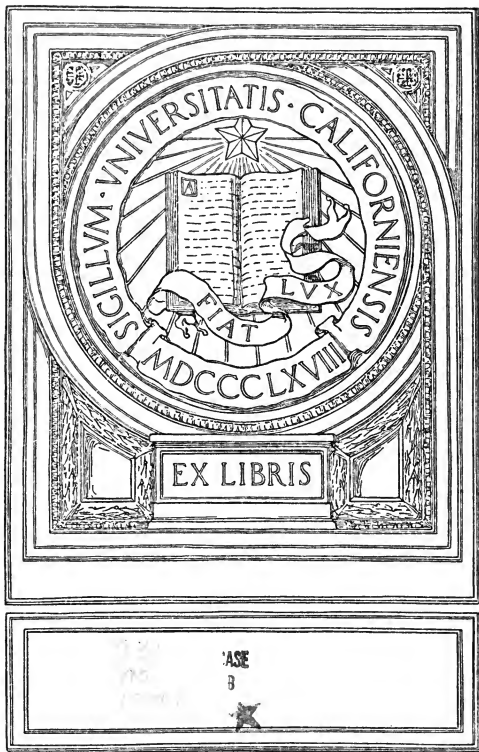


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# The Lake English Classics

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REVISED EDITION WITH HELPS TO STUDY

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## SHAKSPERE'S AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

PRESIDENT SMITH COLLEGE



SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

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NEW YORK

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## PREFACE.

The aim in the volumes of this series is to present a satisfactory text of each play, modernized in spelling and punctuation, with as full an equipment of explanation and comment as is necessary for thorough intelligibility. The first section of the introduction is intended to give the student an idea of the place of the play in the history of the English Drama in general and of Shakspeare's development in particular. In the present volume a considerable amount of space in the second section has been devoted to the source of the play and to Shakspeare's adaptation of it to his dramatic purposes. The mere statement of the name of the book from which the plot is drawn is of little significance unless the student is enabled to form some conception of the omissions, additions, and modifications to which the earlier work was subjected by the dramatist. An attempt has therefore been made to give a concise summary of those features in Lodge's novel of *Rosalynde* a comparison of which with the corresponding parts of *As You Like It* helps to throw light on Shakspeare's aim and methods. The task of aesthetic interpretation has been for the most part left to the teacher, and the significance of the changes just

mentioned has been merely hinted at; but it may be suggested here that few methods of enabling students to realize the greatness of Shakspeare's achievement are so effective as that of a point by point comparison of the crude material with the finished masterpiece. In the present instance a group of somewhat conventional and artificial characters are transformed into living persons whose individual qualities of mind and temperament we know as we know those of our personal friends; by a series of subtle touches the scene gains a local color and the society an atmosphere as distinctive as they are delightful; and to a merely entertaining romance is added an undercurrent of philosophy and shrewd and humorous comment on human life as wise and wholesome as it is unobtrusive.

Complete texts of Lodge's *Rosalynde* may be found in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, volume II, in Dr. Furness's Variorum edition of *As You Like It*, in a recent edition in Newnes's Caxton Series, and in inexpensive form in Cassell's National Library.

For further details on the life and works of Shakspeare the following books may be referred to: Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* and *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*; Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*; Barrett Wendell's *William Shakspeare*; and *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*, by F. S. Boas. The most exhaustive account of

the English Drama is A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*. Both this work and that of Sidney Lee are rich in bibliographical information. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*; J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; Little-dale's new edition of Dyce's *Glossary to Shakespeare* (New York, 1902); and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. For general questions of dramatic construction see Gustav Freytag's *Technik des Dramas*, translated into English by E. J. MacEwan; and Dr. Elisabeth Woodbridge's *The Drama, its Law and its Technique*.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

March, 1903.



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## INTRODUCTION.

### I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theatre was built in London. By 1600 Shakspeare had written more than half his plays and stood completely master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the centre of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the Lessons, and in the responsive singing and chant-

**The Drama  
before  
Shakspeare.**

ing. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest forms of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors, and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chrono-



logical order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the Building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church towards these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the original aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in gen-

eral throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personae* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which all the characters were personifications, and in which the aim, at first the teaching of moral lessons, later became frequently satirical. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindesay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints.

This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only

were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew material for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to char-

acterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* was an adaptation of the plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus to contemporary English life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come on a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspeare, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspeare's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the great permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspeare found himself when he came to

**Shakspeare's  
Early Life.** London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to our reckoning). The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspeare, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed

to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Aesop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Shakspeare kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we

have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we are again unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspeare's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspeare worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while

yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of “University Wits” like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. “A world of blackguardism dashed with genius,” it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspeare began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspeare was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery



over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspeare, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspeare's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this, too, following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude towards his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renewed;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspeare did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theatre of his time.

For the theatre of Shakspeare's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meagre apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage-illusion,—such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest

**The Eliza-  
 bethan  
 Theatre.**

imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Paritan tendencies frowned on the theatre to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the

closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspeare knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines: one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of metre and language. The following arrangement represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

	COMEDIES.	HISTORIES.	TRAGEDIES.
1590-93..	{ Love's Labor's Lost .....	.....	Romeo and Juliet (revised about [1596, 97])
	{ Two Gentlemen of Verona .....	.....	Titus Andronicus .....
	{ Comedy of Errors .....	1. 2. 3. Henry VI. ....	.....
	.....	Richard III. ....	.....
	.....	Richard II. ....	.....
1594, 95..	{ Merchant of Venice .....	King John .....	.....
	{ Midsummer Night's Dream .....	.....	.....
	{ All's Well that Ends Well .....	.....	.....
1596-98..	{ Taming of the Shrew .....	1. 2. Henry IV. ....	.....
	{ Merry Wives of Windsor .....	Henry V. ....	.....
	{ Much Ado about Nothing .....	.....	.....
1599, 1600	{ As You Like It .....	.....	.....
	{ Twelfth Night .....	.....	.....
1601.....	.....	.....	Julius Caesar .....
1602.....	.....	.....	Hamlet .....
1603.....	.....	.....	Othello .....
1604.....	.....	.....	Macbeth .....
1605, 6..	{ Troilus and Cressida .....	.....	King Lear .....
	{ Measure for Measure .....	.....	Timon of Athens .....
1607.....	.....	.....	Antony and Cleopatra .....
1608.....	.....	.....	Coriolanus .....
1609.....	.....	.....	.....
1610, 11..	{ Cymbeline .....	.....	.....
	{ Winter's Tale .....	.....	.....
	{ Tempest .....	.....	.....
1612, 13. .	.....	Henry VIII. ....	.....
	{ Two Noble Kinsmen .....	.....	.....

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rhymed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. No copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in its earliest form is known to be in existence, and the extent of Shakspeare's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main characters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rhymes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and

in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible, and which are marked externally by reunions and reconciliations and internally by repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspeare's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the metre at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspeare again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspeare's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in

his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspeare. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspeare seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode, and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

**Shakspeare's  
Last Years.**



## II. AS YOU LIKE IT

The earliest reference to the comedy of *As You Like It* is found in an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the date of August 4, 1600.

**Date.**

How much earlier the play was composed is uncertain, but no modern critic of authority places it earlier than 1598. The reference in III. v. 81-82 to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (published in 1598) may be taken as fixing the earlier limit, unless we suppose, as there is no need to do in this case, that Shakspeare knew the poem in manuscript. The evidence from metre, too, indicates 1599-1600 as a probable date, and, with slight variations, there is a general agreement in this. The play thus appears at the climax of Shakspeare's achievement as a comic dramatist, and belongs, with *Much Ado about Nothing* and *Twelfth Night*, to the group of comedies characterized by a cheerful optimism not untinged with a sense of the more serious elements in life, by a satisfactory wholesomeness in the heroes and heroines, by sparkling dialogue, and by complete mastery of a flexible and melodious blank verse.

Although the play was entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company in 1600, it does not seem to have been published till Heminge and Condell issued the first collected edition of Shakspeare's works in the Folio of 1623. From this edition the present

**Source of the text.**

text is taken, with a few modifications drawn chiefly from the later Folios and the emendations of modern editors.

“Stories which relate the fate of a younger brother who is deprived of his inheritance by the jealousy of a senior brother, and who nevertheless achieves great prosperity, are as old as the time of Joseph.”<sup>1</sup>

**Source of the plot.** To this class belongs an anonymous Middle English poem, found in several MSS of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, into which it has been inserted with the title, *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*. The poem is not by Chaucer, and has no real relation to his fragmentary *Cook's Tale*. On the basis of this tale, Thomas Lodge, an Elizabethan writer, composed a novel called *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*; and this novel in turn Shakspeare dramatized in *As You Like It*. It does not appear that Shakspeare knew *The Tale of Gamelyn*.

Lodge's novel is an admirable example of two of the most fashionable literary tendencies of the end of the sixteenth century: it is a pastoral in form, and it is euphuistic in style.

The tradition of the pastoral had begun in classical times with the *Idylls* of Theocritus, had been carried on by Vergil, and, in the period of the Renaissance, had been revived with many modifications in Italy. From Italy it had spread

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<sup>1</sup>Skeat: Introduction to *The Tale of Gamelyn*, Oxford, 1890, p. 1.

to other countries, and in England it had affected various forms of literature, especially the lyric, the drama, and the prose romance. Before the date of Lodge's book, the most notable products of this impulse had been Edmund Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Originally, the pastoral had represented the life of real shepherds; but in the course of time it had come to be an almost purely artificial form, in which the scene was laid in an imaginary Arcadia, where the supposed shepherds wandered through woods and fields, making love, composing songs, and playing on oaten pipes. The introduction of courtiers living a rustic life, and the mingling of foresters and people of other rural occupations with shepherds proper, were already familiar before they appeared in Lodge's novel.

The style of *Rosalynde* is called euphuistic because it follows the fashion set in 1579 by John Lyly in his romance of *Euphues*. Its characteristic qualities are excessive alliteration and antithesis, and the abundant use of classical illustrations and of similes drawn from mythical natural history. The following passage illustrates Lodge's manner of describing a typical pastoral situation in euphuistic language:

The ground where they sat was diapered with Flora's riches, as if she meant to wrap Tellus in the glory of her vestments . . . . Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a fount so crystalline and

clear, that it seemed Diana with her Dryads and Hamadryads had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour sat these two shepherds (seeing their sheep feed) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from music and melody falling into much amorous chat. Drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to die.

In turning *Rosalynde* into a play, Shakspeare dropped entirely the euphuism, but retained many pastoral characteristics. In retaining these, he was following not only his source, but the example of other dramatists who had scored successes with pastorals on the stage. The more conventional pastoral features to be detected in *As You Like It* are these: the shepherds and foresters, both those who are actual rustics and those who are courtiers living in retirement; the love-sick shepherd and obdurate shepherdess, of whom Phebe and Sylvius are thoroughly typical; the girl in the dress of a page; the hanging or carving of verses on trees; the hunting scene and song; the figure of Hymen, and the suggested landscape of woodland, sheep-cote, and pasture.

A further contemporary influence on Shakspeare's treatment of the story may be found in a number of plays dealing with the life and adventures of Robin Hood.<sup>1</sup> A forest life, such as that

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<sup>1</sup>Such are *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, by Anthony Munday, and *The Death of Robert*.

of the banished Duke (which is mentioned but not described by Lodge), and even his cheerful attitude towards adversity, had been features of such plays. Thus to the spectators who first saw *As You Like It* acted, the comedy must have appeared not merely as the dramatization of a popular novel, but also as a particularly charming combination of types of drama of which they had already shown their appreciation.

But in transforming *Rosalynde* into *As You Like It*, Shakspeare left out much besides the euphuism, and added much besides the Robin Hood element. A complete understanding of the nature and extent of his omissions and additions can be got only by a close comparison of the play and the novel, scene by scene. But something of his method may be gathered from the following summary of the most significant changes:

1. The length of time covered by the action is much shorter in the play than in the novel. Lodge begins with the death-bed of Sir John of Bourdeaux (= Sir Roland de Boys), while Shakspeare summarizes in Orlando's opening speech all the story previous to the quarrel between Oliver and Orlando. Lodge indicates long intervals between the quarrel and the wrestling, and between the wrestling and Orlando's setting out,

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*Earl of Huntington*, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle, reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, Vol. VIII. London, 1874.

while Shakspeare makes them follow in rapid succession. Besides increasing the rapidity of the action, this change avoids having Orlando hear of Rosalind's banishment, and yet stay at home in unloverlike fashion. Compression of the earlier events is again aided by narrating instead of representing the wrestling of the old man's sons.

2. Shakspeare omits a whole series of tumultuous incidents occurring after Rosader's (= Orlando's) victory, when, with a band of companions, he breaks into Saladyne's (= Oliver's) castle, and banquets at his brother's expense. A peace is patched up between the brothers by old Adam, but later Saladyne takes Rosader asleep, binds him to a post, and denies him food and drink. Adam releases him, and together they drive out Saladyne and his friends, who return with the sheriff and twenty-five men. Rosader and Adam break through and escape to the Forest of Arden. The omission of all this rowdyism increases the refinement of Shakspeare's Orlando, and makes the love plot more prominent.

3. In Lodge, Torismond (= Duke Frederick) throws Saladyne into prison, professedly for the wrongs he had done to Rosader and because by his means the king had lost "a most brave and resolute chevalier." Saladyne's meditations in prison bring about his change of heart. Later he is banished, that Torismond may seize his

estates. Shakspeare saves time by banishing Oliver at once, and makes his conversion the result of Orlando's magnanimity.

4. In the novel, a band of rascals attempt to kidnap Alinda. Rosader attempts a rescue, but is being worsted when Saladyne comes to his assistance and drives off the assailants. Rosader is wounded in the scuffle. This episode brings about the meeting of Saladyne and Alinda, which in the play is contrived by making Oliver bring news of Orlando's wound from the lioness, an incident which Shakspeare invented. The wooing of Alinda is told in detail in the novel; in the play it is only reported. Condensation is here again the main object of the changes.

5. Immediately after the weddings in Lodge's book, Fernandyne (= Jaques de Boys) brings news that the twelve peers of France are up in arms on behalf of Gerismond (= Duke Senior). The Duke, Saladyne, and Rosader take horses and armor, and arrive at the scene of conflict in time to turn the tide of battle. Torismond is overthrown and slain. Shakspeare's milder device of the conversion of Frederick, however unconvincing, suits better the mood of reconciliation and forgiveness which dominates the play.

6. The novel contains these somewhat sordid elements, which are not in the play: (a) At the outset Rosalynde attempts to control her love by consideration of Rosader's poverty; (b) Sala-

dyne's action towards Rosader is due to covetousness of the larger share which the younger had received from his father, while in the play Orlando gets only a small legacy and is envied by his brother for his popular qualities; (c) Rosader hesitates to save his brother from the lioness, not from a natural impulse towards revenge, but from a calculation that Saladyne's fortune might possibly aid him in winning Rosalynde; (d) at the close, Saladyne is "in a dumper" at his brother's lucky match with the King's (= Duke's) daughter, until he finds out the rank of Alinda.

7. The characters throughout are much more vividly realized in the play, and many minor changes are made, some of which are remarked in the notes. Thus, in Lodge, Rosalynde is comparatively lacking in humor, overshadows Alinda (= Celia) less than in the play, and is less severe on Phoebe. Rosader, after the wrestling, is sufficiently self-controlled to compose a sonnet to Rosalynde, while in the play he is dumb with embarrassment; and in the scene with Adam in the forest it is he who in despair is comforted by Adam, instead of the reverse. In the novel, Phoebe refuses Montanus (= Silvius) because she has a theoretical scorn of love, falls ill from her passion for Ganymede, and when the seeming page visits her, confesses the cause of her sickness. The self-abnegation of Montanus is exaggerated by making him willing to have Ganymede



marry Phoebe to save her life, and by making him aware of the tenor of the letter he carries to Gany-mede from his mistress. He is also endowed with the conventional pastoral accomplishments of composing sonnets and the like, and so removed farther than in Shakspeare from the natural shepherd.

8. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Dennis, Le Beau, Amiens, the first Lord, and Sir Oliver Martext, are all added by Shakspeare, and also, of course, the parts of the action in which they are prominent. It is to be noticed that, with the exception of the farce of Touchstone and Audrey, the plot itself is not affected by these additions. Much, however, of the distinctive atmosphere of the play, much of its philosophy, its humor, its lyric beauty, and its suggested landscape, result from the utterances of these invented characters.

More than half of the present play is written in prose, and it is important to observe the principles on which Shakspeare here bases his choice of prose or verse as a medium of expression. As a rule, verse is used by men of high rank, such as the dukes and lords; prose by women, servants, and fools. Verse is used in situations where the feeling is elevated or intense, in highly imaginative or sententious passages, in conventional scenes such as the pastoral dialogues of Phebe and Silvius; prose in farce, repartee, and commonplace conversation.

**Metre.**

The verse used, except in the songs, is the blank verse which for a dozen years had been the standard metre of the Elizabethan drama. The normal type has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the stress falling on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspeare deviates with great freedom, the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an extra syllable, usually before a pause, and so most frequently, though not always, at the end of a line; e.g.:

Which when | it bites | and blows | upon | my bo | *dy*,  
II. i. 8.

That can | translate | the stub | bornness | of for | *tune*,  
II. i. 19.

And faints | for suc | *cour.* | Fair sir, | I pi | ty her | ,  
II. iv. 77.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; e.g.:

I would | *thou hadst* told | me of | ano | ther fa | ther,  
I. ii. 250,

where “*thou hadst*” is to be pronounced “*thou'dst.*”

Than a | ny of | her *lin* | *eaments* | can show | her, III.  
v. 56,

where “*lineaments*” is trisyllabic. In some lines it is doubtful whether a syllable is to be slurred or read as a light extra syllable; e.g.:

Jealous | in ho | nour, *sud* | *den*, and quick | in quar |  
rel, II. vii. 151,

where, with the punctuation in the text, the second syllable of "sudden" is additional, but, without the comma, it is to be read "sudd'-nand."

3. Sometimes an emphatic syllable stands alone as a foot, the unaccented syllable being omitted; e.g.:

*Peace*, | I say. | Good e | ven'to | you, friend, | II. iv. 71.  
*Bring* | us to | this sight, | and you | shall say, | III. iv.  
 60.

4. Short lines, lacking one or more feet, occur; e.g.:

Thou hast not loved, II. iv. 36.

Why, who cries out on pride, II. vii. 70.

5. Long lines of six feet are not uncommon; e.g.:

I see | no more | in you | than in | the or | dinary, | III.  
 v. 42.

You fool | ish shep | herd, where | fore do | you fol |  
 low her, | III. v. 49.

Usually in such lines some words bearing the metrical accent are quite unemphatic as read, and many Alexandrines, as iambic hexameters are called, may be read so as to give the impression of normal length; e.g.:

Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred, II. vii. 96.

In bitterness. The common executioner, III. v. 3.

6. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, i.e., the

accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable; e.g.:

Sweet are | the uses of adversity, II. 1. 12.

Such Ethiop words, | blacker | in their effect, IV. iii. 36.

7. It must be remembered, however, that some words have been altered in pronunciation since Shakspeare's time. Thus the accent is changed in *exile*, II. i. 1, *exiled*, V. iv. 175, *confines*, II. i. 24, *antique*, II. iii. 57, *quintessence*, III. ii. 142, *aspect*, IV. iii. 54, *compact*, V. iv. 5; though Shakspeare has elsewhere, in many of these words, the modern accentuation also. Again, *condit-i-on*, I. ii. 284, *intermiss-i-on*, II. vii. 32, *observat-i-on*, II. vii. 41, *reputat-i-on*, II. vii. 152, *act-i-on*, IV. iii. 10, *pat-i-ence*, I. iii. 79, all have the termination dissyllabic.

8. Occasional rhymes occur. These are found chiefly at the end of scenes or of speeches of some length, or in utterances more or less proverbial in character; e.g.: I. ii., I. iii., II. iii., II. iv., II. vii., III. iv., V. iv., all end in rhyming couplets, and II. iii. 67-68, III. v. 78-79, V. iv. 186-189, 202-203, are rhyming lines giving point to the close of speeches.

Although differences between the language of Shakspeare and that of our own day are obvious to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these

differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of meaning, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the language of *As You Like It* and modern English will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shakspearean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that time quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

1. NOUNS. The sign of the possessive singular is sometimes omitted in dissyllables which already contain one or more sibilants, or where the following word begins with "s"; e.g.: "fashion sake," III. ii. 268; "sentence end," III. ii. 139. Cf. our modern usages, "justice' sake," etc.

2. ADJECTIVES. Double comparatives occur; e.g.: "more sounder," III. ii. 65; "more worthier," III. iii. 63.

3. PRONOUNS. (a) The nominative is often used for the objective; e.g.: "What he is, indeed, more suits you to conceive than *I* to speak of," I. ii. 286-87; "*who* doth he trot withal?" III. ii. 326; "*who* you saw," III. iv. 51.

(b) Confusion between the personal and the

reflexive forms is common; e.g.: "I confess *me* much guilty," I. ii. 200; "Quit Thee," III. i. 11.

(c) The ethical dative is more frequent than in modern speech; e.g.: "I'll rhyme *you* so eight years together," III. ii. 96.

(d) The relative is often omitted after "there is," "there are," etc., as it frequently is in modern colloquial English; e.g.: "There was not any man  $\wedge$  died," IV. i. 101; "There's a girl  $\wedge$  goes before the priest," IV. i. 147.

4. VERBS. (a) A singular verb is often found with two subjects or with a plural subject, especially if the subject is a relative pronoun and so has no plural inflection; e.g.: "'Tis such fools as you *that makes* the world full of ill-favour'd children," III. v. 52-53; "Our *master and mistress seeks* you," V. i. 66; "*Thou and I am* one," I. iii. 98.

(b) The "n" is frequently dropped from the ending of the past participle of strong verbs; e.g.: "spoke" for "spoken," I. i. 92; "broke" for "broken," II. iv. 40.

(c) Verbs of motion are at times omitted; e.g.: "I can tell who should  $\wedge$  down," I. ii. 234; "It will  $\wedge$  out at the casement," IV. i. 172.

5. ADVERBS. (a) Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; e.g.: "And yet give *no* thousand crowns *neither*," I. i. 95; "*Nor* shalt *not*," II. vii. 89; "*Nor* . . . there is *no* force," III. v. 26; "*Nor* doth *not* hear,"

V. iii. 118. Cf. also V. iv. 92; epilogue, l. 9; etc.

(b) An adverb is sometimes used where good modern usage requires an adjective; e.g.: "Looks he as freshly," III. ii. 240; "Those that she makes honest she makes very *ill-favouredly*," for "ill-favoured," I. ii. 44. For "He looks successfully," see note on I. ii. 166.

6. PREPOSITIONS. (a) These are at times unnecessarily repeated; e.g.: "Of what kind should this cock come *of*?" II. vii. 90; "Wherein we play *in*," II. vii. 139.

(b) Prepositions are sometimes omitted; e.g.: "Speak  $\wedge$  sad brow," III. ii. 221-22; "I answer you  $\wedge$  right painted cloth," III. ii. 286.





**AS YOU LIKE IT.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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 Roland 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 w.....*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

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

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT FIRST.

### 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  
5 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  
10 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  
15 end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as

much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother. 30

*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. 35

*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. 40

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

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir? 45

*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  
50 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.  
55 I have as much of my father in me as you;  
albeit, I confess, your coming before me is  
nearer to his reverence.

*Oh.* What, boy!

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

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

*Orl.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of  
Sir Roland de Boys; he was my father, and  
he is thrice a villain that says such a father  
65 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  
70 father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please; you shall hear me.  
My father charged you in his will to give me  
good education. You have trained me like a  
75 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!

[*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.

105 *Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

110 *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.

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

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

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live?

125 *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.

130 *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.

*Orli* 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 him-



165 self 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  
170 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 pay-  
175 ment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never  
wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep  
your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*  
Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall  
180 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  
185 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  
190 go about. [*Exit*

## SCENE II.

*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

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

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

*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. 15

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

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath 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  
25 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.  
30 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?

35 *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  
40 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.

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

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Cel.* No? When Nature hath made a fair creature,  
may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?  
50 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. 55

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool 60 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? 65

*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 70 by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of 75 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. 80

*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,  
85 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?

90 *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.

95 *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  
100 show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

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

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

105 *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  
110 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. 115

*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 120 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 125 are, they are coming to perform it.

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

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

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old 130 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.” 135

*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 140 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.

145 *Ros.* Alas!

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

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

150 *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.

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

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

160 *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?

165 *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. 170

*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 175 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. 180

*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 185 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 190 judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not 195 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



200 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  
105 gracious; if killed, but one dead that is  
willing to be so. I shall do my friends no  
wrong, for I have none to lament me; the  
world no injury, for in it I have nothing.  
Only in the world I fill up a place, which  
210 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.

215 *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?

220 *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  
225 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 <sup>230</sup>  
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.*

*Duke F.* No more, no more. 235

*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, <sup>240</sup>  
young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir  
Roland de Boys.

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

The world esteemed thy father honourable, 245

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. <sup>250</sup>

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

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

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,  
His youngest son,—and would not change  
that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

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

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,

260 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,  
265 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

270 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? 275

*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 confer-  
ence.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee. 280

*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. 285

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? 290

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

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter.

The other is daughter to the banished Duke,  
And here detained by her usurping uncle,

295 To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you that of late this Duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle  
 niece,  
 Grounded upon no other argument  
 300 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,  
 305 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. 5  
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? 14

*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 15  
them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem and have 20  
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 25  
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 Roland's youngest son? 30

*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  
 35 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  
 40 Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch 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  
 45 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;  
 50 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,  
 55 They are as innocent as grace itself.  
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

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

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

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his duke-  
dom.

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

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your  
sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay; 70

It was your pleasure and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her.

But now I know her. If she be a traitor,

Why so am I. We still have slept together,

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

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

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

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

Her very silence and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her. 80

Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name;



And thou wilt show more bright and seem  
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

85 Which I have passed upon her; she is  
banished.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
liege;

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide  
yourself.

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
20 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;

95 Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the  
Duke

Hath banished me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet  
girl?

100 No: let my father seek another heir

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

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me  
out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, 105  
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! 110  
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, 115  
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 120  
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 125  
page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be called?

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

130 *Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assayed 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,  
135 And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT SECOND

### 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, 5  
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 10  
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, 15

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your  
Grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of for-  
tune

20 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

25 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 banished  
you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
30 Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
35 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, 40  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift  
 brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes. 45  
 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 abandoned of his velvet friends, 50  
 “’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. 55

’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 60

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

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

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*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.*]

## 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, 16

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much com-  
mend

The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone, 15  
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 20  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Before Oliver's house.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle  
master!

O my sweet master! O you memory



Of old Sir Roland! Why, what make you  
here?

6 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love  
you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and val-  
iant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

• The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before  
you.

10 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

15 Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.*

O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors! Within this  
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

20 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,

25 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; 35

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 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold. 45

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 50

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  
55 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,  
60 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  
65 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
70 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost four-  
score

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

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Rosalind 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. 10

*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. 15

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

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

Look you, who comes here; a young man and  
an old in solemn talk. 20

*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.

25 *Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,—  
As sure I think did never man love so—

30 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  
35 That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved;

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise  
Thou hast not loved;

40 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,

45 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 50  
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 55  
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 60  
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. 65

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

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched. 70

*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 75  
feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much  
oppressed  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine  
own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
80 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.

85 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.

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

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but  
erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
95 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, 100  
 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 throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10  
*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.



15 *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 stanzos?

20 *Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

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

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll  
25 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  
30 will not, hold your tongues.

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

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him.  
35 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.*]

40 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

45

But winter and rough weather.

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

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

50

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!

55

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

And if he will come to me.

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

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

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

## 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 transformed 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, 5  
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 com- 10  
pany?

What, you look merrily!

*Jay.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool. A miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and basked him in the  
sun,

And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,”  
quoth he,

“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me  
fortune.”

20 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;

25 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,

30 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.

35 *Duke S.* What fool is this?

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

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it; and in his  
brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places <sup>40</sup>  
crammed

With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;—  
Provided that you weed your better judg- <sup>45</sup>  
ments

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, <sup>50</sup>  
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, <sup>55</sup>  
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, <sup>60</sup>  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

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

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

65 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 has  
caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

70 *Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
75 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 neigh-  
bour?

Or what is he of basest function,  
80 That says his bravery is not on my cost,  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me  
see wherein  
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him  
right,  
Then he hath wronged himself. If he be  
free,

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

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

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

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

*Orl.* You touched my vein at first; the thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show 95

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, 100  
I must die

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

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our 105  
table.

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

I thought that all things had been savage  
here,

And therefore put I on the countenance



Of stern commandment. But whate'er you  
are

110 That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
If ever you have looked on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knolled to  
church,

115 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.

120 *Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knolled to  
church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our  
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
125 And take upon command what help we have  
That to your wanting may be ministered.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
130 Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,  
Oppressed 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 com- 135  
fort! [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.

*Jaq.* All the world 's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players. 140  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the  
infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel 145  
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 150  
pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in  
quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the  
justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,

155 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 160 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,  
 165 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  
 burthen,  
 And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:

170 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

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

SONG.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

175 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. 180  
 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 185

As benefits forgot;  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, etc. 190

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

As you have whispered faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limned and living in your face,  
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke 195  
 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. 200

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THIRD.

### 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.

5 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

10 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, 5  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll char-  
acter;

That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. 10

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Corin and Touchstone.*

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

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

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

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

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope——

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted 40  
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  
sawest good manners, then thy manners must 45  
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 50  
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. 55

*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 whole- 60  
some as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shal-  
low. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shal-  
low again. A more sounder instance, come. 65

*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.



70 *Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat,  
 in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed!  
 Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of  
 a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly  
 flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

75 *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.

80 *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  
 85 lambs suck. 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,  
 90 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.

95 *Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together,  
 dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours

excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:—

100

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.

100

110

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.

115

*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.

120

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

*Enter Celia, with a writing.*

125 *Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand  
aside.

*Cel.* [*Reads.*] Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No!

130 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

135 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,

140 Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

145 That one body should be filled

With all graces wide-enlarged.

Nature presently distilled

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

150 Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest prized. 155  
 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 160  
 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 bag- 165  
 gage, 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. 170

*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 there-  
 fore stood lamely in the verse. 175

*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 180

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

185 *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?

190 *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?

195 *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!

200 *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,  
205 and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st 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 prithee,  
210 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 <sup>215</sup>  
 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 <sup>220</sup>  
 instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak  
 sad brow and true maid.

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

*Ros.* Orlando? 225

*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 <sup>230</sup>  
 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 <sup>235</sup>  
 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 cate-  
 chism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest <sup>240</sup>

and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

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

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

250 *Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

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

255 *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.

260 *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.

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

*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. 270
- Jaq.* God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.
- Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.
- Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing  
love-songs in their barks.
- Orl.* I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with 275  
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 280  
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, 285  
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 290  
of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with  
me? and we two will rail against our mistress  
the world, and all our misery.
- Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but  
myself, against whom I know most faults. 295
- 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 *ve.*



*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when  
300 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.

305 *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.*]

310 *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?

315 *Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day.  
There's no clock in the forest.

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

320 *Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? Had  
not that been as proper?

325 *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 330 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 335 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 340 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. 345

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

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

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth? 350

*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. 355

*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  
360 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  
365 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  
370 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  
375 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  
380 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.

386 *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 <sup>390</sup>  
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. <sup>395</sup>  
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- <sup>400</sup>  
device in your accoutrements, as loving  
yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

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

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her <sup>405</sup>  
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 <sup>410</sup>  
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 <sup>415</sup>  
speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how  
much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you,  
420 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.

425 *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,  
430 be effeminate, changeable, longing and  
liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow,  
inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for  
every passion something and for no passion  
truly any thing, as boys and women are for  
435 the most part cattle of this colour; would  
now like him, now loathe him; then enter-  
tain 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  
440 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  
445 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. 450

*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? 455

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

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

### 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's 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  
15 a man more dead than a great reckoning in a  
little room. Truly, if 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?

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

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made  
25 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?

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

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

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray  
35 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  
40 am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foul-  
ness! Sluttishness may come hereafter.  
But be it as it may be, I will marry thee,

and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

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

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

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; '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?

*Si. Mli.* Is there none here to give the woman?



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

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

*Jaq.* 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  
80 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  
85 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  
90 can tell you what marriage is. This fellow  
will but join you together as they join  
wainscot; then one of you will prove a  
shrunk panel, and like green timber warp,  
warp.

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

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

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:  
We must be married. . .

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

105

Leave me not behind thee;

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

110

[*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.

110

*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.

15 *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?

20 *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  
25 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.

30 *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.

35 *Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man  
40 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 <sup>45</sup> side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complained of love, <sup>50</sup>  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly played,  
Between the pale complexion of true love <sup>55</sup>  
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 <sup>60</sup>  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

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

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

5 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.

10 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest  
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, mur-  
derers!

15 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 20  
 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 25  
 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 30  
 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 35  
 mother,  
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,

Over the wretched? What though you have  
no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—

40 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!

45 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 fol-  
low her,

50 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-favoured  
children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
55 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,  
 Sell when you can. You are not for all 60  
 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 65  
 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? 70

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine.  
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know  
 my house,  
 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. 75  
 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. 80

*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*



*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
“Who ever loved that loved not at first  
sight?”

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,——

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

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

85 *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.

90 *Phe.* Thou hast my love. Is not that neigh-  
bourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

95 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense

100 Than thine own gladness that thou art  
employed.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now  
and then

A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me 105  
erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the  
bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well. 110  
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 115  
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, 120

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the  
difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled  
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they  
marked him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near 125

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?

130 He said mine eyes were black and my hair  
black;

And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.

I marvel why I answered not again.

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

135 And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight.

The matter's in my head and in my heart.

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

## ACT FOURTH.

### 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, 10  
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, 15  
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

20 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  
25 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  
30 experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

35 *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  
40 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.

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

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts,

and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him 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?

*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  
80 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  
85 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  
90 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  
95 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  
100 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. Troi-  
lus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian  
club; yet he did what he could to die before,  
and he is one of the patterns of love.  
105 Leander, he would have lived many a fair  
year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had  
not been for a hot mid-summer night; for,

good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the 110  
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. 115

*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 120  
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? 125

*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 130  
good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words. 135

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

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



*Orl.* I will.

140 *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.

145 *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.

150 *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.

155 *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  
160 hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to  
165 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 170  
this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the  
doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at  
the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the  
key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke  
out at the chimney. 175

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he  
might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

*Ros.* You shall never take her without her  
answer, unless you take her without her  
tongue. O, that woman that cannot make 180  
her fault her husband's occasion, let her  
never nurse her child herself, for she will  
breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave  
thee. 185

*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 190  
what you would prove. My friends told me  
as much, and I thought no less. That flat-  
tering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one  
cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock  
is your hour? 195

*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  
200 your promise or come one minute behind  
your hour, I will think you the most  
pathetical break-promise, and the most  
hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her  
you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of  
205 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  
210 all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your  
love-prate. We must have your doublet and  
hose plucked over your head, and show the  
world what the bird hath done to her own  
215 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  
220 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  
225 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. <sup>230</sup>

*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.

10

### SONG.

*For.* What shall he have that killed the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

45 It was a crest ere thou wast born;  
     Thy father's father wore it,  
     And thy father bore it.  
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The forest.**Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

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

5 *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.*

10 *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.

15 *Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter  
 And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.  
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners,

She calls me proud, and that she could not  
love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.

Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, <sup>20</sup>  
well,

This is a letter of your own device.

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

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turned into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand, <sup>25</sup>  
A freestone-coloured 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. <sup>30</sup>

*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 <sup>35</sup>  
invention,  
Such Ethiopie 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.

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

[*Reads.*] "Art thou god to shepherd turned,  
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [*Reads.*]

45 "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."

50 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!

55 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,

60 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.'

65 *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! 70 Well, go your way to her—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this to her: that if she loves 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 75 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? 80

*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. 85

*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, 90  
And browner than her brother." Are not you



The owner of the house I did enquire for?

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

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,

95 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

100 This handkercher was stained.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from  
you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and pacing through the  
forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

105 Lo, what befel! He threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself.

Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed  
with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

110 Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats  
approached

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,

115 And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike  
 watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for  
 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast 120  
 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 125  
 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 sucked and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back and purposed so; 130  
 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. 135

*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,  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
140 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;  
145 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripped himself, and here upon his  
arm

150 The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he  
fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at  
heart,

155 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.*

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

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

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

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 163

*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 coun- 170  
terfeited. 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. 175

*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, 180  
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 185  
you go? [Exeunt.]

## ACT FIFTH.

### 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.

5 *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  
10 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.*

15 *Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy

head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend? 20

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

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

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Was't born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God. 25

*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? 30

*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? 35

*Will.* I do, sir. 40

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he. 45

*Will.* Which he, sir?

40 *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  
55 in the common is woman; which together is,  
abandon the society of this female; or, clown,  
thou perishest; or, to thy better understand-  
ing, 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,  
60 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.

85 *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 persever to enjoy her? 6

*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 10 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 Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 15

*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. 2

*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  
15 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  
20 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 . . . ;  
35 they are in the very wrath of love and they  
will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will  
bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how  
bitter a thing it is to look into happiness  
40 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.

45 *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  
50 to some purpose, that I know you are a gen-  
tleman 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 <sup>65</sup> you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. <sup>70</sup> 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 <sup>75</sup> inconvenient to you, to set her before your 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, <sup>80</sup> 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 <sup>85</sup> of hers.

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

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have. It is my study

90 To seem despiteful 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;

95 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;

100 And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy.

405 All made of passion, and all made of wisher  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for Phebe.

110 *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?

115 *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. <sup>12</sup>  
 [ *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 Or.* ] I will sat- <sup>12</sup>  
 isfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you  
 shall be married to-morrow. [ *To Sil.* ] I will  
 content you, if what pleases you contents  
 you, and you shall be married to-morrow.  
 [ *To Or.* ] As you love Rosalind, meet. <sup>130</sup>  
 [ *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.

*Or.* Nor I.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

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### 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

5 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.

10 *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?

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

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring  
time,

20 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,

25 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, 30  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there  
 was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note 35  
 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 buy 40  
 you—and God mend your voices! Come,  
 Audrey. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*The forest.*

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando,  
 Olver, 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.

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

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

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

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

15 *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;

20 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,

25 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, 30  
And hath been tutored in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and 35  
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!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is 40  
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; 45  
have flattered a lady; I have been politic  
with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I  
have undone three tailors; I have had four  
quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up? 50

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

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

*Duke S.* I like him very well. 60



*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.

I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.

60 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.

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

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

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause,—how did you  
70 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  
75 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  
80 Quip Modest. If again “it was not well cut,” he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again “it was not well cut,” he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If  
35 again “it 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.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut? 90

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

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees <sup>95</sup> 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 <sup>100</sup> 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 <sup>105</sup> 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 <sup>110</sup> they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

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

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse <sup>115</sup>

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 the Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

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

*130 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.

*35 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,  
*440* 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, 14b  
 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. 150

## 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, 155  
 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. 160

*Enter Jaques de Boys.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

165 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword;  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
170 Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprize and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banished  
brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
175 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.  
180 First, in this forest let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot;  
And after, every of this happy number,  
That have endured shrewd days and nights  
with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
185 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 bride-  
grooms all,  
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures  
fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you 190  
rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I. Out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and 195  
learned.

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I  
bequeath;

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: 200

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage

Is but for two months victualled. So, to  
your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I. What you would have 205  
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

[*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed. We will begin these  
rites,

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

[*A dance.*

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that  
5 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  
10 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  
15 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  
20 may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet  
25 breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

## NOTES.

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### ABBREVIATIONS.

**Abbott.**—E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, London, 1879.

**A. S.**—Anglo-Saxon.

**Clar.** Clarendon Press Series, edited by W. Aldis Wright.

**F<sub>1</sub>**—First Folio Edition of Shakspeare, 1623. **F<sub>2</sub>**—Second Folio, 1632.

**M. E.**—Middle English.

**Schmidt.**—Shakespeare-Lexicon, by Alex. Schmidt.

**Var.**—Variorum Edition of *As You Like It*, edited by H. H. Furness.

**War.**—Warwick Edition of *As You Like It*, edited by J. C. Smith.

**The Title.**—The chief suggestions that have been offered as to the origin of the name *As You Like It*, are these: (1) that it is from a phrase in Lodge's preface, "If you like it, so: and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour"; (2) that it was a proverbial motto, the use of which here is parallel to the title of *Much Ado About Nothing*; (3) that it expresses the prevailing mood of the play.

### ACT I

**I. 1.** In the first scene we have an exposition of the opening situation, and are informed of the outward circumstances of nearly all the main characters. In the case of Orlando, something more is done, for we get an indication of the spirit in which he takes his fortunes, and the action, so far as it concerns him, is set a-going.

**I. i. 1-2.** The Folio reads thus: "It was upon this fashion



bequeathed me by will." Though the general meaning is clear, the grammar is difficult, since *charged* (l. 4) has no subject, and it would be awkward to understand "it was," parallel to *it was bequeathed* above. The simplest emendation is to punctuate as in the text, and understand "he" (i.e., my father) before *bequeathed*.

I. i. 2-3. *But poor a thousand*. This transposition of adjective and article is most probably to be regarded as parallel to such idioms as "so great a danger," "how honest a man." Cf. Abbott, §§ 85, 422.

I. i. 4. *On his blessing*. At the risk of losing his blessing

I. i. 6. From the age of Jaques, "university" must be meant. Cf. Hamlet, I. ii. 113, "Going back to school in Wittenberg." For the pronunciation of Jaques, cf. II. i. 26, note.

I. i. 14. *Manage*. The training of a horse.

I. i. 20. *Countenance*. Behavior, treatment. Cf. II. vii 108.

I. i. 22. *Hinds*. Farm-servants. *Bars me*. Shuts me out from.

I. i. 23. *Mines*. Undermines.

I. i. 33. *Make*. The word is used by Oliver in the sense of "do." Orlando puns on it in the sense of "produce."

I. i. 37. *Marry*. A corruption of the oath "By Mary" (the Virgin). There is also a pun on *mar*.

I. i. 40-41. *Be naught*. A petty curse, like "Go to the mischief," or "Devil take you." "But Oliver also plays on the literal meaning—"Better be nothing than be marring yourself." [War.]

I. i. 42. The reference is, of course, to the parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke xv.

I. i. 43. *Prodigal*. Schmidt takes this as meaning merely "ample," "abundant." Clar. and others take the phrase to mean, "What portion have I prodigally spent?" and compare II. iii. 39, "the thrifty hire I saved," for "the hire I saved by thrift." Furness suggests that the phrase should be "prodigal-portion" = "prodigal's portion"; and, taking into account the reference in the preceding line, this seems most probable.

I. i. 48. *Him*. For *him* = "he whom," cf. Abbott, §208.

I. i. 50. *In the gentle condition of blood.* *Gentle* (= of good family) logically goes with *blood*. "After the fashion of well-born brothers."

I. i. 51. *Courtesy of nations.* The law of nations in matters of precedence, i.e., here, the law of primogeniture.

I. i. 57. *Is nearer to his reverence.* Gives you a better title to the respect owed to him. The tone or gesture with which these words are uttered is more probably the cause of Oliver's burst of passion which immediately follows than any subtle significance in the words themselves.

I. i. 59-60. *Too young in this.* Not enough my superior in strength, whatever you may be in years. Cf. Lodge's *Rosalynde*, where *Saladyne* (= Oliver) says, "Though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."

I. i. 61. *Thou.* Note that at this point, when they have almost come to blows, the contemptuous "thou" is used by both, instead of "you."

I. i. 65. *Villains.* There may be a play here on the modern sense of this word and the older one of "low born."

I. i. 80. *Allottery.* Portion allotted.

I. i. 92. *Spoke.* Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (b).

I. i. 94. *Grow upon.* "Encroach." (Clar.) "Orlando is growing too big on his hands to be treated any longer like a boy." (Furness.)

I. i. 95. *Rankness.* Strong, rapid growth; hence, in solence.

I. i. 95-96. *No . . . neither.* Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 5, (a).

I. i. 107 ff. It is clear that this speech is put into the mouth of Charles for the instruction of the audience rather than of Oliver.

With the implication throughout this passage that the banishment of the old Duke is recent, cf. the indication of a long time in I. iii. 70-77.

I. i. 124-25. *Forest of Arden.* Shakspeare took the name from Lodge, who meant Ardennes in France. That there was a forest of Arden in Warwickshire need not be regarded as more than a coincidence; and in placing in it beasts and plants foreign to France, Shakspeare was only availing himself of poetic license in his accustomed fashion.

I. i. 125. *A many merry men.* Cf. King John, IV. ii. 199, "A many thousand warlike French." This "a" was frequent before numerals. Cf. Abbott § 87.

I. i. 128. *Fleet.* Elsewhere in Shakspeare, as in other writers, this verb is intransitive.

I. i. 129. *The golden world.* The mythical golden age, when, under the government of Saturn, men, without laws, lived in innocence and justice, the earth produced abundance without cultivation, and the season was perpetual spring. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I. 89 ff.

I. i. 130. *What.* Merely an exclamation.

I. i. 132. *Marry.* Cf. I. i. 37.

I. i. 144. *Withal.* With it. But it is often only an emphatic "with," especially at the end of a sentence; cf. I. ii. 29.

I. i. 145. *Intendment.* Intention.

I. i. 152. *Underhand.* Secret, indirect (without any evil implication).

I. i. 154. *It.* The use of the neuter here is contemptuous. But cf. III. v. 110.

I. i. 157. *Contriver.* Plotter. Cf. IV. iii. 137.

I. i. 160. *Thou wert best.* The original form of the idiom is found in "You were best" = [To] you [it] were best, where "you" is a dative. But in form "you" might also be nominative, and through this confusion arose constructions like that in the text. Cf. 1 Henry VI., V. iii. 82, "I were best to leave him."

I. i. 162-63. *Grace himself on thee.* Do himself honor through overcoming you.

I. i. 163. *Practise.* Plot. Cf. *contriver*, I. 157 above.

I. i. 170. *Anatomize.* Dissect, lay bare.

I. i. 179. *Gamester.* The modern sense of "gambler" is, of course, absent, yet the context makes it probable that to the usual interpretation of "lively fellow" has to be added the idea of Orlando's eagerness to enter the wrestling contest.

I. i. 181. *He.* For this use of nominative for objective, cf. Introduction, p. 41, 3, (a).

I. i. 183. *Noble devisee.* High ideals. *Sorts.* Ranks.

I. i. 187. *Misprised.* Underestimated. Cf. I. ii. 196.

I. i. 189. *Kindle.* Induce to go, incite.

I. i. 190. *Go about*. Take in hand, attempt.

I. ii. In the second scene we are introduced to the heroine, and the love plot is begun.

I. ii. 1. *Sweet my coz*. My sweet cousin. Cf. III. ii. 200, V. iv. 40, and similar phrases, where the possessive has become so closely associated with the noun, that the adjective is forced out of its regular position.

I. ii. 4. *I were merrier*. *I* is omitted in the folio, and was first inserted by Rowe.

I. ii. 6. *Learn*. Teach. This usage, still common in some localities, is frequent in Elizabethan English, and occurs as early as the 13th century.

I. ii. 11. *So*. Provided that.

I. ii. 14, 15. *So righteously tempered*. As perfect. "To temper" properly means "to mix," then "to bring to a certain state by mixing."

I. ii. 18. *But I*. Cf. Introduction, p. 41-43, (a).

I. ii. 27. "Note the dramatic irony of the proposed 'sport.' Before the scene is over she is in love in earnest." (War.)

I. ii. 29. *Withal*. With. Cf. I. i. 144, note.

I. ii. 30-31. *Nor no . . . neither*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42-45, (a).

I. ii. 35, 36. *Housewife Fortune*. Dame Fortune; used familiarly.

I. ii. 36. *Wheel*. The wheel on which Fortune was usually represented as standing blindfolded symbolized her inconsistency, out of which Celia proposed to chaff her.

I. ii. 43. *Honest*. Virtuous. Cf. III. iii. 19, 27 ff.; V. iii. 4.

I. ii. 44. *Ill-favouredly*. Ugly. Some editors read "ill favoured" in accordance with the modern idiom. Cf. Introduction, p. 43, 5, (b).

I. ii. 48. *No?* This mark of interrogation is due to Hanmer. Celia questions the negative in the end of Rosalind's speech.

I. ii. 54. *Natural*. Idiot: still so used in Scotland. Shakspeare, of course, does not mean that Touchstone is actually an idiot, but the sense is near enough to be forced for the sake of a pun.

I. ii. 57. *Perceivng*. So  $F_2$ .  $F_1$  has "perceiveth" which requires the insertion of "and" before *hath sent*. Either emendation is sufficient.

I. ii. 71. *Naught*. Worthless. Cf. III. ii. 15.

I. ii. 92. *Celia*. The folio gives this speech to Rosalind, but Theobald changed it because Frederick is the name of the usurping Duke.

I. ii. 94. *Taxation*. Satire. Cf. II. vii. 71.

I. ii. 98. *Wit . . . silenced*. This has been taken as a possible topical allusion to some recent interference with actors (Clar.) or to the "burning of satirical books by public authority, 1st June, 1599." (Fleay, quoted in Var.)

I. ii. 111. *Colour*. Kind. Perhaps the suggestion is right that *Celia* is poking fun at Le Beau's pronunciation of *sport*, which she pretends to take for "spot."

I. ii. 115. *Destinies decree*. F<sub>1</sub> reads "decrees," probably only as a printer's error for "decree." Other possibilities are that *Destinies* is a possessive, and that the whole phrase is parallel to *will and fortune*, or that it is a case of a plural subject with a singular verb, for which cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).

I. ii. 116. *With a trowel*. With more vigor than delicacy.

I. ii. 117. *Rank*. For Rosalind's pun, cf. *Cymbeline*, II. i. 17-8:

*Clo.* Would he had been one of my rank!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

I. ii. 119. *Amaze*. Perplex, rather than "astonish."

I. ii. 128. *Comes*. A singular verb is common with a plural subject in Shakspeare when the verb precedes the noun. Cf. Abbott, § 335, and Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).

I. ii. 132. *Proper*. Handsome.

I. ii. 134. *With bills on their necks*. Farmer gives these words to Le Beau. This gives us a double pun. Le Beau would use *bills* in the sense of the weapon, (Cf. Lodge, "Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest-bill on his neck," p. 362 of Var.) and Rosalind puns on it in the sense of the legal document which conventionally began, *Be it known, etc.*, and gets in another pun on *presence* and *presents*.

I. ii. 137. *Which Charles*. "Which being [originally] an adjective frequently accompanies the repeated antecedent, where definiteness is desired, or where care must be taken to select the right antecedent" (Abbott, §269).

- I. ii. 142. *Dole*. Grieving.
- I. ii. 154. *Broken music*. Music played by a set of different instruments, as opposed to "concert music" played by a set of the same instruments. There is, of course, a pun.
- I. ii. 162. Stage direction. *Flourish*. I.e., of trumpets.
- I. ii. 163. *His . . . forwardness*. Let the danger he incurs through his obstinacy be on his own head.
- I. ii. 166. *Successfully*. As if he might be successful. Cf. Introduction, p. 43, 5, (b).
- I. ii. 172. *Odds in the man*. Superiority on the side of Charles. But many editors read "men" and take *odds* in the sense of "inequality."
- I. ii. 196. *Misprised*. Undervalued. Cf. I. i. 187.
- I. ii. 200. *Wherein*. The antecedent is omitted. Supply "for this (offence)."
- I. ii. 205. *Gracious*. Favored.
- I. ii. 209. *Only*. Transposed for emphasis from before *fill*. Cf. V. iii. 13.
- I. ii. 228. *Ways*. Originally an adverbial genitive, = "on your way," not a plural. Cf. II. iii. 66, and IV. i. 190.
- I. ii. 229. *Be thy speed*. Give thee success. Speed originally meant "success," but in this and similar passages it is used as if = "promoter of success." Cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. i. 301, "Saint Nicholas be thy speed"; Romeo and Juliet, V. iii. 121, "Saint Francis be my speed," etc.
- I. ii. 234. *Should down*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (c).
- I. ii. 237. *Breathed*. Exercised.
- I. ii. 246. *Still*. Always.
- I. ii. 253. *His youngest son*. The sentence is unfinished. *Calling*. Name.
- I. ii. 257. *His son*. To be his son.
- I. ii. 258. *Unto*. In addition to.
- I. ii. 261. *Envious*. Malignant. This use is commoner in Shakspearean English than the modern one exemplified in I. i. 156.
- I. ii. 262. *Sticks*. Stabs.
- I. ii. 264. This line is awkward in meter as well as in expression. Capell and others omit "all." Abbott scans it thus:

But just | ly as | you have | exceed' | all pro | mise;

König (quoted by War.) thus:

But just | ly as | you've ex | ceeded | all pro | mise.

I. ii. 266. *Out of suits with fortune.* No longer in fortune's suite or service. There may be a play on *suit* = livery, and *suit* = favor sued for. Cf. II. vii. 4, note.

I. ii. 267. *Could.* I.e., as far as good will goes.

I. ii. 271. *Quintain.* A wooden dummy used for practice in tilting.

I. ii. 276. *Have with you.* Come along.

I. ii. 284. *Condition.* Mood.

I. ii. 286. *Humorous.* Subject to moods (induced, according to the old physiology, by the predominance of one of the four "humors," the mixture of which determined a man's temperament).

I. ii. 287. *Than I.* Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 3, (a) and line 18, above.

I. ii. 292. *Taller.* This seems to be a slip. Cf. I. iii. 116, and IV. iii. 90. It has been proposed to read "shorter," "smaller," "lower," "less taller," "lesser." See Var.

I. ii. 299. *Argument.* Reason, grounds.

I. ii. 303. *Suddenly.* Soon. Cf. II. ii. 19, II. iv. 102.

I. ii. 304. *A better world.* Better days.

I. ii. 307. *From the smoke into the smother.* "Out of the frying pan into the fire," (Clar.). *Smother* means "suffocating smoke."

I. iii. The first part of the scene (1-39) emphasizes the growing passion of Rosalind, so that we expect it to be a main element in the plot; the second part (39-90) advances the action through the sentence of banishment for which Le Beau's speech in the end of Scene ii. prepared us; the third part (91-139) arranges for the transference of the action to the forest of Arden.

I. iii. 17. *Coat.* Petticoat, as still in Scotland.

I. iii. 25-26. *A good wish upon you:* etc. Blessings on you! You will try to wrestle with your affections sometime, though they master you at first.

I. iii. 33. *Chase.* Inference, following of the argument.

I. iii. 35. *Dearly.* Intensely. *Dear* is used in Shakspeare of anything, good or bad, that comes home to one intimately. Cf. Hamlet, I. ii. 182, "My dearest foe."

I. iii. 37. *Deserve well*. Celia, of course, means "deserve hatred well," but Rosalind takes advantage of the omission of the object to answer in the opposite sense.

I. iii. 42. *Safest haste*. I.e., The greater haste you make, the safer you will be.

I. iii. 43. *Cousin*. Used for niece or any near relation outside of one's immediate family.

I. iii. 54. *Purgation*. Proof of innocence.

I. iii. 63. *Friends*. Relations.

I. iii. 65. *Good my liege*. Cf. I. ii. 1, note.

I. iii. 68. *Celia*. A trisyllable.

I. iii. 71. *Remorse*. Pity.

I. iii. 72 ff. Cf. I. i. 107, note.

I. iii. 74. *Still*. Cf. I. ii. 246, note; I. iii. 77.

I. iii. 76. *Juno's swans*. Clar. points out that it was to Venus, not Juno, that the swan was sacred.

I. iii. 79. *Patience*. Cf. Introduction, p. 40, 7.

I. iii. 82. *Show*. Appear.

I. iii. 98. *Thou and I am*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).

I. iii. 103. *Change*. I.e., of fortune. But the later folios read "charge," the meaning of which would be explained by the next line.

I. iii. 117. *All points*. In all respects.

I. iii. 118. *Curtle-axe*. A corruption of "cutlass," a short sword. Neither the word nor the thing has originally any connection with axe.

I. iii. 123. *It*. The indefinite use. Cf. V. ii. 72.

I. iii. 129. *Aliena*. From the Latin word meaning "stranger."

I. iii. 139. In Lodge's novel, the Duke banishes his daughter also, in anger at her importunity on behalf of Rosalind.

## ACT II.

II. i. In the first act the dramatist introduced the hero and heroine, represented the beginning of their passion, and, through Rosalind's banishment, their apparently complete separation. In the second, he prepares the way for their coming together again in the Forest of Arden.

II. i. 1. *Exile*. The accent on this word in Shakspeare may be on either syllable.



II. i. 5. *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.* The Folios read "not" for *but*. Editors who retain this interpret *the penalty of Adam* as labor (Gen. III. 17, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"), and put a semicolon or period after *Adam*. Theobald, followed by many modern editors, changed "not" to *but*, understanding *the season's difference* to be *the penalty of Adam*, and assuming a confusion (made also by Milton) of the Scripture account of the Fall with Ovid's account of the change in climate after the passing away of the Golden Age. (Cf. note on I. i. 129, above). There is possibly some further corruption of the text, for the lines immediately following are confused in grammar.

II. i. 6. *As.* "Here used in the sense of 'to wit,' 'namely.'" (Var.)

II. i. 8. *Which.* Usually explained as = "as to which." But it is clearly a case of anacolouthon or change of construction.

II. i. 13. *Venomous.* The popular but mistaken belief that the toad is poisonous is very old.

II. i. 14. *Jewel.* The toad-stone which was supposed to be found in the head of the toad was taken as a medicine or worn as an amulet against poisons.

II. i. 18. *I would not change it.* Many editors give this to the Duke. But no emendation is necessary, and the Duke does "change it" at the end of the play.

II. i. 22. *Fools.* Often used in affection or pity. Cf. line 40, below, and King Lear, V. iii. 305, "And my poor fool is hanged," referring to Cordelia.

II. i. 23. *Burghers.* Citizens.

II. i. 24. *Forkeâ heads.* Strictly, a "forked arrow," as distinguished from a barbed arrow, was one with a double point, like a swallow's tail. Here, however, probably arrows in general are meant.

II. i. 26. *The melancholy Jaques.* There has been much discussion on the pronunciation of this name. The present line, which is the only one in the play where the evidence of the metre is clear, requires a dissyllabic pronunciation (*Jā-ques*), and may be accepted as giving the rule for the play as a whole.

II. i. 33. *Sequestered.* Separated from his kind.

- II. i. 46. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 38, 2.
- II. i. 52. *Flux*. Flow, current.
- II. i. 58. *Invectively*. With bitter satire.
- II. i. 62. *Up*. For this intensive use of *up* with the sense of "completely," cf. phrases such as "burn up," "wind up," etc.
- II. i. 67. *Cope*. Encounter. The word is now no longer transitive, but requires "with."
- II. i. 68. *Matter*. Material for thought, ideas.
- II. ii. Besides preparing us for the banishment of Oliver, this short scene affords a striking contrast between the moods of the two Dukes and their respective surroundings.
- II. ii. 3. *Are of consent and sufferance*. Have been accomplices.
- II. ii. 8. *Roynish*. Literally, "scurvy," but used vaguely in contempt. The reading "roguish" has been suggested.
- II. ii. 17. *His brother*. The emendation of Capell, "his brother's," while not absolutely necessary, avoids the confused repetition in the next line. *Gallant* refers to Orlando.
- II. ii. 19. *Suddenly*. Quickly. Cf. I. ii. 303, II. iv. 102.
- II. ii. 20. *Quail*. Flag, fail through slackness.
- II. iii. 4. *Make*. Cf. I. i. 33, note.
- II. iii. 7. *Fond*. Foolishly eager.
- II. iii. 8. *Bonny*. The usual meaning of "bonny" is not appropriate here, and Schmidt and others give it the meaning of "stout," "strong." But this meaning does not seem to be found elsewhere, and Warburton's emendation "bony" has been widely accepted. *Priser*. Wrestler. Cf. Fr. *être aux prises*, to grapple, struggle. *Humorous*. Cf. I. ii. 286, note.
- II. iii. 12. *No more do yours*. Your graces do no more for you.
- II. iii. 26. *Practices*. Plots. Cf. I. i. 163.
- II. iii. 27. *This is no place*. This is explained as "no fit place," or, "no dwelling place." But it might be used to-day to express contempt or abhorrence, without so definite an idea as these explanations imply.
- II. iii. 37. *Diverted*. Turned aside from its natural channel.
- II. iii. 39. *Thrifty hire*. Wages saved by thrift. Cf. I. i. 43.

II. iii. 42. *Unregarded age*. Supply "should be," to parallel the construction in the previous line.

II. iii. 43-44. Cf. Job xxxviii. 41; Psalms cxlvii. 9; Matthew x. 29; Luke xii. 6 and 24.

II. iii. 50. *Nor did not*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 5, (a).

II. iii. 58. *Sweat*. Abbott (§ 341) gives this as an instance of a word ending in "t" instead of "ted" for euphony. It may be from the preterite "swette" found in M. E.

II. iii. 61-62. Promotion puts an end to the service which earned it.

II. iii. 65. *In lieu of*. Properly, "in the place of," but used by Shakspeare for "in return for."

II. iii. 66. *Ways*. Cf. I. ii. 228, note, and IV. i. 190.

II. iii. 68. *Low content*. Humble situation in which we may be contented.

II. iv. This scene slightly advances the main action as regards the heroine, and introduces the underplot of Phebe and Silvius.

II. iv. 1. *Weary*. The Folios read "merry," and this is defended by Furness and others who take Rosalind's second speech, except the last three words, as an aside, and suppose her to be assuming good spirits to support Celia. But *weary* seems to suit better both Touchstone's retort and Rosalind's confession.

II. iv. 6-7. *Doublet and hose*. The male costume of the time, corresponding to coat and trousers. Contrast the modern sense of *hose*.

II. iv. 9. *Cannot go no*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 5, (a).

II. iv. 12. *Cross*. Touchstone puns on the use of the word in Matthew x., 38, "He that taketh not his cross," and its use as the name of an Elizabethan coin which had a cross stamped on one side.

II. iv. 31. *Fantasy*. Common in Elizabethan English in the sense of "love." The shorter form, "fancy," is also so used. Cf. III. v. 29; V. iv. 160.

II. iv. 36. For metre cf. Introduction, p. 39, 4.

II. iv. 38. *Wearing*. The later folios have "wearying," with the same meaning.

II. iv. 40. *Broke*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (b), and Abbott, §343.

II. iv. 44. *Searching of*. Two constructions seem to be confused here: *searching*, as a participle, which would not require the *of*; and *searching* as a verbal noun, which would require "in" before it. Cf. *hearing*, II. vii. 4, for a similar confusion; and *kissing* and *wooting* in lines 49 and 52, below, for the correct modern construction.

II. iv. 50. The first Folio has "batler." Both words denote an instrument with which washerwomen beat clothes.

II. iv. 51. *Chopt*. Another form of "chapped."

II. iv. 52. *Peascod*. Pea-pod. The choice of this particular thing seems to have been suggested by the practice according to which pea-pods were used for divination. A rustic maiden would place a pod with nine peas over the door, believing that the first man who entered was to be her husband.

II. iv. 52-55. *From whom . . . sake*. The passage is obscure. If *whom* and *her* refer to Jane Smile, then these clauses do not describe "the wooing of a peascod instead of her." Some editors take *whom* and *her*, to refer to *peascod*, and, to make this fit better, interpret it as referring to the whole plant. But there seems to be no authority for this sense. Touchstone must not be expected to be very coherent. *Weeping tears*. Active for passive participle. The phrase is so common in Elizabethan English that it is unlikely that Shakspeare meant it to be so ridiculous as it sounds to modern ears.

II. iv. 57-58. *Mortal in folly*. "Exceedingly foolish," is the usual explanation, as if = "mortal foolish," the form in the text being used to preserve the epigrammatic balance of the sentence. Schmidt suggests the interpretation, "human in folly."

II. iv. 68. *Clown*. Touchstone of course uses the word in the sense of "rustic." Rosalind puns on the meaning of "jester."

II. iv. 81. *Do not shear*, etc. Do not get the wool from the sheep that I feed.

II. iv. 82. *Churlish*. Originally "rustic" then "discourteous," then "ungenerous," as here.

II. iv. 85. *Cote*. Cottage, not "sheep-fold," as is proved

by line 94, below, and III. ii. 449. *Bounds of feed.* Extent of pasturage.

II. iv. 89. *In my voice.* So far as my authority goes.

II. iv. 90. *What.* Who.

II. iv. 93. *Stand with honesty.* Be consistent with honorable dealing (towards Silvius).

II. iv. 97. *Waste.* Spend.

II. iv. 101. *Feeder.* Shepherd.

II. v. This scene does nothing to advance the action, and serves chiefly to introduce Jaques. It is entirely of Shakspeare's invention.

II. v. 3. *Turn.* Tune, modulate.

II. v. 19. *Stanzo.* An obsolete form of "stanza."

II. v. 21. *Names.* It is suggested that there is a reference here to the Elizabethan use of "nomina" as "the names of the debts owed."

II. v. 29. *Beggarly.* Not "mean," but simply "like a beggar's."

II. v. 31. *Cover.* Spread the table.

II. v. 33. *Look you.* For the omission of "for," cf. Henry V., IV. vii. 76, "To look our dead," and cf. Introduction, p. 43, 6, (b).

II. v. 35. *Disputable.* Disputatious.

II. v. 47. *Note.* Tune.

II. v. 48. *In despite of my invention.* In spite, or scorn, of my (lack of) poetical powers.

II. v. 55. *Ducdame.* Probably a nonsensical refrain, the explanation of which by Jaques is merely quizzical.

II. v. 62. *First-born of Egypt.* The reference is presumably to Exodus xi. 5. Its appropriateness, if it has any, has not been satisfactorily explained. Johnson is usually quoted as saying that it is "a proverbial expression for high-born persons."

II. vi. In Lodge's novel it is Adam that comforts Rosader. "Hunger growing on so extreme, Adam Spencer (being old) began first to faint, and sitting him down on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill-perplexed: which sight made him shed tears, and to fall into these bitter terms . . . As he was ready to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and

seeing him change colour, he rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, 'What cheer, master? Though all fail, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is showed in the resolution of his death.'" It is only when Adam proposes to open his own veins to relieve him that Rosader, "full of courage (though very faint) rose up, and wished Adam Spencer to sit there till his return: 'for my mind gives me,' quoth he, 'I shall bring thee meat.' With that, like a mad man he rose up, and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn of his loyalty." (pp. 342-43 of Var.)

The significance of Shakspeare's change need not be pointed out.

II. vi. 6. *Uncouth*. Unknown, strange.

II. vi. 7. *Savage*. Wild. Literally, "belonging to the woods," not necessarily "fierce."

II. vi. 8. *Conceit*. Thought, fancy.

II. vi. 10. *Comfortable*. "Usually explained as passive, but the word is always active elsewhere in Shakspeare." (War.)

II. vi. 11. *Presently*. Immediately.

II. vi. 15. *Well said!* Well done! It is often so used in Shakspeare when nothing has been said. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 88, "Well said, my hearts," where Capulet is commending the dancing. Here it seems to refer to some effort made by Adam to look courageous..

II. vii. The first part of this scene serves to give Orlando time to find his way to the Duke's party, and is entirely Shakspeare's invention. But its chief purpose is to elaborate the background by unfolding further the characters of Jaques and Duke senior.

The second part, after the entry of Orlando, is from Lodge, and helps on the action by establishing Orlando in the forest.

II. vii. 1. *I think he be*. For the uncertainty implied in the use of the subjunctive, cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 384, "I think my wife be honest, and think she is not."

II. vii. 4. *Hearing of*. Cf. II. iv. 44, note.

II. vii. 5. *Compact of jars*. Composed of discords. Cf.

**Midsummer Night's Dream**, V. i. 7-8, "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact."

II. vii. 6. *Spheres*. According to the Ptolemaic system, which was still commonly held in Shakspeare's time, the earth is the centre round which revolve eight concentric spheres, in which are fixed the sun, moon, the five then known planets, and the fixed stars. Each sphere in its motion gives forth a note, and the harmony of the eight notes is the "music of the spheres," inaudible to gross human ears. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 60:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

II. vii. 13. *Motley*. Referring to the parti-coloured costume of the professional jester.

II. vii. 19. The reference is to the proverb, "Fortune favors fools."

II. vii. 20. *Dial*. A pocket-dial or a watch. The word was used of any instrument marked with hours for telling the time. *Poke*. A large pouch was a regular part of a jester's equipment.

II. vii. 29. *Moral*. Usually taken as = "moralize." But Schmidt and Furness prefer to regard it as an adjective.

II. vii. 32. *Sans*. In Shakspeare's time this word was "actually adopted for a time as an English word." (Clar.) Cf. line 166, below.

II. vii. 34. *Wear*. Costume.

II. vii. 39. *Dry*. "In the physiology of Shakspeare's time, a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory." (Clar.)

II. vii. 41. *Observation*. See Introduction, p. 40, 7.

II. vii. 44. *Suit*. Probably a pun on the two meanings of "costume" and "request." Cf. I. ii. 266, note.

II. vii. 55. [*Not to*]. These words are not found in the Folios, but were supplied by Theobald. They improve the sense and complete the verse, which otherwise is defective. *Bob*. A smart blow, a taunt.

II. vii. 56. *Anatomized*. Dissected and exposed. Cf. I. i. 170.

II. vii. 57. *Squandering glances.* Hits made at random.

II. vii. 63. *Counter.* A trifling wager. A counter was a round piece of metal of little or no intrinsic value, used for reckoning.

II. vii. 65-69. Note the significance of this description of the past life of Jaques in accounting for his present character. In the next speech Jaques fails to meet the Duke's point. The Duke has pointed out that such satire as Jaques purposes would corrupt people and Jaques argues that if it were general, no individual<sup>o</sup> would have a right to resent it.

II. vii. 66. *Brutish sting.* Animal impulse.

II. vii. 67. *Embossed.* Swollen. *Headed evils.* Sores grown to a head.

II. vii. 71. *Tax.* Accuse. Cf. I. ii. 94, and II. vii. 86. The general sense of the passage is, "Why, how can a man who speaks against pride in general, be regarded as attacking anyone in particular? Is it not excessively common all around, exhausting the means of those who harbour it?"

II. vii. 73. *Wearer's.* The Folios read "weary." The emendation is due to Singer.

II. vii. 75. *City-woman.* Citizen's wife. Satire of the extravagant aping of court fashions by the wives of city tradesmen was very common in Shakspeare's time.

II. vii. 76. *Cost of princes.* Clar. compares 2 Henry VI., I. iii. 83, "She bears a duke's revenues on her back."

II. vii. 79. *Function.* Occupation.

II. vii. 80. That says his finery is not bought at my expense.

II. vii. 82. *Mettle.* Spirit, nature. He who gives the answer in line 80, implies that he is guilty of the kind of folly attacked.

II. vii. 84. *Right.* Justice.

II. vii. 85. *Free.* Conscience-clear.

II. vii. 86. *Taxing.* Cf. II. vii. 71, note.

II. vii. 88. *Eat.* This form of the past participle occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare.

II. vii. 90. *Of . . . of.* Cf. Introduction, p. 43, 6, and Abbot<sup>†</sup> §407.



II. vii. 93, 96. *Civility*. Courtesy, in a higher degree than the present use implies. Cf. "civil sayings," III. ii. 131.

II. vii. 94. *Vein*. Humour. Your first question hit the truth as to my disposition.

II. vii. 96. *Inland bred*. Bred in a civilized district, as opposed to an outlandish one. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.

II. vii. 97. *Nurture*. Cultivation, breeding.

II. vii. 100. *An*. If.

II. vii. 108. *Countenance*. Cf. I. i. 20, note.

II. vii. 118. Let gentleness strongly support my request.

II. vii. 125. *Upon command*. At your own order.

II. vii. 128. *Whiles*. Adverbial genitive of *while*. It survives in modern English with an additional "t" in "whilst."

II. vii. 132. *Weak evils*. Evils causing weakness.

II. vii. 139. *Wherein . . . in*. See Introduction, p. 43, 6.

II. vii. 139 ff. With regard to this, the most famous speech in the play, it is to be remembered that the comparison of life to a stage was long familiar before Shakspeare used it, that its technical purpose here is to fill in the gap of Orlando's absence, and that it is spoken by Jaques, who is not at all the kind of character into whose mouth Shakspeare would be likely to put his own view of life. This is the more important since the description of the seven ages is made with Jaques's characteristic sneer at human nature.

II. vii. 143. *Seven ages*. For earlier examples of similar divisions of the life of man, see Var. pp. 122-24. "The merit of Shakespeare is not that he invented this distribution, but that he has exhibited it more brilliantly, more impressively, than had ever been done before." (Hunter, quoted in Var.)

II. vii. 148. *Ballad*. This word was used of almost any kind of short poem.

II. vii. 150. *Strange oaths*. The affectation of foreign oaths by the soldier who had been abroad is often satirized in the drama of this time, e.g., Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

II. vii. 151. *Sudden*. Rash, hasty. The comma after this word is important, as indicating that it stands as a separate idea, and is not to be taken with *in quarrel* as a mere doublet of *quick*.

II. vii. 154. *Capon*. Hales points out that there is a definite satirical allusion here. "It was the custom to present magistrates with presents, especially, it would seem, with capons, by way of securing their good will and favour." (Quoted in *Var.*, p. 126, which see for corroborative evidence.) *Lined*. Filled, stuffed. It is used by Shakspeare in the modern sense also.

II. vii. 155. *Formal cut*. As opposed to the fierce shagginess of the soldier's.

II. vii. 156. *Saws*. Maxims. *Modern*. Commonplace, trite, every-day. Cf. *All's Well*, II. iii. 1-3. "We have our philosophical persons, to make *modern* and familiar, things supernatural and causeless." *Instances*. This word is used by Shakspeare in a variety of senses, among which are (1) proof; (2) example, precedent; (3) proverb. Schmidt and *Var.* prefer (3); but (2) also gives good sense here. For (1) cf. III. ii. 56.

II. vii. 158. *Pantaloon*. The pantaloon was a stock character in Italian comedy, in which he was represented as a foolish old dotard.

II. vii. 163. *His*. The old neuter possessive. "Its" did not come into general use until the second half of the seventeenth century.

II. vii. 166. *Sans*. Cf. line 32 and note, above.

II. vii. 175. *Unkind*. Literally, "unnatural"; but the modern sense seems equally good here.

II. vii. 187. *Warp*. To twist out of shape, hence, to change. This may refer (1) to the change of the water to ice, or (2) to the ruffling of the surface in freezing.

II. vii. 189. *As friend remembered not*. This has been taken in two ways: Thy sting is not so sharp (1) as that which a friend feels who is not remembered; (2) as that which a friend inflicts who does not remember,—the past participle being active in sense. Cf. III. v. 131, where "Now I am remembered" = Now I recollect.

II. vii. 193. *Efigies*. Likeness. The accent is on the

second syllable. This is not the plural of "effigy," but the Latin word unchanged.

II. vii. 196. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.

II. vii. 198. *Thou*. The pronoun used to an inferior. Contrast "you" in the lines addressed to Orlando.

## ACT III.

III. i. This scene brings to a point the preliminary action at the court, and prepares matters so that Oliver's appearance in the forest in IV. iii. is plausible.

III. i. 2. *Better*. Greater.

III. i. 3. *Argument*. Subject. Cf. the use for the subject or contents of a book, as, e.g., the "argument" prefixed to each book of *Paradise Lost*, and the use in I. ii. 299, for "grounds."

III. i. 4. *Thou present*. The nominative absolute construction.

III. i. 6. *With candle*. The allusion is probably to the parable of the woman who lost the pieces of silver, in Luke xv. 8.

III. i. 11. *Quit*. Acquit. *Thee*. Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 3, (b).

III. i. 16. *Of such a nature*. Whose special business it is.

III. i. 17. *Extent*. Valuation, usually with a view to taxation. It was also used of a writ to seize the lands, etc., belonging to a debtor to the Crown, in order to compel payment. But here there is no question of debt, so the phrase, *make an extent*, is probably used vaguely for "seize."

III. i. 18. *Expediently*. Expeditiously, quickly.

III. ii. In this, the great central scene of the play, the complications reach their climax, and the unravelling begins.

III. ii. 2. *Thrice-crowned*. The same goddess was known as Proserpina in the underworld, Cynthia (the moon) in the heavens, and Diana on earth.

III. ii. 3. *Pale sphere*. The adjective seems to imply that *sphere* is used for the moon itself, and not for the sphere which carries it round, as described in II. vii. 6, note.

- III. ii. 4. *Thy huntress*'. Rosalind's. *Full*. Whole.
- III. ii. 6. *Character*. Write. This carving on trees is a convention in pastoral poetry, at least as old as Vergil.
- III. ii. 10. *Unexpressive*. Inexpressible. *She*. Shakspeare frequently uses *she* as a noun for "woman."
- III. ii. 13. *In respect of*. In comparison with.
- III. ii. 15. *Naught*. Worthless. Cf. I. ii. 71.
- III. ii. 33. *Complain of*. Complain of the want of.
- III. ii. 47. *Parlous*. Perilous. "The spelling represents the [Elizabethan] pronunciation." (Clar.)
- III. ii. 53-54. *But you kiss*. Without kissing.
- III. ii. 56. *Instance*. Proof. Cf. II. vii. 156, note.
- III. ii. 57. *Still*. Constantly.
- III. ii. 58. *Fells*. Fleeces.
- III. ii. 59. *Your*. The indefinite use. Cf. V. iv. 64.
- III. ii. 65. *More sounder*. Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 2.
- III. ii. 67. *Surgery*. Doctoring.
- III. ii. 69. *Civet*. A perfume, something like musk, taken from the civet cat.
- III. ii. 72. *Perpend*. Reflect. The word is pedantic, and is used in Shakspeare only by comic characters.
- III. ii. 78. *Incision*. This word is generally used in Shakspeare of blood-letting, at that time a cure for almost any ailment.
- III. ii. 79. *Raw*. Ignorant, unsophisticated. Cf. Richard II., II. iii. 42, "Tender, raw, and young."
- III. ii. 83. *Content with my harm*. Patient under misfortune.
- III. ii. 87. *Ind*. In Elizabethan verse this word usually rhymes with "mind."
- III. ii. 91. *Lined*. Drawn.
- III. ii. 94. *Fair*. Beauty. For this substantive use, cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. i. 182, "Demetrius loves your fair."
- III. ii. 95. *You*. See Introduction, p. 42, 3, (c).
- III. ii. 97-98. *The right butter-women's rank*. The general sense seems to be that it jogs along like butter-women going to market. If "rank" is the correct reading, it must be used in the sense of "row," "file." But Clar. suggests very plausibly that we ought to read "rack" = a gait

between a trot and an amble. *Right* = true, regular. Cf.

III. ii. 287, "right painted cloth."

III. ii. 105. *Winter*.  $F_1$  and  $F_2$  read "wintred."

III. ii. 113. *False gallop*. The phrase is used of a horse when in galloping he lifts the left foot first. (Var.)

III. ii. 118. *Graff*. The earlier (and more correct) form of "graft."

III. ii. 119. *Medlar*. A fruit, something like an apple, which is eaten when it has grown soft (but not rotten). It is chosen by Rosalind, of course, for the sake of the pun with "meddler."

III. ii. 128. *This a desert*. The Folios read "this desert." Other editions emend to "this desert silent."

III. ii. 131. *Civil*. The meanings suggested for *civil* in this passage are: (1) belonging to civilization (as opposed to the solitude of the desert); (2) decent, polite; (3) grave, solemn. Of these the last best suits the lines that follow.

III. ii. 133. *His*. Its. Cf. II. vii. 163, note. *Erring*. Wandering (without moral significance).

III. ii. 135. *Buckles in*. Encloses.

III. ii. 139. *Sentence end*. Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 1.

III. ii. 142. *Quintessence*. The medieval philosophers regarded the world as composed of four elements—fire, air, earth, and water—and a "fifth essence," which was to the world what the soul was to the body.

III. ii. 143. *In little*. In miniature.

III. ii. 144-155. With the whole passage, cf. *Tempest*, III. i. 42-8:

For several virtues

Have I liked several women; . .

. . . but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!

III. ii. 146. *Wide-enlarged*. "Spread through the world," (Schmidt). But it is equally probable that the meaning is "at their fullest."

III. ii. 147. *Presently*. Immediately.

III. ii. 150. *Atalanta's better part*. Atalanta was noted for her swiftness and beauty. She challenged her suitors to a foot-race; if anyone outstripped her, he was to win her; if

she outstripped him, he was to die. It seems likely that *her better part*, then, was her athletic form, as opposed to her cruelty, implied in the harsh condition.

III. ii. 151. *Lucretia*. A noble Roman lady who was dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius, and killed herself. Shakespeare tells the story in his Rape of Lucrece.

III. ii. 153. *Synod*. Council.

III. ii. 155. *Touches*. Qualities. Cf. V. iv. 27.

III. ii. 157. *And I to live*. Cf. Abbott, § 416, for other instances where the second of two infinitives following an auxiliary has 'to' where we should omit it and perhaps repeat the auxiliary.

III. ii. 158. *Pulpiter*. Preacher. The Folios read "Jupiter," but this change suits the context so well that it has been generally adopted.

III. ii. 166. *Scrip*. Pouch.

III. ii. 174. *Without*. Outside of.

III. ii. 179. *Nine days*. This was the proverbial length of time for a wonder to possess the popular mind.

III. ii. 181. *Palm tree*. The tropical characteristics of the Forest of Arden are taken from Lodge's novel.

III. ii. 182. *Berhymed*, etc. Var. quotes many references to this supposed method of killing rats. *Pythagoras*. To him was attributed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

III. ii. 190-92. The reference is to the proverb, "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

III. ii. 199. *Out of all hooping*. Beyond what can be expressed by exclamations. The modern spelling is "whooping."

III. ii. 200. *Good my complexion!* My good complexion! Cf. I. ii. 1, note. The exclamation is evidently occasioned by her blushes.

III. ii. 202-204. *One inch . . . discovery*. The least additional delay suggests so many questions, that the answering of them will be as great a matter as exploring the Pacific.

III. ii. 211. *Of God's making?* "Or his tailor's?" (Clar.)

III. ii. 216. *Stay*. Wait for.

III. ii. 222-23. *Speak sad brow*, etc. Speak with a serious face and as a true maid. For construction cf. III. ii. 287-88.

"I answer you right painted cloth," and Introduction, p. 43, 6, (b.)

III. ii. 230. *Wherein*. In what costume.

III. ii. 235. *Gargantua*. A giant with an enormous appetite, about whom Rabelais wrote a romance.

III. ii. 241. *Freshly*. Cf. Introduction, p. 43, 5, (b).

III. ii. 243. *Atomies*. Atoms. Used especially of the motes in the sunbeams. *Resolve*. Solve.

III. ii. 246. *Observance*. Attention.

III. ii. 248. *Jove's tree*. The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

III. ii. 256. *Holla*. Stop, a call to horses. Cf. "curvets" in next line.

III. ii. 259. *Heart*. For the pun on "hart," cf. Julius Caesar, III. i. 207-208.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

III. ii. 260. *Burden*. Under-song, accompaniment.

III. ii. 261. *Bringest*. Puttest.

III. ii. 271. *God buy you*. The usual Shakspearean equivalent of "good-bye."

III. ii. 275. *Moe*. More.

III. ii. 285. *Goldsmith's wives*, etc. According to Furness, it was customary for the wives of shopkeepers to sit before their doors and entice the young gallants to buy. Jaques implies that Orlando was in the habit of hanging about such places and learning by heart the mottoes engraved on the rings.

III. ii. 287-88. *Right painted cloth*. Rooms were hung with canvas painted with scriptural and other scenes, and ornamented with scrolls on which were written pithy sayings. Cf. Lucrece, 244,

Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Cf., for *right*, III. ii. 97-98, note; and, for construction, III. ii. 222-23, and Introduction, p. 43, 6, (b).

III. ii. 291. *Atalanta's heels*. Cf. III. ii. 150, note.

III. ii. 323, 324, 325. *Who*. Cf. Introduction, p. 43, 3, (a).

III. ii. 328. *Trots hard*. It seems best to take *hard* in the sense of "uneasily," "uncomfortably," so that the weak

seems as long as seven years. But Furness and others take *hard* = "fast," implying that the bride goes through the emotions of seven years in so many days.

III. ii. 354. *Cony*. Rabbit.

III. ii. 355. *Kindled*. Born.

III. ii. 357. *Purchase*. Acquire.

III. ii. 358-66. In this speech Rosalind makes a second attempt to bring the conversation round to love. Cf. line 316, above.

III. ii. 359. *Religious*. Belonging to a religious order, monastic.

III. ii. 360. *Inland*. Cf. II. vii. 96, note.

III. ii. 361. *Courtship*. Used in the double sense of "courtship" and "love-making."

III. ii. 364. *Touched*. Tainted.

III. ii. 365. *Taxed*. Blamed. Cf. II. vii. 71.

III. ii. 375. *There is a man haunts*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 3, (d).

III. ii. 380. *Fancy-monger*. Used contemptuously for "dealer in love fancies."

III. ii. 382. *Quotidian*. A fever recurring daily.

III. ii. 390-91. *Blue eye*. Blue round the eye.

III. ii. 392. *Unquestionable*. Averse to conversation.

III. ii. 394. *For simply*, etc. For, in simple truth, your possession in the way of a beard is as small as the revenue that a younger son gets.

III. ii. 400-401. *Point-device*. (Fr., *à point devis*.) Scrupulously correct.

III. ii. 419. *Merely*. Cf. note on line 442, below.

III. ii. 420. *A dark house and a whip*. Formerly the usual treatment for lunacy.

III. ii. 429. *Moonish*. Inconstant, variable.

III. ii. 436-37. *Entertain*. Receive graciously.

III. ii. 439. *Humour*. Whim. In the next line it means "disposition," "tendency."

III. ii. 440. *Living*. Real.

III. ii. 442. *Merely*. Entirely, the usual sense in Elizabethan English. Cf. line 419, above, which, however, may have the modern sense.

III. ii. 444. *Liver*. The supposed seat of the passions.



III. iii. In this scene the comic underplot is introduced. There is nothing corresponding to it in Lodge.

III. iii. 3. *Feature*. Used of personal appearance in general. The word is not intelligible to Audrey.

III. iii. 8. *Capricious*. A pun on Lat., *caper*, a goat. *Goths* is, of course, a pun on "goat." Augustus banished Ovid to Tomi, in the land of the Getae, on the Black Sea.

III. iii. 10. *Ill-inhabited*. Having an unsuitable habitation.

III. iii. 11. *Jove in a thatched house*. Referring to the story in Ovid of Jupiter and Mercury who, in **the form** of men were hospitably entertained by two aged peasants, Baucis and Philemon, in their thatched cottage.

III. iii. 15-16. *A great reckoning*, etc. A heavy bill for poor accommodation.

III. iii. 22-23. *Maybe said*, etc. Two constructions are here confused: (1) may be said to be feigned; (2) it may be said they do feign. To avoid this some editors insert "it" before *may*.

III. iii. 27. *Honest*. Virtuous. Cf. I. ii. 43.

III. iii. 30. *Hard-favoured*. Plain-looking.

III. iii. 33. *Material*. Full of matter, or ideas.

III. iii. 40. *Foul*. The word means "homely" as well as "dirty." Audrey uses it in the former sense.

III. iii. 44. *Sir*. This title was applied not only to knights, but to those who had taken the degree of B. A. at a University, and so, loosely, to all clergymen, who on this account were known as "the pope's knights."

III. iii. 51. *Stagger*. Hesitate.

III. iii. 54, 57, 59. *Horns*. It was a standing Elizabethan joke that a man whose wife was unfaithful wore horns.

III. iii. 61. *Rascal*. A deer out of condition.

III. iii. 63. *More worthier*. Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 2.

III. iii. 66. *Defence*. The art of self-defence.

III. iii. 67. *Horn*. There seems to be here an additional reference to the horn as the symbol of plenty, in antithesis to *want*. The same double use occurs in 2 Henry IV., I. ii. 52, "He hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it."

III. iii. 70. *Dispatch us*. Settle our affair.

III. iii. 79. *God 'ild you.* God yield you, reward you.

III. iii. 81. *Be covered.* Jaques had taken off his hat.

III. iii. 83. *Bow.* The curved piece of wood partially encircling the neck of an ox, and forming part of the yoke.

III. iii. 84. *Falcon her.* The falcon is properly the female hawk, the male being called a "tercel."

III. iii. 95-96. *I am not in the mind but I were better.* I am not sure that it would not be better for me. The phrase "I were better" is formed on the analogy of "you were better," where "you" was originally a dative, (= "it were better for you,") but came to be mistaken for a nominative. See Abbott, §§ 230, 352.

III. iii. 102, 110. *We must be married . . . I will not to wedding with thee.* The inconsistency here may perhaps be explained (if Shakspeare meant it to be explicable) by supposing that before Touchstone sings this fragment of an old song, he goes apart to listen to the counsel offered by Jaques, and is persuaded to postpone the wedding. "The marriage is deferred in order that Touchstone and Audrey may form a fourth couple at the wedding in the last scene." (War.)

III. iv. The prose part of this scene has no counterpart in Lodge.

III. iv. 7. *Dissembling colour.* Red hair was supposed to signify deceitfulness, and Judas was conventionally represented as red-haired.

III. iv. 13. *Kisses.* It is to be remembered that at the end of Scene ii. Orlando and Rosalind went off together, after the arrangement for the mock wooing, so that we did not see the end of the interview.

III. iv. 15. *Cast.* Discarded. But Furness interprets it as "chaste."

III. iv. 36. *Question.* Conversation. Cf. "unquestionable" in III. ii. 392.

III. iv. 41. *Brave.* Fine. Cf. "bravery" = finery.

III. iv. 44. *Traverse.* Across. To break a lance thus was considered clumsy and disgraceful.

III. iv. 45. *Putsny.* Literally, "born later" = "younger," and so inferior. The modern spelling is "puny" = "small."

III. iv. 51. *Who.* Cf. Introduction, p. 41, 3, (a).

III. iv. 60. For metre. cf. Introduction, p. 39, 3.

- III. v. This scene introduces the pastoral underplot.
- III. v. 3. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.
- III. v. 5. *Falls*. Lets fall. For intransitive verbs used transitively, cf. Abbott, § 291.
- III. v. 7. The order is inverted. "He that lives by bloody drops, and dies," i.e., "until he dies," "all his life."
- III. v. 13. *Atomies*. Cf. III. ii. 243, note.
- III. v. 23. *Cicatrice*. Scar. *Capable impressure*. Perceptible impression.
- III. v. 26. *Nor . . . no*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 5, (a).
- III. v. 29. *Fancy*. Love. Cf. II. iv. 31.
- III. v. 39. Than that you may go to bed without its being worth while to have light to gaze on it.
- III. v. 42. For metre c, f. Introduction, p. 39, 5.
- III. v. 43. *Sale-work*. "Ready-made goods." (Clar.) 'Od's. A corruption of "God's." Cf. IV. iii. 18, note.
- III. v. 47. *Bugle*. A glass bead.
- III. v. 48. *Entame*. Make tame.
- III. v. 49. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.
- III. v. 51. *Properer*. Handsomer.
- III. v. 53-54. *Makes . . . flatters*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).
- III. v. 55. *Out of you*. As reflected by your admiration.
- III. v. 61. *Cry the man mercy*. Ask the man's pardon.
- III. v. 62. An ugly woman is most ugly when she is ill-natured besides. For *foul*, cf. III. iii. 40, note.
- III. v. 74. For metre, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.
- III. v. 79. *Abused*. Deceived.
- III. v. 81. *Dead shepherd*. Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the greatest of Shakspeare's predecessors in the English drama. The next line is from his poem of "Hero and Leander." Cf. Introduction, p. 29. It was a convention in pastorals for poets to speak of one another as shepherds. Cf., e.g., Milton's "Lycidas." *Saw*. Saying. Cf. II. vii. 156.
- III. v. 90. *Neighbourly*. "In accordance with my duty as a neighbour," referring to the Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."
- III. v. 93. *It*. The time.
- III. v. 100. *Poverty of grace*. Lack of favors

III. v. 108. *Carlot*. Diminutive of *carle* = *churl* = *peasant*.

III. v. 110. '*T*. Cf. I. i. 154, note. *Peevish*. Childish, wayward.

III. v. 118. For *metre*, cf. Introduction, p. 39, 5.

III. v. 123. *Constant*. Uniform. *Mingled damask*. Red and white. Cf. Sonnet cxxx., 5, "I have seen roses damasked, red and white"; and *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 295-97:

Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud;  
Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

III. v. 125. *In parcels*. Part by part.

III. v. 131. *Am remembered*. Recollect. Cf. II. vii. 189, note.

III. v. 133. *Omittance*, etc. A proverb. "Though I omitted to pay him back, yet we are not quits." A parallel has often been cited from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, X. 52-53, "But soon shall find Forbearance no acquittance ere day end."

III. v. 136. *Straight*. Straightway.

III. v. 138. *Passing*. Surpassingly.

#### ACT IV.

IV. i. In the matter of plot, this scene is merely a continuation of III. ii, where the mock-wooing was proposed. It serves, however, to bring out still further the characters of Jaques and Rosalind, and shows a gradual increase in intimacy between Rosalind and Orlando.

IV. i. 7. *Modern*. Ordinary, commonplace. Cf. II. vii. 156. *Censure*. In Elizabethan English this word usually means merely "opinion," "judgment." But here there may be a shade of the modern adverse sense, as there is in l. 206 below.

IV. i. 15. *Nice*. Fastidious.

IV. i. 17. *Simples*. Single elements; used of the ingredients of a drug.

IV. i. 19-21. The text seems corrupt here.  $F_1$  reads "by" in line 20, where our text, following the later Folios, reads "my." Jaques evidently means to say that the contemplation of his travels and frequent rumination on them produce

his particular kind of melancholy, a most humorous (i.e., whimsical) sadness.

IV. i. 33. *God buy you.* Cf. III. ii. 271, note. *An. If.* Cf. line 43, below.

IV. i. 40. *Swam in a gondola.* Been in Venice. The literature of Shakspeare's time abounds in satirical passages on the effect of Italian travel on Englishmen.

IV. i. 51-52. *Clapped him on the shoulder.* Editors are divided as to whether this means (1) encouraged, or (2) arrested.

IV. i. 63. *Horns.* Cf. III. iii. 54, note.

IV. i. 65. *Armed in his fortune.* Furnished with what it is his destiny to wear. *Prevents.* Anticipates.

IV. i. 71. *Leer.* Originally "cheek," "face."

IV. i. 77. *You were better.* Cf. III. iii. 95-96, note.

IV. i. 78. *Gravelled.* Stuck in the sand, and so unable to proceed.

IV. i. 80. *Out.* At a loss.

IV. i. 89-90. I should think myself more virtuous than quick-witted if I could not put you out.

IV. i. 99. *By attorney.* By proxy.

IV. i. 101. *There was not any man died.* Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 3, (d).

IV. i. 102. *Troilus.* Son of Priam and lover of Cressida, killed by Achilles in the Trojan War, after Cressida had proved faithless. He is the hero of Chaucer's *Troilus*, and Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.

IV. i. 106-113. Leander and Hero lived respectively at Abydos and Sestos, on opposite sides of the Hellespont. According to the Greek story, retold in English in Shakspeare's time by Marlowe and Chapman, Leander was drowned swimming across to Hero.

IV. i. 145. *Commisston.* Authority.

IV. i. 147. *There's a girl goes,* etc. She says she takes Orlando before the priest has asked her. For grammar, cf. Introduction, p. 42, 3, (d).

IV. i. 160. *Against.* Before.

IV. i. 163. *Diana.* It is not evident that Shakspeare had any particular statue in mind here.

IV. i. 165. *Hyen.* Laughing hyena.

IV. i. 171. *Maké.* Shut.

IV. i. 172. *Will out*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (c).

IV. i. 177. *Wit, whither wilt?* The phrase was a common saying for "What are you after?"

IV. i. 181. *Her husband's occasion*. Of her husband's causing.

IV. i. 202. *Pathetical*. The word is used by Shakspeare in the sense of "moving," "affecting to the feelings." But here it is usually interpreted as a misuse, in the sense of "shocking."

IV. i. 206. *Censure*. Cf. line 7 above, note.

IV. i. 207. *Religion*. Strict observance.

IV. i. 211. *Misused*. Abused, libelled.

IV. i. 220. *The bay of Portugal*. This name is "still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal, from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep." (Clar.)

IV. i. 224. *Thought*. Brooding.

IV. i. 225. *Spleen*. Capricious passion.

IV. i. 230. *Shadow*. A shady spot.

IV. ii. From the point of view of action, this scene serves chiefly to represent the passage of the time of Orlando's absence.

IV. ii. 13. Stage direction. *The rest, etc!* In F<sub>1</sub>, this stage direction is printed as part of the text, and some editors have so retained it.

IV. iii. The first part of this scene carries on the pastoral underplot. The second shows us Rosalind's power of acting her part when taxed to the uttermost, and opens the Oliver-Celia plot. In this last part, however, any suggestion of the love about to spring up between these two has to be derived from their supposed gestures and looks rather than their words.

IV. iii. 5. *Sleep*. The audience is, of course, led to expect "hunt."

IV. iii. 18. *Phœnix*. A fabulous bird supposed to be re-born from its own ashes every five hundred years. Only one existed at a time. 'Ods. Cf. III. v. 43, note. Furness plausibly suggests that the frequency of these oaths in Rosalind's mouth is to be interpreted as part of her attempt to assume a "swashing and a martial outside."

- IV. iii. 24. *Turned into.* Brought into. (Clar.)
- IV. iii. 35. *Giant-rude.* Cf. *neighbour bottom*, in line 81 below, and cf. Abbott, § 430, for similar compounds.
- IV. iii. 49. *Vengeance.* Harm.
- IV. iii. 51. *Eyne.* Eyes. This is the A. S. plural ending which still survives in "oxen."
- IV. iii. 54. *Aspect.* Probably the astrological term, denoting the propitious or unpropitious appearance of a planet. Cf. Introduction, p. 40, 7.
- IV. iii. 60. *Kind.* Nature.
- IV. iii. 63. *Deny.* Refuse.
- IV. iii. 69. *Instrument.* Used punningly in the two senses of a tool and a musical instrument.
- IV. iii. 81. *Neighbour bottom.* Neighbouring dell. Cf. note on verse 35, above.
- IV. iii. 82. *Rank of osiers.* Row of willows. Cf. III. ii 98, note.
- IV. iii. 89. *Favour.* Appearance. Cf. V. iv. 27. *Bestows.* Conducts.
- IV. iii. 90. *Rtpe.* Grown up. It has been proposed to emend *ripe sister* to "right forester," which, though change is not absolutely necessary, gives very good sense and corrects the defective metre.
- IV. iii. 96. *Napkin.* Handkerchief.
- IV. iii. 100. *Handkercher.* This represents the pronunciation still surviving in some parts.
- IV. iii. 104. *Chewing the food.* This is most frequently quoted "chewing the cud"=revolving. But there is neither authority nor necessity for the change.
- IV. iii. 109 ff. This description of Oliver's appearance, added by Shakspeare, suggests the length of his wanderings and so helps to prepare us for his change of heart.
- IV. iii. 112. *Who.* For "who" used where modern English requires "which" cf. line 134, below, and Abbott, § 264.
- IV. iii. 117. *With udders all drawn dry.* And so, by implication, fierce with hunger.
- IV. iii. 125. *Render him.* Describe him as.
- IV. iii. 128. *To.* As to.
- IV. iii. 134. Cf. line 112, note, above.

- IV. iii. 134. *Hurting*. Noise of conflict. Cf. Julius Caesar, II. ii. 22, "The noise of battle hurtled in the air."  
 IV. iii. 137. *Contrive*. Plot. Cf. I. i. 157.  
 IV. iii. 138. *Do not shame*. Am not ashamed.  
 IV. iii. 141. *For*. As for.  
 IV. iii. 143. *Recountments*. Narratives.  
 IV. iii. 144. *As*. As, for instance.  
 IV. iii. 153. *Recovered*. Restored.  
 IV. iii. 174. *A passion of earnest*. A real emotion.

## ACT V.

V. i. This farcical scene comes as a relief after the emotional intensity of the close of the last act, and serves as a transition to the joyousness of the reconciliations and recognitions of the dénouement.

V. i. 13. *We shall be flouting*. "We must have our joke."  
 (Clar.)

V. i. 14. *Hold*. Restrain ourselves.

V. i. 16. *God ye*. God give you.

V. i. 35-39. *The heathen . . . open*. "What he says of the 'heathen philosopher' is occasion'd by seeing his hearer stand gaping (as well he might), sometimes looking at him, sometimes the maid, who, says he, is not a grape for your lips." (Capell, quoted in Var.)

V. i. 47. *Ipsè*. Lat., "he himself."

V. i. 60. *Bastinado*. A cudgelling. *Bandy*. Contend.

V. i. 66. *Seeks*. For grammar, cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a). But it may be merely a misprint.

V. ii. This scene is a business-like preparation for the final disentanglement. Each of the complications is brought to a point where a single touch will put all to rights.

V. ii. 1. *Is't possible*, etc. The sudden conversion of Oliver with the equally sudden consenting of Celia, is considered by many critics the one serious blot on the play.

V. ii. 5. *Persever*. This is Shakspeare's usual spelling. The accent is on the second syllable. Cf. Introduction, p. 40, 7.

V. ii. 14. *Estate*. Settle. He ignores the fact that Duke Frederick had confiscated all his possessions.

V. ii. 31. *Handkercher*. Cf. IV. iii. 100, note.



- V. ii. 32. *Greater wonders*. His falling in love with Celia.
- V. ii. 33. *Where you are*. What you mean. In this speech Shakspeare attempts to disarm criticism of the sudden wooing of Oliver and Celia by anticipating the objections.
- V. ii. 35. *Thrasonical*. Boastful. From *Thraso*, the braggart soldier in Terence.
- V. ii. 36. "*I came*," etc. *Veni, vidi, vici*; the dispatch said to have been sent to the Senate by Caesar after his defeat of Pharnaces, king of Pontus in Asia Minor, B.C. 47.
- V. ii. 42. *Degrees*. In the literal sense of "steps."
- V. ii. 44. *Incontinent*. Immediately.
- V. ii. 45. *Wrath*. Ardor.
- V. ii. 46. *Clubs*. These were the weapons ordinarily used, especially by the London apprentices, to part combatants.
- V. ii. 61. *Conceit*. Intelligence.
- V. ii. 63. *Insomuch*. Because.
- V. ii. 66. *To grace me*. To advance myself.
- V. ii. 69. *Conversed*. Associated.
- V. ii. 70. *Damnable*. Sorcery was considered diabolical and was punished with death. Rosalind's magician was a harmless one.
- V. ii. 72. *Gesture*. The usual interpretation is "bearing," "behavior," though Shakspeare does not seem to use it elsewhere in so general a sense. For *it*, cf. I. iii. 123.
- V. ii. 76. *Inconvenient*. Disagreeable.
- V. ii. 77. *Human*. Not in any ghostly form, such as you might expect from magic.
- V. ii. 80-81. *Tender*. Cherish. Cf. note on *damnable* in line 70, above.
- V. ii. 85. *Comes*. Cf. Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).
- V. ii. 106. *Observance*. Respect. It seems likely that either this word or the *observance* in verse 108 is a mistake. "Obedience," "obeisance," "endurance," "perséverance," are some of the conjectural emendations.
- V. iii. The object of this scene is primarily to afford an interval before the final scene where all the complications are solved.
- V. iii. 4. *Dishonest*. Immodest. Cf. "honest," in I. ii. 43.
- V. iii. 5. *Woman of the world*. Married woman.
- V. iii. 11. *Clap into't roundly*. Begin at once.

V. iii. 13. *The only*. Only the. For the inversion cf. I. ii. 209.

V. iii. 14. *A*. For this use of the article for the numeral, cf. Othello, II. iii. 212, "at a birth"; All's Well, I. iii. 244, "of a mind," etc., and the current phrases "at a sitting," "in a word," etc.

V. iii. 30-33. In the Folio this last stanza is printed second. Modern editors have followed the better arrangement found in a version of the song in a MS. in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

V. iii. 35. *Matter*. Sense.

V. iii. 40. *God buy you*. Cf. III. ii. 271, note.

) V. iv. The effort in this final scene is to give the greatest possible effect by untying as many knots as possible at once, and so to intensify the happy ending of conventional comedy. The conversion of Duke Frederick is Shakspeare's own, and, like the conversion of Oliver, has been adversely criticized.

V. iv. 4. The hope is uncertain; the fear is uncertain.

V. iv. 5. *Compact*. For accent, cf. Introduction, p. 40, 7.

V. iv. 27. *Lively touches*. Life-like characteristics. Cf. III. ii. 155. *Favour*. Appearance. Cf. IV. iii. 89.

V. iv. 32. *Desperate*. Dangerous, because of the laws against magicians. Cf. V. ii. 70, note.

V. iv. 35. *Toward*. At hand.

V. iv. 40. *Good my lord*. Cf. I. ii. 1, note.

V. iv. 45. *Purgation*. Proof. *Measure*. A stately dance.

V. iv. 48. *Undone*. Ruined by not paying his bills.

V. iv. 49. *Like*. Was likely.

V. iv. 50. *Ta'en up*. Made up. Cf. line 107, below.

V. iv. 56. *'Id*. Yield, reward. Cf. III. iii. 79. *You of the like*. The same to you.

V. iv. 58. *Copulatives*. People wishing to be married.

V. iv. 60. *Ill-favoured*. Cf. V. iv. 27, note.

V. iv. 64. *Your*. Cf. III. ii. 59, note.

V. iv. 65. *Sententious*. Given to pithy sayings.

V. iv. 67. *Fool's bolt*. Referring to the proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." A bolt is a blunt-pointed arrow.

V. iv. 68. *Dulcet diseases*. This nonsensical phrase is only an instance of Touchstone's love of using fine words, irrespective of meaning.

- V. iv. 72. *Seeming*. In seemly fashion.
- V. iv. 73. *Dislike*. Express dislike of.
- V. iv. 81. *Disabled*. Said he thought little of.
- V. iv. 97. *Quarrel in print, by the book*. The whole passage has satirical reference to the books on fencing then fashionable, which discussed such questions as "Of Honor and Honorable Quarrels," "Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies." For titles and contents of such volumes, cf. Var., pp. 274-76.
- V. iv. 107. *Take up*. Cf. note on line 50, above.
- V. iv. 115. *Stalking-horse*. A real or artificial horse, under cover of which hunters used to approach their game without being seen.
- V. iv. 116. *Presentation*. Show, cover.
- V. iv. 118. *Hymen*. The god of marriage. He was a frequent figure in masques and pageants of this nature, both in the marriage scenes of plays at this period and at actual weddings. Cf. the masque of Juno in *The Tempest*, IV. i.
- V. iv. 118. Stage direction. *Still*. Soft.
- V. iv. 120. *Atone*. Are set at one, reconciled.
- V. iv. 124-25. *Her hand . . . his bosom*. The  $F_1$  and  $F_2$  read "his hand," and all the Folios, "his bosom." If the readings in the text are to be taken, we must understand the antecedent of *whose* to be *her* in line 124.
- V. iv. 140. *Holds true contents*. Is true.
- V. iv. 158. *Even daughter*, etc. I call you daughter, since you are no less welcome than if you were my daughter.
- V. iv. 160. *Fancy*. Cf. II. iv. 31, note, and III. v. 29.
- V. iv. 166. *Addressed a mighty power*. Prepared a great force.
- V. iv. 170. *Religious*. Cf. III. ii. 359, note.
- V. iv. 171. *Question*. Conversation. Cf. III. iv. 36, note.
- V. iv. 177. *Offer'st fairly*. Makest a fair offering or wedding gift.
- V. iv. 180. *Do those ends*. Complete those matters.
- V. iv. 182. *Every*. For use as pronoun, cf. Abbott, § 12.
- V. iv. 183. *Shrewd*. Hard.
- V. iv. 185. *States*. Ranks.
- V. iv. 192. *Pompous*. Full of pomp and ceremony.
- V. iv. 194. *Convertites*. Converts.

V. iv. 197. *Deserves*. For grammar, see Introduction, p. 42, 4, (a).

V. iv. Observe how in this parting scene Jaques again shows his characteristic quality to be curiosity rather than sympathy.

Epilogue. This is spoken in his own person by the boy who acted the part of Rosalind.

4. *Good wine needs no bush*. A proverb meaning that good wares need no advertisement. A bush or garland of ivy, the plant sacred to Bacchus, was frequently hung as a sign before taverns. H. C. Hart (quoted by Var., p. 206) cites Gerard Leigh (1591) to show that the custom and the proverb had a further significance, since vessels made of ivy-wood were used to test the purity of wine.

9. *Insinuate*. Ingratiate myself. Cf. Venus and Adonis, 1012, "With Death she humbly doth insinuate."

11. *Furnished*. Dressed, equipped.

22. *Liked*. Pleased.

23. *Defied*. Despised.

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**noble device**, I. i. 183.  
**nor . . . not**, II. iii. 50.  
**nor . . . no**, III. v. 26.  
**not . . . no**, II. iv. 9.  
**nor no . . . neither**, I. ii. 30-31.  
**not to**, II. vii. 55.



- note**, II. v. 47.  
**nurture**, II. vii. 97.  
**Observance**, III. ii. 246; V. ii. 106.  
**observation**, II. vii. 41.  
**occasion**, IV. i. 181.  
**odds in the man**, I. ii. 172.  
**'ods**, III. v. 43; IV. iii. 18.  
**of . . . of**, II. vii. 90.  
**of such a nature**, III. i. 16.  
**offer'st fairly**, V. iv. 177.  
**omittance**, III. v. 133.  
**on**, I. i. 4.  
**one inch . . . discovery**, III. ii. 202-204.  
**only**, I. ii. 209.  
**out**, IV. i. 80.  
**out of all hooping**, III. ii. 199.  
**out of suits**, I. ii. 266.  
**out of you**, III. v. 55.  
  
**Painted cloth**, III. ii. 287-88.  
**pale sphere**, III. ii. 3.  
**palm tree**, III. ii. 181.  
**pantaloon**, II. vii. 158.  
**parcels**, III. v. 125.  
**parlous**, III. ii. 47.  
**passing**, III. v. 138.  
**passion of eariest**, IV. iii. 174.  
**pathetical**, IV. i. 202.  
**patience**, I. iii. 79.  
**peascod**, II. iv. 52.  
**peevish**, III. v. 110.  
**penalty of Adam**, II. i. 3.  
**perceiving**, I. ii. 57.  
**perpend**, III. ii. 72.  
**persever**, V. ii. 5.  
**phoenix**, IV. iii. 18.  
**place**, II. iii. 27.  
**point-device**, III. ii. 400-401.  
**poke**, II. vii. 20.  
**pompous**, V. iv. 192.  
**poor a**, I. i. 2.  
**poverty of grace**, III. v. 100.  
**practise**, I. i. 163.  
**practices**, II. iii. 26.  
**presentation**, V. iv. 116.  
**presently**, II. vi. 11; III. ii. 147.  
  
**presents**, I. ii. 133-35.  
**prevents**, IV. i. 65.  
**priser**, II. iii. 8.  
**prodigal**, I. i. 43.  
**proper**, I. ii. 132.  
**properer**, III. v. 51.  
**purchase**, III. ii. 357.  
**purgation**, I. iii. 54; V. iv. 45.  
**puisny**, III. iv. 45.  
**pulpiter**, III. ii. 158.  
**Pythagoras**, III. ii. 182.  
  
**Quail**, II. ii. 20.  
**quarrel in print**, V. iv. 97.  
**question**, III. iv. 36; V. iv. 171.  
**quintain**, I. ii. 271.  
**quintessence**, III. ii. 142.  
**quit**, III. i. 11.  
**quotidian**, III. ii. 382.  
  
**Rank**, I. ii. 117.  
**rank of osters**, IV. iii. 82.  
**rankness**, I. i. 95.  
**rascal**, III. iii. 61.  
**raven**, II. iii. 43.  
**raw**, III. ii. 79.  
**recountments**, IV. iii. 143.  
**recovered**, IV. iii. 153.  
**religion**, IV. i. 207.  
**religious**, III. ii. 359; V. iv. 170.  
**remembered**, II. vii. 189; III. v. 131.  
**remorse**, I. iii. 71.  
**render**, IV. iii. 125.  
**resolve**, III. ii. 243.  
**respect of**, III. ii. 13.  
**reverence**, I. i. 57.  
**right**, II. vii. 84; III. ii. 97.  
**right painted cloth**, III. ii. 287-88.  
**righteously tempered**, I. ii. 14-15.  
**ripe**, IV. iii. 90.  
**roundly**, V. iii. 11.  
**roynish**, II. ii. 8.  
  
**Safest haste**, I. iii. 42.  
**sale-work**, III. v. 43.  
**sans**, II. vii. 32, 166.  
**savage**, II. vi. 7.  
**saw**, III. v. 81.

- saws**, II. vii. 156.  
**school**, I. i. 6.  
**scrip**, III. ii. 166  
**searching of**, II. iv. 44.  
**seasons' difference**, II. i. 6  
**seeks**, V. i. 66.  
**seeming**, V. iv. 72.  
**sentence end**, III. ii. 139.  
**sententious**, V. iv. 65.  
**sequestered**, II. i. 33.  
**service**, II. iii. 61.  
**seven ages**, II. vii. 143.  
**shadow**, IV. i. 230.  
**she**, III. ii. 10.  
**shear**, II. iv. 81.  
**show**, I. iii. 82.  
**shrewd**, V. iv. 183.  
**simples**, IV. i. 17.  
**simply**, III. ii. 394.  
**Sir**, III. iii. 44.  
**sleep**, IV. iii. 5.  
**smother**, I. ii. 307  
**so**, I. ii. 11.  
**sorts**, I. i. 183.  
**South Sea**, III. ii. 202-204.  
**sparrow**, II. iii. 44.  
**sad brow**, III. ii. 223.  
**speed**, I. ii. 229.  
**spheres**, II. vii. 6.  
**spleen**, IV. i. 225.  
**spoke**, I. i. 92.  
**sport**, I. ii. 111.  
**squandering glances**, II. vii. 57.  
**stagger**, III. iii. 51.  
**stalking-horse**, V. iv. 115.  
**stand with**, II. iv. 93.  
**stanzo**, II. v. 19.  
**states**, V. iv. 185.  
**stay**, III. ii. 216.  
**sticks**, I. ii. 262.  
**still**, I. ii. 246; I. iii. 74; III. ii. 57;  
     V. iv. 118.  
**straight**, III. v. 136.  
**strange oaths**, II. vii. 150.  
**successfully**, I. ii. 166.  
**sudden**, II. vii. 151.  
**suddenly**, I. ii. 303; II. ii. 19  
**sufferance**, II. ii. 3.  
**suit**, II. vii. 44.  
**suits**, I. ii. 266.  
**surgery**, III. ii. 67.  
**swam in a gondola**, IV. i. 49.  
**sweat**, II. iii. 58.  
**sweet my coz**, I. ii. 1.  
**synod**, III. ii. 153.  
**Ta'en up**, V. iv. 56  
**take up**, V. iv. 107  
**taller**, I. ii. 292.  
**tax**, II. vii. 71.  
**taxation**, I. ii. 94.  
**taxed**, III. ii. 365.  
**taxing**, II. vii. 86.  
**tender**, V. ii. 80.  
**than I**, I. ii. 287.  
**thatched house**, III. iii. 11.  
**the only**, V. iii. 13.  
**the rest, etc.**, IV. ii. 13.  
**thee**, III. i. 11.  
**thou**, I. i. 61; II. vii. 198.  
**thou and I am**, I. iii. 98.  
**thou present**, III. i. 4.  
**thou wert best**, I. i. 160.  
**thought**, IV. i. 224.  
**thrasonical**, V. ii. 35.  
**thrice-crowned**, III. ii. 2.  
**thrifty hire**, II. iii. 39.  
**to**, IV. iii. 128.  
**touched**, III. ii. 364.  
**touches**, III. ii. 155; V. iv. 27  
**toward**, V. iv. 35.  
**traverse**, III. iv. 44.  
**Troilus**, IV. i. 102.  
**trots hard**, III. ii. 328.  
**trowel**, I. ii. 116.  
**turn**, II. v. 3.  
**turned into**, IV. iii. 24.  
**Udders**, IV. iii. 117.  
**uncouth**, II. vi. 6.  
**underhand**, I. i. 152.  
**undone**, V. iv. 48.  
**unexpressive**, III. ii. 10.  
**unkind**, II. vii. 175.  
**unquestionable**, III. ii. 392  
**unregarded age**, II. iii. 42.

unto, I. ii. 258.  
 up, II. i. 62.  
 upon command, II. vii. 125.

Vein, II. vii. 94.  
 vengeance, IV. iii. 49.  
 venomous, II. i. 13.  
 villains, I. i. 65.  
 voice, II. iv. 89.

Warp, II. vii. 187.  
 waste, II. iv. 97.  
 ways, I. ii. 228; II. iii. 66.  
 weak evils, II. vii. 132.  
 wear, II. vii. 34.  
 wearer's, II. vii. 73.  
 wearing, II. iv. 38.  
 weary, II. iv. 1.  
 weeping tears, II. iv. 54.  
 well said, II. vi. 15.  
 were better, III. iii. 95-96.  
 what, I. i. 130; II. iv. 90.  
 wheel, I. ii. 36.  
 where you are, V. ii. 33.

wherein, I. ii. 200; III. ii. 230.  
 wherein . . . in, II. vii. 139.  
 which, II. i. 8.  
 which Charles, I. ii. 137.  
 whiles, II. vii. 128.  
 who, III. ii. 323, 324, 325; III. iv.  
 51; IV. iii. 112.  
 wide-enlarged, III. ii. 146  
 will out, IV. i. 172.  
 winter, III. ii. 105.  
 wit . . . silenced, I. ii. 98.  
 wit, whither wilt, IV. i. 177.  
 withal, I. i. 144; I. ii. 29.  
 without, III. ii. 174.  
 woman of the world, V. iii. 5.  
 world, I. ii. 304.  
 wrath, V. ii. 45.

You, III. ii. 95.  
 you of the like, V. iv. 56.  
 you were better, IV. i. 77.  
 young in this, I. i. 59-60.  
 your, III. ii. 59. V. iv. 84

## APPENDIX

(Adapted, and enlarged, from the *Manual for the Study of English Classics*, by George L. Marsh)

### HELPS TO STUDY

#### THE DRAMA

In what did the drama originate?

Describe briefly the miracle plays, or "mysteries," telling where they were performed, by whom, and what, in general, was their subject matter (pp. 12, 13).

What elements were contained in the miracle plays that had an influence toward the development of comedy?

What were moralities? Interludes?

What foreign influences contributed to the development of the Elizabethan drama (pp. 15, 16)?

Name several of Shakspeare's predecessors in the drama. Who was the greatest of them?

Describe briefly the theater of Shakspeare's day (pp. 22, 23). The characteristics of an Elizabethan audience. Did Shakspeare write his plays for posterity or to please an audience of his own time?

#### SHAKSPERE'S CAREER

When and where was Shakspeare born?

What can you say as to his education (p. 18)? His occupations before he went to London?

What do we know about his early years in London?

What were his first dramatic efforts (p. 20)? What

other literary work, besides the writing of plays, did he do?

Learn the general characteristics of Shakspeare's work during each of the four periods into which it is divided, and the names of representative plays of each period (pp. 24-27).

Perry Pictures 73-75 have to do with Shakspeare and his home.

#### AS YOU LIKE IT—DATE, SOURCES, FORM

What is the date of this play (p. 29)? In what period of Shakspeare's career does it come?

When and where was it first published?

What is the direct source of the play (p. 30)? The source of this source?

What important literary tendencies does Lodge's novel illustrate? Describe each briefly (pp. 31 ff.), and point out all the places you find in the play where either is reflected.

Point out where the changes summarized on pages 33 to 37 are found, and give additional reasons for them; that is, show wherein the play is more dramatic or more natural or otherwise more effective than the novel.

What characters are entirely original with Shakspeare? State in a few words what each one adds to the effectiveness of the whole.

Point out examples of all the different uses of verse and prose mentioned on page 37.

Where is rhyme found in this play? Enumerate all the places and give reasons for the use.

Find examples of the variations in meter summarized on pages 38 to 40. Of the peculiarities of Shakspeare's language (pp. 41-43).

The note on I, i, 61 (p. 166) speaks of the "contemptuous 'thou.'" Was *thou* regularly a contemptuous

form of address? Distinguish between *you* and *thou* as you find them throughout this play.

#### DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT

I, i, is almost wholly exposition of the situation. Is any of it unnatural? Why does Charles tell so much news of the court? How much of it was really news to Oliver?

Group the characters in conflicting or contrasting parties as they are revealed in I, i. Is any character who is very important to the main story missing (that is, including those who are mentioned as well as those who are actually present)?

What is the dramatic purpose of Rosalind's speech, I, ii, 26-28?

Does Rosalind at first show any more interest in Orlando than Celia shows? Prove your conclusion (here and always) by specific reference.

Why is there a change to verse at I, ii, 244?

Did Orlando call the ladies back (I, ii, 272)? Do you think there was anything in his action to justify Rosalind's return?

I, iii: How have we been prepared for the banishment of Rosalind and Celia's departure with her? Point out specific passages (as I, i, 118; I, ii, 298; etc.).

Is I, iii, 70 ff., consistent with previous indications as to the time of the Duke's banishment?

With what is I, iii, 116, inconsistent?

What is accomplished in II, i? Is there any action?

How does II, ii, prepare us for the banishment of Oliver (p. 174)?

Why should the different scenes in the Forest of Arden be separated as they are? Are they so separated when the play is now given? Why?

Note the difference in style when Silvius and Corin en-

ter, II, iv. What lyrical qualities do you find (e. g., ll. 33-42)? Why?

II, v, introduces a new character. What have you previously learned about him (II, i)?

II, vii: Is enough accomplished before Orlando's entrance to justify so much talk? What is accomplished?

What bearing on the plot, or relation to it, has Jaques' speech on the world as a stage (note p. 181)? Amiens' song, lines 174 ff.? What happens while the latter is being sung?

What becomes of Adam after Act II? Is his disappearance intentional, do you think, or an oversight?

III, ii: What reasons do you see for having Jaques and Orlando at outs (pp. 108, 109)?

Does the early part of Rosalind's talk with Orlando (III, ii, 311 ff.) have any important bearing on the plot?

Point out all the covert allusions made by Rosalind to her true person (as III, ii, 405, 406, etc.).

Do you think it reasonable that Orlando should not recognize Rosalind? Did it probably seem more reasonable as acted in Shakspeare's time than as acted now? Why?

III, iii: Have we had any hint of Touchstone's love affair before this scene? Do we learn anything definite about what has preceded it?

What have we learned about Silvius and Phebe before III, v? Where?

Compare Phebe's falling in love with Ganymede, with Olivia's falling in love with Cesario in *Twelfth Night*.

IV, iii: Why does Shakspeare have Oliver tell about his rescue by Orlando instead of representing that scene?

What preparation have we for Oliver's change of heart (see note p. 195)?

Point out places in IV, iii, where you think there may be indications of the love of Oliver and Celia. Where

are there later hints as to this (p. 149)? What other couples in the play have fallen in love at first sight?

Does Oliver guess Ganymede's sex when she swoons?

Do you agree with the criticism in the note on V, ii, 1 (p. 196)?

Of what previous part of the play do the repetitions and balance on page 151 remind you? Where do similar repetitions come later?

Why should not Rosalind reveal herself to her father sooner than she does? Do you find any other reason except that suspense suits the dramatist's purpose better? Is this also the reason for the delay in the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey (III, iii)?

Is the conversion of Duke Frederick prepared for in any way? Does it seem reasonable? More or less reasonable than the reformation of Oliver?

Account for "If I were a woman," line 20 of the Epilogue.

#### THE PLOT IN GENERAL

Which do you consider the best of the explanations of the title given on page 164? Why?

What is the main action of the play? Where does it begin, where does it reach the height of complication, and with what event does it end?

How many subordinate love actions are there? Show to what extent there is a beginning, a complication, and an end in the case of each. Which ones cross others?

What may be regarded as the main theme of the play? III, v, 82, has been suggested. Comment on the suggestion.

What can be taken as the moral of the play? Will II, i, 12, fit?

What elements of contemporary satire do you find (e. g., V, iv, 71 ff.)?



What references are there to popular poetry?

Where is the Forest of Arden? In a temperate climate? Is there any real description of the Forest? How do you learn so much about it? How is so much out-of-doors atmosphere produced?

#### CHARACTERIZATION

Group the characters in such a way as to show how they are balanced in pairs—contending, or contrasting, or collaborating. Is there any entirely detached character?

Point out all the resemblances you note between Oliver and Duke Frederick; Orlando and the banished Duke.

Is Jaques really melancholy? Is he any better philosopher than Touchstone?

Compare Rosalind with other women in Shakspeare's plays who impersonate men.

What person (or persons) do you find whose name is indicative in a humorous or satirical way of his character or occupation?

Other questions bearing on characterization have been given above in connection with the development of the plot.

#### THEME SUBJECTS

1. Shakspeare's life (pp. 17-28).
2. The drama before Shakspeare (pp. 11-17).
3. The stage of Shakspeare's time (pp. 22-24; with illustration of how different parts of this play were presumably staged).
4. *As You Like It* in relation to its source (pp. 30-37).
5. Pastoral elements in *As You Like It* (p. 32).
6. The use of prose in this play (p. 37).
7. The songs (the purpose of each and its effectiveness in its place).

## 8. Narrative themes on the following stories:

Orlando and Oliver.  
The banished Duke and his brother.  
Orlando and Rosalind.  
Oliver and Celia.  
Touchstone and Audrey.  
Silvius and Phebe.

9. A description of the Forest of Arden, or some forest the student knows where events similar to those of this play might be imagined to take place.

10. Discuss the reasonableness of the reformation of Duke Frederick and Oliver.

11. The relation of Jaques to the main plot, or any of the minor plots, of the play.

12. The dramatic structure of *As You Like It*. (How are the subordinate stories related to or combined with the main ones?)

13. Satire in this play (e. g., p. 157, etc.).

14. Character sketches of the following:

Orlando. (Is he more than a rather conventional romantic lover?)

Rosalind.

Celia.

Jaques.

Touchstone.

15. What becomes of Adam? (Let the student devise a way to use him later in the play.)

16. Lessons from *As You Like It*.

17. Three of the most used quotations and the cause of their popularity.

18. Shakspeare's humor—compare Dickens.

## SELECTIONS FOR CLASS READING

Passages particularly worth reading aloud or acting in the classroom are as follows:

1. The wrestling match (pp. 57-64).
2. Rosalind is banished (pp. 67-71).
3. The banished Duke and his companions (pp. 72-75, 84-86, 88-91).
4. Orlando's flight (pp. 76-79, 92-96).
5. Corin and Touchstone (pp. 99-101).
6. Love verses to Rosalind (pp. 98, 101-107).
7. Rosalind and Orlando (pp. 109-114, 129-35).
8. Touchstone and Audrey (pp. 114-18, 145-47, 152-54).
9. Silvius and Phebe (pp. 121-27, 137-40).
10. Oliver arrives in the forest (pp. 140-44).
11. The climax in the complicated love stories (pp. 147-52).
12. The conclusion (pp. 154-63).

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

In the following parallel columns are given the most important dates in the history of English and American literature, from the time of Shakspeare down to 1900. Special care has been taken to include the classics commonly read in high schools, so that the historical background of any given classic will be apparent from the table:

### AMERICAN

### ENGLISH

- |  |  |
|--|--|
|  | 1594-5 Shakspeare: <i>Midsummer Night's Dream.</i> |
|  | 1596 (or earlier): <i>Romeo and Juliet.</i>        |
|  | 1598 (or earlier): <i>The Merchant of Venice.</i>  |
|  | 1599 <i>Henry V.</i>                               |
|  | 1599-1600 <i>As You Like It.</i>                   |

### 1601-1700

- |   |   |
|---|---|
|   | 1601 <i>Julius Cæsar.</i>                                       |
|   | 1602 <i>Hamlet; Twelfth Night</i> (acted).                      |
|   | 1603 Queen Elizabeth died.                                      |
|   | 1605 Bacon: <i>Advancement of Learning.</i>                     |
| 1607 Jamestown founded.                 |   |
| 1608 J. Smith: <i>A True Relation.</i>  |   |
| 1610 Strachey: <i>A True Reportory.</i> | 1610 Shakspeare: <i>Macbeth</i> (acted).                        |
|   | 1611 <i>The Tempest</i> (acted).<br>"King James" Bible printed. |
|   | 1612 Bacon: <i>Essays</i> (first edition, 1597).                |
|   | 1614 Raleigh: <i>History of the World.</i>                      |
|   | 1616 Shakspeare died.   |
| 1620 Plymouth Colony founded.           | 1620 Bacon: <i>Novum Organum.</i>                               |

## AMERICAN

- 1624 J. Smith: *The General History of Virginia*.
- 1630 Massachusetts Bay Colony founded.  
Bradford: *History of Plimoth Plantation* begun about this time.  
Winthrop: *Journal* begun, ended 1649.
- 1635 R. Mather: *Journal* (written).
- 1636 Harvard College established.
- 1638 New Haven founded.
- 1640 *The Bay Psalm Book*.
- 1644 Williams: *The Bloody Tenent*.
- 1650 A. Bradstreet: *Poems*.
- 1662 Wigglesworth: *The Day of Doom*.
- 1681 C. Mather: *Diary* begun.
- 1682 Philadelphia founded.
- 1689 King William's War.
- 1692 Salem witchcraft trials.

## ENGLISH

- 1623 Shakspeare: *Plays* (first folio edition).
- 1627 Drayton: *Ballad of Agincourt*.
- 1633 Milton: *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*.
- 1634 Milton: *Comus* (acted).
- 1638 Trial of John Hampden.  
Milton: *Lycidas* (published).
- 1642 Theaters closed.  
Browne: *Religio Medici*.
- 1644 Milton: *Areopagitica*.  
Battle of Marston Moor.
- 1648 Herrick: *Hesperides*.
- 1649 Charles I executed.
- 1653 Walton: *The Compleat Angler*.
- 1660 The monarchy restored.  
Pepys: *Diary* begun, ended 1669.
- 1666 London fire.
- 1667 Milton: *Paradise Lost*.
- 1671 Milton: *Paradise Regained*; *Samson Agonistes*.
- 1674 Milton died.
- 1678 Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress*.
- 1681 Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*.
- 1682 Dryden: *MacFlecknoe*.
- 1688 The English Revolution.
- 1697 Dryden: *Alexander's Feast*.

1701-1800

## AMERICAN

## ENGLISH

- |         |   |      |  |
|---------|---|------|--|
| 1701    | Yale College established.   | 1700 | Dryden: <i>Fables</i> ("Palamon and Arcite," etc.).            |
| 1702-13 | Queen Anne's War.   | 1702 | Queen Anne ascended throne.                                    |
| 1702    | C. Mather: <i>Magnalia Christi Americana</i> .                        | 1704 | Swift: <i>Tale of a Tub</i> .                                  |
| 1704    | Boston News Letter established.                                       | 1709 | Steele and Addison: <i>The Tatler</i> begun.                   |
|         |   | 1711 | Steele and Addison: <i>The Spectator</i> begun.                |
|         |   | 1712 | Pope: <i>The Rape of the Lock</i> .                            |
|         |   | 1714 | Queen Anne died.   |
|         |   | 1715 | Pope: <i>Translation of the Iliad</i> (Books I-IV).            |
|         |   | 1719 | Defoe: <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .                                |
| 1722    | Edwards: <i>Diary</i> begun.  | 1722 | Defoe: <i>Journal of the Plague Year</i> .                     |
|         |   | 1726 | Swift: <i>Gulliver's Travels</i> .<br>Thomson: <i>Winter</i> . |
|         |   | 1728 | Pope: <i>Dunciad</i> .   |
| 1732    | Washington born.  | 1732 | Pope: <i>Essay on Man</i> .                                    |
| 1733    | Franklin: <i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i> (begun).                      | 1740 | Richardson: <i>Pamela</i> .                                    |
| 1741    | Edwards: <i>Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God</i> .                | 1742 | Fielding: <i>Joseph Andrews</i> .                              |
|         |   | 1744 | Death of Pope.   |
|         |   | 1747 | Gray: <i>Ode on Eton College</i> .                             |
|         |   | 1748 | Richardson: <i>Clarissa Harlowe</i> .                          |
|         |   | 1749 | Fielding: <i>Tom Jones</i> .                                   |
|         |   | 1750 | Johnson: <i>The Rambler</i> (begun).                           |
|         |   | 1751 | Gray: <i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i> .           |
| 1755    | Braddock's defeat.  | 1755 | Johnson: <i>English Dictionary</i> .                           |
| 1756    | Woolman: <i>Journal</i> (begun).                                      |      |  |
| 1758    | Franklin: <i>The Way to Wealth</i> in <i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i> . |      |  |

## AMERICAN

- 1765 Godfrey: *Juvenile Poems* (with *The Prince of Parthia*, the first American drama).  
The Stamp Act.
- 1771 Franklin: *Autobiography*, first part, written.
- 1773 P. Wheatley: *Poems*.
- 1775 Trumbull: *M'Fingal*.  
Henry: Speech in the Virginia Convention.
- 1776 The Declaration of Independence.  
Paine: *Common Sense*.
- 1783 The Treaty of Paris.
- 1785 Dwight: *The Conquest of Canaan*.
- 1786 Freneau: *Poems*.
- 1789 Franklin: *Autobiography*, second part, written.
- 1796 Washington: *Farewell Address*.
- 1798 Brown: *Wieland*.  
J. Hopkinson: *Hail Columbia*.

## ENGLISH

- 1759 Sterne: *Tristram Shandy* (begun).  
Johnson: *Rasselas*.
- 1760 King George III on throne.
- 1762 Macpherson: *The Poems of Ossian*.
- 1764 Walpole: *The Castle of Otranto*.  
Goldsmith: *The Traveler*.
- 1765 Percy: *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.
- 1766 Goldsmith: *Vicar of Wakefield*.
- 1770 Goldsmith: *Deserted Village*.
- 1771 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, first edition.
- 1773 Goldsmith: *She Stoops to Conquer* (acted).
- 1775 Burke: *Speech on Conciliation*.  
Sheridan: *The Rivals*.
- 1776 Gibbon: *Decline and Fall of Roman Empire*.
- 1779 Johnson: *Lives of the Poets*.
- 1783 Crabbe: *The Village*.
- 1785 Cowper: *The Task*.
- 1786 Burns: *Poems*.
- 1789 Blake: *Songs of Innocence*.
- 1791 Boswell: *Life of Dr. Johnson*.
- 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge: *Lyrical Ballads* ("The Ancient Mariner," etc.).

## 1801-1900

- 1803 The Louisiana Purchase.

- 1805 Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
- 1808 Scott: *Marmion*.

## AMERICAN

- 1809 Irving: *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*
- 1812-14 War with England.
- 1814 Key: *The Star-Spangled Banner.*
- 1815 Freneau: *Poems.*
- 1817 Bryant: *Thanatopsis.*
- 1819 Drake: *The American Flag.*
- 1820 Irving: *The Sketch Book.*  
*The Missouri Compromise.*
- 1821 Cooper: *The Spy.*  
Bryant: *Poems.*
- 1822 Irving: *Bracebridge Hall.*
- 1823 Payne: *Home, Sweet Home.*  
Cooper: *The Pilot.*
- 1824 Irving: *Tales of a Traveler.*
- 1825 Webster: *The Bunker Hill Monument.*
- 1826 Cooper: *The Last of the Mohicans.*
- 1827 Poe: *Tamerlane and Other Poems.*
- 1831 Poe: *Poems.*
- 1832 Irving: *The Alhambra.*  
S. F. Smith: *America.*
- 1833 Poe: *MS. Found in a Bottle.*

## ENGLISH

- 1809 Byron: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*
- 1810 Scott: *The Lady of the Lake.*
- 1811 J. Austen: *Sense and Sensibility.*
- 1812 Byron: *Childe Harold, I, II.*
- 1813 Southey: *Life of Nelson.*
- 1814 Scott: *Waverley.*  
Wordsworth: *The Excursion.*
- 1815 The Battle of Waterloo.
- 1816 Byron: *The Prisoner of Chillon; Childe Harold, III.*
- Coleridge: *Christabel.*
- 1817 Keats: *Poems* (first collection).
- 1818 Byron: *Childe Harold, IV.*
- 1819 Scott: *Ivanhoe.*
- 1820 Keats: *Poems.*  
Shelley: *Prometheus Unbound.*
- 1821 Shelley: *Adonais.*  
De Quincey: *Confessions of an Opium Eater.*
- 1823 Scott: *Quentin Durward.*  
Lamb: *Essays of Elia.*
- 1824 Landor: *Imaginary Conversations.*
- 1825 Macaulay: *Essay on Milton.*
- 1827 A. and C. Tennyson: *Poems by Two Brothers.*
- 1828 Carlyle: *Essay on Burns.*
- 1830 Tennyson: *Poems Chiefly Lyrical.*
- 1832 Death of Scott; The Reform Bill.
- 1833 Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus.*  
Tennyson: *Poems.*  
Browning: *Pauline.*



## AMERICAN

- 1835 Drake: *The Culprit Fay*, etc.
- 1836 Holmes: *Poems*.  
Emerson: *Nature*.
- 1837 Emerson: *The American Scholar*.  
Hawthorne: *Twice-Told Tales*, first series.  
Whittier: *Poems*.
- 1839 Poe: *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*.  
Longfellow: *Voices of the Night*.
- 1840 Dana: *Two Years Before the Mast*.
- 1841 Emerson: *Essays*, first series.  
Longfellow: *Ballads and Other Poems*.
- 1842 Hawthorne: *Twice-Told Tales*, second series.
- 1843 Poe: *The Gold-Bug*.  
Prescott: *Conquest of Mexico*.
- 1844 Emerson: *Essays*, second series.  
Lowell: *Poems*.
- 1845 Poe: *The Raven and Other Poems*.
- 1846 Hawthorne: *Mosses from an Old Manse*.
- 1846-48 War with Mexico.
- 1847 Emerson: *Poems*.  
Longfellow: *Evangeline*.  
Parkman: *The Oregon Trail*.
- 1848 Lowell: *Vision of Sir Launfal*.
- 1849 Irving: *Oliver Goldsmith*.
- 1850 Emerson: *Representative Men*.  
Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter*.

## ENGLISH

- 1835 Browning: *Paracelsus*.
- 1836 Dickens: *Pickwick Papers*.
- 1837 Victoria became Queen.  
De Quincey: *Revolt of the Tartars*.  
Carlyle: *The French Revolution*.
- 1840 Macaulay: *Essay on Clive*.
- 1841 Browning: *Pippa Passes*.  
Macaulay: *Essay on Warren Hastings*.
- 1842 Macaulay: *Lays of Ancient Rome*.  
Browning: *Dramatic Lyrics*.
- 1843 Dickens: *A Christmas Carol*.  
Macaulay: *Essay on Addison*.  
Ruskin: *Modern Painters*, Vol. I.
- 1844 E. B. Browning: *Poems*.
- 1845 Browning: *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*.
- 1846 Dickens: *The Cricket on the Hearth*.
- 1847 De Quincey: *Joan of Arc*.  
Tennyson: *The Princess*.  
Thackeray: *Vanity Fair*.  
C. Brontë: *Jane Eyre*.
- 1848 Macaulay: *History of England*, I, II.
- 1849 De Quincey: *The English Mail Coach*.  
M. Arnold: *The Strayed Reveller*, etc.
- 1850 Tennyson: *In Memoriam*.  
Dickens: *David Copperfield*.

## AMERICAN

- 1851 Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables.*  
Parkman: *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.*
- 1852 Mrs. Stowe: *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*
- 1854 Thoreau: *Walden.*
- 1855 Longfellow: *Hiawatha.*  
Whitman: *Leaves of Grass.*
- 1856 Motley: *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*  
Curtis: *Prue and I.*
- 1858 Longfellow: *Courtship of Miles Standish.*  
Holmes: *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*
- 1861-65 The Civil War.
- 1862-66 Lowell: *Biglow Papers, II.*
- 1863 Longfellow: *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*
- 1865 Whitman: *Drum Taps.*
- 1866 Whittier: *Snow-Bound.*

## ENGLISH

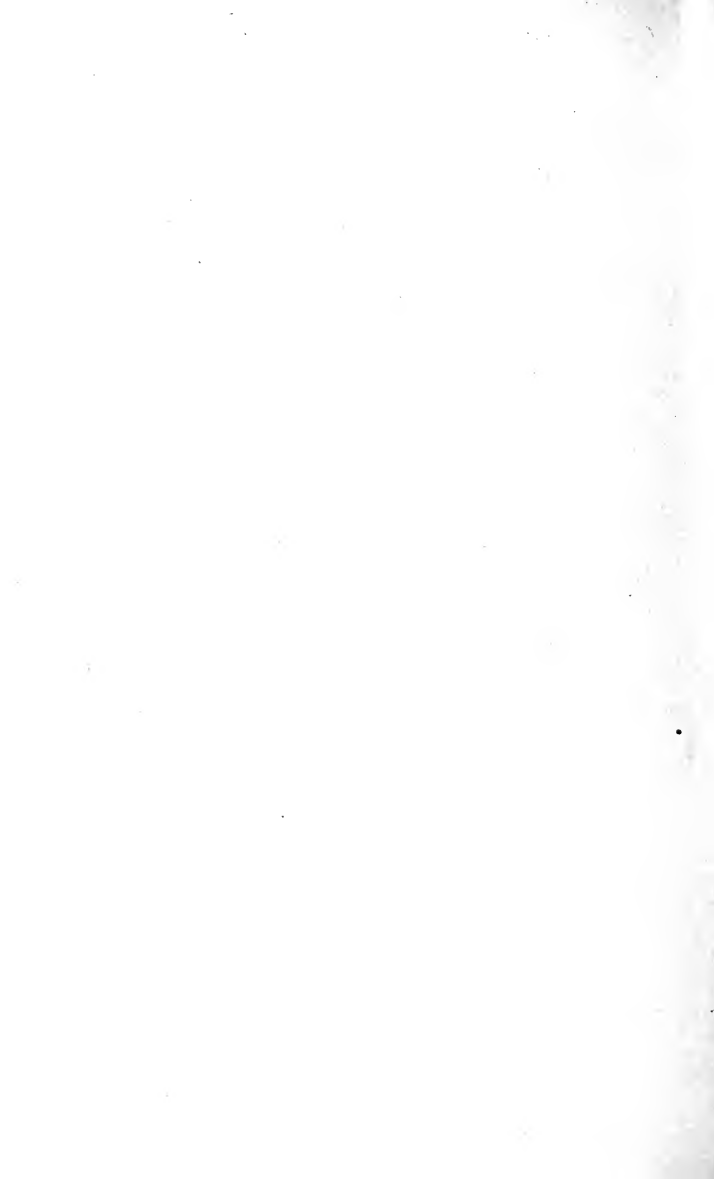
- 1851 Thackeray: *Lectures on English Humorists.*  
G. Meredith: *Poems.*
- 1852 Thackeray: *Henry Esmond.*
- 1853 M. Arnold: *Poems* ("Sohrab and Rustum," etc.).  
Mrs. Gaskell: *Cranford.*
- 1855 R. Browning: *Men and Women.*  
Tennyson: *Maud.*
- 1856 Macaulay: *Essays on Johnson and Goldsmith.*  
Mrs. Browning: *Aurora Leigh.*
- 1857 Hughes: *Tom Brown's School Days.*
- 1859 Tennyson: *Idylls of the King.*  
Dickens: *A Tale of Two Cities.*  
G. Eliot: *Adam Bede.*  
Meredith: *Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*  
Darwin: *The Origin of Species.*
- 1860 G. Eliot: *The Mill on the Floss.*
- 1861 G. Eliot: *Silas Marner.*  
Reade: *The Cloister and the Hearth.*  
Palgrave: *The Golden Treasury.*
- 1862 Meredith: *Modern Love,* etc.
- 1863 G. Eliot: *Romola.*
- 1864 Browning: *Dramatis Personæ.*  
Swinburne: *Atalanta in Calydon.*
- 1865 Ruskin: *Sesame and Lilies.*
- 1866 Ruskin: *A Crown of Wild Olive.*

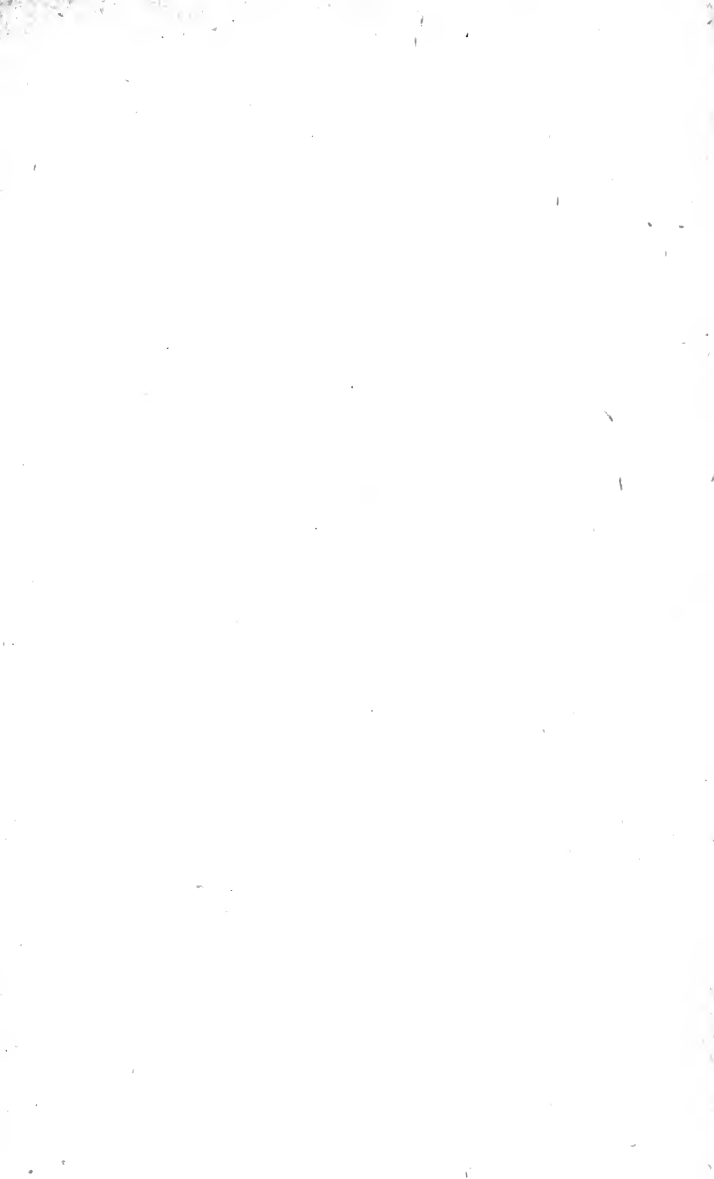
## AMERICAN

- 1868 Hale: *The Man Without a Country*, etc.
- 1870 Bret Harte: *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, etc.
- 1871 Howells: *Their Wedding Journey*.
- 1873 Aldrich: *Marjorie Daw*, etc.
- 1876 Mark Twain: *Tom Sawyer*.
- 1877 Lanier: *Poems*.
- 1879 Cable: *Old Creole Days*.  
Stockton: *Rudder Grange*.
- 1881 Whittier: *The King's Missive*.
- 1886 H. Jackson: *Sonnets and Lyrics*.
- 1887 M. E. Wilkins: *A Humble Romance*, etc.
- 1888 Whitman: *November Boughs*.
- 1890 E. Dickinson: *Poems*, first series.
- 1891 Whitman: *Goodbye, My Fancy*.
- 1898 War with Spain.

## ENGLISH

- 1868 Browning: *The Ring and the Book*.
- 1868-70 Morris: *The Earthly Paradise*.
- 1869 Tennyson: *The Holy Grail*, etc.
- 1870 D. G. Rossetti: *Poems*.
- 1871 Swinburne: *Songs Before Sunrise*.
- 1872 Tennyson: *Gareth and Lynette*, etc.
- 1873 Arnold: *Literature and Dogma*.
- 1876 Morris: *Sigurd the Volsung*.
- 1878 Stevenson: *An Inland Voyage*.
- 1879 Stevenson: *Travels with a Donkey*.  
Meredith: *The Egoist*.
- 1881 D. G. Rossetti: *Ballads and Sonnets*.
- 1882 Stevenson: *New Arabian Nights*.
- 1883 Stevenson: *Treasure Island*.
- 1886 Stevenson: *Kidnapped*.
- 1887 Stevenson: *The Merry Men* ("Markheim," etc.).
- 1888 Kipling: *Plain Tales from the Hills*.  
Barrie: *Auld Licht Idylls*.
- 1889 Browning: *Asolando*.
- 1891 Kipling: *Life's Handicap*.
- 1892 Tennyson died.
- 1893 Conington: *Translation of Aeneid* published.  
Barrie: *Two of Them*.
- 1901 Queen Victoria died.





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