

The Open Shakespeare Edition  
*of*

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As You Like It

*by*

William Shakespeare

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by

The Open Shakespeare Project  
of the  
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE SENIOR, living in banishment.

DUKE FREDERICK, his brother, an usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS  
JAQUES } lords attending on the banished duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER  
JAQUES  
ORLANDO } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.

ADAM  
DENNIS } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN  
SILVIUS } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with Audrey.

A person representing HYMEN.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

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

## ACT I

### SCENE I – I

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*

ORLANDO

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets

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

ADAM

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

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

*Enter OLIVER*

OLIVER

Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO

Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER

What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO

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



OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Know you where your are, sir?

ORLANDO

O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLIVER

Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

What, boy!

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

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

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My  
father charged you in his will to give me good  
education: you have trained me like a peasant,  
obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like  
qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in  
me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow

me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM

Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM*

OLIVER

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

*Enter DENNIS*

DENNIS

Calls your worship?

OLIVER

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

DENNIS

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

OLIVER

Call him in.

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

*Enter CHARLES*

CHARLES

Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke;  
therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition

to come in disguised against me to try a fall.

To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him

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

OLIVER

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from

it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:

it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy

discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

#### CHARLES

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

#### OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.

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

wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that  
I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about.

*Exit*

SCENE I – II

SCENE II. Lawn before the Duke's palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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



ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND

What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

*Enter TOUCHSTONE*

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA

Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE

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.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

TOUCHSTONE

One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Then shall we be news-crammed.

CELIA

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

LE BEAU

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA

Sport! of what colour?

LE BEAU

What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROSALIND

As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE

Or as the Destinies decree.

CELIA

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE

Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROSALIND

Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU

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

ROSALIND

You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU

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

CELIA

Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU

There comes an old man and his three sons,—

CELIA

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU

Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND

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.

ROSALIND

Alas!

TOUCHSTONE

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

LE BEAU

Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

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

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Is yonder the man?



LE BEAU

Even he, madam.

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK

Do so: I'll not be by.

LE BEAU

Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

ORLANDO

I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one

shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one  
dead that was 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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA

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

*They wrestle*

ROSALIND

O excellent young man!

CELIA

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

*Shout. CHARLES is thrown*

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been son to some man else:  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

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

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU*

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

Shall we go, coz?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;  
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Have with you. Fare you well.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

ORLANDO

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU*

LE BEAU

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved

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

ORLANDO

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

LE BEAU

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

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.



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

*Exit*

SCENE I – III

SCENE III. A room in the palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Hem them away.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it

possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

DUKE FREDERICK

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste  
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

You, cousin

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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.

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence and her patience  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more vir-  
tuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords*

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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



ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

*Exeunt*



## ACT II

### SCENE II – I

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

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

DUKE SENIOR

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 every thing.

I would not change it.

AMIENS

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR

But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD

O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;  
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:' then, being there  
alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,  
'Tis right:' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part  
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay' quoth Jaques,  
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,

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

DUKE SENIOR  
And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD  
We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE SENIOR  
Show me the place:  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD  
I'll bring you to him straight.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE II – II

SCENE II. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

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

FIRST LORD

I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her abed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SECOND LORD

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE II – III

SCENE III. Before OLIVER'S house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting*

ORLANDO

Who's there?

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM

O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—



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

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
And 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.

#### ORLANDO

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

We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE II – IV

SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena,  
and TOUCHSTONE*

ROSALIND

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE

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 to cry like a woman; but I must comfort

the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show  
itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage,  
good Aliena!

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

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

*Exit*

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.



ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

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

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 II – V

SCENE V. The Forest.

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others*

SONG.

AMIENS

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES  
More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS  
It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

AMIENS  
My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

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

AMIENS  
What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

AMIENS

More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES

Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you;  
but that they call compliment is like the encounter  
of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily,  
methinks I have given him a penny and he renders

me

the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will  
not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is  
too disputable for my company: I think of as many  
matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make

no

boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Who doth ambition shun

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

And I'll sing it.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

What's that 'ducdame'?

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II – VI

SCENE VI. The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?

Live

a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little.  
If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I  
will either be food for it or bring it for food to  
thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.  
For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at  
the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently;  
and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will  
give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I  
come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!  
thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly.  
Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear  
thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for  
lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this  
desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

*Exeunt*

SCENE II – VII

SCENE VII. The forest.

*A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS,  
and Lords like outlaws*

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

My lord, he is but even now gone hence:  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR

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

*Enter JAQUES*

FIRST LORD

He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What, you look merrily!

### JAQUES

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

### DUKE SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

It is my only suit;  
Provided that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave



To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES

Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not of my cost,  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
                  wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn*

ORLANDO  
Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES  
Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO  
Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQUES  
Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR  
Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought that all things had been savage here;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time  
If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

*Exit*

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

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

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM*

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,  
And let him feed.

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

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

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.  
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

AMIENS

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

DUKE SENIOR

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke  
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

*Exeunt*



## ACT III

### SCENE III – I

SCENE I. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER*

DUKE FREDERICK

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

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE III – II

SCENE II. The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper*

ORLANDO

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

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

CORIN

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touch-  
stone?

### TOUCHSTONE

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

### CORIN

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

### TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE

Then thou art damned.

CORIN

Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners  
at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but

you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE

Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of  
a

good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and  
perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the  
very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,  
shepherd.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst  
'scape.

CORIN

Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mis-  
tress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading*

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE

For a taste:  
If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.  
This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you  
infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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



*Enter CELIA, with a writing*

ROSALIND

Peace! Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CELIA

[Reads]

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

Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

CELIA

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of

them had in them more feet than the verses would  
bear.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I prithee, who?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Nay, but who is it?

CELIA

Is it possible?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am

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

CELIA

So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and  
hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What  
said  
he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes  
him 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.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND

Proceed.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES*

ROSALIND

'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.



ORLANDO

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO

Yes, just.

JAQUES

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

What stature is she of?

ORLANDO

Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

*Exit JAQUES*

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's

revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.



ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

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 any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep

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

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE III – III

SCENE III. The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES be-  
hind*

TOUCHSTONE

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?

AUDREY

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

[Aside] A material fool!

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

[Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY

Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE

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  
what  
though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods;' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man

therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more  
worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a  
married man more honourable than the bare brow  
of a  
bachelor; and by how much defence is better than  
no  
skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to  
want. Here comes Sir Oliver.  
Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you  
dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go  
with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not law-  
ful.

JAQUES

[Advancing]

Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE

Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do  
you,  
sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your

last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

JAQUES

Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE

'Come, sweet Audrey:  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—  
O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee: but,—  
Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

*Exit*

SCENE III – IV

SCENE IV. The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

ROSALIND

Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA

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



ROSALIND

But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA

As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND

Do you think so?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Not true in love?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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?

CELIA

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

*Enter CORIN*

CORIN

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

CELIA

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE III – V

SCENE V. Another part of the forest.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE*

SILVIUS

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

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind*

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe,  
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

PHEBE

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

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

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

*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN*

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe,—

PHEBE

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermined.



PHEBE

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS

I would have you.

PHEBE

Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

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

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SILVIUS

So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

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.

PHEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him:  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the differ-  
ence  
Between the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

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

*Exeunt*



ACT IV

SCENE IV – I

SCENE I. The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES*

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

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

*Enter ORLANDO*

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES

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

*Exit*

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will  
divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but

a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight:

I

had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO

Of a snail?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What's that?

ROSALIND

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



ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What, of my suit?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND

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 coroners 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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO  
And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND  
Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO  
What sayest thou?

ROSALIND  
Are you not good?

ORLANDO  
I hope so.

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

ORLANDO  
Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA  
I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND  
You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND

Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed:

maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO

O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND

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, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic 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.

ORLANDO

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



ROSALIND

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

*Exit ORLANDO*

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was be-  
got  
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.

CELIA

And I'll sleep.

*Exeunt*

SCENE IV – II

SCENE II. The forest.

*Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters*

JAQUES

Which is he that killed the deer?

A LORD

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES

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

FORESTER

Yes, sir.

JAQUES

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

SONG.

FORESTER

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.  
Then sing him home;  
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it:  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*Exeunt*

SCENE IV – III

SCENE III. The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

*Enter SILVIUS*

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.  
Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?  
Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS

Call you this railing?

ROSALIND

[Reads]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?  
Did you ever hear such railing?  
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.  
Meaning me a beast.  
If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS

Call you this chiding?

CELIA

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND

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

*Exit SILVIUS*

*Enter OLIVER*

OLIVER

Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieu of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER

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

CELIA

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you



He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present itself:  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd 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 catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Wast you he rescued?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

By and by.

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

*ROSALIND swoons*

CELIA

Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

CELIA

We'll lead you thither.

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend  
my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

*Exeunt*



ACT V

SCENE V – I

SCENE I. The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my

troth, we that have good wits have much to answer  
for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM*

WILLIAM  
Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY  
God ye good even, William.

WILLIAM  
And good even to you, sir.

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

WILLIAM  
Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE  
A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM  
William, sir.

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



WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM

No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

WILLIAM

Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY  
Do, good William.

WILLIAM  
God rest you merry, sir.

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN*

CORIN  
Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away,  
away!

TOUCHSTONE  
Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt*

SCENE V – II

SCENE II. The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER*

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

*Enter ROSALIND*

ROSALIND

God save you, brother.

OLIVER

And you, fair sister.

*Exit*

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

It is my arm.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to  
swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND

O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was  
never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams  
and Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and  
overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner  
met but they looked, no sooner looked but they  
loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner  
sighed but they asked one another the reason, no  
sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy;  
and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs  
to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or  
else be incontinent before marriage: they are in

the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

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

since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow human as she is and without any danger.

ORLANDO

Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

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

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

PHEBE

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.



SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

I will help you, if I can:

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

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be  
married to-morrow:

I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you  
shall be married to-morrow:

I will content you, if what pleases you contents  
you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

As you love Rosalind, meet:

as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman,  
I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

*Exeunt*

SCENE V – III

SCENE III. The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

*Enter two Pages*

FIRST PAGE

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE

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

SECOND PAGE

We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE

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

#### SECOND PAGE

I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two  
gipsies on a horse.  
It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.  
And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.

#### TOUCHSTONE

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

#### FIRST PAGE

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

time.

TOUCHSTONE

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

*Exeunt*

SCENE V – IV

SCENE IV. The forest.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA*

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE*

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:  
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;  
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:  
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,  
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her.  
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

JAQUES

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.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.



TOUCHSTONE

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

DUKE SENIOR

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE

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?

TOUCHSTONE

Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body  
more  
seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the  
cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word,  
if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the  
mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous.  
If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he

would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say I lied: this is called the Counter-cheque Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees.

The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the

Countercheque Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with  
Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All  
these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you  
may  
avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven  
justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the  
parties were met themselves, one of them thought  
but  
of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and  
they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the  
only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

*Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA*

*Still Music*

HYMEN

Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter  
Hymen from heaven brought her,

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

ROSALIND  
[To DUKE SENIOR] To you I give myself, for I am  
yours.  
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

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

ROSALIND  
I'll have no father, if you be not he:  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN  
Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands  
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.  
You and you no cross shall part:  
You and you are heart in heart  
You to his love must accord,  
Or have a woman to your lord:  
You and you are sure together,  
As the winter to foul weather.  
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;  
That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.  
Wedding is great Juno's crown:  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE SENIOR

O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!  
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHEBE

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOYS*

JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begun:  
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 measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd 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 BOYS

He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I : out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
You to your former honour I bequeath;  
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:  
You to a love that your true faith doth merit:  
You to your land and love and great allies:  
You to a long and well-deserved bed:  
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage  
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

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

*Exit*

DUKE SENIOR

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

*A dance*