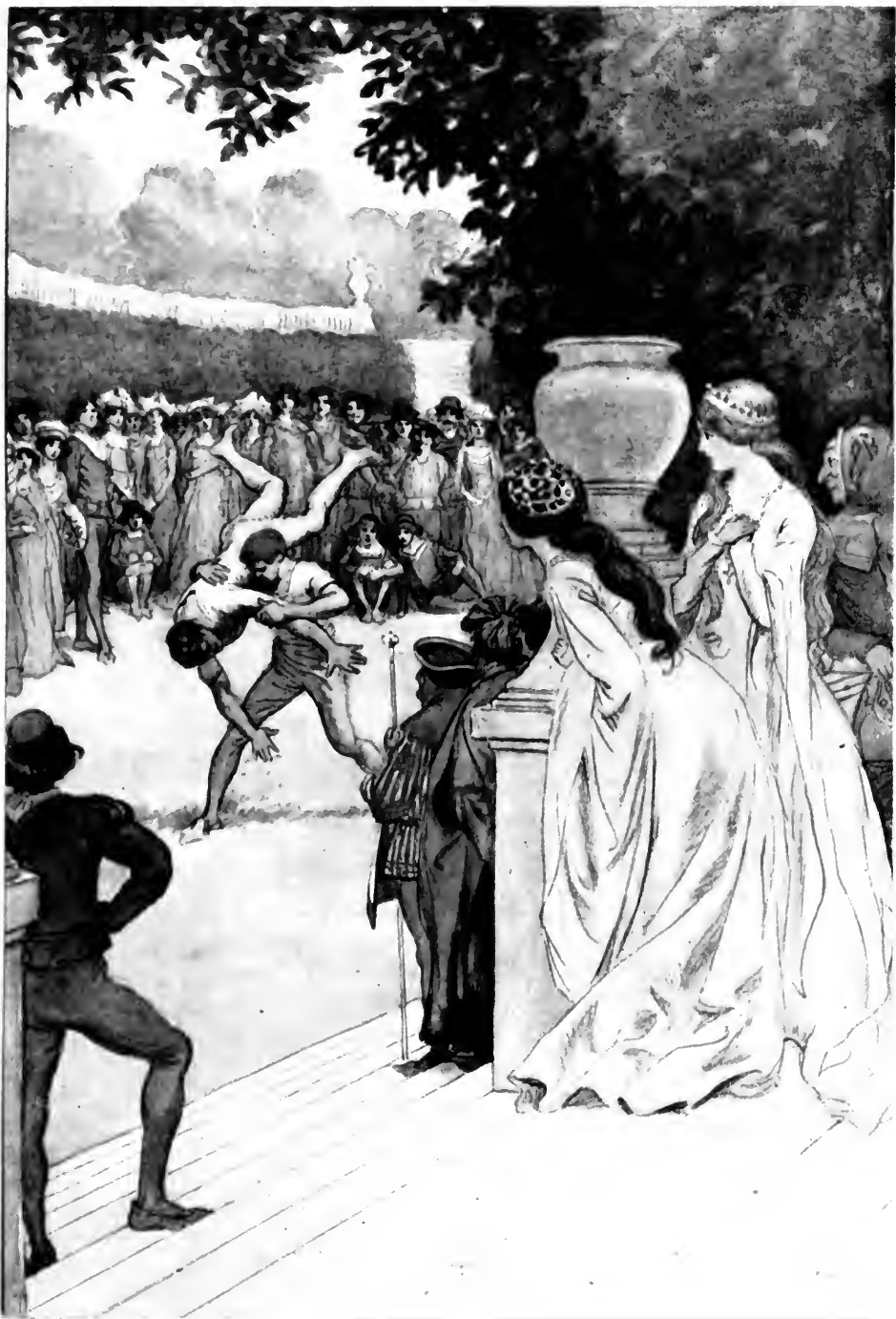
The Duke checked his smile. It changed to a frown. 'I would,' he said after a pause, 'thou hadst been son to another man. The world held thy father in honourable esteem; but to me he was ever an enemy.'

There was no mistaking his annoyance. With a nod to his train to follow him he went his way coldly, leaving Orlando unrewarded. But he left also the two young ladies, though for the moment Orlando scarcely remembered their presence.

'I am more proud'—the lad spoke hotly after the retreating courtiers—'to be Sir Rowland de Boys' son, though his youngest, than it would make me to be adopted the Duke's heir.'

'My father,' said Rosalind to Celia, 'loved Sir Rowland dearly, and the world was of his mind. Had I known this young man to be his son I would have stayed him even with tears from the risk he has just run.'

'Let us go thank and encourage him,' suggested Celia; and



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they went up to him. But while Celia spoke comforting words Rosalind took a chain from her neck and hung it on his.

'Wear this for me, sir. I am out of suit with fortune, but, had I the means, the gift should be more precious.'

Orlando could barely stammer his thanks. He stood there—or felt himself to stand—motionless, unmannerly, like a dull block. But Rosalind, as she followed Celia towards the palace, affected to hear him call them back, and turned.

'Did you call, sir? . . . Sir, you have wrestled well, and have overcome—not your enemies only.'

With a second curtsy of farewell she was gone, and Orlando left to brood. 'Oh! why could I not find a tongue?' Yet he knew the reason. He had mastered Charles, only to be mastered by this slight and gracious girl.

But he was given short time for self-communing. As he paced to and fro a courtier approached him—a Monsieur Le Beau, an honest man who secretly regretted the banished Duke and would do a kindness to this youth. 'Good sir,' said Le Beau, 'in friendship I counsel you to leave this place. You have won applause and liking; yet the Duke is in no pleasant humour, and I give you a hint for your safety.'

Orlando thanked him. 'But, I pray you tell me this—which of the two ladies just departed is our new Duke's daughter?'

'The smaller,'¹ said Le Beau. 'The other is daughter to the banished Duke, detained here to keep her cousin company, but, as I prophesy, not for long. Of late her uncle has grown displeased with her, solely because she is beloved by the people, who pity her too for her father's sake; and sooner or later his ill-will must break forth.'

They parted with mutual courtesies. Orlando went his way heavily homeward, nursing this arrow of love in his heart.

Rosalind, too, was moody and distraught. Celia, as they sat together, could scarcely win a word from her. 'Cupid have mercy! Have you not a word, dear cousin?'

¹ The text gives 'the taller': but it is likely that Shakespeare was here writing carelessly, since in Act i. Scene 3 it is Rosalind who describes herself as 'more than common tall,' and on this ground chooses to wear man's apparel. Cf. also Oliver's instructions in Act iv. Scene 3.

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'Not one to throw at a dog. . . . O!' cried Rosalind pettishly, 'how full of briers is this work-a-day world!'

Celia turned her talk upon the young wrestler; for Rosalind made no disguise of her feelings for him. But their confidences were rudely interrupted by the Duke Frederick and his lords. Already Le Beau's prophecy had come true.

The Duke entered with anger in his eyes. He broke forth at once upon Rosalind, storming at her for a traitress, dismissing her into exile, threatening her with death if ten days later she were found within twenty miles of the palace. In vain the amazed girl demanded to know what was her crime, and protested that never—not so much as by a thought unborn—had she sinned against his highness. 'You are your father's daughter, that is sufficient,' was the rough answer.

In vain, too, did Celia intercede. 'If Rosalind be a traitor, why so am I. We have slept together, risen together, learnt, played, eaten together; wheresoe'er we went, coupled and inseparable, like Juno's swans'—here in her haste, we fear, poor Celia forgot her mythology. 'You are a fool,' answered her father, 'and she is too subtle for you. Her smoothness, silence, and patience speak to the people, and they pity her to your detriment. You will shine the brighter when she is gone. Nay'—as Celia would have answered—'do not so much as open your lips. I have given my sentence, and it is irrevocable.' But Celia, though gentle, had courage when she loved. 'Pronounce that sentence then on me also, my liege; for I cannot live without her.' 'You are a fool!' repeated the Duke, 'and you, mistress, if you outstay the time granted, I promise you shall die.'

'O my poor Rosalind!' wept Celia as he took himself off with his fury. 'What will become of you? where can you go? Nay, look not more grieved than you see I am.'

'You are not banished as I am.'

'Not banished? Are we not one, and will my Rosalind believe that we can be sundered? No, let my father discover another heir: but think not to bear your sorrows alone, for, by heaven, and in spite of anything you may say, I will go with you.'

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Rosalind saw that this gentle friend was firm now and not to be turned from her purpose. So she asked only, 'Why, whither shall we go?'

'To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.'

'For us maidens to travel so far!—think of the danger.'

'I will clothe myself in mean attire, and smirch my face over with umber. Do you likewise, and we shall travel unchallenged.'

'Nay,' said Rosalind, taking fire; 'I am tall above the common—let me put on man's attire, with a short sword on my thigh, a boar-spear in my hand, and—well, in my heart let me hide what fear a woman must carry: the outside shall be swashing and martial enough.'

'Wilt be a man? Then what shall I call thee?'

'Ganymede. That was the name of Jove's own page, and I'll take no lower.'

'And I'll be Aliena. The name suits an exiled maid.'

So they resolved, and fell to discussing how to pack their jewels and small wealth. But still the venture dismayed them, and they decided it would be a comfort if they could persuade Touchstone the jester to share their journey. He was a loyal fellow, albeit a Fool, and he consented. So that night they demurely allowed their ladies to see them to bed; but before daybreak the bed was empty and the fugitives well on their way.

But, as it happened, they were not the only fugitives setting forth that night, nor the only ones bound for the wild Forest of Arden.

Orlando, returning home from the Duke's palace, was met outside his brother's house by the good old servant Adam. 'My young master, my gentle master, my sweet master!' cried the tottering old man. 'O you memory of old Sir Rowland! Why are you virtuous? Why beloved? Why gentle, strong, valiant? and why so fond as to overcome the Duke's wrestler?—for your praise has come home all too swiftly before you.'

'Hey? what's the matter?' asked Orlando, and was told by Adam that he must by no means enter the house; that his brother Oliver, enraged at his success in the wrestling, had sworn a horrible revenge. 'He means—I overheard him—to set fire to

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your sleeping-chamber to-night. If he miss, he will attempt worse. Trust me, this house will be but a shambles for you; abhor it, and do not enter it!

‘But where wouldst thou have me go?’ asked the amazed lad.

‘Anywhither!’

‘But how, without money?’

‘I have money—five hundred crowns, thriftily saved in your father’s service and stored to help me in my latter days. Take this, and may He that feedeth the ravens and giveth the sparrows their sustenance stand my friend in age! Take it, I beg, and take me for your servant: for old though I look, I am strong and lusty, having lived cleanly, and will serve you as well as a younger man could.’ ‘O good old man!’ cried Orlando. ‘How well appears in thee the faithful service of former times! It is out of fashion nowadays, when servants look to reward and not to duty. Come thy way, then, and before thy money is spent we will find some employment to bring me a wage, though it be a poor one.’ Adam had spoken heartily enough: but it cost him a pang when he turned for a last look at the house. ‘I have lived here from a lad of seventeen, that am now close upon eighty. At seventeen a lad may go seek his fortune; but alack! to go seeking it at fourscore! . . . And yet I ask no better of fortune than to die well and out of my master’s debt.’

Here, on the eve of their adventure, we say good-bye for the time to Orlando and Adam, and follow after the young ladies and their attendant Touchstone. It was some days’ travel to the Forest of Arden, and they were weary enough and dispirited by the time they reached its confines. ‘I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man’s apparel and cry like a woman,’ confessed Rosalind; ‘but being a man I must play the man and comfort the woman; therefore Courage, Aliena!’ ‘I pray you bear with me,’ Celia entreated; ‘I can go not a step further.’ They sat and gazed around them and into the green depth of the Forest, too far dejected to heed the forced jests by which the Fool would have made them smile.

Better comfort was at hand, however: for while they sat screened by the trees two shepherds came by—a staid elderly



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man and a youth—earnestly talking: and since their talk was of love, our travellers, who considered themselves to know something about it, listened a while before revealing themselves. It seemed that the young shepherd was desperately in love with a mistress who scorned him. The elder man—whom he called Corin—would have given him wise counsel, as that to follow the disdainful shepherdess about with sighs and entreaties was the surest way to render her more disdainful. ‘Ah, but if you knew how I loved Phebe!’ ‘My dear Silvius, I can partly guess,’ said Corin drily, ‘since I have loved in my time.’ But the lad would not have this, being convinced—as often happens to those who love for the first time—that his passion was altogether singular. ‘No, no,’ he protested; ‘you are old and cannot guess. If in youth you loved (as I doubt), into how many follies did love drag you—you that talk of wisdom?’ ‘Why, into a thousand that I’ve forgotten.’ ‘There! did I not say so? You have not loved, if you forget the smallest of these follies; nor if you never wearied a hearer with praise of your mistress; nor if you never broke away from company as—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!’ Silvius rushed off calling her name into the forest depths.

‘Ah, poor shepherd,’ murmured Rosalind, ‘in probing thy wound I have touched my own!’ ‘And I mine,’ agreed Touchstone. ‘I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bade him take that for coming a-courting of Jane Smile; and I remember kissing the cow’s teats that her pretty chapped hands had milked. Ay, we that are true lovers run into strange capers! All nature is mortal, and all nature in love mortal foolish.’

‘This shepherd’s love is much after my fashion.’

‘And mine—but it grows somewhat stale with me.’

They called to the man, hoping to purchase food of him. ‘I pray you, shepherd,’ said Rosalind, ‘if love or gold can buy entertainment in this desert place, lead us where we may rest ourselves and eat. Here is a young maid that faints with weariness.’

‘Fair sir,’ answered the shepherd Corin, ‘I pity her and would fain help. But I am not my own master, and the master

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whose flocks I graze is a churlish man little given to hospitable deeds. Moreover his flocks, fields, and sheepcote are for sale, and himself gone away, leaving scarce a bite of food in the house. But what there is, come and see ; for my part, you are very welcome.'

They followed him gladly, and learned by questions as they went that the intending buyer was no other than young Silvius, who in his present disorder of mind cared little to fulfil the purchase and would thankfully be quit of his bargain. This set them thinking that just such a place might suit them for an abode : and coming to the cottage they were so charmed with it that they gave Corin money to buy it for them with the fields and flocks, and took him into their service and sojourned there, waiting for news of the banished Duke. Somewhere in the great Forest he dwelt like old Robin Hood of England with a many merry men about him : for (so said rumours that had reached the Court) scores of young gentlemen flocked to him in Arden day by day and fleted the time carelessly as men did in the Golden Age of the world.

Rumour told, as it usually does, quite half the truth. To dwell out of doors in Arden through the winter-time—to lie under leafless trees through long freezing nights—was a sharp experience, but custom taught the good Duke and his faithful band to endure this and even to learn philosophy from it. 'This is but the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference,' he would tell them. 'Let the winter's wind bluster and chide me churlishly—let its icy fang bite on my body till I shrink with cold—still I can smile and say, "This at least is not flattery ; these are counsellors that persuade me, in the shortest, straightest way, what I am."' And his followers—courtiers no longer, but something better—would take his wisdom and turn it into cheerful song. They had suffered worse at home, for the worst of sufferings are not those that Nature inflicts on the body. Thus they sang—

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

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Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Then they would join in chorus—

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

For these rigours manfully endured, summer in the greenwood brought more than compensation. It was early summer now. They gathered under the spreading bough and sang in chorus with a changed note—

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !

They hunted the deer for food, and yet with compunction at being forced to slay the dappled creatures, free as themselves of the forest and with more right there, being natives. They spread the feast in the circle of a great oak and, having feasted, wandered at will, to stretch themselves at length in the fern, or beside a brook where the trees dipped their gnarled roots to the water ; and there, hearkening to the stream or staring up at the sky, taught themselves to think without regret of state pageantries and their lost estates, and without revenge of the men who had taken such things from them. Custom made outlawry sweeter to them than the envious court, as it was less perilous for the soul. For 'Sweet,' as the Duke said, 'are the uses of adversity ; which, like the toad we hate for its ugliness and fear for its venom, wears yet a medicinal jewel in its head. And this life of ours, remote from crowds, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it.'

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But, as humour seasons all things, for sauce to their plain philosophy the company included one Monsieur Jaques, a dry, cynical fellow who while practising this manner of life moralised it to quite another tune—that they were all fools together. He had been a gallant in his youth, and having run through the supposed pleasures of life, now in middle-age treated all life as a mockery. To him all the world was a stage, all its men and women merely players: and here was a somewhat new-fangled comedy in which his fellow-courtiers and he—for he did not spare himself—strutted their parts before the lights went out. When they sang—

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!—

Jaques took up the air and responded—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdamé, ducdamé, ducdamé—
Him shall he see
Gross fools as he—

'What is this *ducdamé*?' they asked.

'A Greek invocation,' Jaques answered, 'to call fools into a circle.'

One day, while the Duke and they seated themselves to banquet under an oak, Jaques broke into the circle, and for once in a while his looks were hilarious. 'A fool!' he announced, 'I have met a fool in the forest—a real fool this time, and in motley. I have been in talk with him, and he kept me laughing by the hour.' 'Why, what fool is this?' asked the Duke. 'One, sir, that has been a courtier: a fellow with a brain as dry as old ship-biscuit, and yet an observing fool, crammed with odds-and-ends of wisdom.' Jaques gave no more than this meagre description, being occupied with his own sardonic humour. 'I am ambitious—ambitious to be a fool. Will your Grace invest me

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in a suit of motley?' The Duke might have questioned him further, and so have been led to discover Touchstone and, through Touchstone, the two princesses; but at this moment, and just as they addressed themselves to the meal, their talk was rudely interrupted.

'Forbear!' cried a voice, and forth from the forest came running a young man with drawn sword and desperate eyes. 'Forbear, and eat not—till others have food who need it more!' The Duke gazed at Orlando—for it was Orlando—with dignity. 'Art thou bold by distress, sir, or but a rude despiser of good manners, that thou threatenest so uncivilly?' 'I am almost dying for food; so let me have it.' 'Why, then, sit down and feed and be welcome.' 'Speak you so gently?'—Orlando, overcome by the soft answer, put up his sword and blushed for his discourtesy—'Pardon me, I pray you. I thought that all things in this place had been savage. . . . But whoever you are that in this desert, beneath the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and let time creep by neglected—if ever you have looked upon better days, if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church, or have sat at good men's feasts, or have wiped a tear from your eyelids and known what it is to pity and be pitied, I charge you to do for me in gentleness what I no longer claim by force.' 'Truly,' replied the Duke and smiled kindly, 'we have seen better days, and been knolled with holy bell to church, and have sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes of drops of sacred pity—all as thou sayest. Therefore sit, and we will serve you.' 'Kind sir,' said Orlando, 'a short way off in the forest there lies spent an old poor man who has limped after me a weary way, and in pure love. Let me go first to him, as a doe to find her fawn and feed it; for until he be sufficed I will not touch a morsel.' The Duke assented, and Orlando hurrying off returned presently with Adam on his back. They sat the old man down and revived him with wine and food; and now the Duke questioned Orlando, and finding him to be a son of his old friend Sir Rowland, made the newcomers doubly welcome to his forest court.

Some days after this, Rosalind and Celia—who meanwhile

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had been dwelling peacefully in their sheepcote—were startled in their walks abroad and not a little puzzled at happening on the name Rosalind, carved on the trunks of trees. On other trees they found love-sonnets pinned, all extolling the virtues and graces of Rosalind. It was Celia who first solved the puzzle and in a very simple manner—by catching sight of Orlando as he lay love-sick under a tree. She hurried off to her cousin and, after playing with the news mischievously for a while, led her to a spot where they might lie in wait for him. Their disguise made them bold, and Rosalind especially, in her mannish apparel, had no fear of recognition.

So when he came by she accosted him hardily, and they fell into talk. 'Where dwell you, pretty youth?' asked Orlando. 'With this shepherdess, my sister,' was the answer; 'here in the skirts of the forest like a fringe upon a petticoat.' 'Your accent is something too pure for a native.' 'I have often been told so. But indeed I was tutored by an old uncle of mine; one that had known the world in his time and fallen in love and, disgusted with love, had retired upon religion. I thank God I am not a woman, having heard so much from him about women that I would engage to cure any man in love with one.' 'Why, what charged your uncle against women?' 'Nay'—Rosalind shook her head—'I will not cast away my physic except on the sick. There is a man that haunts this forest and misuses the young trees by carving "Rosalind" on their barks; that hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, and all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could catch that fancy-monger I would give him some good advice.' 'Give it to me, then; for I am that man.' Rosalind affected to disbelieve. 'Nay, you have not the marks by which my uncle taught me to know a man in love. Surely you are not the man that hangs these many verses on the trees, and all about Rosalind?' 'By Rosalind's own white hand I swear to thee, youth, I am he. Canst thou cure me?' 'I cured a lover once,' answered Rosalind, her heart beating fast for joy; 'and it was in this manner. Boy though I am, he was to imagine me his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. So day by day would I meet him

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and show myself effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything—as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour. I would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then be a spitfire to him. Thus I drove him so wild that he ran away to be a monk or a hermit: at any rate I cured him, and so would I engage to cure you.' 'I am not sure that I wish to be cured,' mused Orlando. 'I promise to cure you, sir, if you will but call me Rosalind, in place of my name Ganymede, and come every day to my cote to woo me.' 'Faith, then, I will!' promised Orlando, either touched to the quick by the name of his love or reminded of her by something in this sunburnt boy's looks.

So the bargain was struck, and day by day thereafter Orlando arrived at the cote to be cured. Somehow, although the cure progressed slowly, even imperceptibly, he found it extremely pleasant: yet never did he suspect that this Ganymede turned Rosalind was indeed his Rosalind turned Ganymede, and the lady of his allegiance.

Now Rosalind might find it easy or hard, or both by turns, to keep up this mockery of courtship with the man of her heart: the game had been of her choosing. But her mannish attire and her new interest in love-making soon led her into a scrape she would have chosen to avoid. For happening upon the love-sick Silvius as he pleaded in vain with his dark-eyed shepherdess Phebe, and pitying him for the scorn that rewarded him, she broke forth on the girl with hot reproaches upon her cruelty and insolence; and, drawing breath in the midst of the harangue, was dismayed to see that Phebe seemed to enjoy being chidden and was gazing on her with languishing eyes. 'Sweet youth,' said the proud one, 'scold me for a year together. I had rather have you chide me than this man woo.' Scold as Rosalind might, 'twas too evident that Phebe, taking her for a boy, had fallen some way in love with her; and she was forced to beat an embarrassed retreat with the warning, 'Cast not your eyes on me, I pray you: for I am falser than vows made over the wine-cup—

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and moreover, I like you not.' Phebe heeded neither warning nor disdain, but only deemed the supposed Ganymede the prettier for his anger.

Indeed the purlieus of the sheepcote were by this time the scene of a deal of fine confused love-making, for even the fool Touchstone had got himself a sweetheart—one Audrey, an awkward country wench whose rustic suitors he enjoyed scaring away with his court-bred loftiness and affectations of manner; deriving from these encounters the chief zest of his courtship. Against all the railing of the melancholy Jaques the spirit of youth, of spring-time, of love-making had infected the Forest and possessed its inhabitants, and the Duke's young pages made carols upon it in the greenwood:—

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a-ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring!

It only wanted Celia's turn, and her destiny befell her in this wise. One day, as Orlando wended his way through the forest, chewing the bitter-sweet cud of his love after a lesson from Ganymede in the curing of it, he espied a man stretched asleep under an oak. Stepping closer, he perceived that the man was in rags, that his boots were travel-worn, and then—with horror—that a snake had wreathed itself about the sleeper's neck and was arching her head in the act to bite. Orlando took another step and the snake, startled, left her prey and glided off into a bush; another step and peering into the bush his eyes met the green eyes of a lioness, crouched there, waiting for the man to awake. With difficulty Orlando withdrew his gaze from the beast and glanced at the sleeper. It was his own, his unnatural, brother Oliver.

He drew back. Twice he was tempted to leave this man, his worst enemy, to his fate. But natural affection and the gentleness of his disposition chased away the thought. Plucking forth his sword he rushed upon the lioness and dealt her a fatal wound,

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almost before Oliver awoke to what had happened, but not before the beast had torn her assailant's arm with a stroke of her claws.

Oliver, half-dazed with sleep, ran to his defender. Orlando gazed at him: and then and there gratitude, remorse, brotherly affection overcame all other feelings and the elder man passionately confessed his guilt. Orlando had just strength enough to lead him to the cave where the Duke kept house. Then Oliver explained that, the Duke Frederick, discovering the flight of the princesses and also that the young wrestler was missing from home, had put two and two together, had sent for him, and had threatened him, charging him to find and bring back the runaways on pain of death: in the which search he had travelled until sleep overtook him, dog-weary, under the oak. While all this was being told, Orlando swayed with faintness, and the brothers were no sooner alone than he began to strip off his shirt, under which all this while his wound had been bleeding; but in the act, calling on the name of Rosalind, he fell at Oliver's feet in a swoon. Oliver revived him and bound up his wound. 'There is one other service you must do for me. Some way from here on the outskirts of the forest you will find a stream running between beds of osiers, and on the bank of it a sheepcote within a fence of olive trees. A brother and sister dwell there—the boy fair-skinned and girlish, but with the air and carriage of a forester grown; the maid shorter of stature and gipsy-brown. Your business is with the boy, whom in sport I have been wooing, calling him by the name of my true love Rosalind. I am under a vow to be at the sheepcote to-day at two o'clock. But since I cannot keep my promise, take with your message this bloody napkin to him for proof that I lie not.'

Oliver went his way and found Rosalind and Celia at some little distance from the sheepcote. To them he told the tale, not concealing his past guilt but confessing it with his repentance. But when he showed the napkin, Rosalind's manliness clean forsook her, and she fainted away. 'Why, what ails you, Ganymede! Sweet Ganymede!' Celia knelt over her, coaxing her back to life. 'Many will swoon at the sight of blood,' suggested Oliver. 'Nay, there is more in it. . . . Cousin Ganymede!' Rosalind opened her

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eyes at length. 'I would I were at home!' she murmured, her lips moving feebly. 'We'll lead you home,' promised Celia; 'I pray you, sir, take him by the arm.' Oliver obeyed. 'Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart,' he rallied her. 'I do so, I confess it'—here Rosalind took a grip on her weakness and attempted a laugh—'Was it not well counterfeited, sir? I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited.' But her bravado ended in something between a sigh and a sob. 'No counterfeit,' said Oliver; 'there is yet testimony enough in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.' 'Counterfeit, I assure you.' 'Well, then, take good heart and counterfeit to be a man.' 'So I do; but in faith'—Rosalind sighed again—'I should have been a woman by right.'

Celia led her away to the cottage. But here it appeared that she, too, was not unaffected by this meeting. Oliver's passionate remorse had touched her, and being ever gently disposed to believe the best, she had allowed her heart to go out to him; all suddenly upon impulse, and yet (as she was forced to confess to Rosalind after Oliver had taken his departure) gone from her beyond recall. Oliver likewise on his return confided to Orlando that he had fallen over head and ears in love with the shepherdess Aliena. So here was yet another pair sweethearting in Arden.

So much in earnest did Oliver show himself that, believing his Aliena to be as poor as her dwelling betokened, he promised to settle all Sir Rowland's wealth and estates upon his brother and live his own life out as a simple shepherd.

They talked over this in accord, as brothers between whom the past was forgotten: and seeing Oliver to be in earnest, Orlando at length consented, promising that with Aliena's consent the wedding should be celebrated on the morrow, and that he would invite the Duke and all his company to honour it. Oliver hurried off to his Aliena with the news, and just then Orlando saw Rosalind approaching. She had come to enquire after his wound.

'Alas!' she began, 'my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!'

'It is my arm.'

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'I thought thy heart had been wounded. . . . Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?'

'Ay, and greater wonders than that.'

'Yes, yes—I know what you mean. There was never anything so sudden since Cæsar boasted, "I came, saw, and overcame": for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy.'

'They shall be married to-morrow. But O! lad, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!'

'Mean you that to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?'

'I can live no longer by thinking,' admitted poor Orlando.

'Come then,' said she, 'I will weary you no longer with idle talking. Will you trust me that I can do strange things as well, and by virtue of magic I learned from that old uncle you have heard me tell of. If you do truly hold Rosalind so dear as you profess, why then to-morrow when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry your love. Nay then,' she assured him nodding her head, 'I mean it. Therefore put you in your best array; invite your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind if you will. Lo, now!' she broke off and pointed to Silvius and Phebe, who approached, 'here comes a lover of mine with a lover of her own.'

The shepherdess Phebe was in an ill temper. She had written 'Ganymede' a letter which she professed to be a taunting one, and on that pretence had even employed Silvius to carry it. But the letter when opened proved to be full of love-sighings, and Rosalind had straightway shown it to the deluded messenger. Poor Silvius had returned full of reproaches, as well he might be; but Phebe could only be furious. Coming up to 'Ganymede' now she began to chide and tax him with having betrayed her. 'Nay, I care not if I have,' answered Rosalind: 'for it is my study to treat you with scorn. You are followed, there, by a faithful shepherd. Look on him, and love him; he worships you.' Phebe

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protested that she could not; her heart was strayed. 'No more of this, I pray you,' Rosalind replied. 'I'll marry you if ever I marry woman; and, what is more, I will be married to-morrow. Only if you refuse to marry me, will you take this gentle Silvius?' 'I promise that,' said Phebe. 'Very well, it is a bargain,' said Rosalind. 'You shall be married to-morrow—and you—and you'—turning to Orlando and to Silvius. 'To-morrow we'll meet; and, until then, fare you all well!' Albeit much mystified, they promised on their lives to be punctual.

Accordingly on the morrow they assembled in the Duke's presence—Oliver with his Aliena; 'Ganymede,' Orlando, Silvius, Phebe; even Touchstone with his wench Audrey, instructing her to bear her body more seeming before the gentry. The Duke had word that here were four couples promised in marriage; but how, of this company, could four couples be mated? He had heard also from Orlando of the boy's promise to bring his daughter Rosalind. He waited, much doubting.

But Ganymede stepped forward boldly and addressed him.

'You say, sir, that if I bring your daughter Rosalind you will bestow her on Orlando?'

'That would I,' said the Duke, who had proved the young man's worth, 'had I a kingdom to bestow with her.'

'And you, sir'—turning to Orlando—'that you will have her when I bring her?'

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

'And you, Phebe, that you will marry me if I be willing; but that if you refuse, you will take this faithful shepherd to husband?'

'That is the bargain.'

Having exacted their promises, Ganymede led Aliena away, and now some inkling of the truth dawned on the Duke. 'Methinks,' he mused, 'I observe in this shepherd boy some lifelike touches of resemblance to my daughter.' But by this time, in a thicket-clearing the pair were merrily transforming them into Rosalind and Celia, the one casting off this boy's apparel, the other washing off her complexion of gipsy-brown; and anon both

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had arrayed themselves and stood up in rich dresses for their bridals.

Although the forest allowed him to provide no elaborate ceremonies for the wedding, the Duke had given orders that his pages should prepare a masque, the leader of which they dressed as Hymen. Mightily astonished were the courtiers when this Hymen entered, leading the veritable Rosalind and Celia, with the minstrels playing and chanting in their train. Orlando with a cry would have sprung to his love; but first she knelt for her father's blessing. 'To you, my lord, I give myself, for I am yours'—and then rising and taking Orlando's hands, 'To *you* I give myself, for I am yours.'

So they were mated. Orlando had his Rosalind; Oliver his Celia; the fool Touchstone his Audrey; while the shepherdess Phebe was obliged by her bargain to bestow her hand on Silvius: and the exiled courtiers celebrated the wedding with gay goodwill in the merry greenwood. But the day's felicity did not end here, for while they feasted there arrived a messenger—and he none other than Jaques de Boys, brother of Oliver and Orlando—with news for the Duke that his exile was ended and he once more master of his realm.

It had happened in this wise. The usurper Frederick, hearing that every day men of great worth were resorting to the Forest of Arden, had raised a troop of soldiers and marched with it, meaning to take his brother and slay him. But coming to the skirts of the forest he fell in with a holy man, a hermit, who not only turned him from his bad purpose, but persuaded him to embrace a life of religious penitence. From the cell to which he had withdrawn from the world he sent this message, restoring his crown to his wronged brother, and reinstating all these exiled lords in their lands.

This was good hearing indeed. Orlando and Rosalind were now heirs to a dukedom, which neither Oliver nor Celia grudged to them. But Orlando and Rosalind were in no haste to inherit, and wished the Duke many happy years in a court he could trust the better now, having found it loyal through adversity. Only the melancholy courtier Jaques announced that he, for his part,

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preferred the society of fools ; and since the present company had elected to give up fooling, he would off and join the devotions of the penitent Frederick, as the nearest fool handy.

As You Like It was pretty certainly written in 1599 or early in 1600. Meres does not mention it in his famous list in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598 ; it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, first printed in 1598, five years after Marlowe's death—

‘ Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?’

ACT III. SCENE v.

It was entered in the Stationers' Registers under the date August 4, which by preceding and subsequent entries is fixed at August 4, 1600.

Shakespeare took his plot directly from a novel by Thomas Lodge, *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*, first printed in 1590 ; and the plot of this is partly based in turn upon the *Tale of Gamelyn*, which used to be attributed to Chaucer and assigned to the Cook among the Canterbury Pilgrims (but only because some ignorant scribe, who found it inserted next after the real *Cokes Tale*, at a guess superscribed it *The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*).

Gamelyn has no love-story, but merely tells of a younger brother's ill-treatment, his success at wrestling, his escape with an old servant Adam the 'spenser' (*i.e.* steward or caterer), etc. For his love-making Lodge borrowed or invented a second plot, with all the business of an exiled King ; of his daughter Rosalynd's flight from the usurper's court with Alinda (Celia), the two travelling in disguise, in the names of 'Ganimede' and 'Aliena,' and reaching the Forest of Ardenne ; and of Montanus (Silvius) a shepherd, and his love - sickness for Phœbe. It will be seen that Shakespeare 'conveys' sundry of Lodge's names ; while that of the faithful old servant Adam he derived, through Lodge, from *Gamelyn*.

There are reasons for thinking that *As You Like It* was hastily written. One or two scenes fall out of their right order in time, as though Shakespeare went back to pick up loose threads he had overrun. Rosalind is now the shorter and anon the taller

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of the cousins ; there are two characters with the name of Jaques ; and so on. But the haste most offensive to reader and spectator is that with which Celia gives her hand to Oliver. Now in the novel *Saladyne* (Oliver) helps to rescue *Aliena* from a band of robbers, and thus supplies a motive. By omitting this, Shakespeare left an emotional gap in the play ; and the curious may be left to guess whether he omitted it—and whether he took over so many of Lodge's names ready-made—because he happened to be in a hurry, or because he assumed his audience to be acquainted with the novel and trusted them to fill up the gap for themselves, just as he was carelessly sure they would recognise his *dramatis personæ*, no matter by what names he called them.

These, however, are trifling questions, and *As You Like It* offers something more vital to criticism. Lodge's novel may be enjoyed, or it may be found wearisome with a tedium only relieved by a few graceful and haphazard lyrics ; but, tedious or enjoyable, it is a palmary example of the 'pastoral' style with all its paste-board and stucco. Shakespeare's plot stands every whit as far removed from real life ; indeed, as we have seen, in the business of Celia's wooing it takes even less account of natural human motives. As a story it may be pronounced silly : it is certainly artificial in the last degree. Nevertheless, if asked what Milton precisely meant when he wrote of Shakespeare's 'native wood-notes wild,' we should probably among all the plays turn first to *As You Like It* and instance it with confidence.

What is the secret of this paradox ? How comes this artificial play transformed into one which everybody quotes as full of 'nature' and fresh air ? How does it bewitch us and actually lift our spirits with a sense of woodland freedom, of forest vistas, purling streams, glimpses of antlers above the bracken, sunshine aslant between ancient trees ? Are we merely cajoled ? and even so, how has Shakespeare contrived to cajole us ?

Well, to begin with, we see these things because Shakespeare could not help seeing them. His was, first and last, the most *concrete* imagination that ever wrought at poetry. He abhors abstractions ; he must form a distinct image of every thought, scene, movement, as it occurs. As a young man he takes a

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languid classical subject, *Venus and Adonis*, and so holds our vision to it that, if Adonis but lift his chin, we see him—

Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in.

And still, as he develops, his language strains after this amazing gift of vision until—in *Antony and Cleopatra*, for instance—the sentences are dug out in concreted cakes of imagery, half the nouns verbs, a metaphor in each, the minor parts of speech squeezed breathless out of the press or trodden out of sight. Here, midway in this process, in *As You Like It* he takes Lodge's Forest of the Ardennes; its name suggests his own native district of Arden in Warwickshire; and as such he inexorably sees it—as the reader may see it to-day, if he will launch a boat on Avon and travel down (say) through Stoneleigh deer-park. There he will recognise it all—the wide lawns, the bracken, the deer splashing daintily across the ford, the gigantic trees—English and Spanish oaks, wych-elms, firs, chestnuts, filmy larch coppices—and may even identify the tree under which Jaques reclined; a monster, thirty-nine feet around, with 'antique root' writhing over the red sandstone rock down to the water's brim.

As with the scenery, so with the persons. Shakespeare 'visualised' them all; most of all Rosalind, who is admittedly the soul of the play. But the values of the others in its composition must not be overlooked. Even the mere opposition of colour is extraordinarily skilful—Touchstone's bright motley and Jaques's sad-coloured cloak; Audrey's tatters and the faded finery of the exiled courtiers—all subtly suggesting different temperaments and attitudes towards life. Finer than this is the skill with which Shakespeare makes his artificial world real by jesting with it. To jest with anything heartily and at the same time courteously demands and implies a measure of belief in it; as men happily married are able, and they only, to poke inoffensive fun at their wives. Shakespeare, however, is not content with implying this credence; he flatters it by putting his criticism in the mouths of Touchstone and Jaques, of whom one is a licensed fool, and the other (as we should say nowadays) a 'crank.' They may poke

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what fun they please ; but since they are eccentric by assumption, whatever they laugh at by assumption becomes normal. Just as Kent, the one thoroughly sane character in *King Lear*, stands as a point of reference for all the surrounding crime and madness, so in *As You Like It*, by the method of comedy, these two eccentrics reduce the fantasies of others to common-sense. Whatever names Shakespeare took ready-made, that of Touchstone is invented well enough to excuse all his borrowings.

But the person of the play is Rosalind. She is pure charm distilled, down to the last curtsy in the Epilogue. Bold and timid ; frank yet maidenly ; downright, coquettish ; conquering, yielding ; among the bright cluster of Shakespeare's women—with Beatrice, Miranda, Desdemona, Cordelia—it is only because no apple of choice can be given that Rosalind does not bear it cavalierly away.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE—*Oliver's house ; Duke Frederick's court ;
and the Forest of Arden.*





Act
1

SCENE I

Orchard of 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 here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

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

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

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



SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

OLI. Know you where you are, sir ?

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

OLI. Know you before whom, sir ?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me.

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

OLI. What, boy !

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

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

ORL. I am no villain ; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de 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.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient : for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me.

My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

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!

SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

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

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

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

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

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

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

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

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.



SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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 fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

OLI. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit* CHARLES.]

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

SC. II.]

SCENE II

Lawn before the DUKE'S palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

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.

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

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

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

CEL. Marry, I 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.

ROS. What shall be our sport, then?

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

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

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

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



SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

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

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

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

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

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

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

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

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

ROS. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. 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.

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.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU,

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

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport! of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the destinies decree.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

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

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

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

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROS. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

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

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

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

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

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



SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

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

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

ROS. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

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

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

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

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

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

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

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

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

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

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

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well : pray heaven I be deceived in you !

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you !

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

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

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

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

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

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

ROS. O excellent young man !

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

[*Shout.* CHARLES *is thrown.*

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

DUKE F. No more, no more.

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

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles ?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

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

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 pleased me with this
deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth :

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU.

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

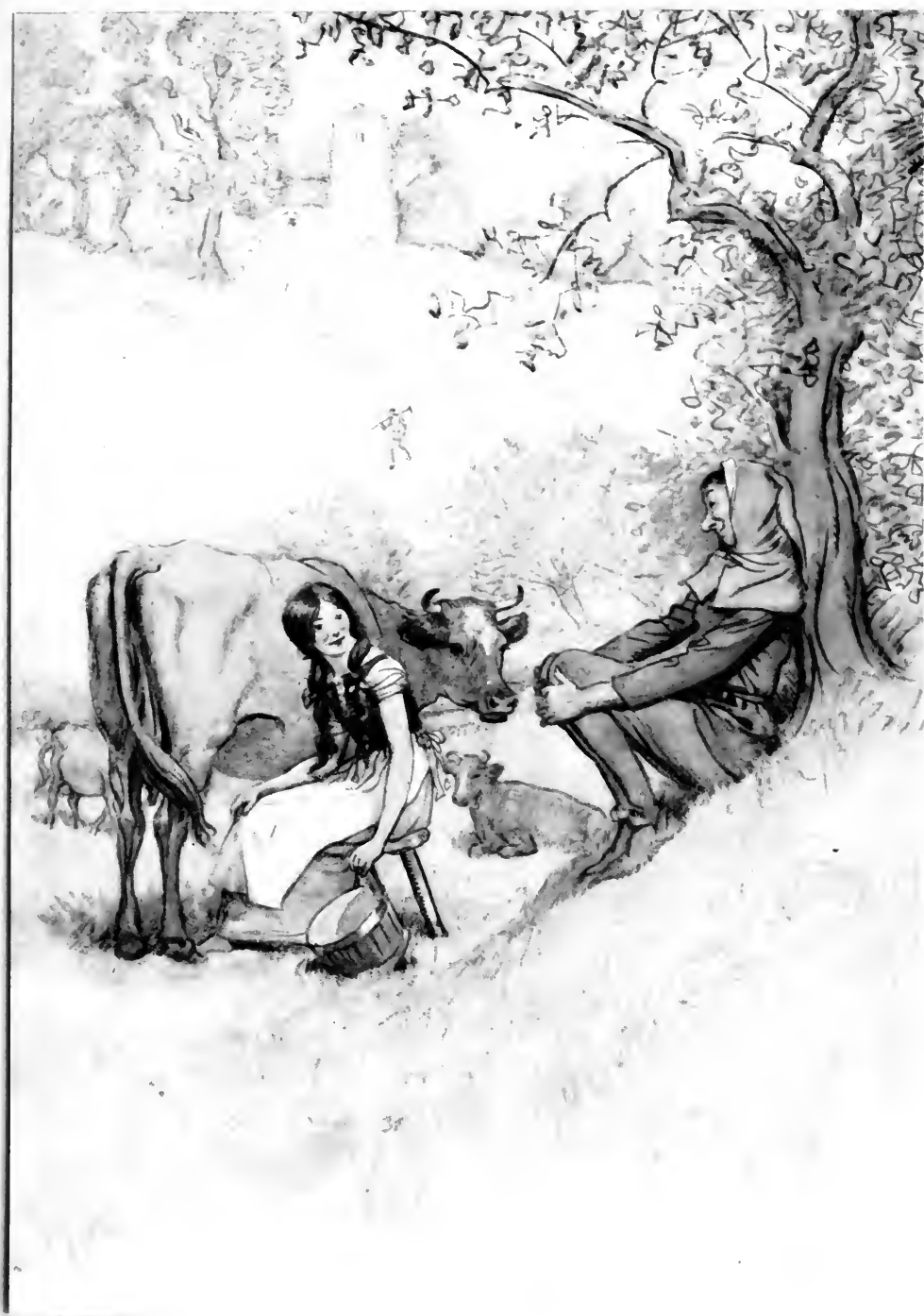
ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son ; and would not change that
calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind :

Had I before known this young man his son,



sc. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.

Shall we go, coz ?

CEL. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands
up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

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

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

Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz ?

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

ROS. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

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

ORL. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
ORL. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :
But heavenly Rosalind ! [Exit.]

SCENE III

A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

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

CEL. But is all this for your father?

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

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

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



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

CEL. Hem them away.

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

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

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

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

ROS. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

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

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

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

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

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

DUKE F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

DUKE F. You, cousin :

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

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with
me :

If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors :

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

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

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

SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

So was I when your highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

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

Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

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

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

I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide
yourself :

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

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.

CEL. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than
I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin ;
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 :
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No : let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

ROS. Why, whither shall we go ?

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

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

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

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

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

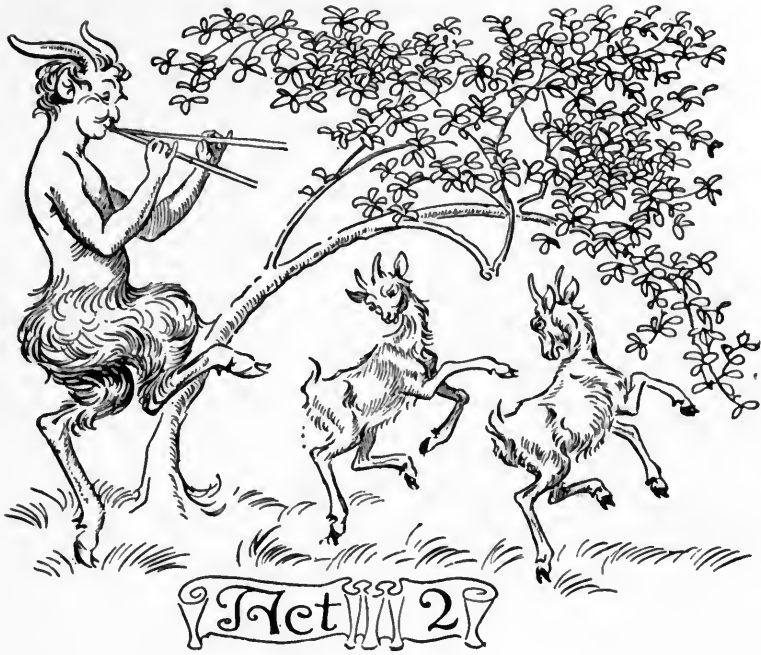
ROS. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page ;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

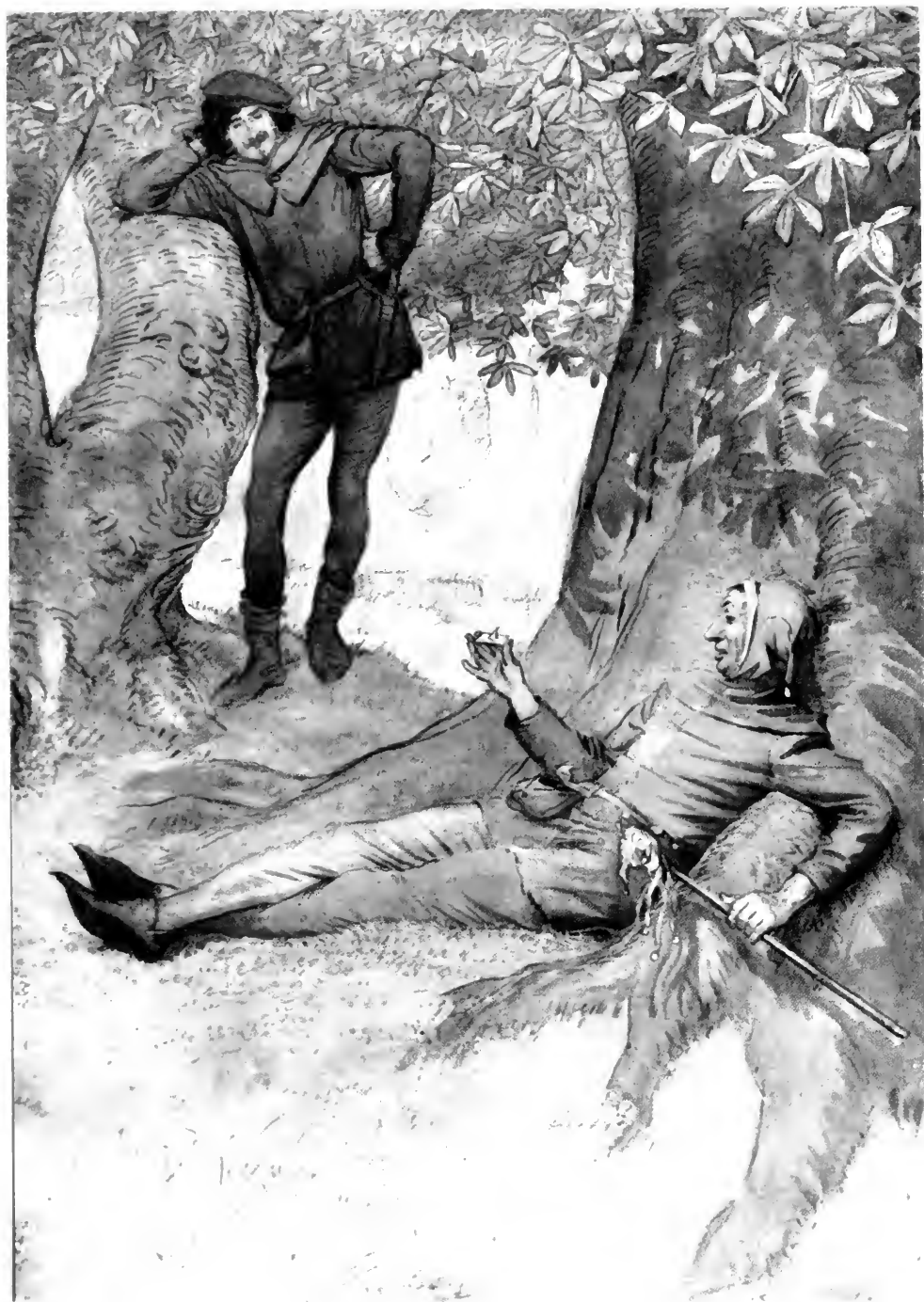
AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT I.

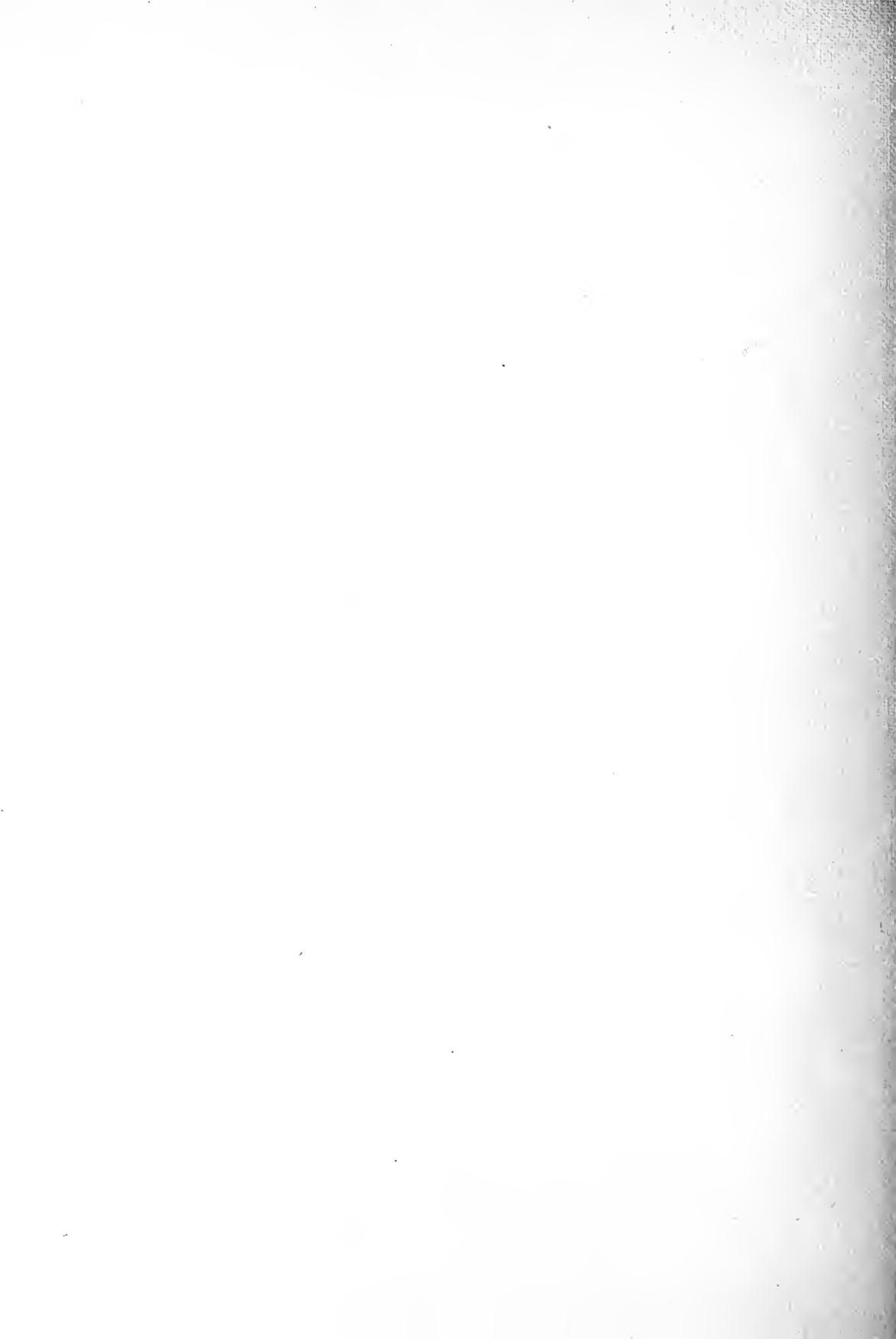
CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

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

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







SCENE I

The Forest of Arden.

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

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

AMI. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

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

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

SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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?

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': then, being there
alone,

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

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

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contempla-
tion?

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

SEC. LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

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:

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

[Exeunt.]



SC. II.]

SCENE II

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.

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

SEC. LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft

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
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant
hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I'll make him find him : do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

SC. III.]

SCENE III

Before OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ORL. Who 's there ?

ADAM. What, my young master ? O my gentle
master !

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

ORL. Why, what 's the matter ?

ADAM.

O unhappy youth !

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

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

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

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

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

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

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

And unregarded age in corners thrown :
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

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.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.

SC. IV.]

SCENE IV

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for
ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.*

ROS. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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

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

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

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

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

I; when I was at home, I was in a better place:
but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and
an old in solemn talk.

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

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

COR. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

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

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:



sc. iv.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

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

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

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

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

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

If he for gold will give us any food :

I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla, you clown !

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

COR. Who calls ?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

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

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

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

SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

COR. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

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

CEL. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V

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 thro'at,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur
Jaques.

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.

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



sc. v.] AS YOU LIKE IT

AMI. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

AMI. More at your request than to please myself.

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

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

JAO. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

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

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes :—

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

AMI. What's that ' ducdame ' ?

JAQ. '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 firstborn of Egypt.

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

SC. VI.]

SCENE VI

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

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

ORL. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I 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 liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

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 no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone
hence :

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

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

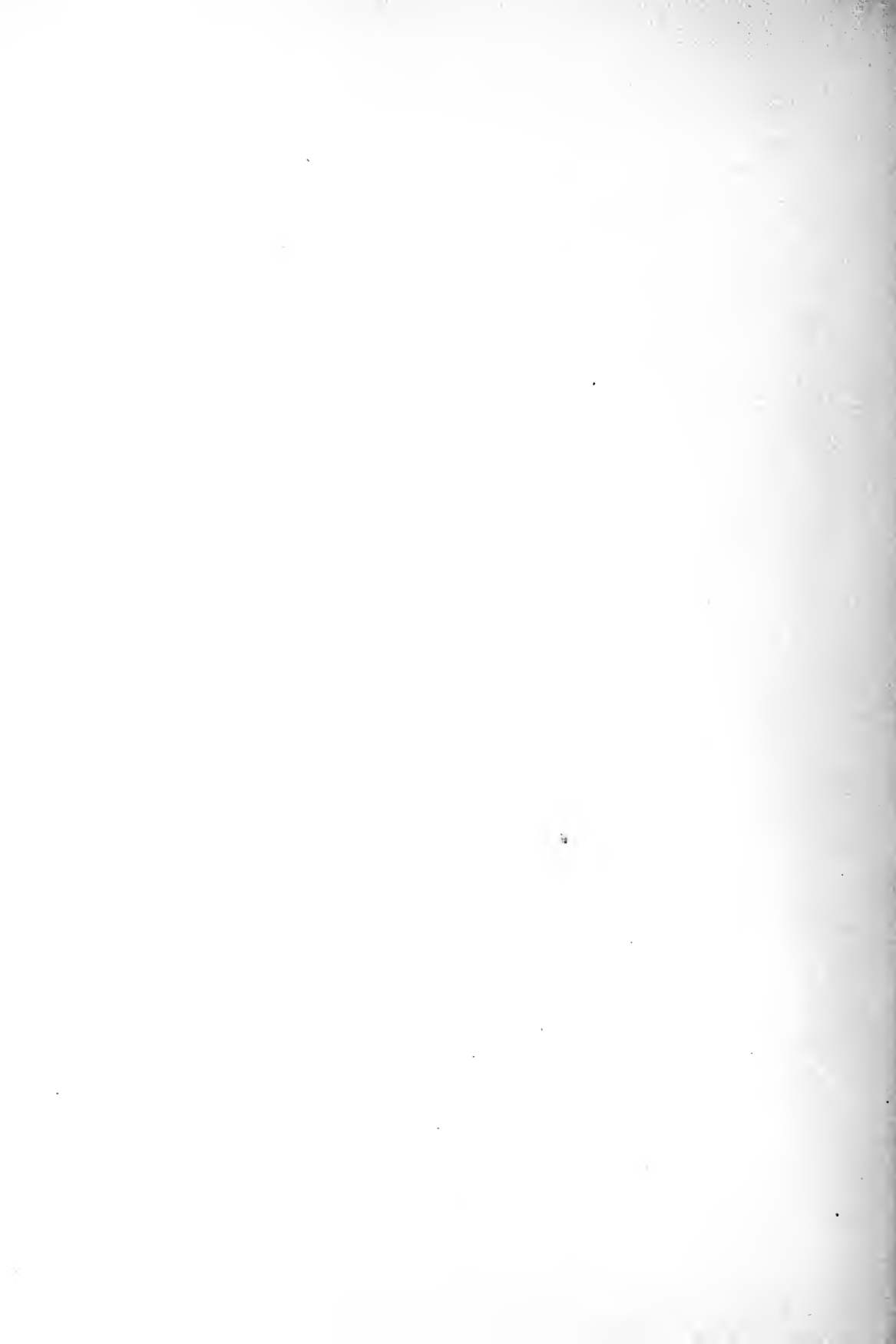
Enter JAQUES.

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own
approach.

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

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





SC. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

DUKE S. What fool is this?

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

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
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.

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

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

SC. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

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

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

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

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.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?

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

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

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny
point

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

JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason, 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.

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



SC. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

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

ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

Opress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

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

ORL. I thank ye; and be blest for your good
comfort! [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

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

sc. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden,

And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need :

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT II.

SONG.

AMI. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

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

Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.

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





SCENE I

A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

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

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

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

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

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

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life ; but in respect that it is a shep-
herd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is



SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

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

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope.

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

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

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

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

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

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

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

TOUCH. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat.
Mend the instance, shepherd.

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

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

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

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you, to bring
the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest
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.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

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

Ros. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste :

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

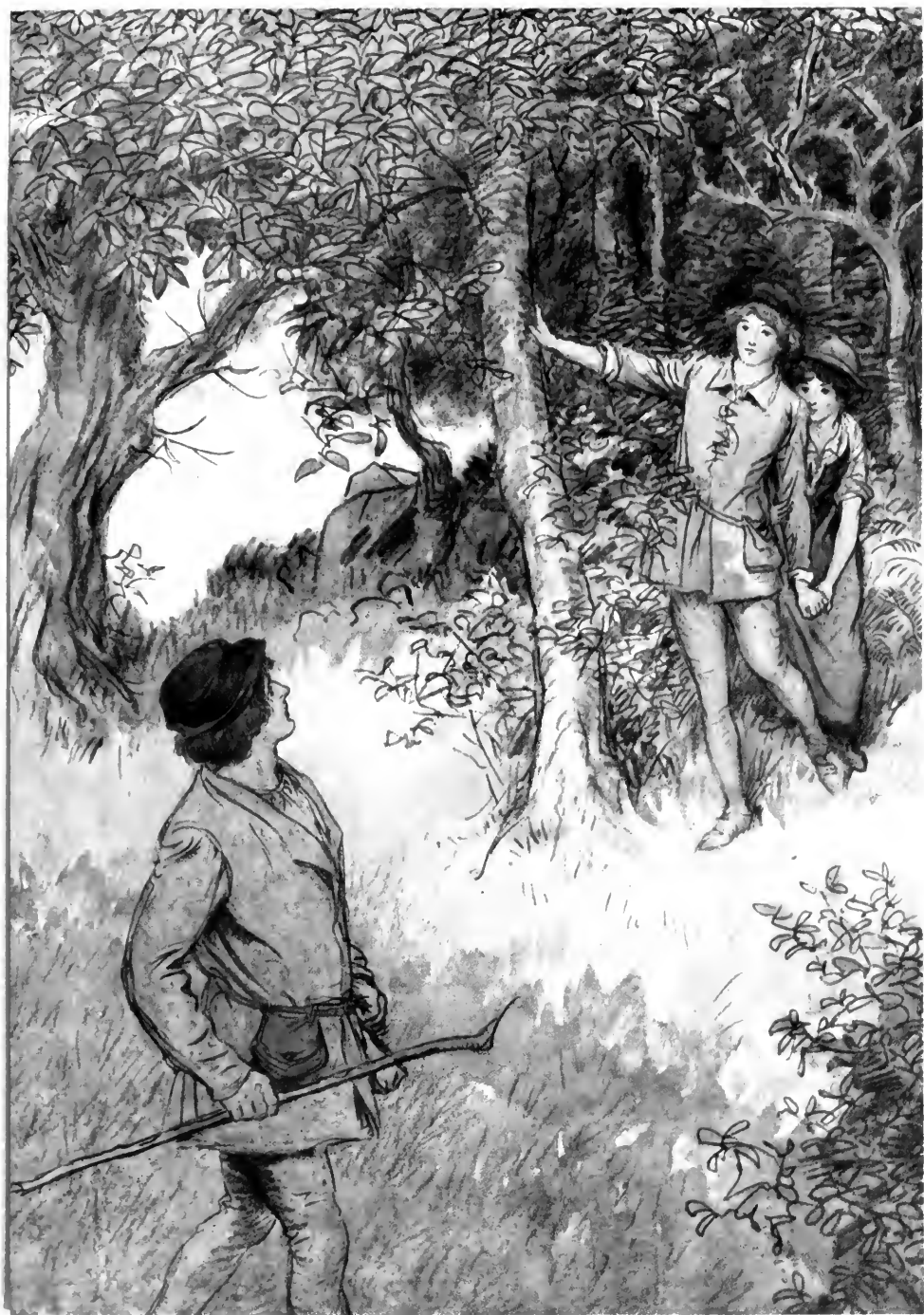
This is the very false gallop of verses : why do
you infect yourself with them?

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

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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



SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

CEL. [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

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

CEL. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off
a little. Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honour-
able retreat; though not with bag and baggage,
yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

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

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

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

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the
wonder before you came; for look here what I

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found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

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

ROS. I 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.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

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

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I 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-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I

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prithe, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

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

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

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

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



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

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

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

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

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

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

CEL. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

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

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

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

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 sake, I thank you too for your society.

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.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

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

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

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

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

JAQ. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

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

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

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

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

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

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

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

ORL. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.]

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

ORL. Very well: what would you?

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

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

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

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

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I 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.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

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

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

ORL. Who stays it still withal?



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ROS. With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

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

ORL. Are you native of this place ?

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

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

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

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

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

ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROS. No, I will not cast away my physic but on

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those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

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

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

ORL. What were his marks?

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

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

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

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

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

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

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion some thing, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and 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.

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

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

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

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

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



SC. III.]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES behind.

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

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

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

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

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

AUD. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

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

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

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

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

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

JAO. [*Aside*] A material fool!

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

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

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

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

SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, 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?

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

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

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

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

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

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

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

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

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

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



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey :

Farewell, good Master Oliver : not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee :

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

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

SIR OLI. 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave
of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV

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 ?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously : the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

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

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

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

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

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a 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?

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him ?

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

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



sc. v.]

SCENE V

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

PHE. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

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

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine
eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But till that time
Come not thou near me : and when that time
comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? Who might be your
mother,

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That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—

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

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

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

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,
'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,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'





SC. V.] AS YOU LIKE IT

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

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

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

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

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

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

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

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

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

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

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT III.

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ;
But what care I for words ? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the
difference

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

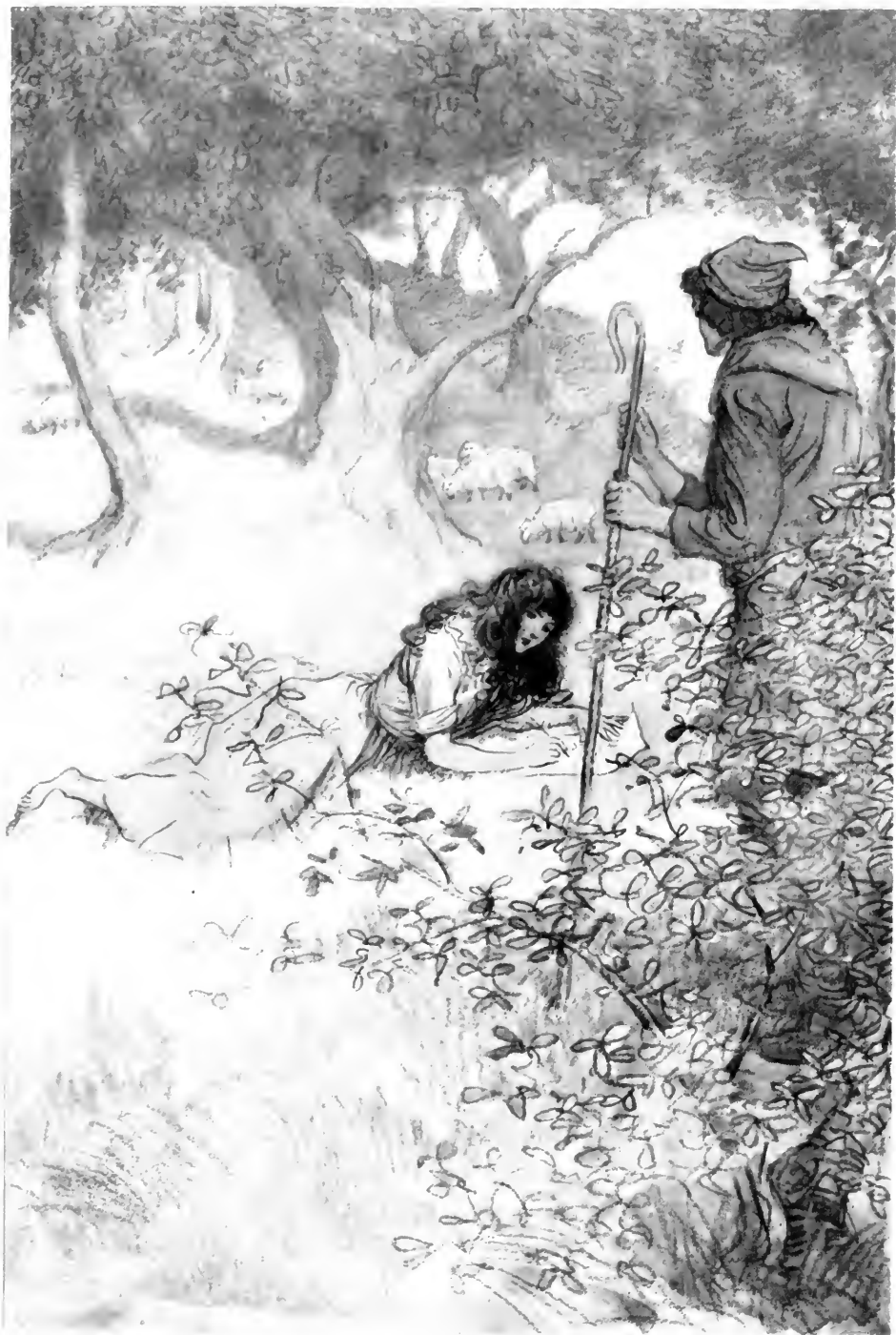
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

sc. v.] AS YOU LIKE IT

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that 's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

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





SCENE I

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

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

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

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

JAQ. Why, '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 nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

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

Enter ORLANDO.

ORL. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*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 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.



SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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.

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 woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

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

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

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

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

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

ORL. What, of my suit?

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

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

ROS. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

ORL. Then in mine own person I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club;

sc. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot 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.

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

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

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

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

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

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

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

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

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

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

ORL. For ever and a day.

ROS. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more



sc. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

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

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

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

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

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

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

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

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

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

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

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

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

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

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit* ORLANDO.]

SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

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

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

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

CEL. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

A 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?

FOR. Yes, sir.

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

SONG.

FOR. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[The rest shall bear this burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

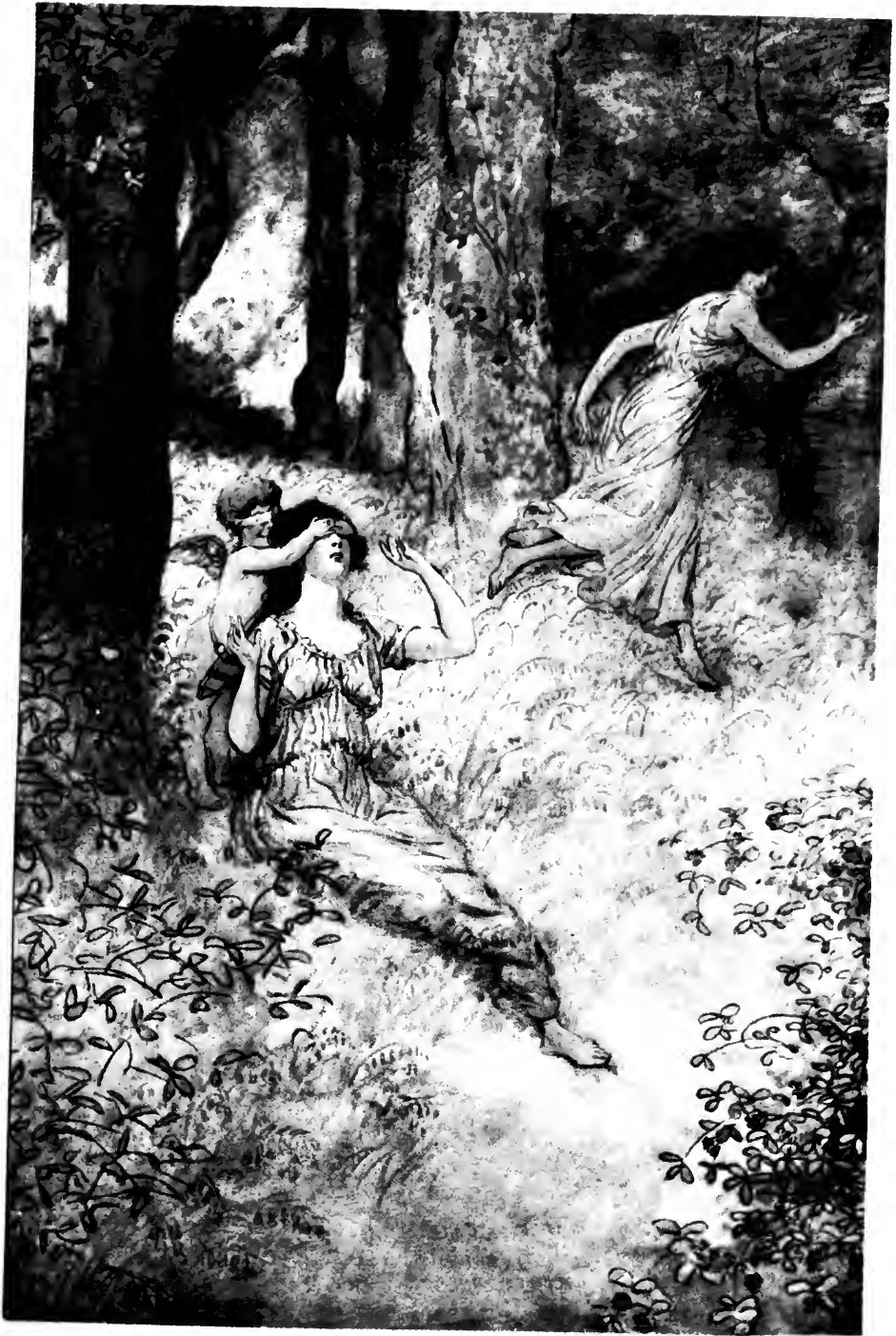
Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.



SC. III.]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Ods my will!

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.]

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

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

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

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

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

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

Ros. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes.

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

Can a woman rail thus ?

SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

SIL. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]

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

Did you ever hear such railing?

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

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make:
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make
thee an instrument and play false strains upon
thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,
and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge
her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never
have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be
a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here
comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you
know,

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

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

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

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments and such years : 'The boy is
fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROS. I am : what must we understand by this ?

OLI. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

CEL.

I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from

you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself :

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with

age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush : under which bush's shade

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :

This seen, Orlando did approach the man

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

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

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

CEL. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was 't you he rescued ?

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

OLI. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame

SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?

OLI. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Gany-
mede !

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

CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT IV.

OLI. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither.

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

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

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

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

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

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

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]





SCENE I

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

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

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile 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.

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

Enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

AS YOU LIKE IT [ACT V.

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

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

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

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so so.

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

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

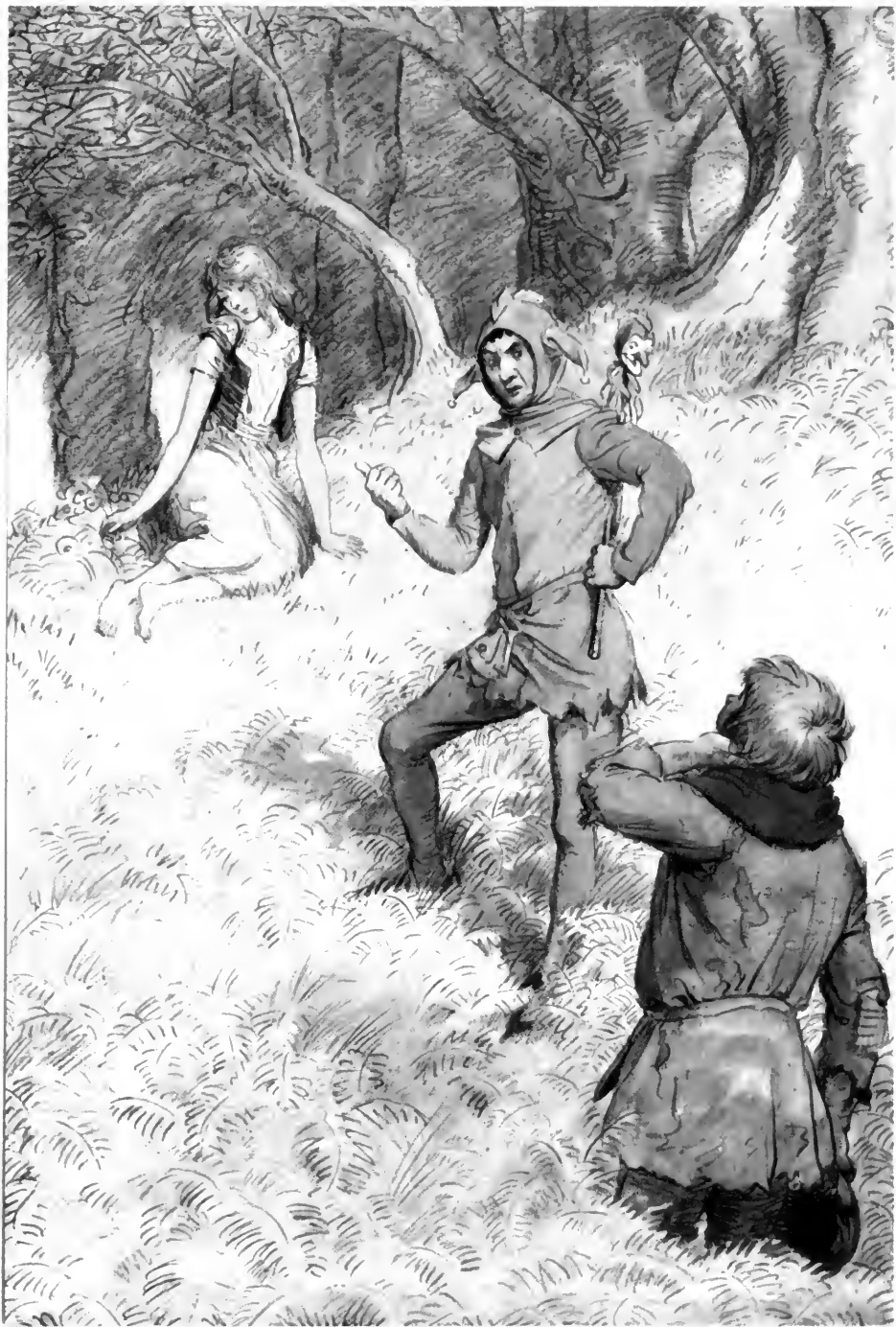
TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips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

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being



SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT

poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he : now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir ?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman.

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

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORL. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

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

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

SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

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

ORL. It is my arm.

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

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

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

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will

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

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

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three 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; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your



SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT

eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

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, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

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

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

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

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

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PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance ;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

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

SIL. 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.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

[To SIL.] I will help you, if I can : [To PHE.] I

would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet

me all together. [To PHE.] I will marry you,

if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married

to-morrow : [To ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever

I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-

morrow : [To SIL.] I will content you, if what

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pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To ORL.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To SIL.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

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

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

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

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.



SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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

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

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

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.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The forest.

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

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

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

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urged:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

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

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her?

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

SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT

ROS. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

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

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

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

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

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

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

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

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

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

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

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

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

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

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

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Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAG. 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.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

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

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

JAG. And how was that ta'en up?

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

JAG. 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.



sc. iv.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

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

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

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it

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was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAG. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut.

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

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

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

HYM. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

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

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

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

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

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

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he :
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

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HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion :
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events :
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part :
You and you are heart in heart :
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord :
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning ;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

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

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.



SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter 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.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on
foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number

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That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

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

JAG. DE B. He hath.

JAG. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[To DUKE.] You to your former honour I be-
queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[To ORL.] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit:

[To OLI.] You to your land and love and great
allies:

[To SIL.] You to a long and well-deserved
bed:

[To TOUCH.] And you to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

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Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE. S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I : what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,

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

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that



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liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.]

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