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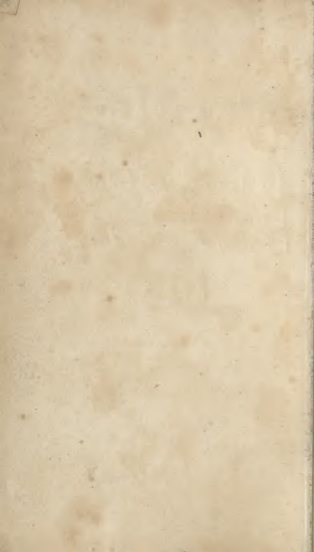
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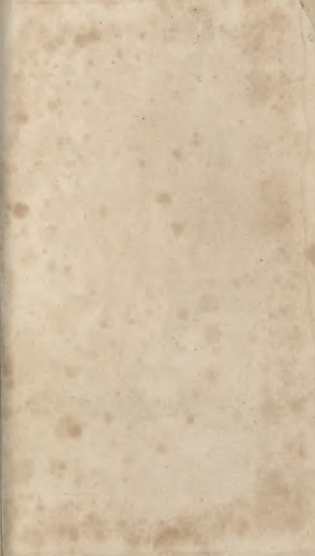
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One of
Grandfather
Hetherington's
books





AS YOU LIKE IT.



There is no more, no more,
I thank you, I thank you, your Grace,
I am not yet well brought.

As You Like It

4

AS YOU LIKE IT ;

A COMEDY,

BY

Will. Shakespeare.

As Performed at the Theatres-Royal,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

Printed under the Authority of the Managers,

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEARE rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new ;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresist'd Passion transfus'd the breast.

JOHNSON.

EDINBURGH :

Printed at the Caledonian Press,
BY OLIVER & BOYD, BARON GRANT'S CLOSE,
NETHERBOW.

1812.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

<i>The Duke,</i>	Mr Chapman.
<i>Duke Frederick,</i>	Mr Cresswell.
<i>Amiens,</i>	Mr Incedon.
<i>Jaques,</i>	Mr Kemble.
<i>Le Beau,</i>	Mr Farley.
<i>1st Lord,</i>	Mr Klantert.
<i>2d Lord,</i>	Mr Field.
<i>Oliver,</i>	Mr Brunton.
<i>Jacques de Bois,</i>	Mr Claremont.
<i>Orlando,</i>	Mr C. Kemble.
<i>Adam,</i>	Mr Murray.
<i>Charles,</i>	Mr Bennett.
<i>Dennis,</i>	Mr Sarjant.
<i>Sylvius,</i>	Mr Menage.
<i>Corin,</i>	Mr Davenport.
<i>William,</i>	Mr Blanchard.
<i>Touchstone,</i>	Mr Fawcett.

WOMEN.

<i>Rosalind,</i>	Miss Smith.
<i>Celia,</i>	Miss Brunton.
<i>Phebe,</i>	Miss Searle.
<i>Audrey,</i>	Mrs Mattocks.
<i>Hymen,</i>	Mrs Atkins.
<i>Two Cupids,</i>	Mesdames Shotter and Burgess.

Foresters and Soldiers.

SCENE.—First, near OLIVER'S House; and, afterwards, partly in the DUKE'S Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

OLIVER'S Orchard.—Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother, 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.

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

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Now, sir! what make you here?

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

Oliv. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which

Heaven made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought while.

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

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oliv. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Oliv. What, boy!

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

Oliv. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of 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 rail'd on thyself.

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

Oliv. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you, in his will, to give me good education: you have trained me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure. Therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that will I go buy my fortunes.

Oliv. 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, save me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good. [Exit.]

Oliv. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—Heaven be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word! [Exit.]

Oliv. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns either. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

OLIVER'S House.—Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oliv. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

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

Oliv. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good day; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliv. 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.

Oliv. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the new 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 new two ladies loved as they do.

Oliv. 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 time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliv. 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 against me, to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, 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 loath to foil him, as I must, for mine 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 shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own seeking and altogether against my will.

Oliv. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had my notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underground means, laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles—it is the stubborn young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envier, emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore, with thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for, if thou do 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 anoint 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, Heaven keep your worship! [Exit.

Oliv. 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 III.

A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

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

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

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

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No! When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument—How now, wit? whither wander you?

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight foresworn.

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

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

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

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

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

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

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

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. Good jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

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

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

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

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

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

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

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.—

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

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

Ros. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stand and see it.

[*Flourish*]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS.

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

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

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

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

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

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

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [Goes to his seat]

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

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

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

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

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for

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

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

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

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

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

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

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

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

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

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

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

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

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

[*They wrestle.*

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

[*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more.

[*CHARLES is thrown.*

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Touche. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

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

Duke. 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: I would thou hadst told me of another father!

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick.

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

Ros. My father lov'd 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 ventur'd.

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

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

Cel. Ay:—Fair you well, fair gentleman?

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

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

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well!

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!

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

Enter LE BEAU.

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

Orl. 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 shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter's company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late, this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasurè '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. [Exit.

Orl. 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 IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.—Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid have mercy!
—not a word?

Ros. Not one, to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me.—But is all this for your father?

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

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

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you!—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

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

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

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

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do—Look, here comes the Duke!

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Fred. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court!

Ros. Me, uncle?

Fred. You, cousin:

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

Ros. [*Kneeling.*] I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me!
If with myself I hold intelligence.

Have acquaintance with my own desires ;
 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.

Fred. Thus do all traitors ;
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself :—
 Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

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

Fred. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

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

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak !

Fred. Ay, Celia : we but stay'd her for your sake ;
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;
 If she be a traitor,

Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

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

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

Fred. 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!

[*Exit* DUKE FREDERICK.]

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers?—I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee, that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundered? 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:
For, by this Heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee!

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,
And get our jewels, and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight.

Ros. Now, go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

OLIVER'S House.—Enter ORLANDO.—Knocks at the Door.

Orl. Who's there ?

Enter ADAM.

Adam. What ! my young master ?—Oh, my gentle
master,

Oh, my sweet master ! Oh, 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 bony prisoner of the hungry Duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when, what is comely
Eevenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ; within this roof,
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother
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.

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

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

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

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

Orl. Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 While 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 prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
 But, come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, and Two or Three LORDS, like Foresters.

Duke. 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 words
 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. 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 native confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Jaques. Indeed, my lord,
I have often griev'd at that ;
And, in that kind, think you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my Lord, of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal

Behind an oak, whose antique roof 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 heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase ; and thus, the hairy fool
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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

Jaques. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
Poor deer, quoth I, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much :—Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;—
'Tis right, quoth I ; thus, misery doth part
The flux of company :—Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him ;—Ay, quoth I,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
Thus pierced I through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life : for we, my lord,
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke. Show me the place ;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter.

Jaques. I'll bring you to it, straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

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

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untressur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing,
Hesperia, 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.

Fred. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither ;
I'll make him find him—do this suddenly ;
And let not search and inquisition quail,
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest.—Enter JAQUES, AMIENS, and Three other LORDS.

Jaques. More, more ; I pr'ythee, more !

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it ; I do love it better than laughing.

Amiens. Those, that are in the extremity of either, are
abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every mo-
dern censure, worse than drunkards.

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 contemplation of my travels, in which, my after ruminati^on wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee sing.

Amiens. My voice is rugged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel can suck eggs. Come, warble, warble.

SONG.—AMIENS.

*Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune 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.*

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

Jaques. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Amiens. And we'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, in Boy's Clothes, as Ganymede; CELIA, dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

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

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

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no farther.

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

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

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

Enter CORIN and SYLVIVS.

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

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

Corin. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sylv. 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.

Sylv. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not talked as I do now

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd :
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd :—Oh, Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit SYLVIVS.]

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

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

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

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

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

Touch. Holloa ! you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ! he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls !

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else they are very wretched.

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

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

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

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 sheer the fleeces that I graze :

My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little reckes to find the way to heaven,
 By doing deeds of hospitality:
 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

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

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

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

 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. Fare-
 well, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?
 Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If
 this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either
 be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit
 is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be com-
 fortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be
 here with thee presently! and if I bring thee not some-
 thing to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest
 before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well
 said! thou look'st 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.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Forest.—A Table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS.

Duke. I think he is transform'd into a beast :
For I can no where find him like a man.

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

Duke. 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 JACQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour, by his own approach.

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

Jacques. 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 a'clock ;
“ Thus may we see,” quoth he, “ How the world wags
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

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

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or eise a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land 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. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
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 eye-lids wip'd 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. 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 wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

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

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

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort
 [Exit]

Duke. Thou see'st, 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' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
 full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 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 sav'd, a word too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

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

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

*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.*

Duke. 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 lov'd 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 I.

The Palace.—Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER.

Fred. 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;
Bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oliv. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Fred. 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. [Exit

SCENE II.

The Forest.—Enter ORLANDO.

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

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master
Touchstone?

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

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 the lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

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

Corin. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope—

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

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

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

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

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell weather; and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will

have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

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

Enter ROSALIND, taking a Paper from a Tree, and reading

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

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.*

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

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

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Enter CELIA, with a Writing.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading ! stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
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
 This quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in a little show.
 Therefore Heaven nature charg'd,
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd ;
 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 devis'd :
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, “ Have patience, good people ! ”

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

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat : though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

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

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

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

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

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

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

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

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

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. F'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed!

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter.

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

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

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

Enter JAQUES and ORLANDO.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft, comes he not here?

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

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

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

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

Jaques. Heaven be with you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

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

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

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

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. 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?—Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

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

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

Orl. 'Tis a fault I would 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.

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

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love! [Exit.

Orl. I'm glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy! [CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.

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

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in this forest.

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

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

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

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

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

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man

that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

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

Orl. Who stays it withal ?

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

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

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

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

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

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

Ros. They were not principal ; they were all like one another, as halfpence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault come to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

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

Orl. I am he, that is love-shak'd ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

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

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue—Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moenish 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 loath 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 hu-

mour 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 clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

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

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

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

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

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

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

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

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here, we have no temple, but the wood, no assembly, but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer has 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.

Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Outside of a Cottage, in the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

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

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep?

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

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

Ros. Do you think so?

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

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

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

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

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

Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well, and what of him?

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter PHEBE and SYLVIVS.

Sylv. 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.

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

Sylv. 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.

Ros. And why, I pray you ?—Who might be your m
ther,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? What, though you have beauty
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than, without candle, may go dark to bed),
Must you, therefore, be 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 :—O'd's my little life !
I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too :—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd! wherefore do you follow her
 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 make the world full of ill-favoured children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters 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;
 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.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here, hard by:
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
 Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd, in sight, as he.

[*Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phebe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sylv. Sweet Phebe!

Phebe. Hah! what sayest thou, Sylvius?

Sylv. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Sylv. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

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

Sylv. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
 That the old Carlot oncè was master of.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him, than to love him :
For what had he to do, to chide at me :
I marvel when I answer'd not again :
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it—Wilt thou, Sylvius ?

Sylv. 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, Sylvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Forest.—Enter ROSALIND and ORLANDO.

Ros. Why, how now, Orlando ? where have you been all this while ! You a lover !—And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

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

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o'the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind !

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman.—Come, woo me, for I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent :—What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind ?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion

to kiss. Very good orators—when they are out, they will spit; and, for lovers lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

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

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

Ros. Am I not your Rosalind?

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

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

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could, to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero, of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Enter CELIA.

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

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

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

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin—Will you, Orlando—

Cel. Goto:--Will you, Orlando, have to wife, this Rosalind

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

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

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

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

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say, a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires, than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana, in the fountain, and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that, when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But, will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do!

Orl. O, but she is wise!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

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

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

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

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate.

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

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

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

Cel. Look, who comes here!

Enter SYLVIVS.

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

Ros. [*Reading.*] 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.

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

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

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

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

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

Can a woman rail thus?

Sylv. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?—

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

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind*

*Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sylv. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your way to 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 her.” If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit SYLVIVS.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Good-morrow, fair ones : Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fence'd about with olive trees ?

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

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

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

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

Ros. I am : What must we understand by this ?

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

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oliv. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself!
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back! about his neck
 A green gilded snake had wreath'd 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 cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mong'st men.

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

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

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

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

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

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

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oliv. By and by.

When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
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 cry'd, 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,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he, in sport, doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[*ROSALIND faints.*]

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

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oliv. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you will take him by the arm!

Oliv. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man!—You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigho!

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

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

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

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

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The Forest.—Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

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

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

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

Enter WILLIAM.

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

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. Give ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy head ; cover thy head : nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age : Is thy name William ?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name : Wast born i'the forest here !

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank Heaven.

Touch. Thank Heaven !—a good answer : Art rich ?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

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

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

Touch. Why, thou say'st well ? I do now remember a

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

Wil. I do, sir.

Touck. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir.

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

Wil. Which he, sir?

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

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. Rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Touck. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest.—Enter OLIVER and ORLANDO.

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

Olin. 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.

Enter ROSALIND.

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

Ros. God save you, brother !

Oliv. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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

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

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

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

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

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

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

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things ; I have, since I was three years

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

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

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

Enter SYLVIVS and PHEBE.

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.

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

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

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

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

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

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can; [*To SYLVIVS.*]—I would love you, if I could; [*To PHEBE.*]—To-morrow meet we all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SYLVIVS.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To ORLANDO.*]—As you love Phebe, meet; [*To SYLVIVS.*]—And, as

I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left your commands.

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

Phebe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.—Enter DUKE, ORLANDO, OLIVER, JAQUES, SYLVIVS, PHEBE, and FORESTERS.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

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

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd;—You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the DUKE.] You will bestow her on Oriando here?

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

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [To ORLANDO.]

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

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [To PHEBE.]

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

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

Phebe. So is the bargain.

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

[To SYLVIVS.]

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

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter:—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

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

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

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

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [Exit ROSALIND.]

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

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest born,
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Touch. [*Without.*] Come along, Audrey.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

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

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
 purgation. I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd 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.

Jaqes. And how was that ta'en up?

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

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

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire of you the like. I
 press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copula-
 tives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage
 binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-fa-
 voured 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. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious!

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

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

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

word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I speak not true. This is called the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is called the countercheck quarrelsome; and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

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

Touch. I durst go no further than the lie 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?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners; I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as—*if* you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker: much virtue in *if*.

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

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

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly: Duke Frederick, hearing how, that, every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, to 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 enterprize, and from the world:
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again,
 That were with him exil'd: This, to be true,
 I do engage my life.

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

A Dance, then enter HYMEN, attended.

Hym. Then is there mirth in Heaven,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together.

*Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from Heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither;
 That thou might'st join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within his bosom is.*

[*HYMEN goes to the top of the stage, brings forward ROSALIND, and presents her to the DUKE—CELIA comes forward.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To the DUKE.*
 To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To ORLANDO.*

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

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

Phebe. If sight and shape be true.

Why, then—my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he: [*To the DUKE.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he: [*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning.

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

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends,

That, here, were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with 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?

Jaq. de B. 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 ; [*To the DUKE.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :

You, to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—

[*To ORLANDO.*

You, to your land, and love, and great allies : [*To OLIV.*

You to a long and well-deserved bed :— [*To SYLVIOUS.*

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

Is but for two months victual'd.—

Touch. Come along, Audrey. [*Exit with AUDREY.*

Jaques. So to your pleasures ;

I am for other, than for dancing measures.

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

EPILOGUE.

Ros. If it be true, that, " Good wine needs no bush," 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet, to good wine, they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better, by the help of good epilogues.—What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you, in the behalf of a good play ; I am not furnished like a beggar ; therefore, to beg, will not become me : my way is, to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women ! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them : and I charge you, O men ! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them), that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me : and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make a courtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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