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LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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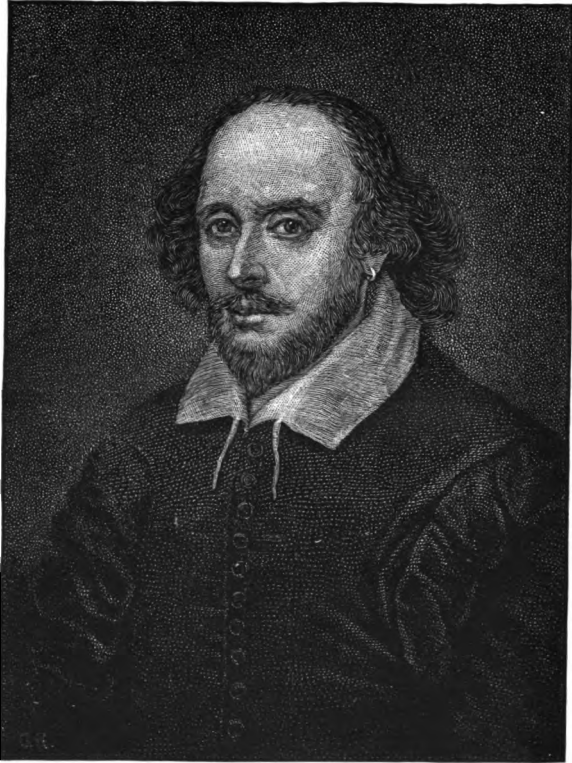
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AS YOU LIKE IT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

BARRETT WENDELL

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AND NOTES

BY

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NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
LONDON AND BOMBAY
1896

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Theodore Sewall Eastman*

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**Press of J. J. Little & Co.
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At a time when such differences as declare themselves between the two oldest colleges of New England are unduly emphasized, it is a singular pleasure to bear part in any work which shall help to show how truly Harvard and Yale are at one.

B. W.

W. L. P.

February, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION

I.

“AS YOU LIKE IT” is a play written some three hundred years ago for public performance in a London theatre. Unlike most plays of its time, and, indeed, rather more than most plays of its author, it is still popular. People who read Shakspeare are apt to read this play among the first, and to turn back to it very often; when it is given at the theatre, the house is still apt to be a good one. All of which means that “As You Like It” has given people a remarkable amount of pleasure. If readers did not enjoy it, they would not read it unconstrained; if audiences did not enjoy it, they would not give their time and money to see it on the stage. Really to understand it, then, one must somehow or other enjoy it.

The first thing to do is to read it through. Unlike a long novel or an epic poem, a play is always meant, originally, to be seen at a single sitting. One goes to the theatre before any of it is begun, and one does not come away until it is all over. To get the impression which any writer of plays means to produce, then, one must, in the first place, get it all at once; just as one would get the impression of any short story, such as modern magazines are full of.

What distinguishes plays, and books, and other things which survive in literature from those which do not, is that the lasting ones are capable of giving a more constant and various pleasure than the others. In “As You Like

It," for example, there are a great many details which, as people have grown to know them, they have enjoyed more and more. It is to help readers to perceive and to enjoy these that any introduction or notes to the play are desirable. Only in so far as they help toward enjoyment are notes or introductions like those in this book worth while. If, in spite of them, a reader does not enjoy the play they deal with, they fail to do their purpose. If without them a reader can heartily enjoy his reading, he has the less need for them. With a piece of literature like this comedy, enjoyment should be the first and the last condition of understanding. Whoever fails to enjoy, fails to understand.

II.

When anybody begins to enjoy a work of art nowadays, his first impulse is often a curiosity to know who the artist that made it was. In the case of Shakspeare, who wrote this play, there is not very much to know. William Shakspeare was born in 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, a pretty little town almost in the centre of England. His father was a local tradesman, who had begun to make money and to take some small part in public affairs—the kind of man who might to-day be a flourishing shopkeeper and a selectman in a good-sized New England town. When Shakspeare was about thirteen years old, his father's affairs took another turn, and the family lost money. When Shakspeare was eighteen years old he married a woman past twenty-five. In three years they had three children. Meanwhile the family fortunes had not bettered.

For five years after 1587 we have no record of him. Then, in the year 1592, it appears that he had already for some time been connected with the theatre in London, where he was beginning to be known as a writer of plays. At this time the theatre had become the chief source of

amusement in England. People in general were far less apt than nowadays to know how to read. Besides, there were nothing like as many books as exist now; and what there were cost comparatively much more than books cost in our own time. The theatre, then, provided people in general not only with the kind of amusement which it still provides, but also with much of the kind which is now provided by books, magazines, and newspapers. To supply the theatre with plays, a considerable number of playwrights had arisen. Their plays, which have not lasted, are too queerly old-fashioned for the modern stage. In their day, however, Greene, and Peele, and Kyd, and Marlowe, and others, were well-known and popular writers for the theatre. It was as one of this group of early Elizabethan dramatists that Shakspeare began his work.

His earliest plays, like others of the period, are queer, old-fashioned things, in which we can find many beautiful passages, but which, on the whole, have become pretty tiresome. At the time when they were written, however, they seemed to have pleased the public. At any rate, Shakspeare kept on writing, and the records show that his plays began to bring him money. In 1597, for example, he was rich enough to buy a good-sized house and lands at Stratford.

Meanwhile the other dramatists with whom he had begun to work had died. For several years he was almost the only man who could write thoroughly good plays for the London stage. These plays he wrote were from year to year better and better. In his hands, the sort of thing which appeared on the stage in England changed from such queer, old-fashioned matter as is found in the plays of the early Elizabethan dramatists into such lastingly beautiful and interesting form as we are apt to think of nowadays when we hear Shakspeare's name. By and by, other men began to write in this new manner of which

Shakspeare had at first been the only master. The plays of these new men—Heywood, and Dekker, and Ben Jonson, and Middleton, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Webster, and more—were not unlike the plays which Shakspeare himself wrote in their time, just as Shakspeare's earlier plays had been very like what his earlier contemporaries—Greene, and Peele, and Marlowe—had written. The plays of the two groups of Shakspeare's contemporaries, however, were as different from each other as such things well could be; as different, for example, as the pictures of the Italian painters who lived before Raphael are from those of the painters who lived later. Shakspeare is the only dramatist of the period who wrote plays of the old kind and also plays of the new.

This successful playwriting, begun some time about the twenty-fifth year of his age, had made him, by the time he was thirty-five, a well-to-do man, whose growing fortunes enabled him to help his father and his family in general out of their misfortunes. So far as we can determine, he was about thirty-five years old when he wrote "As You Like It."

III.

Shakspeare's plays were not collected and published all together until some years after his death. In the volume in which they first appeared—the folio of 1623—"As You Like It," so far as we know, was first printed. There is a reference to it, however, in the "Stationers' Register" (a kind of book where they recorded something which we should now call copyright) as early as 1600; and there is other evidence to make us believe that it had not yet been written in the middle of 1598. In a rough way, then, we may fairly assume that it was written somewhere between the middle of 1598 and the middle of 1600.

Now, in the folio of 1623 Shakspeare's plays were not

printed in the order in which they were written. They were classified as comedies,—a kind of play of which “As You Like It” is a capital example; histories,—of which perhaps the best is “Henry IV.”;—and tragedies,—of which the most celebrated is probably “Hamlet.” In all, the volume contained thirty-six plays, to the writing of which Shakspeare had probably devoted about twenty-five years; and they were put together with such utter disregard of the order in which he wrote them that people in general have not yet managed quite to understand that from time to time his manner of writing and the subjects which he chose to write about altered a good deal.

After so many years, of course, it is impossible to decide with certainty just when any of the plays were written. In a rough way, however, we may feel pretty sure that before the year 1593 Shakspeare had written, or had helped in writing, the following poems and plays: “Venus and Adonis,” “Lucrece,” “Titus Andronicus,” “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” the three parts of “Henry VI.,” the “Comedy of Errors,” and the “Two Gentlemen of Verona.” The notable fact about these is that, at the time when he was beginning his work, he tried his hand at almost every sort of writing which was popular. “Venus and Adonis” and “Lucrece” are very carefully written narrative poems, of a kind just then highly fashionable. These were the first works which Shakspeare published; they seem to have sold fairly well; at the same time, poems could, under no circumstances, pay so well as successful plays, and perhaps for this reason Shakspeare, once having shown how well he could write narrative poems, never wrote any more. The case is something like that of Sir Walter Scott, who, when the Waverley Novels began to succeed, produced no more poems like “Marmion” or the “Lady of the Lake.” “Titus Andronicus” is a very bloody tragedy, with so little merit that admirers of

Shakspeare often incline to think that he did not write it; all the same, it is a very good example of what passed for serious tragedy on the early Elizabethan stage. "Love's Labour's Lost" is a comedy full of intricate plays on words and such things, of a kind which was very fashionable at the time when Shakspeare began to write. "Henry VI." is what is called a chronicle-history—a sort of play common at that time, but long since out of date. Its object was to tell historical facts to audiences who were unable to read the histories for themselves. As books of history grew better and cheaper, they naturally supplanted this kind of play, the nearest approach to which in modern literature is the historical novel, such as was written by Sir Walter Scott and the elder Alexandre Dumas. The "Comedy of Errors" is an adaptation for the English stage of an old Roman comedy, still in existence. The "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is a stage version of an Italian story, such as we may still read in the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. Shakspeare began, then, by trying his hand at narrative poetry, at tragedy, at chronicle-history, and at three distinct kinds of comedy. All of these things he did pretty well; none of them conspicuously better than other contemporary writers; but no other writer of his time had managed, by 1593, to do so many different kinds of things with anything like equal success. The first trait which Shakspeare showed, then, was versatility.

Having thus learned by experiment to write in a good many different ways, Shakspeare devoted himself for the next seven or eight years to writing a number of plays which are so much better than what came before that if we may call the first group experimental we may call the second masterly. Between 1593 and 1600, we may pretty surely say that he produced the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," "Richard II.,"

“King John,” the “Merchant of Venice,” the “Taming of the Shrew,” the two parts of “Henry IV.,” the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” “Henry V.,” “Much Ado About Nothing,” “Twelfth Night,” and “As You Like It.” Of these plays, all of which we may call masterly, only one—“Romeo and Juliet”—is a tragedy, and this tragedy is of a tender and sentimental rather than of a grand or dreadful sort. The six plays which bear the names of English kings are chronicle-histories, the later three a great deal firmer and more powerful than the earlier. The remaining seven plays in this list are all comedies; and the list includes the best unmixed comedies which Shakspeare ever wrote. In the years between 1593 and 1600, then, the years when his success began to be established, and during some of which he was almost the only thoroughly good playwright at work in London, we find that he produced very little tragedy, but that he brought both chronicle-history and comedy to a point which neither ever surpassed. Were we to pursue his work further, we should find that in the following eight years or so his plays were almost steadily tragic. Into this part of his work, however, we need not now proceed. The thing for us to keep in mind is that “As You Like It,” the play now before us, is among the final works of Shakspeare’s period of comedy—final in both senses of the word, last and best.

IV.

So much for the position of “As You Like It” in Shakspeare’s life and among his works. The play, we see, may be taken as broadly typical of what he did at a time when, complete master of his art, he had not yet happened to devote his powers to their most serious task—the writing of great tragedy. It may now be interesting to consider the play itself, and to see what special traits

it has. In so considering any play or story—any piece of writing of which the basis is narrative—it is often convenient to proceed with a little system.

Any narrative composition concerns itself with actions or events, with what people do or what happens to them. The actions and events which form the groundwork of a narrative are called its plot. Now, to do anything, or to have anything happen, there must be people: all narrative, then, involves characters. Again, to do things or to have experiences, people must be somewhere; all narrative, then, involves not only characters, but a place for them to live and move in; this place we may call background, or atmosphere. Furthermore, as the only vehicle by which we come to know all narrative is words, all narrative involves a certain style—a convenient term to signify how the words in question are chosen and put together. Finally, the plot, the characters, the atmosphere, and the style combine to produce in whoever reads the narrative a certain state of mind and feeling, which we may call its effect.

This effect, indeed, is the only thing of which an ordinary reader or play-goer is aware, or need be. When one grows critical, however, it is often worth while—because it often adds to one's enjoyment—to consider how this effect is produced, and so to make clear to oneself just what this effect really is. In so doing, it is convenient to consider separately the plot, the characters, the atmosphere, and the style, which together produce the effect. In this introduction to "As You Like It," then, we shall proceed to consider these four elements in turn.

V.

First, then, for the plot of "As You Like It"; and, first of all, for where it came from.

Nowadays, when anybody writes a story or a play, it is generally assumed that he has invented the whole thing. So far does this assumption go, indeed, that if a story or a play which ~~pretends to be original~~ is found to resemble some older one, the author is apt to be spoken of as dishonest in trying to palm off as his own something which was originally thought of by somebody else. Nowadays, then, it is hard to think of a respectable novelist or dramatist of any period, except in the character of a storyteller who spins his yarns wholly out of his own brains. Three hundred years ago, when Shakspeare was writing for the London stage, the case was wholly different. As we reminded ourselves not long ago, books were far fewer and comparatively far dearer than now, and the theatre was far more generally popular. In the case of chronicle-histories, we saw, what a dramatist did was to go to a book, not generally in possession of his audience, and to translate the narrative he found there into dramatic terms which should give his audience something like the information they might have got by reading the original text. What a dramatist did who wrote comedy or tragedy proves to have been about the same thing. In some story-book, or some old play, he found a plot which he thought would be interesting; this he proceeded to translate, just as he would have translated history, into dramatic terms. The modern notion that he was morally bound to invent his story never occurred to him; his business was not invention, but translation. So completely is this true that all but two or three of Shakspeare's plays have been traced directly to their sources; and that there is no good reason for believing him not to have had such sources for the two or three whose sources have not been discovered.

In the case of "As You Like It" the source is well known; it is a now rather tiresome story by a man named

Thomas Lodge, published in 1590 under the title of "Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie: found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes nursed up with their father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries."

For two reasons this ponderous title is worth quoting in full. In the first place, it shows as clearly as would a long extract from the tale itself what a queer, unwieldy kind of thing an Elizabethan novel was. In the second place, the reference to Euphues and to Philautus, well-known characters in the novels of John Lyly, the most popular novelist of that period, shows how general the habit of appropriating other men's work had become. Lodge's use of these names is much what might be the case nowadays if some story-writer should undertake to tell us more about Clive Newcome, or Adam Bede, or David Balfour. The only difference is that while such a proceeding would now be thought at least impudent, it was perfectly regular in the time of Queen Elizabeth. For the rest, Lodge not only appropriated the name of Euphues, which hardly occurs except on his title-page, but he took his whole plot from an old "Tale of Gamelyn," at that time attributed to Chaucer.

Just as Lodge felt himself quite at liberty to alter and improve the plot he undertook to deal with, Shakspeare felt himself free to alter and improve that of Lodge. He took this old story, popular in his day but now outworn and tedious, he selected from it such incidents as he chose, he added whatever he liked, suppressed what he did not care for, gave the whole a new title, and produced in dramatic form this free translation of what he had found in narrative. With Lodge's old plot, then, we need not concern ourselves further; our business is with the plot as it emerged from the hands of Shakspeare.

Briefly stated, it is somewhat as follows: A duke, de-

posed by his brother, has taken refuge, with his followers, in a neighboring forest, where he lives, apparently highly contented, in the open air. His daughter and heir, left behind at the usurper's court, excites the suspicion of her uncle, the usurper, and is consequently banished. She proceeds to dress herself in men's clothes and to run away with the daughter and heir of the usurper, the two accompanied by the court jester. Meanwhile, at a wrestling-match, she has fallen in love with an unknown youth, whose elder brother has driven him out of the house; and the youth has fallen in love with her. Both youth and lady stray into the same forest where the exiled duke is enjoying himself. There, in due time, they meet each other; but the youth, deceived by the disguise of the lady, does not recognize her. The fun of the ensuing flirtation, then, is mostly hers. After various adventures the lady reveals herself to the youth, who has meanwhile become reconciled with his wicked brother; this revelation takes place in the presence of the exiled duke, who has just been restored to his sovereignty by an abrupt change of heart on the part of the usurper; and everybody is happy.

Thus stated, briefly but not unfairly, the plot of "As You Like It," like the older plots from which it has grown, can hardly seem to any sane modern mind other than childish and absurd. Though such a plot might amuse us in the nursery, it is hard to see how we can accept it in mature years as tolerable. Yet not only do we so accept it, but as a matter of fact it has been, as we have seen, for three hundred years, the groundwork of perhaps the most constantly delightful and popular comedy in the English language. By what art did Shakspeare make it so? Surely the merit of "As You Like It" does not lie in its innocently absurd story.

VI.

So to the characters of "As You Like It." The characters in any play, we remember, are the persons who do the acts or who experience the incidents which form the plot. In any play, or any narrative of whatever form, there must be characters; and the distinction between a lastingly good narrative and one of little merit is apt to show itself nowhere more distinctly than in the way in which characters are conceived and presented. In such cheap, trivial tales as flood modern magazines, or such plays as generally flit across the stage to be forgotten in a year or two, and indeed in such clumsy, rambling old stories as the very "Rosalynde" of Lodge, from which "As You Like It" is taken, characters are little more than names. In thoroughly good work the characters prove, on study, to be almost as individual as living people.

Quite to appreciate this fact, perhaps the best way is to read by themselves in any good story or play the passages and the speeches which refer to a given character. This process, of course, is exactly what an actor or a reader would do who was called on to render the part in public. At first, these speeches and passages seem independent things, much as do the speeches and the acts of living people whom we observe in actual life. The acts and utterances of any individual, however, whether in life or in literature, inevitably have one fact in common, which separates them from all others on earth: they all proceed from the same person, they all express in outward form the inner workings of the same mind.

In some cases, both in life and in literature, a character thus considered will seem simple; that is, when we understand what the person in question has done and said, we instinctively understand at the same time, once for all, just what sort of person we are dealing with. In other cases, a

character thus considered will seem complicated, contradictory, obscure. If such a character exist in life, we are face to face with a distinct problem: what, after all, does the person in question amount to, for good or bad? Whatever our answer, the person, contradictory as he may seem, actually exists. If the puzzling character appear in literature, however, our problem in considering it is not quite so simple: the trouble may be either that the character in question is of the baffling kind, which would puzzle us in real life, or, on the other hand, that the writer in whose work the character appears did not really imagine any definite individuality behind the speeches and the acts in question. In literature of small power the latter is generally the case; the power of lasting and great literature is nowhere more evident than in the distinctness with which characters, in themselves complex, reveal themselves to thoughtful study.

In "As You Like It," as we have seen, the plot is so trivial and impossible as fairly to be called absurd. Off-hand, then, we might fairly expect the characters, like those of Lodge's "Rosalynde," to be mere puppets, named and dressed each in its own way, but otherwise as like as a regiment of tin soldiers. Turning to the play, however, and studying each character by itself, we find a far different state of things.

Some of the characters, to be sure,—particularly the usurping duke and the wicked elder brother,—are pretty vague. What they do and say in the beginning seems so inconsistent with what they do and say in the end that most of us take comfortable refuge from our problem in the conclusion that they are not real characters at all, but only names of people whose acts are required to make clear the absurd plot. With most of the characters, however, and perhaps most notably with the characters named Rosalind and Jaques, the case proves thoroughly different.

Instead of finding them, as in view of the plot we might have expected, mere names and puppets, we find them, in spite of much complexity, as definitely and consistently individual as people in real life.

This does not mean, of course, that we can at once define them in set terms. The very difficulty, indeed, which careful critics find in expounding the finer traits of characters which they begin to apprehend is to some extent a proof of the real vitality of these literary creations. As in life it is one thing to know a person and quite another to explain that friend's traits to a stranger, or even to define them minutely for ourselves, so in literature sympathetic readers may grow to know thoroughly well character after character which they will be much troubled to set forth. Herein lies a difficulty rather baffling to teachers of literature: on the one hand they are apt to feel as if a pupil who cannot explain a character cannot understand it; on the other they are tempted to assume that a glib repetition of some old analysis of character indicates that a pupil really understands it. After all, however, every good teacher desires first of all that the pupil shall understand; and the way for pupils and teachers alike to make sure of this point is to study characters with some little care, and to discuss them, just as they might study and discuss friends.

In the case of "As You Like It," perhaps the best consideration of character to begin with is a double one. Throughout the play the heroine Rosalind is a charming young girl; throughout she is generally accompanied by another charming young girl, her cousin Celia. Like two charming young girls in real life, they have in common their charm and their youth and doubtless numerous other traits it were needless to touch on here. Like two charming young girls in real life, however, they are different people; their common traits, when we once grow to know

the possessors well, serve only to emphasize the subtle little differences which make each herself. Whoever will consider them together for a while, cannot help feeling this distinction,—a distinction of the kind which in real life makes you fall in love with one pretty girl, and not with another to all outward appearance equally attractive. When you can thus feel the distinction between Rosalind and Celia, whether you can clearly explain it or not, you have begun to understand what character in literature really is.

Thus considered, as we have seen, the characters of "As You Like It" are generally so strongly individual and so consistently human that as we grow to know them better and better we instinctively begin to think of them as if they were alive. All we really know of them, to be sure, comes from the words assigned to them on the printed page; yet, as we consider them, we find ourselves instinctively thinking of them as people with real independent life of their own, existing as truly as the lives of our friends exist. This shows itself to us, indeed, only through the accidental acts and words which happen to come to our notice; yet, as with our friends, these acts and words prove sufficient to indicate all the unspoken, unwritten vitality of individual thought and feeling which makes human nature. In a word, the characters of "As You Like It" are almost all plausibly human.

Here, then, we find in "As You Like It" a merit of the highest order. In no literature does one often find more excellent presentation of character. A little while ago, however, we saw that the plot presented by this group of plausibly human characters is innocently absurd. Absurdity and plausibility seem inconsistent traits, yet no sympathetic reader of "As You Like It" is aware in his total impression of any marked inconsistency. Our next question, then, is how these seemingly inconsistent traits are so cunningly blended.

VII.

So to the atmosphere of "As You Like It," to the places where the characters do the acts and experience the incidents which form the plot. This atmosphere, or background, is what most of all blends the inconsistency which would at first seem to endanger the carrying out of an absurd plot by plausible characters; for this atmosphere, we shall soon see, is consistent with both. On the one hand, it is so plausible that careless critics, and a good many careful ones too, are apt to grow highly enthusiastic over the open-air breezes which set murmuring the forest leaves of Arden. On the other hand, it is as frankly impossible, as prettily imaginary, as fundamentally make-believe, as any painted fairy-land which was ever put on canvas.

This forest of Arden, where all these possible people do all these impossible things, seems, as one grows to know it, a place distinct from any other. One does not rigidly imagine exactly what it looks like; one could never think of mapping it out, or of classifying its fauna and its flora. Almost as definitely, however, as of a place one has really visited, one grows insensibly to feel what to ramble through it is like. Whoever has travelled knows such feelings in the flesh. A New England pine-wood, a tropical forest, an English park, an Italian garden, a Californian mountain-side has each its own quality as marked, as individual, as elusively indefinable as the character of a human being. So Arden has a quality all its own—a quality which we accept as one which in waking life we can never find on the surface of this work-a-day world, yet somehow not so far beyond us as to be wholly apart. A dash through a looking-glass on the road to Wonderland, a journey towards the region that lies east o' the sun and west o' the moon, might bring us hither on the way, to a land

where, still ourselves, we should sanely, happily know that things about us were no longer subject to the iron rules of fact and reason. In Arden—nowhere else—all these people and all these things may rightly, truly be.

Taken, like the plot, from Lodge's "Rosalynde," this dreamy region is as different from the utterly fantastic one which Lodge describes as are Shakspeare's characters from Lodge's puppets. Here, for example, is how Lodge describes the region where Ganymede and Aliena—as he calls Rosalind and Celia—on one occasion stopped to rest.

"The ground where they sat was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments; round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiouslie planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons, which with the thicnesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phoebus could not prie into the secret of that Arbour; so united were the tops with so thicke a closure, that Venus might there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Fount so Christalline and cleere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secrete of all their bathings." Compare this with any forest scene in Shakspeare's Arden, and you will feel the difference between a palpable nowhere and an imaginary somewhere. Rosalind and Celia could never have strayed into quite the landscape which delighted Lodge's Ganymede and Aliena. We ourselves might almost catch a glimpse of the outskirts of Arden.

Arden itself, though, needful to blend the possible personages with the impossible plot of "As You Like It," is too remote a region for us to accept off-hand. To appreciate how cunningly we are led to it, we must glance at the play. It opens, we perceive, not in Arden at all, but in a spot

quite as far from Arden as from the world we live in—at the house of Orlando's brother Oliver. Thence, later in the first act, we proceed to the court of the usurping duke; and during the whole act we go no further. What is more, nothing happens in this first act which we should call palpably impossible; what the characters do is no further removed from what might actually happen than are the incidents of any comedy which does not stray into fantastic regions at all. The most exciting incident, for example, is a wrestling-match, for all the world like the actual English prize-fights which are still the subjects of criminal legislation. Only with the next act, after we have accepted this plausible ducal world as at once a place not unlike the world we live in and yet within easy reach of the Arden we are bound for, do we catch a glimpse of Arden itself. Even then, in the second scene of the second act, we are brought back to court, and in the third scene to Oliver's home; and we must wait till after the short first scene of the third act before we finally take leave of the real world through which we are led so gently to the unreal. From thence on, we have grown so used to Arden that we can accept it as unreservedly as we accepted, to begin with, the home of Oliver or the ducal court; and at last, when a mythologic Hymen comes walking in with Rosalind in all her maiden beauty, we accept this fantastic masque as unreservedly as we accepted the defeat of Charles the wrestler. Read these two scenes together, and you will see, from their utter difference, how far we have insensibly travelled.

By leading us gently, then, from something like a real atmosphere into the fantastic dreaminess of Arden forest, Shakspeare has made it possible for us to accept unquestioning his blending of a trivially absurd plot with vitally human characters.

VIII.

So to the style of "As You Like It." Plot, character, and atmosphere alike, we must remember, have been revealed to us readers only by the written words attributed by the dramatist to the speakers who together express the story in its fullest sense.

In 1599, or thereabouts, Shakspeare was in the very midst of his professional career. His early work, as we have seen, was experimental. Now, for six or seven years, his work had been masterly; and he had attained a command of language which has never been surpassed. "As You Like It," as a mere matter of style, is among the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world.

Such beauty as this is of a kind which young people are generally slow to perceive. Anxious, in the first place, to know the facts of a plot, then perhaps to appreciate characters, and possibly in the end to feel atmosphere, they rarely stop to consider by what means these things are brought before them. To appreciate the beauty and the perfection of the means, too, requires constant attention to detail, a matter which one reading for the first time cannot stop for. One must turn back, after the first reading is done; one must ponder, again and again, over passages which please one's fancy. Above all, perhaps, one may best catch the marvellous beauty of phrase and of rhythm which in this play pervades every line of verse and of prose alike, by reading the lines aloud. No other process can so surely reveal the lasting, melodious music.

To any one capable, as most of us are, of detecting and enjoying such beauty as this, it seems almost needless to say more. If there be any not so capable, it seems almost hopeless to try to awaken them. A single passage, however, at once beautiful and familiar, may perhaps be worth our attention.

With the second act we have our first glimpse of Arden. The exiled duke addresses his followers, seated under the trees, in a set little moral speech, in the course of which he tells them that people who are in misfortune may well comfort themselves with the reflection that the very insignificance of the situation to which they are reduced saves them a great deal of the trouble to which they would be exposed in successful, active life, and increases their opportunity for innocent delight. A perfectly sensible remark this, and a perfectly flat one: in itself, it is just such a platitude as diminishes our respect for hack-made sermons and other inefficient moral discourses. But, after reading that flat bit of trite common-sense, turn to your Shakspeare, and see how he has phrased it:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

In substance, if you like, utter platitude, these words are in themselves a thing of beauty without which the world would be the poorer. Enjoy, as you may enjoy endlessly, their beauty and the beauty of the hundreds of lines before and after them. Only when you enjoy this beauty really, sincerely, spontaneously, can you begin to understand the lasting pleasure which generation after generation feel in the gentle lines of “As You Like It.”

IX.

As we saw in the beginning, however, all these things at which we have glanced by themselves—the innocently absurd plot, the vitally human characters, the fantastically

dreamy atmosphere, the lastingly beautiful and noble style—are not in the final effect of this play separate things. Separable as we have found them, they present themselves to whoever sees or reads “As You Like It” in the way in which any play is made by its writer to be seen or read, not as distinct facts, or perhaps not as facts at all. Really, they are the elements which go to make up the effect of the play, which together imperceptibly produce the mood into which whoever appreciatively enjoys and understands the play finds himself thrown.

A word, then, of this mood, and no more. Whoever really enjoys “As You Like It” knows what the mood is. Whoever tries to name or to define it runs the risk of marring its very charm and its elusive beauty by the very effort to confine it within the lifeless limit of a phrase. Yet, after all, we all know it is a gentle mood, a joyous, a fantastic, a dreamy, at once lasting and fleeting. Romantic is one name for it; but not a good one—there is no good single name to call it by. Of one deep trait of it, though, we may be pretty sure. Whoever has begun to fall in love, and not yet fallen too far to feel the charm of such a moment; whoever for the instant idealizes some other human being, feeling himself unworthy and this other spotless, yet daring to dream that spotlessness may smile on unworthiness with heavenly goodness; whoever, in brief, knows the sweet sickness which time is almost cruel to cure, knows what Shakspeare, the artist, meant to tell us when in the flush of his fullest power he gave us “As You Like It.”

BARRETT WENDELL.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE.	WORKS (UP TO 1600).	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
<p>1564. April 26. Baptized at Stratford-on-Avon. 1582. November 28. Bond given for marriage with Anne Hathaway. 1583. Daughter born. 1585. Twins born. 1597. Still at Stratford.</p>	<p>1592. Henry VI. alluded to in Greeme's Groatworth of Wit. 1593. Venus and Adonis published.</p>	<p>1588. Martin Marprelate controversy began. 1589. First publications of Bacon and Nash; first volume of Hakluyt's Voyages. 1590. Tamburlaine, Sidney's Arcadia, and Spenser's Faerie Queene (Books I.-III.) published. 1591. First publications of Drayton and Raleigh; poems by Spenser, and Sidney's Astrophel and Stella published. 1592. First publications of Daniel; books by Constable, Greene, Gabriel Harvey, Lyly, Marlowe, and Nash.</p>	<p>1558. Lyly born (between October 8 and January, 1564). 1587. Mary Stuart executed. 1588. The Spanish Armada defeated.</p>

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<p>1594. By this year a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company.</p>	<p>1594. First publications of Chapman and Southwell; plays by Greene, Lodge, Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, Dantel's <i>Rosamund</i>, Drayton's <i>Idea's Mirror</i>; Hooker's <i>Ecclesiastical Polity</i>, I.-IV.</p>
<p>1596. His only son died. Arms granted his father.</p>	<p>1596. Daniel's <i>Civil Wars</i>, Sidney's <i>Apology for Poetry</i>, and minor poems of Spenser published.</p>
<p>1597. Bought <i>New Place</i>, at Stratford.</p>	<p>1597. Bacon's <i>Essays</i>, Hooker's <i>Ecclesiastical Polity</i>, V., first publications of Decker and Middleton.</p>
<p>1598. Venus and Adonis, <i>Lucrece</i>, some sonnets, the <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>, the <i>Comedy of Errors</i>, <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>, <i>Love's Labour's Won</i>, <i>Midsommer Night's Dream</i>, <i>Merchant of Venice</i>, <i>Richard II.</i>, <i>Richard III.</i>, <i>Henry IV.</i>, <i>King John</i>, <i>Titus Andronicus</i>, and <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> mentioned by Francis Meres. <i>Merchant of Venice</i> entered in <i>Stationers' Register</i>. <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> and <i>Henry IV.</i> (first part) published.</p>	<p>1598. Chapman's <i>Homer</i> (beginning), Drayton's <i>Heroical Epistles</i>, Marlowe and Chapman's <i>Hero and Leander</i>, first publication of Heywood.</p>
<p>1599. Became a sharer in the newly built <i>Globe Theatre</i>.</p>	<p>1599. Davies's <i>Noesse Telpsum</i>, Jonson's <i>Every Man out of his Humour</i>.</p>

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.—Continued.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.	WORKS (UP TO 1600).	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
<p>1616. April 26. Died. Buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.</p>	<p>1600. Thus Andronicus, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Henry IV. (second part), Henry V., and Much Ado About Nothing published. As You Like It entered in Stationers' Register.</p> <p>(NOTE.—The Merry Wives of Windsor, published in 1602, clearly belongs to the period of Henry IV. and Henry V. The Taming of the Shrew is generally assigned, on internal evidence, to this period. Twelfth Night was acted in 1602.)</p>	<p>1600. Dekker's Fortunatus and Shoemaker's Holiday. Fairfax's Tasso, Hakluyt's Voyages, Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.</p>	<p>1603. Queen Elizabeth died; James I. succeeded.</p> <p>1606. Lyly died.</p>

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banished Duke.*
JAQUES,¹ }
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT,² *a vicar.*
COBIN, } *shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.
- ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*
Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: OLIVER'S house ; DUKE FREDERICK'S court ; and the Forest of Arden.

[The text is that of the Cambridge edition.]

¹ In Shakspeare's day this name was probably pronounced as a monosyllable, "Jakes" : but the traditional stage pronunciation to-day is "J'kwes" : it should never (as it very often is) be confused either in pronunciation or in spelling with the French *Jacques*.

² This "Sir" is not a title of knighthood or nobility, but merely the common appellation of an English country clergyman, corresponding to the University "Dominus."

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Orchard of OLIVER'S house.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*¹

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion : bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well : and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school,² and report speaks goldenly of his profit :³ 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,⁴ and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance⁵ 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, mines⁶ 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

¹ There is a tradition that Shakspeare acted the part of Adam.

² University.

³ Proficiency.

⁴ Training.

⁵ Behavior.

⁶ Undermines.

servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 24

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Enter OLIVER.

OLL. Now, sir! what make' you here?

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

OLI. What mar you then, sir? 30

ORL. Marry,² sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught³ awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal⁴ portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard. 40

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in 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.⁵ 50

OLL. What, boy!

¹ Do: Orlando puns on the word.² An oath; by the Virgin Mary.

³ "Go hang yourself!" ⁴ Referring to the Prodigal Son.

⁵ There is some cutting sarcasm in the word *reverence* here, that we do not now understand; Oliver flames with rage, and seizes Orlando by the throat.

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young¹ in this.

OLI. Wilt thou² lay hands on me, villain ?

ORL. I am no villain ; I am the younget sons of Sir Rowland de Boys ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself. 60

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

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a 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 allottery³ my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 72

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

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

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is " old dog " my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word. 82

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

¹ " You're not big enough."

² The change from *you* to *thou* was insulting ; and Orlando responds with the same pronoun. ³ Portion.

OLL. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?¹ I will physic your rankness,² and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

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Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

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

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you. 90

OLL. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

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

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 101

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

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

¹To swell in insolence.

²Cure your impertinence.

³A jocular Euphuistic address. The fashion of Euphuism, which consisted chiefly in puns and plays on words, was started by John Lyly's prose romance *Euphues* (1579).

OLL. Where will the old Duke live? 110

CHA. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,¹ 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 fleet² the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.³

OLL. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?⁴

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter.⁵ I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment,⁶ or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will. 131

OLL. 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 underhand⁷ means laboured to dissuade him from it,

¹ There was a forest of Ardennes in France, and a forest of Arden in Warwickshire, England: the forest of the play, however, existed only in Shakspeare's imagination, and must not be criticised either from the geographical or zoölogical point of view.

² Waste. ³ Golden age.

⁴ He changes the subject awkwardly and abruptly.

⁵ Observe that Charles, contrary to the usual interpretation of his character, acts and speaks in a most manly fashion: it is only after Oliver has lied to him about Orlando, that he treats the latter superciliously. Charles is a good fellow.

⁶ Purpose.

⁷ Secret, not treacherous.

but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles :—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver¹ against me his natural² 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 practise³ against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize⁴ him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone⁵ again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

OLL. Farewell, good Charles.

[Exit CHARLES.]

Now will I stir this gamester:⁶ 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;⁷ never schooled,⁸ and yet learned; full of noble device;⁹ 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:¹⁰ but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all:

¹Plotter.

²Own.

³Plot. "Contrive" and "practise" have bad meanings in Shakespeare.

⁴Lay bare his real character.

⁵Walk unaided.

⁶This reckless boy Orlando. ⁷High born.

⁸Not a college man.

⁹Lofty purposes.

¹⁰Undervalued.

nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither ;
which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,¹ be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress
of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you
could teach me to forget a banished father, you must
not learn² me how to remember any extraordinary
pleasure.

CEL. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight
that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father,
had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father ; so thou
hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love
to take thy father for mine : so wouldst thou, if the
truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered
as mine is to thee. 13

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

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none
is like³ 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. 22

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports.
Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?⁴

CEL. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal :⁵ but

¹ My sweet cousin.

² *Learn* in this sense was not bad grammar then. ³ Likely.

⁴ Rosalind's natural disposition is romantic and very passionate.

⁵ As long as it's just for fun.

love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport
neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst
in honour come off again.

ROS. What shall be our sport, then ?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune
from her wheel,¹ that her gifts may henceforth be
bestowed equally. 32

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

CEL. 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair she scarce
makes honest ;² and those that she makes honest she
makes very ill-favouredly.³

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Na-
ture's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the
lineaments of Nature. 41

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

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

ROS. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when
Fortune makes Nature's natural⁴ the cutter-off of Na-
ture's wit. 48

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,
but Nature's ; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull
to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural
for our whetstone ; for always the dulness of the fool
is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit ! whither
wander you ?⁵

¹ Fortune was always represented with a wheel, the emblem of
change.

² Virtuous.

³ Homely ; a playful bit of cynicism.

⁴ Simpleton.

⁵ This last sentence she probably sings, as a line of an old ballad.

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

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour,¹ but I was bid to come for you. www.libtool.com.cn

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool? 59

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught;² now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

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

ROS. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art. 70

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.³

CEL. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old⁴ Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation⁵ one of these days. 80

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

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true: for since the little

¹ Speaking in a very affected tone.

² Worthless.

³ A familiar kind of quibbling, that was once thought funny.

⁴ *Old* does not necessarily refer to age; cf. "good old dog," "old fellow," etc.

⁵ Impertinent satire; when the licensed Court fool became too personal in his remarks, he was actually whipped.

wit that fools have was silenced,¹ the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

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

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed. 90

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.²

Enter LE BEAU.

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

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

CEL. Sport! of what colour?³

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decrees.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.⁴

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.⁵ 100

LE BEAU. You amaze⁶ me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

CEL. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.⁷ 110

¹ Perhaps some local hit.

² Heavier.

³ Kind.

⁴ Laid on thick.

⁵ A vulgar pun on "rank"; the most refined women in Shakspeare's day often talked much worse than this, without exciting comment; it was merely the taste of the times.

⁶ Bewilder; "put me in a maze."

⁷ Le Beau begins slowly, like "Once upon a time."

LE BEAU. Three proper ' young men, of excellent growth and presence.

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

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole[†] over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 121

ROS. Alas ![‡]

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

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

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

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken 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. 135

[†] Handsome.

[‡] A weak pun ; puns were an unfailing source of amusement to Elizabethan audiences.

[§] Dolorous lamentation.

[¶] This exclamation is a key to Rosalind's character ; Le Beau expected an exclamation of delight at such thoroughly good sport. Touchstone takes his cue from Rosalind.

[¶] *Broken music* was a technical term, used in instrumental quartet music, where an instrument got into the wrong set ; here it refers simply to the broken ribs.

[¶] With what emphasis should Rosalind pronounce this sentence ?

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

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

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

ROS. Is yonder the man ? ¹ 140

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

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

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

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

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain ² dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him. 150

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so ; I'll not be by.

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORL. I attend them ³ with all respect and duty.

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

ORL. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 160

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We

¹ Rosalind naturally sympathizes with the smaller and younger man, especially as he is so handsome. She decides to stay.

² Gladly.

³ He includes both ladies.

pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 170

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious³; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only⁴ in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.⁵ 181

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.⁶

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!⁷

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

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

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 190

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

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

¹ Cf. I. i. 163.

² Fortunate: "I never had any luck."

³ Only goes with *place*.

⁴ He says this without a trace of bitterness; he speaks with good-natured philosophical resignation.

⁵ Orlando's modest bearing strengthens Rosalind's sympathy. His success and high birth will do the rest.

⁶ "I hope you are stronger than you look."

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before:¹ but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed,² young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*]³

ROS. O excellent young man! 200

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye I can tell who should down. [*Shout.* CHARLES is thrown.

DUKE F. No more, no more.

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

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.⁴ 210

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still⁵ mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED., train, and LE BEAU.*]

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

¹ "You expect to win; you had better not crow until you do."

² Protector; cf. "God speed."

³ This wrestling on the stage is apt to be anything but impressive, on account of the too easy way in which so strong a fellow as Charles is "knocked out"; but where the actors have studied scientific wrestling, and make the bout last some time, Charles can be thrown in such a way as to apparently kill him without really hurting the actor at all. When this is done, it makes a great addition to the stage "business."

⁴ This increases Rosalind's admiration.

⁵ Always.

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,¹
 His youngest son ; and would not change that calling,²
 To be adopted heir to Frederick. 221

ROS. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,³
 And all the world was of my father's mind :
 Had I before known this young man his son,
 I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
 Ere he should thus have ventured.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
 Let us go thank him and encourage him :
 My father's rough and envious ' disposition
 Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
 If you do keep your promises in love 230
 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
 Your mistress shall be happy.⁴

ROS. Gentleman,
 [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*⁵
 Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
 Shall we go, coz ?

CEL. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you ?⁶ My better parts
 Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
 Is but a quintain,⁷ a mere lifeless block.

¹ He shouts this after the retreating Duke, forgetting the presence of the ladies in his filial pride.

² Name, a very rare use of the word.

³ Speaking very excitedly to Celia.

⁴ Hateful. ⁵ "Your wife will be a fortunate woman."

⁶ Rosalind did not fall in love at first sight ; her natural sympathy and admiration grew into love at Orlando's gentlemanly manner, his splendid success, and finally on discovering the common bond between them ; their fathers both hated by the Duke, and they themselves both "out of suits with fortune."

⁷ Orlando faced Charles more easily than he did Rosalind.

⁸ The *quintain* was a wooden figure used in tournament practice.

ROS. He calls us back :¹ my pride fell with my fortunes ;
 I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ? 240
 Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
 More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz ?

ROS. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND² and CELIA.*]

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

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
 To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
 High commendation, true applause, and love, 250
 Yet such is now the Duke's condition,³
 That he misconstrues all that you have done.
 The Duke is humorous :⁴ what he is, indeed,
 More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

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

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
 But yet, indeed, the taller⁵ is his daughter :
 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, 260
 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

¹ A pretty falsehood.

² As she goes out, she keeps her eyes fixed on Orlando.

³ Disposition. ⁴ Capricious ; full of "humours" or whims.

⁵ Either Shakspeare nodded or Le Beau lied ; the taller was Rosalind.

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
 Grounded upon no other argument¹
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well : 270
 Hereafter, in a better world² than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;³
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother ;
 But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

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

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

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

CEL. But is all this for your father ? 10

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

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

¹ Reason.

² Better times, not future life.

³ " Out of the frying pan into the fire."

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

CEL. Hem ' them away.

ROS. I would try, if I could cry them and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than my-
self !

CEL. 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 lik-
ing with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

ROS. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his
son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him,
for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not
Orlando. 32

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

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

ROS. Let me love him for that, and do you love him be-
cause I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

DUKE F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste^a
And get you from our court.

ROS. Me, uncle ?

DUKE F. You, cousin :^b

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 40
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROS. I do beseech your Grace,

^a Cough them off ; more poor puns follow.

^b The greater haste will insure better safety.

^c *Cousin* was used for any near relation.

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,¹—
 As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
 Never so much as in a thought unborn
 Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors :
 If their purgation² did consist in words, 50
 They are as innocent as grace itself :
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

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

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

ROS. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom ;³
 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 : 60
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse :⁴
 I was too young that time to value her ;
 But now I know her : if she be a traitor,

¹ Insane.

² If words were the only ordeal for traitors, they could all prove themselves innocent.

³ One of the few occasions where Rosalind shows anger: compare the similar way in which she and Orlando meet reflections on their fathers. This is the first chance the actress has in the play to show tragic force; and as Rosalind is a passionate lover, she should have great capacity for anger.

⁴ Pity.

Why so am I ; we still ' have slept together, 70
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,¹
 Still we ~~went coupled and inseparable.~~

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
 ness,

Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more vir-
 tuous²

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom⁴ 80
 Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

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

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

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS.*]

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

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin ; 90
 Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the Duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :
 Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No : let my father seek another heir.

¹ Always ; as above, I. ii. 213.

² Shakspeare's mythology is not always accurate.

³ Accomplished.

⁴ Decree.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your change¹ upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; 100
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROS. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber² smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along 110

And never stir assailants.

ROS. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points³ like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe⁴ upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—

We'll have a swashing⁵ and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.⁶

CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 120

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state:

¹ Change of fortune; don't try to bear it alone.

² Earth brought from Umbria, Italy; it was yellowish-brown. Observe, however, that this plan is not carried out; Rosalind's idea is substituted.

³ In every respect.

⁴ Cutlass.

⁵ Swaggering.

⁶ Appearance.

No longer Celia,¹ but Aliena.²

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

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 130
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.³ [Exeunt.]

¹ *Celia* is here trisyllabic, Ce'-li-a.

² An alien, exile.

³ Observe their real reason for going to Arden; Orlando is temporarily forgotten. It is now the problem of the playwright to have Orlando and Rosalind meet in the forest.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*¹

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

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Ifath 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 but² 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 10
That feelingly³ persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,⁴
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

¹ Contrast the calm atmosphere of this woodland scene with the stormy court scenes it follows and precedes.

² The old Folio reading "not" seems much better to the present editor; the penalty of Adam was toil; here they do not feel the drudgery of labor, any more than a group of boys camping in the woods. The "seasons' difference" is not a penalty, but a benefit which the Duke, in common with many other people, enjoys.

³ They persuade by making themselves felt, not by talk.

⁴ That the toad was poisonous was a common superstition; also that its head held a precious stone.

Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.¹

AML. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,²
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads³
Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along⁴ 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears⁵
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

¹ The Folio makes *Amiens* say politely, "I would not change it." There is no reason for transferring the remark to the duke; it makes his speech end with an anti-climax, and also a falsehood; for he did change on the first convenient opportunity. The present text, however, is the one most generally adopted.

² *Fools* was often a playful term of endearment.

³ Arrows.

⁴ At full length.

⁵ A common fact, often noticed by sportsmen.

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless¹ stream ;
“ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much : ” then, being there
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ; 50

“ 'Tis right,” quoth he ; “ thus misery doth part
The flux of company : ” anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him ; “ Ay,” quoth Jaques,
“ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;

'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? ”

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we 60
Are mere² usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up³
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

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

DUKE S. Show me the place :

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.⁴

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

¹ It had water enough already.

² Absolute.

³ *Kill up* is still used in the South ; cf. “ eat up,” “ burn up,” etc. ;
“ gwine 'roun' chunkin' de chickens en killin' up de goats.”—*Uncle
Remus's Stories*, Scribner's Monthly, August, 1881, p. 612.

⁴ Suggestive thoughts.

SCENE II.—*A room in the palace.**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.*

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance¹ in this.

FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.SEC. LORD. My lord, the roynish² clown, at whom so oftYour Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces³ of the wrestler⁴
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.DUKE F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant⁵ 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 quail⁶ 20
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Before OLIVER'S house.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

ORL. Who's there ?

ADAM. What, my young master ? O my gentle master !

O my sweet master ! O you memory⁷¹ Have aided and abetted.² A term of contempt, from the French.³ Attractions.⁴ A trisyllable here.⁵ *Gallant* probably refers to Orlando ; if not, "brother" in the next line must refer to Jaques de Boys.⁶ Flag.⁷ Memorial.

Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
 Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant ?
 Why would you be so fond¹ to overcome
 The bonny priser² of the humorous Duke ?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours :³ your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it !

ORL. Why, what's the matter ?

ADAM.

O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives :
 Your brother—no, no brother ; yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 20
 Of him I was about to call his father,—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use⁴ to lie
 And you within it : if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.⁵
 This is no place ;⁶ this house is but a butchery :
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

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

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road ?

¹ Foolish, as very commonly in Shakspeare.

² Champion prize-fighter.

³ Your graces do no more for you.

⁴ Plots, as before.

⁵ Are accustomed.

⁶ No place for you.

This I must do, or know not what to do :
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty¹ hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown :
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,²
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

OBL. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,³
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
 And having that do choke their service up
 Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield

¹ Wages saved by thrift, a very common use of the adjective in Shakespeare.

² *Job xxxviii. 41; Ps. lxxxiv. 3; Matt. x. 29; Luke xii. 6, 24.*

³ The good old times.

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.¹

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week :²
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

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

ROS. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

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

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose³ ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore, courage, good Aliena. 8

CEL. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no⁴ further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than

¹ Some humble place where we shall be content to live.

² Probably some proverbial phrase, like our slang "wait a week."

³ The doublet and hose correspond to our coat and breeches ; never confuse "hose" with "stockings." The actress who takes the part of Rosalind should remember that the scene is a forest, and that her male attire should be an out-door suit for rough walking, not the silk tights of a court page, which would be Rosalinds often don.

⁴ The double negative was good grammar then.

bear you : yet I should bear no cross,¹ if I did bear you ; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn² talk.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still. 20

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

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

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
 As sure I think did never man love so,—
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?³

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten. 30

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not loved :
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing⁴ thy hearer in thy mistress' praise.
 Thou hast not loved :
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

¹ A pun ; the old English penny had a cross on it. The word was used for money in general ; cf. "cross the palm of a gypsy."

² Serious.

³ Fancy, i. e., love.

⁴ Wearing him out.

Thou hast not loved. 40

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [Exit.

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.¹

TOUCH. And I mine.² 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 batlet³ and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chopt⁴ hands had milked : and I remember the
wooing of a peascod⁵ instead of her ; from whom I
took two cods⁶ and, giving her them again, said with
weeping tears,⁷ "Wear these for my sake." We that
are true lovers run into strange capers ; but as all is
mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in
folly.

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

ROS. Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion. 59

TOUCH. And mine ; but it grows something⁸ stale with
me.

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

TOUCH. Holla, you clown !

¹ Remembering Orlando.

² Touchstone ridicules these love-sick folk. The stone represents the rival for his mistress Jane Smile ; and later the peascod stands for the lady herself.

³ The instrument with which washerwomen beat their clothes : Touchstone wishes to be as romantic as possible.

⁴ Chapped.

⁵ Peapod.

⁶ Peas.

⁷ "Weeping tears," which sounds absurd, was used seriously by Greene : *Works* (ed. Grosart), iv. 252.

⁸ Somewhat, like German *etwas*.

ROS. Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls ?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

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

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

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment, 70
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :¹
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks² to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality : 80
Besides, his cote,³ his flocks and bounds of feed⁴
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice⁵ most welcome shall you be.

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

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

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock, 90
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.⁶

¹ Do not own the wool on the sheep I feed.

² Cares.

³ Cottage.

⁴ The limits of his pastures.

⁵ So far as I may have the say.

⁶ Rosalind had not neglected to bring something besides the fool ; Touchstone's joke on Celia's purse seems hardly well founded.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste¹ my time in it.

COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder² be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

AMI. Under the greenwood tree³
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.⁴

JAQ. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it.⁵ More, I prithee, more. I can suck
melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
More, I prithee, more. 13

AMI. My voice is ragged :⁶ I know I cannot please you.

¹Spend.

²Shepherd.

³This has furnished the title for Thomas Hardy's charming novel.

⁴If Amiens has a good voice, these songs add greatly to the effect of the play on the stage.

⁵Like some youthful pessimists to-day, Jaques would not exchange for anything the comforts of sentimental melancholy.

⁶Hoarse; the invariable remark of singers.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza :¹ call you 'em stanzas ?

AMI. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names ;² they owe me nothing. Will you sing ? 20

AMI. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly³ thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover⁴ the while ; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you. 30

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

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see 40

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite⁵ of my invention.

¹ A stanza of eight verses.

² *I. e.*, *nomina*, an old definition of which was "names of debtes owen."

³ The thanks of a beggar.

⁴ Spread the table.

⁵ In defiance to my poor poetical powers.

either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit¹ is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!² thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and LORDS like outlaws.

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

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

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars,³ grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.⁴
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley⁵ fool; a miserable world!⁶

¹Imagination. ²Well done. ³Made up of discords.

⁴Alluding to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres.

⁵Referring to Touchstone's party-colored uniform.

⁶Where such things exist.

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 :"¹
 And then he drew a dial² from his poke,³ 20
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, " It is ten o'clock :
 Thus we may see," quoth he, " how the world wags :
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral⁴ on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
 And I did laugh sans⁵ intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE S. What fool is this ?

JAC. O worthy fool ! One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
 Which is as dry⁶ as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage, he hath strange places⁷ cramm'd 40
 With observation, the which he vents

¹ Proverbial saying, " Fortune favors fools."

² Watch, or possibly pocket sun-dial.

³ Pocket. ⁴ Moralize.

⁵ This French word, meaning " without," was in so common use in Shakspeare's day that it was regarded as a regular English word.

⁶ A dry brain indicated slowness of apprehension but tenacity of memory.

⁷ Pigeon-holes; though possibly " passages."

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit ;¹
Provided that you weed your better judgements
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 ;² for so fools have ;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
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 :³ if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized⁴
Even by the squandering glances⁵ of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

JAQ. What, for a counter,⁶ would I do but good ?

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting⁷ itself ;
And all the embossed⁸ sores and headed⁹ evils,

¹ Another pun. ² "The wind bloweth where it listeth," *John* iii. 8.

³ Stroke : the passage means that if the fool, in general satire, happens to tread on some one's toes, that person must show his wisdom by laughing it off, and not betray the fact that he feels hurt.

⁴ Laid bare. ⁵ Random shots.

⁶ "For a cent" : a counter was a very trifling sum.

⁷ Sensual impulse.

⁸ Swollen.

⁹ Grown to a head. This passage should be remembered in estimating Jaques's character.

That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,¹ 70

That can therein tax² any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary very means do ebb?³

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?⁴

Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,⁵

That says his bravery⁶ is not on my cost,⁷ 80

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?⁸

There then; how then? what then? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,⁹

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

¹ Jaques dodges the Duke's real objection.

² Accuse.

³ Till it wears itself out.

⁴ Alluding to the extravagance of women's dresses.

⁵ Lowest occupation.

⁶ Finery.

⁷ "You don't have to pay for it."

⁸ His anger at my general remarks betrays himself; "a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

⁹ Innocent.

DUKE S. 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 ?

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

JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason, ' I must
 die. 101

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

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :
 I thought that all things had been savage here ;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible, 110
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd ' to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

' I am boldened by distress.

' Brought up in good society ; *inland* is opposed to the frontier,
 where life was rougher.

' Culture.

' Food.

' Pun on "fruit": *reason* was pronounced like "raisin."

' Chimed.

DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command ' what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step 130
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
 Oppress'd with two weak ' evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

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

ORL. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good comfort !
 [Exit.

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

JAQ. All the world 's a stage,⁴
 And all the men and women merely ' players : 140
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling⁵ 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,

¹At your orders. ²Evils of weakness. ³Spectacles.

⁴The comparison of life to a stage was very common among writers
of the day.

⁵Purely. ⁶Howling, like a cat (French *miauler*).

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,¹ 150
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,²
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;³
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,⁴
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his⁵ 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.

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

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

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

¹ Leopard: perhaps referring to his fierce moustachios.

² Contrasted with the soldier's.

³ *Modern, i. e.*, trite; common examples. Cf. the title of one of Mr. Howells's novels, and its significance.

⁴ The clown; a stock figure in Italian comedy.

⁵ Its. What makes Jaques's view of life a particularly sad one?

SONG.

AMI.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind¹
 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 ! 180
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,²
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, &c. 190

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,³
 And as mine eye doth his effigies⁴ witness
 Most truly limn'd⁵ and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke
 That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,⁶
 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.]

¹ Unnatural.² Either "ruffle," or possibly "congeal."³ While Amiens has been singing, Orlando has whispered his adventures to the Duke.⁴ Accent on the second syllable here. It means "lineaments."⁵ Drawn.⁶ Things that have happened to you ; cf. "fortune-teller."⁷ He changes the pronoun as he addresses Adam, the servant.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER.

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part¹ made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument²
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;³ 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, 10
Till thou canst quit⁴ thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

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

DUKE F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature⁵
Make an extent⁶ upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going.⁷ [*Exeunt.*]

¹The greater part; he rather overrates his good qualities.

²Subject.

³Perhaps an allusion to *Luke xv. 8.*

⁴Acquit.

⁵Whose business it is.

⁶A writ of seizure.

⁷Send him packing.

SCENE II.—*The forest.**Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And thou, thrice-crowned ¹ 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 ; ²
 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 ³ she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ? 12

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ? 22

COR. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn ; that

¹ The moon was thrice-named : Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana.

² Write. ³ Inexpressible.

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. 30

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural¹ philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope——

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

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous² state, shepherd. 43

COR. 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.

TOUCH. Instance,³ briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still⁴ handling our ewes, and their fells,⁵ you know, are greasy. 52

TOUCH. 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.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

¹ A pun.

² Perilous.

³ Prove it.

⁴ Constantly.

⁵ Fleeces.

COR. And they are often tarred over¹ with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.² 62

TOUCH. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of³ a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: 'civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

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

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision⁴ in thee! thou art raw.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 75

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

ROS. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind. 85

¹ Their hands were smeared with tar while shearing.

² A fashionable perfume, taken from glands in the anal pouch of the civet-cat; the odor was musky.

³ Comparison with.

⁴ Reflect.

⁵ Blood-letting, a common remedy for almost anything.

All the pictures fairest lined¹
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind
 But the fair² of Rosalind.

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners
 and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted : it is the
 right butter-women's rank³ to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

TOUCH. For a taste :

If a hart do lack a hind, 95
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,
 So be sure will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lined,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find, 105
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop⁴ of verses : why do you in-
 fect yourself with them ?

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

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff⁵ it with you, and then I shall graff it with a

¹ Drawn.

Rosalind's name is pronounced throughout these verses with the long *i* (as in *bind*), which is good evidence for its universal pronunciation that way in Shakspeare's time. Some actors still pronounce it so. ² Beauty.

³ The market-women went along in monotonous file.

⁴ False gait. ⁵ Graft.

medlar :¹ then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. 116

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

CEL. [*Reads.*] Why should this a desert be ?²

For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil³ sayings show :

Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring⁴ pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span⁴ 125

Buckles in his sum of age ;
Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little⁵ show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged 135

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarged :

Nature presently distill'd

¹ A pun : the medlar was a fruit that was not considered fit to eat until it was partly decayed.

² Serious. ³ Wandering.

⁴ From the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger.

⁵ Miniature.

Helen's¹ cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's² majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,³
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.⁴
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised ;
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts, 145
 To have the touches⁵ dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

ROS. O most gentle pulpiter ! what tedious homily⁶ of
 love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and
 never cried "Have patience, good people !"⁷

CEL. How now ! back, friends !⁸ Shepherd, go off a little.
 Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable re-
 treat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with
 scrip⁹ and scrippage. 156

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses ?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more, too ; for some
 of them had in them more feet¹⁰ than the verses would
 bear.

¹ Helen, the beautiful but traitorous wife of Menelaus.

² The great queen of Egypt.

³ As Atalanta was famous for her fast running, her "better part"
 simply means her legs, and impliedly her whole figure.

⁴ The wife of Collatinus, who slew herself after Sextus had ruined
 her ; she became a type of virtue. Rosalind is the *quintessence*, the
 fifth or highest essence formed from these four beautiful ideals ; she
 has the fair face of Helen, the majesty of Cleopatra, the shape of
 Atalanta, and the virtue of Lucretia.

⁵ Features and traits. ⁶ Orlando was not a great poet.

⁷ The Puritan sermons were long, and greatly lacked amenity.

⁸ Suddenly perceiving they have an audience. ⁹ Shepherd's pouch.

¹⁰ A pun on which they proceed to play variations, after the
 fashion of the day.

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

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

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

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder¹ before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm² tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,³ which I can hardly remember. 171

CEL. Trow you who hath done this ?

ROS. Is it a man ?

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

ROS. I prithee, who ?

CEL. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.⁴

ROS. Nay, but who is it ? 180

CEL. Is it possible ?

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

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !⁵

ROS. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in

¹ Common proverb : " Nine days' wonder."

² This palm tree in Arden has worried critics whose geographical sense is abnormally developed.

³ Alluding to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Music was supposed to have a peculiar effect on rats ; cf. Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

⁴ A proverb : " Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

⁵ Beyond the power of exclamations to express.

my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery ;¹ I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making ?² What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat ? Or his chin worth a beard ?

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CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking : speak sad³ brow and true maid.

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CEL. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando ?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein⁴ went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's⁵ mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To

¹The South Sea was the Pacific Ocean, discovered by Balboa in 1513; she means, "one inch of delay seems as wide as the ocean when first seen by the discoverer."

²"Or the tailor's?"

³Be serious.

⁴In what clothes ?

⁵The giant in Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, who swallowed in a salad five pilgrims and their staves.

say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 219

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

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies¹ as to resolve² the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree,³ when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

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

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground. 233

CEL. Cry "holla"⁴ to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished⁵ like a hunter.

ROS. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden:⁶ thou bringest me out of tune.

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

CEL. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? 241

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

ROS. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

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

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

¹ Atoms. ² Solve. ³ The oak was sacred to Jove.

⁴ Whoa. ⁵ Dressed.

⁶ The burden was the under-part or bass; Celia says, "This is a solo; and you persist in making it a duet."

JAQ. God buy you :¹ let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

ORL. I pray you, mar no moe² of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly. 252

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name ?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

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

JAQ. What stature is she of ?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives,³ and conned⁴ them out of rings ? 262

ORL. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁵ from whence you have studied your questions.

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

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

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 271

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

¹ God be with you=God b' wi' ye=goodbye. *Cf. adieu.*

² More.

³ Rings had sentimental mottoes engraved on the inside. The handsome wives of the goldsmiths sat in front of their husbands' shops in Cheapside, and, by ogling the young fops, increased the sale of jewelry.

⁴ Learned by heart.

⁵ Briefly and to the point ; oil paintings were done on linen canvases, and the figures were made to converse by loops hung from their mouths, in which sharp speeches were inscribed.

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

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

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.¹

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

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love. 281

ORL. I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.]

ROS. [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?²

ORL. Very well : what would you ?

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

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

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 293

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

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

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard³ with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight,⁴ Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. 304

ORL. Who ambles Time withal ?

¹ Face. ² Giving him a smart slap on the back.

³ *Hard* refers to the discomfort of the pace, not the speed.

⁴ We still say "fortnight" (fourteen-night).

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain ; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : these Time ambles withal. 311

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal ?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly ¹ as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal ?

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

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister : here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. 322

ORL. Are you native of this place ? ²

ROS. As the cony ³ that you see dwell where she is kindled.⁴

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase ⁵ in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious ⁶ uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship ⁷ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ? 336

ROS. There were none principal ; they were all like one

¹ Slowly.

² Rabbit.

⁶ Monkish.

³ Born.

⁷ A pun.

⁵ Her accent nearly betrayed her.

⁴ Acquire.

another as half-pence¹ are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROS. No, I will not cast away my physic but on 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,² I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian³ of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy. 350

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

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue⁴ eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable⁵ spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having⁶ in beard is a younger brother's revenue:⁷ then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded,⁸ your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁹

¹No half-pence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582-3. They were much more alike than coins in other denominations.

²Dealer in love. ³Fever with daily spasms.

⁴Blue rings under the eye. ⁵Averse to talk. ⁶Property.

⁷Why should Rosalind betray the fact that she knows he is a younger brother? Is not this a slip on Shakspeare's part? She may, of course, use the term in a general sense, but it was particularly applicable here:

⁸The band off your hat.

⁹In the height of fashion.

in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming
the lover of any other. 365

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I
love. www.libtool.com.cn

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you
love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do
than to confess she does: that is one of the points in
the which women still give the lie to their consciences.
But, in good sooth,¹ are you he that hangs the verses
on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosa-
lind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 375

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

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely² a madness; and, I tell you, deserves
as well a dark house³ and a whip as madmen do: and
the reason why they are not so punished and cured is,
that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in
love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so? 382

ROS. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine
me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to
woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish⁴
youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and
liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant,
full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion some-
thing and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and
women are for the most part cattle of this colour:
would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain
him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit
at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour

¹ Truth. ² Absolutely.

³ Commonly attempted cure for insanity: cf. Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*.

⁴ Inconstant as the moon.

of love to a living¹ humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver² as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth. 401

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

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

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

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ?³ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAKUES behind.*⁴

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

AUD. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?⁵

¹ Actual. ² The seat of passion.

³ Although there is scarcely any action in this very long scene, in the hands of good actors it is exceedingly entertaining ; the situation between Orlando and Rosalind is thoroughly dramatic ; her ill-concealed joy over the verses, her excited questioning of Celia, her comic dismay at her male attire, and her mingled emotions during her dialogue with Orlando, give a capable actress every possible chance to display her art.

⁴ These three characters are all original with Shakspeare ; Audrey usually comes in gnawing an apple or raw turnip.

⁵ Audrey does not understand the word.

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious¹ poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAC. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!²

TOUCH. 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.³ Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 13

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

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

AUD. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 20

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

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

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

JAC. [*Aside.*] A material⁴ fool!

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 30

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul⁵ slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

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

¹ A Latin pun on "caper." "Goths" is another wretched pun on "goats."

² The story of Philemon and Baucis.

³ A big bill for a poor lodging.

⁴ Virtuous.

⁵ Homely.

⁶ Full of sense.

⁷ "Foul" has two meanings: homely and dirty. Audrey gets them confused.

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

JAC. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting. 40

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy !

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious ; they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods" : right ; many a man has good horns,¹ and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ?—even so :—poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.² Is the single man therefore blessed ? No : as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence³ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 57

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 ?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman ?

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

¹ When a man's wife was unfaithful to him, he was said to wear horns. The Elizabethans never grew weary of this joke.

² A lean deer. ³ Fencing ; the art of defence.

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

JAQ. Proceed, proceed : I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t : how do you, sir ? You are very well met : God 'ild¹ you for your last company : I am very glad to see you : even a toy in hand here, sir : nay, pray be covered.²

JAQ. Will you be married, motley ? 70

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells,³ so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that 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. 79

TOUCH. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.⁴

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

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey :

We must be married.

Farewell, good Master Oliver : not,—

O sweet Oliver,⁵

O brave Oliver,

90

Leave me not behind thee :

¹ God yield you, *i. e.*, reward you. ² Put on your hat.

³ These three things, the bow, the curb, the bells, were all signs of submission and restraint ; Touchstone purposely uses exactly wrong similes.

⁴ It is regrettable that Shakspeare put in this speech ; it gives a false touch of selfishness to Touchstone's character.

⁵ Quoting a popular ballad.

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

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

SCENE IV.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

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

ROS. But have I not cause to weep ?

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

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's :¹ marry, his kisses
are Judas's own children.

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

CEL. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the
only colour. 11

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of
holy bread.²

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast³ lips of Diana : a nun
of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the
very ice of chastity is in them.

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

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

ROS. Do you think so ? 20

¹ Judas was supposed to have red hair. Certain colors of hair
were thought to indicate certain traits of character.

² The bread at Communion, or the sacrament. ³ Cast-off.

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered¹ goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

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

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father. 30

ROS. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question² with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave³ man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse,⁴ athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny⁵ tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 42

Enter CORIN.

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

CEL. Well, and what of him?

¹The cover was on only when the goblet was empty.

²Conversation. ³Fine.

⁴To break one's lance across the breast of an opponent, instead of directly on him, was considered very clumsy. ⁵Puny.

COR. 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, 50
 Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
 If you will mark it.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

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

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

PHE. 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 : 10
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,¹
 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 ;

¹ Used transitively.

² Specks.

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 : 20
 Scratch thee, but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice¹ and capable² impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
 If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,³
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
 That love's keen arrows make.

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

ROS. And why, I pray you ? Who might be your 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,⁴—
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ? 40
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?⁵
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work.⁶ 'Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too !

¹ Scar. ² Sensible. ³ Love.

⁴ Her beauty is not worth lighting a candle to see it by ; Rosalind of course is bantering Phebe.

⁵ Phebe's sudden attack evidences the great beauty of Rosalind.

⁶ Ready-made goods.

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle ¹ eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south,² puffing with wind and rain ? 50
 You are a thousand times a properer³ 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 : 60
 Cry the man mercy ;⁴ love him ; take his offer :
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.⁵
 So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she
 answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with
 bitter words. Why look you so upon me ?⁶

PHE. For no ill will I bear you. 70

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falsher than vows made in wine :

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
 house,

¹ Glass bead.

² South wind.

³ Handsomer.

⁴ Beg his pardon.

⁵ Ugliness is most ugly when it is accompanied with an ugly disposition.

⁶ To what separate persons does Rosalind address these remarks ?

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
 Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
 Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused¹ in sight as he.
 Come, to our flock.

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

PHE. Dead shepherd,² now I find thy saw of might, 80
 "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love your sorrow and my grief
 Were both extermined.

PHE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?³

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness. 90

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.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,⁴

¹ Deceived.

² Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593): a great Elizabethan poet and dramatist. The line that follows occurs in his poem, *Hero and Leander*, not published till 1598. This allusion, therefore, helps us to fix the date of *As You Like It*.

³ "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." ⁴ In such hard luck.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile; and that I'll live upon.

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

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot¹ once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
 'Tis but a peevish² boy ; yet he talks well ;
 But what care I for words ? yet words do well 110
 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 120
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference

 ence
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.³
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels⁴ 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 do⁵ to chide at me ?
 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black ;
 And, now I am remember'd,⁶ scorn'd at me : 130
 I marvel why I answer'd not again :

¹Peasant. ²Silly. ³Red and white. ⁴In particular.

⁵What business had he ? ⁶I recollect.

But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.¹
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight ;²
 The matter's in my head and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹A proverb.

²Straightway.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

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

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

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

ROS. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure¹ worse than drunkards.

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

ROS. Why then, 'tis good to be a post. 9

JAQ. 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 humorous² sadness. 19

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

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.³

¹ Ordinary judgment. ² Whimsical.

³ This line is a key to Jaques's character.

ROS. 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 !

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Enter ORLANDO.

ORL. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind ! 28

JAQ. Nay, then, God buy you, an' you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

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

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 40

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

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail ? 49

ROS. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I

^aIf. ^bContinues talking to Jaques, purposely ignoring Orlando.

^cLike modern Anglomaniacs. ^dDisparage.

^eShe has no difficulty in feigning vexation here.

^fOnly slightly wounded him ; did not pierce his heart.

think, than you make a woman : besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that ?

ROS. Why, horns, which such as you are fain¹ to be beholding² to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents³ the slander of his wife.

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

ROS. And I am your Rosalind. 60

CEL. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer⁴ than you.

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

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,⁵ they will spit ; and for lovers lacking—God warn us !—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. 71

ORL. How if the kiss be denied ?

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

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

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker⁶ than my wit.

ORL. What, of my suit ?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ? 81

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

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

¹ Compelled.

² Beholden.

³ Anticipates.

⁴ Looks.

⁵ " Stuck " for something to say.

⁶ Stronger.

ORL. Then in mine own person I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *vide licet*,¹ in a love-cause. Troilus² had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: ³ and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 99

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

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

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

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

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

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ORL. I hope so.

¹ That is to say.

² During the middle ages and in Shakspeare's time, the sympathy of nearly all readers was with Troy in the Trojan war stories Hector and Troilus, his younger brother, were greater heroes than any of the Greeks. See Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. Rosalind invents the club here; Troilus was supposed to have been honorably slain by sword or spear.

³ Rosalind purposely invents a very prosaic diagnosis of Leander's case.

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

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

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

ORL. I will. 120

ROS. Ay, but when ?

ORL. Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

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

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission ;¹ 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.

ORL. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her. 131

ORL. For ever and a day.

ROS. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary² cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against³ rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana⁴ in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dis-

¹ Authority. This scene is much more interesting to Rosalind than to Orlando, and, in acting or reading it, this fact should be borne in mind.

² In Northwest Africa. ³ Before.

⁴ Statues of Diana in fountains were very common.

posed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen,¹ and that
when thou art inclined to sleep. 143

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so ?

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

ORL. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the
wiser, the waywarder : make² the doors upon a wo-
man'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. 151

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
say " Wit, whither wilt ?"³

Ros. 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,⁴ let her
never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like
a fool !

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

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours ! 160

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

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

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 168

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

¹ Hyena. ² Shut ; a German idiom.

³ A common expression. ⁴ Make him the cause of it.

out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my
Rosalind: so adieu. ibtool.com.cn 178

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit ORLANDO.*]

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

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my preety 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.*

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 190

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

CEL. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.*—*The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, LORDS, and FORESTERS.

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?'

A LORD. Sir, it was I.

' Abused.

* The sea near Oporto is so deep that in Shakspeare's time it was practically unfathomable. ' Cupid. ' Deceives. ' A shady place.

' This scene supplies the interval of the two hours.

' In 1879, at the first performance of this play at the Stratford

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

FOR. Yes, sir.

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

SONG.

FOR. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? 10
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home:

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

Memorial Theatre, the deer brought on in this scene had been shot that morning by H. S. Lucy, of Charlecote Park, a descendant of the owner of the flock that Shakspeare traditionally attacked.

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, 10
 It bears an angry tenour : pardon me ;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
 Were man as rare as phoenix.¹ 'Od's my will !
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
 Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device. 20

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

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colour'd² hand ; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :
 She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :
 I say she never did invent this letter ;
 This is a man's invention and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers. 30

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

¹ The phoenix was a rare bird indeed ; only one existing at a time, which rose from the ashes of its predecessor. Hence the significance of "Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.," "Phoenix, R. I." (a rebuilt town), etc.

² Soiled by working the stone.

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

ROS. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*] "Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?" 40

Can a woman rail thus ?

SIL. Call you this railing ?

ROS. [*Reads.*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing ?

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

Meaning me¹ a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne 50

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect !

Whiles you chide me, I did love ;

How then might your prayers move !

He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me :

And by him seal up thy mind ;

Whether that thy youth and kind²

Will the faithful offer take 60

Of me and all that I can make ;

Or else by him my love deny,³

And then I'll study how to die."

SIL. Call you this chiding ?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd !

ROS. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt
thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an

¹ Meaning that I am.

² Seal up a return note, and send him with it.

³ Nature. ⁴ Refuse.

instrument and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

- OLL. Good morrow, fair-ones: ¹ pray you, if you know,
 Where in the purlieus ² of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees ?
- CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom: ³
 The rank of osiers ⁴ by the murmuring stream
 Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 80
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
 There's none within.
- OLL. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description;
 Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
 Of female favour," and bestows himself ⁵
 Like a ripe ⁶ sister: the woman low,⁶
 And browner than her brother." Are not you
 The owner of the house I did enquire for ?
- CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. 90
- OLL. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin.⁷ Are you he ?
- ROS. I am: what must we understand by this ?
- OLL. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
¹Addressing both: "fair" often was applied to men as well as women; cf. "Fair sir."
²Outskirts. ³Valley. ⁴Row of willows.
⁵Face, appearance. ⁶Carries himself. ⁷Grown-up.
⁸Short. ⁹Handkerchief.

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLL. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour,¹ and pacing through the forest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,²
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly, 110
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides³ did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,⁴
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render⁵ him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

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

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

¹ Really, it was two hours.

² Love.

³ Twisting movements.

⁴ Hence, hungry.

⁵ Describe.

OLL. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness, 130
 Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling¹
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

CEL. Are you his brother ?

ROS. Was't you he rescued ?

CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive² to kill him ?

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

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin ?³

OLL. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
 Tears our recountments⁴ had most kindly bathed, 140
 As how I came into that desert place ;
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love ;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ; 150
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons.

¹ Noise of the struggle.

² Plot.

³ Rosalind's interests here separate from Celia's.

⁴ Stories.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

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

CEL. There is more in it. Cousin¹ Ganymede!

OLI. Look, he recovers. 160

ROS. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither.

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

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

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!²

OLI. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest. 170

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.³

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

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

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.⁴

ROS. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Cousin* is a slip of Celia's, in her excitement, which she quickly follows by "Ganymede."

² She rather overdoes it.

³ Impatiently; he is puzzled.

⁴ His using the word *Rosalind* is pretty good evidence that he at this point guesses the truth.

⁵ This act ends with a dramatic climax, and naturally prepares the way for the final solution in the fifth act.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's¹ saying.

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

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 9

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for;² we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.³

Enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye⁴ good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

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

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William? 20

¹ Jaques may seem old to Audrey.

² Genius is attended with great responsibility.

³ Contain ourselves.

⁴ God give you.

WILL. William, sir.

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

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so so.

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

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 28

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."¹ 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.² You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir. 38

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

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will

¹ Referring to the Socratic doctrine.

² When there is a reason for it; William's mouth is eternally ajar.

bandy¹ with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart. 56

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir.² [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORL. Is't possible³ 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 persever⁴ to enjoy her ?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty⁵ 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,⁶ and here live and die a shepherd. 12

¹ A word used in playing tennis ; beat to and fro.

² William is much more of a fool than Audrey ; for while she is conscious of her ignorance, he thinks he has " a pretty wit." William's effectiveness on the stage depends largely on his " get-up."

³ It certainly was rather hasty : but Oliver always goes in jerks ; his rage paroxysms, his plots, his conversion, his falling in love, are all sudden. ⁴ Accent on second syllable ; persevere.

⁵ Poverty was hardly the right word.

⁶ His generosity is the more remarkable when we remember that he had not now got it to give ; Duke Frederick had taken it all.

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

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLL. And you, fair sister.¹

[*Exit.*]

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

20

ORL. It is my arm.

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

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

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.²

ROS. O, I know where you are :³ nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical⁴ brag of "I came, saw, and overcame" : for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked ; no sooner looked but they loved ; no sooner loved but they sighed ; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent ;⁵ they are in the very wrath of love and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

39

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the

¹ This playful response shows clearly that Oliver knew she was a woman. He goes out smiling significantly.

² His falling in love with Celia.

³ What you mean.

⁴ Thraso was a bragging soldier in the old Latin comedy.

⁵ Immediately.

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.

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

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking. 48

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking.

Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: ' I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me.' Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed³ with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable.⁴ If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture⁵ cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient⁶ to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger. 65

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,⁷ though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best

¹ Understanding.

² Give me the credit.

³ Been conversant with.

⁴ Sorcerers were executed; *damnable* here means "not deserving condemnation."

⁵ He here puts his hand fervently on his breast.

⁶ Disagreeable.

⁷ Value highly, though I risk it by my dabbling in magic.

array ; bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will. 70

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Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

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

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not if I have : it is my study

To seem spiteful and ungentle to you :

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;

Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

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

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;

And so am I for Phebe.

80

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service ;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;

90

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance ;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? 100

ROS. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

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

ROS. Pray you, ~~no more of this;~~ 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves¹ against the moon. [To SIL.] I will help you, if I can : [To PHE.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To PHE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [To ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [To SIL.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To ORL.] As you love Rosalind, meet : [To SIL.] as you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well : I have left you commands. 115

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

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest² desire to desire to be a woman of the world.³ Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

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

SEC. PAGE. We are for you : sit i' the middle. 9

¹ Wolves were common in Ireland then.

² Impure. ³ A married woman.

FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly,¹ without hawk-
ing or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the
only² prologues to a bad voice ?

SEC. PAGE. I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like
two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,³
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring. 20

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

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

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

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

¹ " Pitch right in." ² Only the. ³ Time for exchanging rings.

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

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SCENE IV.—*The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAUQUES ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

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

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;¹
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.²

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

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

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

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

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

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

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

PHE. So is the bargain.

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

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

ROS. I have promised to make all this matter even.³

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter ;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter : 20

¹Orlando does not show so much "conceit" as Rosalind gave him credit for.

²People whose hopes are always mingled with fears, but whose fears are always confident.

³Straight.

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
 Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 If she refuse me : and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
 Some lively touches¹ of my daughter's favour.²

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate³ studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward,⁴ and these
 couples are coming to the ark.⁵ Here comes a pair of
 very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called
 fools.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all !

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome : this is the motley-
 minded gentleman that I have so often met in the
 forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears. 42

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
 purgation.⁶ I have trod a measure ;⁷ I have flattered
 a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth
 with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ;⁸ I have
 had four quarrels, and like⁹ to have fought one.

¹ Lifelike resemblances. ² Face.

³ The student of magic risked his soul. ⁴ Coming.

⁵ Just like our joke to-day : " that came over in the ark."

⁶ The proof. ⁷ Slow, stately dance.

⁸ By not paying his bills ; a sure mark of a true gentleman.

⁹ Was likely.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up? ¹

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 50

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

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,² to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house;³ as your pearl in your foul oyster. 61

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.⁴

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt,⁵ sir, and such dulcet diseases.⁶

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 66

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:⁷—as thus, sir. I did dislike⁸ the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled⁹ my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he

¹ Made up. ² Persons ready for marriage.

³ Audrey is not handsome; but her rough exterior conceals the pearl of virtue.

⁴ "Prompt and pithy."—CALDECOTT.

⁵ Blunt-headed arrow. ⁶ Probably pure nonsense.

⁷ Audrey is in an ungraceful attitude.

⁸ Expressed my dislike. ⁹ Disparaged.

would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Re-proof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome; and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 81

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

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measured swords and parted.¹

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ? 87

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ;² 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 up³ 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. 101

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

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse⁴ and under the presentation⁵ of that he shoots his wit.

¹ Like modern French duels.

² According to the rules ; there were many manuals of fencing then, likewise books of etiquette and "Complete Letter Writers."

³ Make up, as above.

⁴ Decoy, disguise ; he takes this disguise to give him free license for his shafts of wit.

⁵ Cover.

Enter HYMEN,¹ ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still² Music.

- HYM.** Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone³ together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her, 110
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.
- ROS.** To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.⁴
- DUKE S.** If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
- ORL.** If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
- PHE.** If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu !
- ROS.** I'll have no father, if you be not he : 120
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
- HYM.** Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events :
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.⁵
You and you no cross shall part :
You and you are heart in heart : 130
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord :

¹ Rosalind is supposed to appear by magic, and so is led in by a figure representing Hymen.

² Soft. ³ Agree. ⁴ She addresses her father, and then Orlando.

⁵ If truth itself is true.

You and you are sure together,
 As the winter to foul weather.
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
 Feed yourselves with questioning ;¹
 That reason wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :
 O blessed bond of board and bed ! 140
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
 High wedlock then be honoured :
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town !

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.²

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word or two :

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 150

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd³ a mighty power,⁴ 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;

¹ Conversation.

² Your constancy binds my love to you. Phebe accepts the situation gracefully.

³ Prepared.

⁴ Army.

Where meeting with an old religious man,¹
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise and from the world; 160
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again
 That were with him exiled. This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
 Thou offer'st fairly² to thy brothers' wedding:
 To one his lands withheld;³ and to the other
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.⁴
 First, in this forest let us do those ends⁵
 That here were well begun and well begot:
 And after, every of this happy number, 170
 That have endured shrewd⁶ days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.⁷
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir,⁸ by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life
 And thrown into neglect the pompous⁹ court? 180

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites¹⁰
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[To DUKE S.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[To ORL.] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

¹ A hermit.

² Make a good contribution.

³ Oliver, whose property Frederick had seized.

⁴ By marrying Rosalind, Orlando was potentially a Duke.

⁵ Finish those affairs.

⁶ Evil.

⁷ Estates.

⁸ He addresses Jaques de Boys. ⁹ Ceremonious. ¹⁰ New converts.

[To OLI.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[To SIL.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[To TOUCH.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
190

I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.¹ [*Exit.*

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

[*A dance.*

¹ Shakspeare manages Jaques's exit not only skilfully, but in a way perfectly consistent with the philosopher's character; the most interesting thing to him is a new experience; and we last see him on the road to one.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;¹ but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,² '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 furnished³ 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 simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman⁴ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked⁵ me and breaths that I defied⁶ 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ It was not then customary for the actors to speak either prologue or epilogue, though it was sometimes done; those who took female parts, however, very seldom did it.

² The bush was the vintner's sign; hence the proverb.

³ Dressed.

⁴ The speaker was a boy; all Shakspeare's women's parts were taken by male actors; women actors did not appear on the London stage till 1660.

⁵ Pleased.

⁶ Rejected.

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