

UNIT 1

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Orchard of **OLIVER'S** house.

Enter **ORLANDO** and **ADAM**

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou 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 hir'd; 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.

Enter **OLIVER**.

UNIT 2

ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

ADAM retires.

OLIVER Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER What mar you then, sir?

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

OLIVER Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.

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

OLIVER Know you where you are, sir?

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

OLIVER Know you before whom, sir?

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

OLIVER What, boy!

Strikes him.

- ORLANDO** Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
- OLIVER** Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
- ORLANDO** I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou has rail'd on thyself.
- ADAM** [*Coming forward*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.
- OLIVER** Let me go, I say.
- ORLANDO** I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.
- OLIVER** And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.
- ORLANDO** I no further offend you than becomes me for my good.
- OLIVER** Get you with him, you old dog.
- ADAM** Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.
- Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*
- UNIT 3**
- OLIVER** Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!
- Enter DENNIS.*
- DENNIS** Calls your worship?
- OLIVER** Not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?
- DENNIS** So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.
- OLIVER** Call him in.
- Exit DENNIS*
- 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.
- Enter CHARLES.*
- CHARLES** Good morrow to your worship.
- OLIVER** Good Monsieur Charles! What's the new news at the new court?
- CHARLES** There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

- OLIVER** Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?
- CHARLES** O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.
- OLIVER** Where will the old Duke live?
- CHARLES** They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.
- OLIVER** What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?
- CHARLES** Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is thing of his own search and altogether against my will.
- OLIVER** Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.
- CHARLES** I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!
- Exit*
- OLIVER** Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd 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.*

UNIT 4

SCENE II. — the DUKE'S palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

CELIA 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 temper'd as mine is to thee.

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND What shall be our sport, then?

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

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

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

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

UNIT 5

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

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

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

TOUCHSTONE Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA Were you made the messenger?

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

ROSALIND Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

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

ROSALIND Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

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

CELIA Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

TOUCHSTONE One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough, speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

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

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

Enter LE BEAU.

UNIT 6

ROSALIND With his mouth full of news.

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

ROSALIND Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

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

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

CELIA Sport! of what colour?

LE BEAU What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

- ROSALIND** As wit and fortune will.
- TOUCHSTONE** Or as the Destinies decrees.
- CELIA** Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.
- TOUCHSTONE** Nay, if I keep not my rank—
- ROSALIND** Thou lovest thy old smell.
- LE BEAU** You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
- ROSALIND** 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. There comes an old man and his three sons. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. 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 serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.
- ROSALIND** Alas!
- TOUCHSTONE** But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?
- LE BEAU** Why, this that I speak of.
- TOUCHSTONE** Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
- CELIA** Or I, I promise thee.
- ROSALIND** But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?
- LE BEAU** You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.
- CELIA** Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.
- UNIT 7**
- Flourish. Enter* **DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS.**
- FREDERICK** Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.
- ROSALIND** Is yonder the man?
- LE BEAU** Even he, madam.
- CELIA** Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.
- FREDERICK** How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

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

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

CELIA Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

FREDERICK Do so; I'll not be by.

DUKE FREDERICK *goes apart.*

UNIT 8

LE BEAU Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

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

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

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

ORLANDO I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, 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.

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

CELIA And mine to eke out hers.

ROSALIND Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

CELIA Your heart's desires be with you!

UNIT 9

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

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

FREDERICK You shall try but one fall.

As You Like It

- CHARLES** No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.
- ORLANDO** An you mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.
- ROSALIND** Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!
- CELIA** I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.
They wrestle.
- ROSALIND** O excellent young man!
- CELIA** If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.
- CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*
- FREDERICK** No more, no more.
- ORLANDO** Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.
- FREDERICK** How dost thou, Charles?
- LE BEAU** He cannot speak, my lord.
- FREDERICK** Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?
- ORLANDO** Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
- FREDERICK**
I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt DUKE, TRAIN, and LE BEAU.

UNIT 10

- CELIA**
Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
- ORLANDO**
I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son—and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
- ROSALIND**
My father 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.
- CELIA** Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd;

As You Like It

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND

Gentleman,

Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Have with you. Fare you well.

UNIT 11

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

ORLANDO

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

Re-enter LE BEAU .

LE BEAU

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

ORLANDO

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

LE BEAU

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter;
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

As You Like It

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you; fare you well.

Exit LE BEAU.

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

Exit.

SCENE III. — The DUKE's palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND .

UNIT 12

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

ROSALIND Not one to throw at a dog.

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

ROSALIND Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any.

CELIA But is all this for your father?

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

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

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

CELIA Hem them away.

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

CELIA Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

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

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

ROSALIND The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

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

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

CELIA Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

- ROSALIND** Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.
- CELIA** With his eyes full of anger.
- FREDERICK**
Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
- ROSALIND** Me, uncle?
- FREDERICK** You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
- ROSALIND** I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.
- FREDERICK** Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
- ROSALIND** Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
- FREDERICK** Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.
- ROSALIND** So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
- CELIA** Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
- FREDERICK** Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
- CELIA** I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
- FREDERICK**

As You Like It

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.

CELIA

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

FREDERICK

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

Exeunt **DUKE** and **LORDS**

UNIT 14.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund' red? 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.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart

As You Like It

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

Exeunt.

UNIT 15

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS, like foresters.

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not 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,
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything
I would not change it.

AMIENS

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

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

1ST LORD

As You Like It

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

DUKE SENIOR

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1ST LORD

I'll bring you to him straight.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The DUKE'S palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

UNIT 16

FREDERICK

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

LE BEAU

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

FREDERICK

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

Exeunt.

UNIT 17

SCENE III. — Before OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ORLANDO

Who's there?

ADAM

O 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. This is
No place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,

As You Like It

Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

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 be comfort to my age,
Let me go with you; I'll do the service
Of a younger man in all your business
And necessities.

ORLANDO

O good old man!

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 the
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost four-score
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt.

UNIT 18

SCENE IV. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and CLOWN alias TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE I Care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

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

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

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

ROSALIND Well,. this is the Forest of Arden.

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

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

UNIT 19

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

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

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing 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.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit Silvius.

UNIT 20

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND

Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace, fool; he's not thy Ensmen.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

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

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

ROSALIND
I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for 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 shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND
What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

UNIT 21

SCENE V. — Another part of the forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and OTHERS

SONG.

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

As You Like It

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

JAQUES More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

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

JAQUES I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Will you sing?

AMIENS More at your request than to please myself.

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

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

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

SONG

ALL TOGETHER.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' 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 give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMIENS And I'll sing it.

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

AMIENS What's that 'duc dame'?

JAQUES 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can.

AMIENS And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd.
Exeunt severally

UNIT 22

SCENE VI. — The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

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

ORLANDO Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

Exeunt.

UNIT 23

SCENE VII. — The forest A table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS, like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1ST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

Enter JAQUES.

1ST LORD

He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool. Ah, miserable word!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I; 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags;

As You Like It

'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.
O that I were a fool! I am ambitious
For a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party?
But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.

UNIT 24

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQUES

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here.
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minist'ed.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while,
There is an old poor man who after me
Hath many a step limp'd in pure love;
Till he be first suffic'd, I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit

UNIT 25

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;

As You Like It

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon 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 world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

UNIT 26

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.
And let him feed.

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

SONG

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

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

DUKE SENIOR

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As You Like It

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.

UNIT 27

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, and LORDS.

FREDERICK

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

OLIVER

O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

FREDERICK

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

Exeunt.

INTERMISSION

UNIT 28

SCENE II. — The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

ORLANDO

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

Exit.

UNIT 29

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

- CORIN** And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?
- TOUCHSTONE** Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is nought. 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 lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.
- TOUCHSTONE** Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?
- CORIN** No, truly.
- TOUCHSTONE** Then thou art damn'd.
- CORIN** Nay, I hope.
- TOUCHSTONE** Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
- CORIN** For not being at court? Your reason.
- TOUCHSTONE** Why, if thou never wast at court thou never 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 parlous state, shepherd.
- CORIN** Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.
- TOUCHSTONE** Instance, briefly; come, instance.
- CORIN** Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.
- TOUCHSTONE** Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.
- CORIN** Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.
- TOUCHSTONE** That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.
- CORIN** Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter **ROSALIND**, reading a paper.

UNIT 30

ROSALIND

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

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

ROSALIND Out, fool!

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

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

TOUCHSTONE Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

TOUCHSTONE You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.
Enter **CELIA**, with a writing.

UNIT 31

ROSALIND Peace! Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

CELIA

*'Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, of violated vows
'Twi'x the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,*

- ROSALIND** O most gentle pulpiter! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people.'
- CELIA** How now! Back, friends; shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah.
- TOUCHSTONE** Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
- Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*
- CELIA** Didst thou hear these verses?
- ROSALIND** O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.
- CELIA** But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?
- ROSALIND** I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree.
- CELIA** Trow you who hath done this?
- ROSALIND** Is it a man?
- CELIA** And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?
- ROSALIND** I prithee, who?
- CELIA** O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.
- ROSALIND** Nay, but who is it?
- CELIA** Is it possible?
- ROSALIND** Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.
- CELIA** O wonderful, wonderful, most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!
- ROSALIND** Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of narrow-mouth'd bottle—either too much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.
- CELIA** So you may put a man in your belly.
- ROSALIND** Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?
- CELIA** Nay, he hath but a little beard.

- ROSALIND** Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
- CELIA** It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.
- ROSALIND** Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid.
- CELIA** I' faith, coz, 'tis he.
- ROSALIND** Orlando?
- CELIA** Orlando.
- ROSALIND** Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd 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.
- CELIA** You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first.
- ROSALIND** But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
- CELIA** It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.
- ROSALIND** It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.
- CELIA** Give me audience, good madam.
- ROSALIND** Proceed.
- CELIA** There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.
- ROSALIND** Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
- CELIA** Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.
- ROSALIND** O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
- CELIA** I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.
- ROSALIND** Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
- CELIA** You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?
Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.
- UNIT 32**
- ROSALIND** 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.
- JAQUES** I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

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

JAQUES God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

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

JAQUES Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO Yes, just.

JAQUES I do not like her name.

ORLANDO There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

JAQUES What stature is she of?

ORLANDO Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES You have a nimble wit. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

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

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

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

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

ORLANDO He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQUES There I shall see mine own figure.

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

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

ORLANDO I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.
Exit JAQUES.

UNIT 33

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

ORLANDO Very well; what would you?

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

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

As You Like It

- ROSALIND** Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.
- ORLANDO** And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?
- ROSALIND** By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
- ORLANDO** I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
- ROSALIND** Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
- ORLANDO** Who doth he gallop withal?
- ROSALIND** With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
- ORLANDO** Who stays it still withal?
- ROSALIND** With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.
- ORLANDO** Where dwell you, pretty youth?
- ROSALIND** With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
- ORLANDO** Are you native of this place?
- ROSALIND** As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.
- ORLANDO** Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.
- ROSALIND** I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.
- ORLANDO** Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?
- ROSALIND** There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.
- ORLANDO** I prithee recount some of them.
- ROSALIND** No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

- ORLANDO** I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.
- ROSALIND** There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.
- ORLANDO** What were his marks?
- ROSALIND** A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; your sleeve should be unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.
- ORLANDO** Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.
- ROSALIND** Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?
- ORLANDO** I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
- ROSALIND** But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
- ORLANDO** Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
- ROSALIND** Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.
- ORLANDO** Did you ever cure any so?
- ROSALIND** Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.
- ORLANDO** I would not be cured, youth.
- ROSALIND** I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.
- ORLANDO** Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

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

ORLANDO With all my heart, good youth.

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

UNIT 34

SCENE III. — The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES behind.

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

AUDREY Your features! Lord warrant us! What features?

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

JAQUES [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

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

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

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

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

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

AUDREY Would you not have me honest?

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

JAQUES [*Aside*] A material fool!

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

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

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

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

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

AUDREY Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE Amen. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

MARTEXT Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

JAQUES [*Discovering himself*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. Goddild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay; pray be cover'd.

JAQUES Will you be married, motley?

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

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

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

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

TOUCHSTONE Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver.

Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

UNIT 35

SCENE IV. — The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA .

ROSALIND Never talk to me; I will weep.

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

ROSALIND But have I not cause to weep?

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

ROSALIND His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND Do you think so?

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

ROSALIND Not true in love?

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

ROSALIND You have heard him swear downright he was.

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

ROSALIND I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.
CORIN

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

CELIA Well, and what of him?
CORIN

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENE V. — *Another part of the forest.*

Enter **SILVIUS** and **PHEBE**.

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' 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**, at a distance.

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Mine eyes, which I have darted at thee, hurt
Thee not; nor, I am sure, there is not force
In eyes that can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe,

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

PHEBE

But till that time

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

ROSALIND

[*Advancing*]

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

As You Like It

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear:
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. 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.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

UNIT 37

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe.

PHEBE

Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS

I would have you.

As You Like It

PHEBE

Why, that were covetousness.

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

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

Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt.

UNIT 38

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

- JAQUES** I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
- ROSALIND** They say you are a melancholy fellow.
- JAQUES** I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
- ROSALIND** Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.
- JAQUES** Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
- ROSALIND** Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
- JAQUES** I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.
- ROSALIND** A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.
- JAQUES** Yes, I have gain'd my experience.
- Enter ORLANDO.*

UNIT 39

- ROSALIND** And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it too.
- ORLANDO** Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!
- JAQUES** Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse.
- ROSALIND** Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.
Exit JAQUES.
- Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.
- ORLANDO** My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.
- ROSALIND** Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.
- ORLANDO** Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

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

ORLANDO Of a snail!

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

ORLANDO What's that?

ROSALIND Why, horns!

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

ROSALIND And I am your Rosalind.

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

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

ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.

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

ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied?

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

ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

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

ORLANDO What, of my suit?

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

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

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

ORLANDO Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

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

ORLANDO Then love me, Rosalind.

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

ORLANDO And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO What sayest thou?

ROSALIND Are you not good?

ORLANDO I hope so.

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

ORLANDO Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND You must begin 'Will you, Orlando'—

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

ORLANDO I will.

ROSALIND Ay, but when?

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

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

ORLANDO I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

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

ORLANDO So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

ROSALIND Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

ORLANDO For ever and a day.

ROSALIND Say 'a day' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the

fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou are inclin'd to sleep.

ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?

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

ORLANDO O, but she is wise.

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

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

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

ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

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

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

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

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

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

ORLANDO Ay, sweet Rosalind.

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

ORLANDO With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so, adieu.

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

Exit ORLANDO.

CELIA You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

As You Like It

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

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

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

CELIA And I'll sleep.

Exeunt.

UNIT 40

SCENE III. — The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt;
Why writes she so to me? Will you hear't?

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

Reads.

*'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'
Can a woman rail thus?*

SILVIUS Call you this railing?

ROSALIND

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
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 the
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind'.*

SILVIUS Call you this chiding?

CELIA Alas, poor shepherd!

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

*Exit SILVIUS.
Enter OLIVER.*

UNIT 41

OLIVER

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

CELIA

West of this place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLIVER

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description—
Such garments, and such years. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER

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

CELIA

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

As You Like It

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, a wretched ragged man,
Lay sleeping on his back. Near which a lioness,
With udders all drawn dry, lay couching, head
On ground. This seen, Orlando did approach
The man, and found it was his brother.

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Was't you he rescu'd?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ROSALIND swoons.

CELIA

As You Like It

OLIVER Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
CELIA Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
OLIVER There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
ROSALIND Look, he recovers.
CELIA I would I were at home.
ROSALIND We'll lead you thither.
CELIA I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
OLIVER Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
ROSALIND I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
OLIVER This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
ROSALIND Counterfeit, I assure you.
OLIVER Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
ROSALIND So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
CELIA Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
OLIVER That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
ROSALIND I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

Exeunt.

UNIT 42

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY .

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

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

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

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

Enter WILLIAM .

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

WILLIAM Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY God ye good ev'n, William.

- WILLIAM** And good ev'n to you, sir.
- TOUCHSTONE** Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?
- WILLIAM** Five and twenty, sir.
- TOUCHSTONE** A ripe age. Is thy name William?
- WILLIAM** William, sir.
- TOUCHSTONE** A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?
- WILLIAM** Ay, sir, I thank God.
- TOUCHSTONE** 'Thank God.' A good answer. Art rich?
- WILLIAM** Faith, sir, so so.
- TOUCHSTONE** 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
- WILLIAM** Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
- TOUCHSTONE** Why, thou 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?
- WILLIAM** I do, sir.
- TOUCHSTONE** Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
- WILLIAM** No, sir.
- TOUCHSTONE** Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I am he.
- WILLIAM** Which he, sir?
- TOUCHSTONE** He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman—which together is: abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.
- AUDREY** Do, good William.
- WILLIAM** God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

Enter CORIN.

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

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

Exeunt.

UNIT 43

SCENE II. — The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

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

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

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

Enter ROSALIND.

UNIT 44

ROSALIND God save you, brother.

OLIVER And you, fair sister.

Exit.

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

ORLANDO It is my arm.

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

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

ROSALIND Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

ORLANDO Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden, for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy—and in these degrees have they made pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

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

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

ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me to set her before your eyes to-morrow.

ORLANDO Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND By my life, I do. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE .

UNIT 45

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. *To SILVIUS.* I will help you if I can. *To PHEBE.* I would love you if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together. *To PHEBE.* I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. *To ORLANDO.* I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. *To SILVIUS.* I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. *To ORLANDO.* As you love Rosalind, meet. *To SILVIUS.* As you love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

Exeunt.

UNIT 46

SCENE III. — The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY .

TOUCHSTONE To-morrow is the joyful day, Audre'y; to-morrow will we be married.

AUDREY

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.

TOUCHSTONE

Come, Audrey.

Exeunt.

UNIT 47

SCENE IV. — The forest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO , OLIVER, and CELIA .

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE .

ROSALIND

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have 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, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA .

UNIT 48

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

- JAQUES** And how was that ta'en up?
- TOUCHSTONE** Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.
- JAQUES** How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.
- DUKE SENIOR** I like him very well.
- TOUCHSTONE** God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own.
- JAQUES** But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?
- TOUCHSTONE** Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd 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 call'd the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is call'd 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?
- TOUCHSTONE** I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted.
- JAQUES** Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?
- TOUCHSTONE** O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the 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 as good at any thing, and yet a fool.
- DUKE SENIOR** He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit:

Enter, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

UNIT 49

ROSALIND

To DUKE.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To ORLANDO.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

PHEBE

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

OLIVER

Let me have audience for a word or two.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, young man.

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well 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 th' 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.

OLIVER

He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

To DUKE.

You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.

To **ORLANDO**.

You to a love that your true faith doth merit;

To **OLIVER**

.

You to your land, and love, and great allies

To **SILVIUS**.

You to a long and well-deserved bed;

To **TOUCHSTONE**.

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

To see no pastime I.

What you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

Exit.

DUKE SENIOR

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

A dance. Exeunt.

UNIT 50

EPILOGUE.

ROSALIND

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simp'ring none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

-THE END-