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As You Like It.

as

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AS*YOU*LIKE*IT:

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

—BY—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AS PERFORMED BY

MADAME HELENA MODJESKA,
(COUNTESS BOZENTA.)

INDIANAPOLIS:
MASSelman-JOURNAL CO., STEREOTYPERS,
PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1883.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ROSALIND  ......................................... MODJESKA

{ ORLANDO DE BOIS  ........................................... 
{ OLIVER DE BOIS  ........................................... 
{ JAQUES DE BOIS  ........................................... 

{ Sons of Sir Rowland  ...........................................

DUKE FREDERICK  ...........................................

DUKE IN EXILE  ...........................................

JAQUES  ...........................................

ADAM  ...........................................

SYLVIA  ...........................................

TOUCHSTONE  ...........................................

CHARLES, a wrestler  ...........................................

WILLIAM  ...........................................

LE BEAU  ...........................................

AMIENS  ...........................................

CORIN  ...........................................

CECILIA  ...........................................

AUDREY  ...........................................

PHEEBEE  ...........................................
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I

SCENE FIRST.—Oliver’s Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam, r.

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

ADAM. (L.) Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [Adam retires up the Stage, r.

Enter Oliver, L.

OLIV. (L.) Now, sir! what make you here?
ORL. (r. c.) Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.
OLIV. What mar you, then, sir?
ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which Heaven made—a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
OLIV. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.
ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
OLIV. Know you where you are, sir?
ORL. Oh, sir, very well; here, in your orchard.
OLIV. Know you before whom, sir?
ORL. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.
OLIV. What, boy! [Advances and lays hold of him. Part.
OLIV. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
ORL. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains: (Lays hold of Oliver.) 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. (Advancing, r. c.) Sweet masters, be patient; for your father’s remembrance, be at accord.
OLIV. 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 up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as
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may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery
my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy
my fortunes.

Oliv. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is
spent? Well, sir, get you in; (Crosses to Oliver's
House.) I will not long be troubled with you; you
shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Ori. I will no further offend you than becomes me
for my good. [Exit into house, D. F.

Oliv. (r.) [To Adam.] Get you with him, you
old dog!

Adam. (Crossing.) Is old dog my reward? Most
ture, I have lost my teeth in your service.—Heaven be
with my old master, he would not have spoken such a
word! [Exit into house, D. F.

Oliv. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I
will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand
crowns neither. [Exit into the house, L. I E. Change.

Scene Second—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia, r.

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

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

Cel. (r. c.) Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with
the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy ban-
ished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my
father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have
taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst
thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously
tempered as mine is to thee.

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

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

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

Cel. Marry, I pr’ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport, neither, that with safety of a pure blush thou may’st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

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

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

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

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

Cel. No! When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? (Touchstone sings without, L.) Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument. [Ladies retire, R.]

Enter Touchstone, L. U. E.

How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. (L.) Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I’ll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.
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Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

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

Cel. 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.

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

Enter Le Beau, L. U. E.

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

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

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

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

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. (L. c.) I will tell you the beginning, (Goes to c.) and, if it pleases your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. (c.) Well—the beginning that is dead and buried.

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

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.
LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence—

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

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

Ros. Alas!'

TOUCH. (L.) But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

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

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it. [Flourish.—All retire, R.

Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Orlando, Charles and Attendants, L. U. E.

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

Ros. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

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

DUKE. (c.) How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

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

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

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [Sits, r. 3 e.

Le Beau. Monsieur, the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Osr. (L.) I attend them, with all respect and duty. [Crosses to Orlando, L.

Ros. (Ros. and Cel. advance nearer Orl.) Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

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

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Chas. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE. You shall try but one fall.

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

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

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

CEL. I would that I were invisible, that I could catch the strong fellow by the legs.

[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums while they wrestle. Charles is thrown.]

DUKE. (Advancing, c.) No more, no more.

ORL. (c.) Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not well breathed.

DUKE. How dost thou, Charles?

TOUCH. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

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

DUKE. I would thou hadst been son to some man else!
The world esteemed thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
I would thou hadst told me of another father!

[Rosalind and Celia stand, r.—Exit Duke with his Train, l. u. e.]

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland’s son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick. [Retires back, l. c.

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

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

CEL. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father’s rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, (Orlando advances) you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, (Giving him a chain from her neck)
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman!

[Going, R. I. E.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine—a mere lifeless block.

Ros. (Going, r.) He calls us back. (Stops.) My
pride fell with my fortunes;
I’ll ask him what he would. (Returning.) Did you
call, sir?

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

Cel. (r. s. e.) Will you go, coz?

Ros. (r.) Have with you.—Fare you well!

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia, R. I. E.

Orl. (Advances, c.) What passion hangs these
weights upon my tongue!

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

Enter Le Beau, L. U. E.

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

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

Orl. (r. c.) I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell
me this:

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

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners:
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter's company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that, of late, this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malace 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

O RL. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[Exit Le Beau, R. L. E.

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


Scene Third.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind, R.

C E L. (R. C.) Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid
have mercy!—Not a word?
R o s. (L. C.) Not one, to throw at a dog.
C E L. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs; throw some of them at me.—But is all this
for your father?
R o s. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh,
how full of briars is this working-day world!
C E L. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee
in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths,
our very petticoats will catch them.
R o s. I could shake them off my coat: these burns
are in my heart.
C E L. Hem them away.
R o s. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.
C E L. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
R o s. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than
myself.

[Crosses, R.
Cel. (L.) Oh, a good wish upon you!—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 for old Sir Rowland’s youngest son?
Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.
Ros. No, ’faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?
Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.
Cel. Ha! here comes the duke, with his eyes full of anger. [Crosses to Rosalind, L.

Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, and Gentlemen, L. I. E.

Duke. (C.) Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court!
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days, if thou be’st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it!
Ros. (Advances and kneels.) I do beseech your grace,
Let the knowledge of my fault bear with me!
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.
Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words.
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke. (L. C.) Thou art thy father’s daughter, there’s enough.
Ros. (Rising.) So was I, when your highness took 
    his dukedom:
So was I, when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,—
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, my good liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak!

[Advances to Duke, cross to l.]

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stayed her for your sake;
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,—
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
And, whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseperable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Then open not thy lips;
Firm, and irrevoval, in my doom
Which I have passed upon her—she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my 
    liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool!—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die!

[Exeunt Duke, etc., L. 1 E.]

Cel. (r.) Oh, 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. (r.) I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke 
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled, low content. [Exit L. 
ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

[Slowly following.

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at four score it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exit, L. 

SCENE SECOND.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, and two or three
LORDS, like Foresters, L.

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

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

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

ADAM.  (l. c.) No matter whither, so you come, not here.

ORL.  Why, would'st 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:  [Goes, r.
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  [Returns to c.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

ADAM.  But do not so; I have five hundred crowns—
The thrifty hire I saved under your father—
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly;—let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities.

ORL.  Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do cloak their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;  [Going, l.
ROS. Now go we in content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment.  

[Exeunt, L. & R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—Oliver’s House.

Enter Orlando, r.—Knocks at the Door, f.

ORL. Who’s there?

Enter Adam, from Oliver’s House, d. f.

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

ORL. (R. c.) Why, what’s the matter?

ADAM. Oh, unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother  
[Comes out of the House.

Hath heard your praises; and, this night, he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it; if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off:  
I overheard him, and his practices.  
This is no place—this house is but a butchery;  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Sc. 3.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

Cel. No! hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me, that thou and I were one.
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?
No! let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither go, and what to bear with us;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what canst, I'll go along with thee!

Ros. Why, whither shall we go? [Crossing, L.

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

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

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire:
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

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

Cel. (L.) What shall I call thee, when thou art man?

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

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

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

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me:
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, [Crosses, L.
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.
Jaques. (L.) Indeed, my lord, I have often grieved at that; And, in that kind, think you do more usurp Than doth your brother, that hath banished you. To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal Behind an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; To which place a poor sequestered stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heaved forth such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting; and the big round tears Coursed one another down his innocent nose, In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said you?—Did you not moralize this spectacle!

Jaques. Oh, yes, into a thousand similies. First, for his weeping in the needless stream: Poor deer, quoth I, thou makest a testament As the worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much.—Then being alone, Left and abandon d of his velvet friends: 'Tis right, quoth I; 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 I, Sweep on, you fat and greazy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there? Thus pierced I through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; for we, my lord, 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. Show me the place;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter.
Jaques. I'll bring you to it straight. [Exeunt, L. 3 E.

Enter Rosalind, in Boy's Clothes, for Ganymede, Celia, dressed like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone, L. U. E.

Rosalind. (r. c.) Oh, Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touch. (c.) I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and 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.

Celia. (L.) I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

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

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

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

[All three retire up L. side of the Stage.

Enter Corin and Sylvius, R. 1 E.

Corin. (L. c.) That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sylv. (r. c.) Oh, Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

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

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

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sylv. Oh, thou didst then never love so heartily; If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not talked as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—Oh, Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

[Exeunt Corin, r. i e., and Sylvius, l. i e.

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

[All three advance.

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

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

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

Ros. (L. c.) Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware
of.

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

Ckl. (r. c.) I pray you, one of you question youn
man
If he for gold will give us any food,
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holloa! you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman.

Enter Corin, r. i e.

Corin. (r.) Who calls?
Touch. (L.) Your betters, sir.
CORIN. Else they are very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say: Good even to you, friend.
CORIN. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

[Touchstone retires to Celia, r.

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

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

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and —

CORIN. That young swain, that you saw erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

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

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

SCENE THIRD.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam, L.

ADAM. (L.) Dear master, I can go no further: —
my die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out —
grave. Farewell, kind master.
4.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

RL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in ? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a ::: if this uncoth forest yield anything savage, I will er be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy eit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake omfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not hing to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou t before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. i said! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee kly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will thee to some shelter; (Lifting him up, C.) and thou t not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything his dessert. Cheerily, good Adam! [Bearing him y, R. Scene changes.

SE FOURTH.—Another Part of the Forest.—A Table et out, L.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and Lord, R.

DUKE. (C.) I think he is transformed into a beast, I can no where find him like a man.

IRST FOR. (R.) My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

e was he merry hearing of a song.

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

seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques, L. 2 E.

IRST FOR. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this, t your poor friends must woo your company?

at, you look merrily!.

JAQUES. (L.) A fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, motley fool—a miserable world!—

I do live by food, I met a fool:

o laid him down and basked him in the sun,

I railed on lady Fortune in good terms,

good set terms—and yet a motley fool.

ood-morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,

all me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune:’”

2
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—Oh, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

[All retire to the Table, L. 2 L]

Enter Orlando, with his Sword drawn, R. U. E.

**O RL.** (L.) Forbear, and eat no more!
**J A Q U E S.** Why, I have eat none yet.
**O RL.** Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
**J A Q U E S.** Of what kind should this cock come of?
**D U K E.** (Coming forward.) Art thou thus boldened,
man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
**O RL.** You touched my vein at first; the thorny pain
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show.
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture; but forbear, I say!
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
**J A Q U E S.** If you will not be answered by reason, then
I must die.
**D U K E.** (R. C.) What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
**O RL.** (L. C.) I almost die for food, and let me have it
**D U K E.** Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
**O RL.** Speak you so gentle? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been savage here;
and therefore put I on the countenance
'stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
not in this desert inaccessible,
der the shade of melancholy boughs,
se and neglect the creeping hours of time:
ever you have looked on better days;
ever been where bells have knolled to church;
ever sat at any good man's feast;
ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
cl know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
t gentleness my strong enforcement be;
the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke. True is it, that we have seen better days,
cd have with holy bell been knolled to church;
cd sit at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
drops that sacred pity had engendered;
cd therefore sit you down in gentleness,
cd take upon command what help we have,
cat to your wanting may be ministered.
Orl. Then forbear your food a little while,
hiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
cd give it food. There is an old poor man,
ho after me hath many a weary step
med in pure love; till he be first sufficed—
pessed with two weak evils, age and hunger—
will not touch a bit.
Duke. Go find him out,
cd we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be blessed for your gone
comfort!  [Exit, r. u. e.
Duke. (c.) Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
is wide and universal theatre
seants more woeful pageants than the scene
herein we play in.
Jaques. (L. c.) All the world's a stage,
cd all the men and women merely players:
cy have their exits and their entrances;
cd one man in his time plays many parts,
s acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
cwing and puking in the nurse's arms:
c then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
c shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eye-brow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history;
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

[All retire to Table, L]

Enter Orlando and Adam. R. U. E.

Duke. Welcome: set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke. Welcome, fall to; I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music.

[SONG.]

Duke. (Comes forward.) If that you were t
good Sir Rowland’s son—
As you have whispered faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limbed, and living in your face—
Be truly welcome hither; I am the duke,
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune
to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
so art right welcome, as thy master is:—
port him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
I let me all your fortunes understand.

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—The Forest as before.

Enter Orlando, with a paper, R. U. E.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
if thou, thrice-renowned queen of night, survey
h thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
y huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
on their barks my thoughts I'll character:
at every eye, which in this forest looks,
I'll see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

Run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
more fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she. [Exit, L. I E.

[After Orlando hangs paper on Tree, L. C., Rosalind
enters L. U. E., takes paper and Exit, L. I E.]

Enter Corin and Touchstone, R.

Corin. (R.) And how like you this shepherd's life,
ster Touchstone?
Touch. (L. C.) Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
's a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it
well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very
life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth
well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.
't is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well;
as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against
stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?
Corin. No more, but that I know, the more one
ens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants
ey, 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 the 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?

Corin. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope—

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

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

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

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see how else thou should'st 'scape.

Corin. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.  

[They retire, L.

Enter Rosalind, L. U. E., Reading.

Ros. From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

[Touchstone advances, L.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest limned,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. (L.) I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it
is the right butter-woman's rate to market.
Ros. (r.) Out, fool!
Touch. For a taste:—
   If a hart do lack a hind,
   Let him seek out Rosalind.
   If the cat will after kind,
   So, be sure, will Rosalind.
   Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
   Such a nut is Rosalind.
   They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
   Then to cart with Rosalind.
This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you in-
fect yourself with them?
Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.
Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. [Retires, r.
Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then, I shall graft it
with a medlar: Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the
country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and
that's the right virtue of the medlar.
Touch. You have said, but whether wisely or no,
let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing, r.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading! stand aside! [Retires, r.
Cel. Why should this a desert be?
   For it is unpeopled? No;
   Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
   That shall civil sayings show.
   Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
   Cleopatra's majesty;
   Atalanta's better part;
   Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind, of many parts
   By heavenly synod was devised,
   [Rosalind advances behind Celia.
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
   To have the touches dearest prized.
   Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
   And I to live and die her slave.
Ros. Oh, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily
of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and
never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

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

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

[Execunt Corin and Touchstone, L. 1 E

Cel. (L. c.) Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. (R. c.) Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more,
too; for some of them had in them more feet than the
verses would bear.

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 wonder,
before you came; for look here, what I found on a
palm-tree.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

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

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

Cel. Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonder-
ful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that
out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though
I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose
in my dispostion? What manner of man? Is his head
worth a hat, or chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but little beard.

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

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the
wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.
Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.
Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. Thou must borrow me Garagantau's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under an oak tree, like a dropped acorn.
Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree when it drops forth such fruit.
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.
Ros. Proceed.
Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter.
Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the round.
Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Jaques and Orlando, L. I. E.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft, comes he not here?
Ros. 'Tis he: slink by and note him.

[Celio and Rosalind retire back on r.

Jaques. (r. c.) I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Ors. (l. c.) And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake. I thank you too for your society.

Jacques. Heaven be with you! let’s meet as little as we can.

Ors. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

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

Jacques. Rosalind is your love’s name?

Ors. Yes, just.

Jacques. I do not like her name.

Ors. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jacques. What stature is she of?

Ors. Just as high as my heart.

Jacques. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths’ wives, and conned them out of rings?—Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistresses, the world, and all our misery.

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

Jacques. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Ors. ’Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

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

Ors. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jacques. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

Jacques. I’ll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love!

[Exit R. I E.

Ors. I’m glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy! [Rosalind comes forward

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. (R. C.

Do you hear, forester?

Ors. (l. c.) Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is’t o’clock?
Orl. You should ask me, what time o’day: there’s no clock in the forest.

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

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

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

Orl. I pr’ythee whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se’nnight, time’s pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he is no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who stays it withal?

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

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

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

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth, an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.
Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?
Ros. They were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.
Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.
Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. [Celia retires up the Stage.] There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.
Orl. I am he that is so love-shaken; I pray you, tell me your remedy.
Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you—he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.
Orl. What were his marks?
Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that: for, simply, your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you rather point device in your accoutrements—as loving yourself than seeming the love of any other.
Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love!
Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; this is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.—But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?
Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
Ros.  But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
Orl.  Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
Ros.  Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too; yet I profess curing it by counsel.
Orl.  Did you ever cure any so?
Ros.  Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate—changeable—longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears—full of smiles; for every passion, something, and for no passion, truly, anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely romantic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep’s heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in’t.
Orl.  I would not be cured, youth.
Ros.  I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot and woo me.
Orl.  Now, by the faith of my love, I will! Tell me where it is?
Ros.  Go with me to it, and I will show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live.—Will you go?
Orl.  With all my heart, good youth.
Ros.  Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

END OF ACT III.
ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—The Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey, r.

Touch. (l.) 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. (r. c.) Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

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

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

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

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

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

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

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

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

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

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

[Capers clumsily up the Stage.

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?

Aud. The gods give us joy! [Exeunt L. I E.

Enter Rosalind and Celia, L. U. E. or Cottage R. 3 E.

Ros. (L. C.) Never talk to me, I will weep.
Cel. (R. C.) Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?
Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Cel. Something browner than Judas's: Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. No, i' faith, his hair is of a good colour. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
Ros. Not true in love?
Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.
Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.
Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here, in the forest, upon the duke, your father.

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

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin, L. I E.

Corin. (L.) Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

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

Ros. (C.) Oh, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring them to our sight and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Enter Phoebe and Sylvius, L. I E.

Syl. (R.) Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me:—do not, Phoebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Phoebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'.st me there is murder in mine eyes:
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

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

**Phoebe.** But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mock's, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

**Roz.** (Advancing to c.) And why, I pray you?—
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than, without candle, may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

Och, my little life,
I think she means to tangle mine eyes, too:—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd! 'Wherefore do you follow her?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favoured children:
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

**Phoebe.** Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year togethcr;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

**Roz.** I pray you, do not fall in love with me
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
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.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin, r.

**Syl.** (L.) Sweet Phoebe!

**Phoebe.** (r.) Hal! what say'st thou, Sylvius!

**Syl.** Sweet Phoebe, pity me!

**Phoebe.** Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.
SYL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
PHŒBE. Sylvius, the time was that I hated thee.
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee, too:
Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
SYL. 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.
PHŒBE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
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?
I marvel I answered him not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it—Wilt thou Sylvius?
SYL. Phœbe, with all my heart.
PHŒBE. 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, Sylvius. 

[Exeunt, r. i. e.

Enter Rosalind, R. and Orlando, L. u. e.

ORL. (L.) Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.
ROS. (R.) Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An' you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.
ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.
ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of a 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 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,
Can you make a woman.—Come, woo me, woo me, now I am in holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an’ I were our very, very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

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

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

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

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

Ros. Am I not your Rosalind?

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

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

Orl. Then, in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot Midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chronicles 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. [Crosses to l. h.

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

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

Orl. (l. c.) Then love me, Rosalind.

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.
Orl. What say'st thou?
Ros. Are you not good?
Orl. I hope so.
Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? (Enter Celia, r.) Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?
Cel. (r.) I cannot say the words.
Ros. You must begin—Will you, Orlando—
Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.
Ros. Now, tell me how long would you have her after you have possessed her?
Orl. Forever, and a day.
Ros. Say a day, without the ever; no, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. (Celia retires up the Stage.) I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cook-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that, when you are inclined to sleep.
Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?
Ros. By my life she will do as I do!
Orl. Oh, but she is wise.
Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say—Wit, whither wilt?
Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you let your wife’s wit going to a neighbor’s house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

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

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

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

[Orlando crosses to Rosalind, and is about to embrace her. She repels him, L. I E.]

Cex. You have simply misused our sex in your love-protest.

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

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

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Both go up; Celia L. H. Rosalind sits on long log, R. I E.]

Ros. Look, who comes here?

Enter Sylvius, L. 2 E.

Syl. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this: [Giving a letter] I know not the contents: but, as I guess, By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing it, It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. (Reading.) Patience herself would startle at the letter, And play the swaggerer! Bear this, bear all! She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners; She calls me proud; and that she could not love me, Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Syl. No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phoebe did write it.

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

Syl. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.
She Phoebe's me: mark how the tyrant writes:—
"Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

a woman rail thus?
L. Call you this railing?
Ss. (Reads.) "Why thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

you ever hear such railing?
"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

ning me a beast.—
"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!

Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me."

L. Call you this chiding?

E. Alas, poor shepherd!
Ss. (Crosses r.) Do you pity him? no, he de-
es no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What,
ake thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her,
see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say
to her:—"That, if she loves me, I charge her to
tee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless
entreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence,
not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit Sylvius, L. I E.

Enter Oliver, L. I E.

LIV. (L.) Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know,
ere, in the purlieus of this forest stands
keep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

EL. (C.) West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,
igs you to the place:
But at this hour, the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

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

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
Oliv. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. (Advancing to c.) I am. What must we understand by this?

Oliv. Some of my shame—if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oliv. When last the young Orlando parted from me
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! 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,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but, suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CEL. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.
OLIV. 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?
OLIV. (L. c.) Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
posed so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
CEL. (L. c.) Are you his brother?
ROS. (c.) Was it you he rescued?
CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLIV. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?
OLIV. By and by.

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

[Rosalind faints.]
Oliv. Many will swoon when they look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!
Oliv. 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?
Oliv. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man!—
You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited. Heigho!
Oliv. This was not counterfeit: there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of
earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oliv. Well then take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.
Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a
woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler, and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.
Oliv. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.—The Forest. Same as Act Second.

Enter Oliver and Orlando, L.

Ori. (L.) 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 you will persevere to enjoy her?
Oliv. (R.) 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
love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent
ith both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to
our good: for my father's house, and all the revenue
hat was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and
erve live and die a shepherd.
Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be
o-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his
contented followers. Go, you, and prepare Aliena; for
look you, here comes my Rosalind!

[Enter Rosalind, R. I E.

Ros. (r.) Heaven save you, brother!
Oliv. And you, fair sister. [Exit, r.
Ros. Oh! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to
see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!
Orl. (l. c.) 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. (r. c.) Did your brother tell you how I counter-
feited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?
Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.
Ros. (c.) Oh, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis
true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight
of two rams, and Cæsar's Thrasonical brag of—"I came,
saw, and overcame;" for your brother and my sister
no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but
they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no
sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason;
no sooner knew the reason, than they sought the rem-
edy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of
stairs to marriage; they are in the very wrath of love,
and they will together; clubs cannot part them.
Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will
bid the duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a
thing it is to look into happiness through another man's
eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at
the height of heart heaviness, by how much I shall
think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.
Ros. Why, then, to-morrow, I cannot serve your
turn for Rosalind?
Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. [Crosses to r.
Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak’st thou in sober meaning?

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

Enter Sylvius and Phoebe, L. 1 E.

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

Phoebe. (L. c.) Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. (R. c.) I care not, if I have: it is my study

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him: he worships you.

Phoebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what ’tis to love.

Syl. (L.) It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so I am for Phoebe.

Phoebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all obedience;

And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
ROS. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

ROS. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. (To Sylvius.) I will help you if I can:—(To Phæbe.) I would love you if I could:—To-morrow, meet me all together.—(To Phæbe.) I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—(To Sylvius.) I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow:—(To Orlando.) As you love Rosalind, meet:—(To Sylvius.) As you love Phæbe, meet:—And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. [Exit, L. I E.

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

PHÆBE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [Exeunt, R. I E.

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey, L.

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

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

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey! a most vile Martext! But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

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

Enter William, L.

TOUCH. (C.) It is meat and drink in me to see a clown: By my troth, we, that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting: we can not hold.

WIL. (L.) Good even, Audrey.

AUD. Give ye good even, William.

WIL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
Wil. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age: is thy name William?
Wil. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name: Wast born i’ the forest here?
Wil. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.
Touch. Thank heaven! a good answer: Art rich?
Wil. ’Faith, sir, so, so.
Touch. So, so! ’Tis good, very good, very excellent good—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou say’st well. I do now remember a saying: “The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.” The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Wil. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?
Wil. 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.
Wil. Which he, sir?
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish is, company—of this female—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will overrun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.
Aud. Do, good William.
Wil. Rest you merry, sir. [Exit, R.
Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey: I attend, I attend. [Exeunt, L.
Scene Third.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke, Orlando, Oliver, Jaques, Sylvius, Phoebe
and Foresters, r. u. e.

Duke. (c.) Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. (l. c.) I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not:
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.
Duke. (l. c.) I do remember in this shepherd boy, some lively touches of my daughter’s favour.
Orl. (r. c.) My lord, the first time that ever I saw him,
I thought he was a brother to your daughter; but, my good lord, the boy is forest-born, and hath been tutored in the rudiments of many desperate studies by his uncle, whom he reports to be a great magician, obscured in the circle of this forest.
Touch. (Without.) Come along Audrey. [l. l e.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey, l.

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

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

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

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

Jaques. And how was that ta’en up?

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

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

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

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

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

JAQUES. But for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey: (Audrey L. assumes a stiff and formal air.)—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier’s beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: This is called the quip modest. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the reply churlish. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I speak not true: This is called the reproof valiant. If, again, it was not well cut, he would, say I lie: This is called the countercheck quarrelsone; and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

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

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the lie circum- stantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

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

TOUCH. Oh, sir, we quarrel in print by the bock, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reply valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsone; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All this you may avoid, but the
C. 3.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

ie direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought of an If, as—If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

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

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

Enter Jaques de Bois, l.

Jaques de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That brings these tiding to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled:—This to be true,
I do engage my life. [Croses to r.

Duke. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.

Rosalind and Celia enter, l. u. e.

Ros. (To the Duke.) To you I give myself, for I am yours.
(To Orlando.) To you I give myself for I am yours.

Duke. (c.) If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

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

Ros. (To the Duke.) I'll have no father, if you be not he;
(To Orlando.) I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—
(To Phoebe.) Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Phoebe. If sight and shape be true,
Then my love adieu.

Hym. While a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning.

Duke. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

First, in this forest let us do these 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,
According to the measures of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into your rustic revelry:

Play, music!—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience;—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de B. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.—

(Crosses to L.)

(To the Duke.) You, to your former honour I bequeath;
your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
(To Orlando.) You to a love that your true faith doth merit—
(To Oliver.) You, to your land, and love, and great allies:
(To Sylvius.) You, to a long and well-deserved bed:—
(To Touchstone.) And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled—

Touch. Come along, Audrey.

[Exit with Audrey, L. i E.]

Jaques. So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.


Jaques. To see no pastime, I:—What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [Exit L. i E.]
Duke. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites, as we do trust they'll end in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. If it be true, that "Good wine needs no bush," 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes: and by good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues.—What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can 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, oh, women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, oh, men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make a courtesy, bid me farewell.

[ Curtain falls.]

THE END.
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