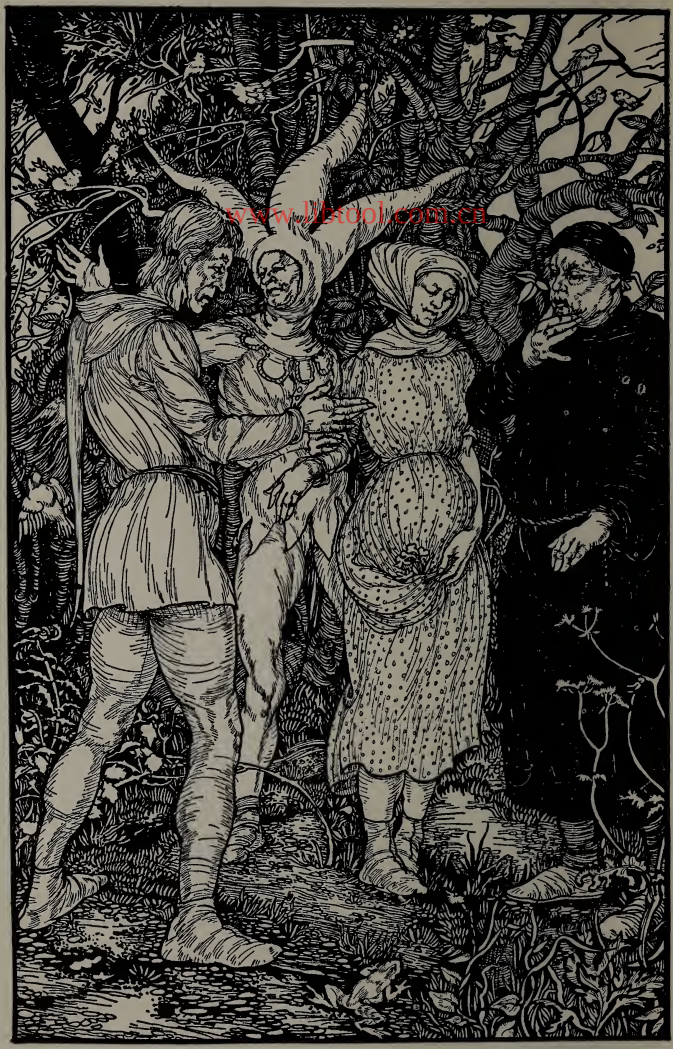
SHAKESPEARE

AS YOU LIKE IT

WYTHEVILLE



Jaques. "Will you . . . be married under a bush like a beggar?"
Act III. Scene III.

The Copp Clark Literature Series
No. 15

SHAKESPEARE'S

AS YOU LIKE IT

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY
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INTRODUCTION

The Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on April 23rd, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was, in early life, a prosperous citizen of Stratford; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Warwickshire. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, Shakespeare probably attended the Stratford Grammar School, where, among other things, he received some training in Latin. In the year 1582, before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a woman who was some eight years his senior. Two of their children, Susanna and Judith, married, but only one of Shakespeare's grand-children reached maturity, and with her death in 1669 or 1670 the poet's family became extinct.

About the year 1586, Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, where he appears to have obtained employment in some capacity in connection with the London theatres. About 1588 he began making over old plays, and in 1590 he probably wrote his first original drama. During the next twenty years, from 1590 to 1610, he produced play after play, and there is abundant evidence to show the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In 1594 he was a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. When the Globe theatre was built in 1599, Shakespeare was one of the chief shareholders, and most of his plays were acted in this theatre.

In the meantime he had begun to acquire property in Stratford. In 1597 he had purchased the fine residence known as New Place, and from this time forward he appears to have looked more and more to Stratford as his home. About the year 1610 or 1611, he left London and returned to Stratford with the apparent intention of living in ease and retirement on the competence which he had accumulated. A few years later, however, his health failed, and he died in April, 1616, in his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford.

Shakespeare's literary career is generally, for the sake of convenience, divided into four periods, according to the character of the plays which he produced:

(*a*) 1588-1594. This is largely a period of apprenticeship. To this period belong, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Richard III.*, and possibly *Romeo and Juliet*.

(*b*) 1594-1600. During this period most of the great comedies and the English historical plays were produced. To this period belong, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*

(*c*) 1600-1606. During this period most of the great tragedies were produced. To this period belong to *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth.*

(*d*) 1606-1612. This is a period of later tragedy and of serious comedy. To this period belong, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale.*

Shakespeare himself took no pains to preserve his plays in permanent form. In all only fifteen of his plays were printed during his lifetime. In 1623, however, seven years after his death, a complete collection of his plays, thirty-six in all, were published in what is known as *The Folio of 1623.*

NOTE.—A folio page is about the size of an ordinary page of foolscap (about 13″ x 8½″), formed by folding the printer's sheet of paper once. When the printer's sheet is divided into four parts, the size of page is known as *quarto*; when divided into eight parts it is *octavo*; when divided into twelve parts it is *duodecimo.* The plays which were printed during Shakespeare's lifetime were published in quarto volumes, as distinguished from the later folios.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

The first theatre in London was built in 1576, and was known as *The Theatre.* Both this and other theatres which followed, The Curtain, The Globe, Blackfriars, and others, were built outside the city limits in order to escape the restrictions which were placed on the theatre by the Puritans. Most of the theatres were frame structures which were open to the sky, the only roofed part being the stage, or, at most, the raised seats next the walls. The better class of people occupied seats in the boxes overlooking the stage, or sat on stools or reclined on the rushes on the floor of the stage itself. The floor of the pit was merely hard earth, and it was not provided with seats. The admission to the pit was only a penny, and here the rabble crowded together, jostled each other, cracked nuts, ate apples, and laughed and joked and made sport of the actors.

The performance of the play began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and usually lasted two or three hours. The stage was hung with black

to indicate tragedy, and with blue to indicate comedy. There was no curtain to mark the opening and closing of the scenes, and beyond a few simple articles of furniture, no scenery of any account was used. At the back of the stage was a sort of gallery or balcony, which served the purpose of an upper room, or any place which was raised above the level of the ordinary scene. A change of place was indicated by a board with the name painted on it, as, London, Venice, Rome, Sardis. A light blue flag was used to indicate a day scene,—a dark flag to indicate a night scene. The women's parts in the play were acted by boys, and women did not appear even among the audience unless they wore masks. It was not until after the Restoration, that movable stage scenery was introduced, and that female parts were acted by women.

The Metre of Shakespeare's Plays.

The plays of Shakespeare are written in blank verse, that is, verse in which the lines do not rhyme. Each line contains five feet, consisting of two syllables each, with the accent falling on the second syllable. This measure is known as *iambic pentameter*.

When we mark the divisions between feet and indicate the accents in a line of poetry, we are said to *scan* it. Where the metre is perfectly regular, the scansion presents no difficulty; but very frequently the poet finds it necessary to vary his metre, either for the sake of avoiding monotony or for the purpose of producing certain special effects. The following are the most important of the variations which occur in the metre of Shakespeare:

(*a*) Sometimes, especially after a pause, the accent falls upon the first syllable instead of the second, as, for example:

> Wo'e to / the ha'nd / that sh'ed / this co'st/ly blo'od!
> What ju'dg/ment sh'all / I dre'ad, / d'oing / no wro'ng?

(*b*) An extra syllable is frequently added, especially at the end of a line, as, for example:

> Art th'ou / some g'od, / some a'n/gel o'r / some de'v/il?
> It dr'op/peth a's / the ge'n/tle ra'in / from he'av/en.

(*c*) Sometimes a foot contains two unaccented syllables, as, for example, in the following lines:

> I am ne'v/er m'er/ry wh'en / I he'ar / sweet m'u/sic;
> Let me s'ee, / let me s'ee, / was n'ot / the lea'f / turn'd dow'n?

In many cases, however, one of the unaccented syllables is elided, or slurred over in reading, as, for example, in the following:

Canst tho'u / not m'in/(i)ster t'o / a mi'nd / dise'ased?
We'll se'nd / Mark A'n / t(o)ny t'o / the Se'n/ate-ho'use.
Macb'eth / doth m'urder sle'ep, / the i'n/n(o)cent sl'eep.

(*d*) Certain groups of letters which are now pronounced as one syllable, are sometimes pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare, as, for example, in the following:

The noble Brutus
Hath to'ld / you Ca'es/ar wa's / amb'it / i-o'us.
Misli'ke / me n'ot / for m'y / comple'x/i-o'n.

(*e*) It frequently happens that among the accented syllables in a line of poetry some have a stronger stress than others; and in order to scan a line, it is sometimes necessary to accent words which according to the sense have no stress, as, for example, in the case of the italicized words in the following:

Throw phy's/ic *to'* / the do'gs; / I'll no'ne / of i't!
There *i's* / a ti'de / in *th'e* / affa'irs / of me'n.

Rhyme is used by Shakespeare chiefly for the purpose of giving emphasis to those lines in which the speaker expresses a purpose or decision, and it very frequently marks the close of a scene. Shakespeare used rhyme much more freely in his earlier than in his later plays.

Prose. Shakespeare makes use of prose in his plays wherever the characters belong to a lower level of society, as, for example, the citizens in *Julius Cæsar*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, in *The Merchant of Venice*. Prose is also used in letters, as, for example, that of Bellario in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for rhetorical speeches, as in the case of the paper of Artemidorus and the oration of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. Sometimes also, prose is used for the purpose of producing a special dramatic effect, as in the case of Casca's assumed bluntness of manner in *Julius Cæsar*; and in the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where Shylock is "tortured" by Tubal; and in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Date of the Play.

As You Like It was written between 1598 and 1600. It is *not* mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays contained in the book called *Palladis Tamia* or *Wit's Treasury*, by Francis Meres, which was published in 1598; and, furthermore, it contains a reference (Act III., Scene V., ll. 81-2) to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was not published until 1598. On the other hand it was entered in the *Stationers' Registers* in the year 1600. The probability is, therefore, that it was written in the year 1599. It was first published in the Folio of 1623.

Sources of the Plot.

The plot of *As You Like It* is based on a novel entitled *Rosalynde*, by Thomas Lodge, which was published in 1590. This novel was apparently popular, as several editions were published within a few years, and no doubt the story of *As You Like It* was already familiar to theatre-goers in Shakespeare's time. But Shakespeare borrowed nothing from the novel except the main outlines of the story; and the portrayal of character, the humour, and the poetry of the play, are his own creation. Three of the characters, Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, do not appear in the novel at all.

The Scene of the Play.

The scene of Lodge's novel was laid in France, and it is probable that when Lodge spoke of the Forest of Arden he had in mind the Forest of Ardennes in the northeast of France. But there was also a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, the home of Shakespeare's boyhood, and the name must have been familiar to him. But the Forest of Arden which Shakespeare had in mind was neither of these, but a place of enchantment

which existed only in the poet's imagination. In this enchanted forest the oak and the palm tree flourished side by side. Here too were the "hungry lioness" and the "green and gilded snake," and within the purlieus of this same forest were peaceful flocks and sheep-folds and "careless herds" of deer. The forest paths were haunted by lovers as diverse in character as Audrey and Rosalind or Silvius and Orlando; and here too came the old Duke and "many merry men with him," who lived in the forest "like old Robin Hood of England." It is vain to search the map in the effort to find such a forest, for no matter by what name it is called it never did exist outside of the poet's fancy.

The Title of the Play.

The title *As You Like It* was probably suggested by a passage in the preface to Lodge's novel, where, after speaking of his story, he says, "*If you like it, so*; and yet I will be yours in duty if you be mine in favour." In the epilogue to the play Rosalind plainly refers to the title when she says, "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of the play as please you."

The Character of the Play.

As You Like It has been described as "the sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies." It was written in the brief interval between the completion of his series of historical dramas and the beginning of the great tragedies; and it seems as if the dramatist had for the moment given over the contemplation of the serious things of life to take a little rest, and himself enjoy a holiday in the Forest of Arden. *As You Like It* contains no perplexing problems, and there is no impending calamity, as for instance in *The Merchant of Venice*, to detract from the pure enjoyment of the play. Even the cynical mood of the melancholy Jaques serves only to set in relief the cheerful wholesome spirit of the play. *As You Like It* is an idyll of the open air with simple pleasures and innocent mirth, and a love story, or rather a group of love stories, which end happily,—and this, as Shakespeare well knew when he gave the title to the play, is *as you like it*.

The Theme of the Play.

In a play such as *As You Like It*, that is written merely to please, the theme or the teaching of the play is less important than the entertainment which it affords. In *As You Like It* the only serious teaching of the play is to be found in the speeches of Duke Senior and his companions. The duke has suffered adversity and has learned its lessons. He knows how unsatisfying is the life of the "envious court" with its "painted pomp" and its servile flattery; and both he and his companions have learned by experience that even the winter wind is "not so unkind as man's ingratitude." But this experience, bitter though it has been, has served only to make his disposition more sweet and wholesome. In the case of Jaques, on the other hand, the effect of his experience has been to make him so morbid and cynical that he sees no good in his fellow men. To him all the world is merely a stage and all the men and women merely players. It is quite evident that the attitude of Duke Senior rather than that of Jaques is Shakespeare's own ideal.

The Structure of the Play.

In *As You Like It* the development of the plot depends upon the skilful interweaving of several different stories or episodes. The story of Duke Senior in relation to Duke Frederick forms, as it were, a framework for the play. Into the framework are set the story of Oliver and Orlando and the love-story of Orlando and Rosalind, and in addition the three minor stories or episodes of Silvius and Phebe, Touchstone and Audrey, and Oliver and Celia. Of these stories that of Orlando and Rosalind forms the main thread of the plot, and the disguise of Rosalind brings about the "complication" in the story. In the first two Acts the foundations of the plot are laid, and the dramatic centre of the play is reached at the close of Act III., Scene II., at the point where Orlando declares his love and Rosalind offers to cure him. The dénouement is brought about by Rosalind when she decides to throw aside her disguise in order that she may bring the fortunes of the lovers to a happy ending.

Sources of Interest.

In most plays of Shakespeare the interest lies in the development of plot and the portrayal of character. But in *As You Like It* the plot is at no point of absorbing interest and there is little complexity of character. One of the chief reasons why the play interests the audience is that the scenes themselves are unusual and the characters appear in situations that are out of the ordinary. The woodland scenes appeal to the fancy of the audience, and the rustic types of character such as Corin and Silvius, William and Audrey, are always sure to delight an audience. And, furthermore, Duke Senior, Rosalind and Celia, Orlando, and Touchstone, are all the more attractive because they appear in scenes which are in such marked contrast to the life of the court, to which they are accustomed. The jests of Touchstone we may be sure would lose much of their flavour if, instead of Corin and William and Audrey, the courtiers of Duke Frederick were the objects of his wit.

A second main source of interest is the humour of the play, as seen not only in the speeches of Rosalind and Touchstone but in situations which are in themselves humorous. The pleadings of the love-sick Silvius, the love-making of Touchstone and Audrey, the discomfiture of the rustic William, the mistaken coquettishness of Phebe, are all sources of merriment to the audience. And aside from the wit and humour, there are serious elements in the play, which help to hold the interest of the audience. The devotion of Adam to his young master, the cheerful philosophy of the old Duke, the cynical mood of Jaques, and even the change of heart of Oliver, and the conversion of Duke Frederick, all these help to give balance to the play and free it from the charge of being trivial and frivolous.

And throughout the play a further source of pleasure lies in the element of the unexpected. There is naturally some feeling of surprise at Orlando's complete victory over Charles, at the unexpected meetings in the Forest of Arden, in the fight with the lioness and the conversion of Oliver, in the love-making of Touchstone and Audrey, in the change of heart of Duke Frederick, and even in the final resolve of Jaques to seek out the company of the Duke. It is a play that is full of pleasant "accidents," and that contains no unpleasant surprises.

The Important Characters in "As You Like It."

Duke Senior while not the most important character in the play is one of the most lovable. He is an example of cheerfulness under adversity,—one of those enviable dispositions whom misfortune cannot sour. It is true that the melancholy Jaques speaks of the Duke with a touch of contempt as "leaving his wealth and ease, a stubborn will to please," and that he finds him "too disputable." But it is not at all surprising that a cynic such as Jaques should be ill at ease in the company of the Duke, who refused to allow his cynicism to pass unchallenged. Between the Duke with his sane healthful temper and warm sympathies, and the melancholy Jaques, who is "compact of jars" and given to "sullen fits," there is very little in common.

Jaques has always been a favourite character with the audience. This is not because the melancholy of Jaques is in itself attractive, but because his cynical mood is, after all, a sort of affectation. As he himself says, he "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." When he sees the wounded deer he is not moved by any natural pity for its sufferings, but he moralizes it "unto a thousand similes." He is delighted with Touchstone not wholly because of his humour, but because Touchstone under cover of his folly is able to "anatomize" the faults of others. Even in the case of the famous speech, "All the world's a stage," one cannot help feeling that Jaques is striving for effect and that his pessimism is not wholly free from affectation. In any case, his view of life is morbid, because he has been a libertine and has himself experienced the evil rather than the good in life. It is quite in keeping with his "melancholy" disposition that when Duke Senior is restored to his dukedom, Jaques should decide to seek out Duke Frederick, not because he understands or sympathizes with his change of heart, but because "out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learned."

Orlando, although he plays the part of "hero" in *As You Like It*, is not the most interesting character in the play. As a matter of fact, his character is in most respects colourless, and throughout the play he shines with a reflected light as

"the good Sir Rowland's son." In the first scene he complains of being neglected by his brother, who has denied him an education. Yet his language and bearing show the marks of good breeding, which we must suppose to have been due to his home training as a child. He is evidently a handsome youth, and he shows unusual physical strength in his contest with Charles the wrestler. Adam, the old family servant, attributes to him all the virtues of his father, and in turn he wins our sympathy through his consideration for Adam, and, later, through his forgiveness of his brother. But his chief claim to our sympathies is that he is in love with Rosalind and she with him. "All the world loves a lover," especially when he is young and handsome and is able to write passable love verses, as Orlando does. Naturally Orlando and Jaques have nothing in common and do not understand each other, for the young lover and the old cynic look at the world through different eyes.

Touchstone is a jester by profession,—the court fool of Duke Frederick. He is described in the play as "the clownish fool" and "the roynish clown," and yet the term "clown" does not apply to him, at least not in the same sense that it applies to a clown like Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*. As a professional fool it is his business to make people laugh, and he does so not by clownish actions or mere play on words, but by a spirit of raillery. He is keen-witted enough to seize upon whatever is ludicrous in a situation and hold it up to ridicule. He makes fun of the verses of Orlando, of the wooing of Silvius, of Corin because he has never been at court, and of William because of his "greenness" and simplicity. But his crowning piece of humour is his wooing of Audrey, whose very ugliness moves him to admiration. Even to the melancholy Jaques he is a source of merriment because of his odd sayings, his "observation, which he vents in mangled forms"; and Jaques aptly describes him as a "motley-minded gentleman."

But aside from the habits of mind and speech which belong to the professional jester, Touchstone has a claim upon our sympathies because of his good cheer and his loyalty to Celia and Rosalind. When Rosalind proposes to Celia that they steal the clownish fool out of her father's court, she urges that he will be a comfort to their travels; and if never-failing

humour, with no touch of ill-nature, is a source of comfort, then Rosalind's faith in him was fully justified.

Rosalind is the most complex and the most interesting character in the play. When she first appears she is naturally depressed in spirit because of her father's banishment, but by sheer force of will she determines to throw off her sadness to rejoice in the happiness of Celia. But scarcely has she announced her determination, when a new cause for anxiety appears. She falls in love with Orlando. Then follows her banishment, which Celia resolves to share with her. She is at first dismayed at the sentence of banishment, but when the plan of disguising themselves is suggested, she at once recovers her gaiety. When once she assumes her disguise and reaches the Forest of Arden she is forced to act a part. To Corin she is a serious youth who has purchased "the cote and flock and bounds of feed" of his former master. Silvius she treats with a certain amount of contempt not unmixed with pity, for she herself knows what it is to be in love. Phebe is the type of shallow coquette, and Rosalind makes good her threat to "sauce her with bitter words." With the melancholy of Jaques she has no sympathy, and she does not spare him in her raillery. To Celia, who knows her love for Orlando, the anxiety of Rosalind is only half-concealed under a pretence of gaiety. But it is Orlando himself who calls out all her resources, both of wit and feminine delicacy. In the scene in which she professes to be able to cure him of love she is in her gayest and yet in her most tantalizing mood. When Orlando is wounded by the lioness her womanly nature asserts itself; but even in the midst of her anxiety, as she recovers from her swoon, her humour is irrepressible, and her parting message to Oliver, for Orlando, is, "I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him." Throughout the play, indeed, one does not know which to admire most, her intellectual quickness and her gaiety of spirit, or the tender womanly emotions that lie beneath this playful exterior. It is the mingling of hopes and fears, of mocking laughter and innocent raillery, of cheerfulness and scarcely concealed sadness,—sunshine and passing cloud, which makes the sunshine all the brighter—that gives its charm to the spirit of Rosalind and to the play in which she is the central figure.

Celia is the companion of Rosalind throughout the play and her character is in some respects complementary to that of Rosalind. She sympathizes with Rosalind in her misfortunes, and shares her confidences, and then in a spirit of pure fun she teases her unmercifully regarding Orlando. She is more matter of fact and more practical than Rosalind, for when difficulties arise it is she who suggests what is to be done. But it is because of her quick sympathies that she has the greatest claim to our affection. Of her father's discourtesy to Orlando she says, "My father's rough and envious disposition sticks me at heart." It is Celia's warmth of affection that sustains Rosalind in her banishment. She has won the devotion of Touchstone, for she says, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me." She pities Silvius when Rosalind torments him; and it is because of her genuine sympathy for Oliver in his repentance, that she falls in love with him.

Time Analysis.

It is impossible to estimate what time is occupied by the action of *As You Like It*. It is probable, indeed, that the dramatist has left it purposely vague. Before the play opens, the banishment of Duke Senior has taken place. It appears to have been recent, for according to Charles the wrestler, it is still the talk of the court, and we are told that the Duke is "already" in the Forest of Arden. But yet Celia in her defence of Rosalind (Act I., Scene III., ll. 72-3) speaks as if some years had passed since Duke Senior's banishment, and in the very first scene in which the Duke appears he speaks of "old custom" having made their outdoor life more sweet. When we come to the events of the play itself, in the very first scene we learn that the wrestling match is to take place on the following day. Apparently the banishment of Rosalind and Celia takes place on the same day as the wrestling match, and the next day their flight is discovered. The impression is given that it takes some time for them to reach the Forest of Arden, for they are utterly wearied on their arrival. Indeed, the Forest of Arden is so far away that only rumour, rather than certain news, reaches the court regarding Duke Senior and his companions. We may suppose therefore that, at the very least, several days

have elapsed between the end of Act I. and the arrival of Orlando in the Forest at the close of Act II. In the beginning of Act III. Oliver is banished from Duke Frederick's court, and in the following Act he is described as "a wretched ragged man o'ergrown with hair"; and, furthermore, the account which Jaques de Boys gives of Duke Frederick's actions implies the passage of a fairly long period of time. Towards the close of the play reference is made to a definite time, for we are told that Oliver and Celia have fallen in love at first sight and are to be married "to-morrow." But, after all, Shakespeare never intended his audience to ask questions as to how the days were passing in the Forest of Arden. It is enough for us to know that in this enchanted forest the Duke and his followers were wont to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world"; and as for the lovers, there is no need to care whether time ambles, or trots, or gallops with them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.

ADAM, DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

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

SCENE. I. *Orchard of Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

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

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

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

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, 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 naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal 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.

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.

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a

villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

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

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 allottery my father left me by testament; and with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

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

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. 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.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is. 90

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. 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.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 101

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.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 113

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

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 128

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I

anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 147

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 alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and, so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.* 161

Scene II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

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

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

Cel. Herein I see thou 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 like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

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

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

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

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

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

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

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

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

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? 54

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 64

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.

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

Touch. One that old 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 taxation one of these days.

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 wit that fools have was silenced, 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.

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

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?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

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

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best

is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

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

Flourish. 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?

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 men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him. 152

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 with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 159

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

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 169

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

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

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

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

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

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.

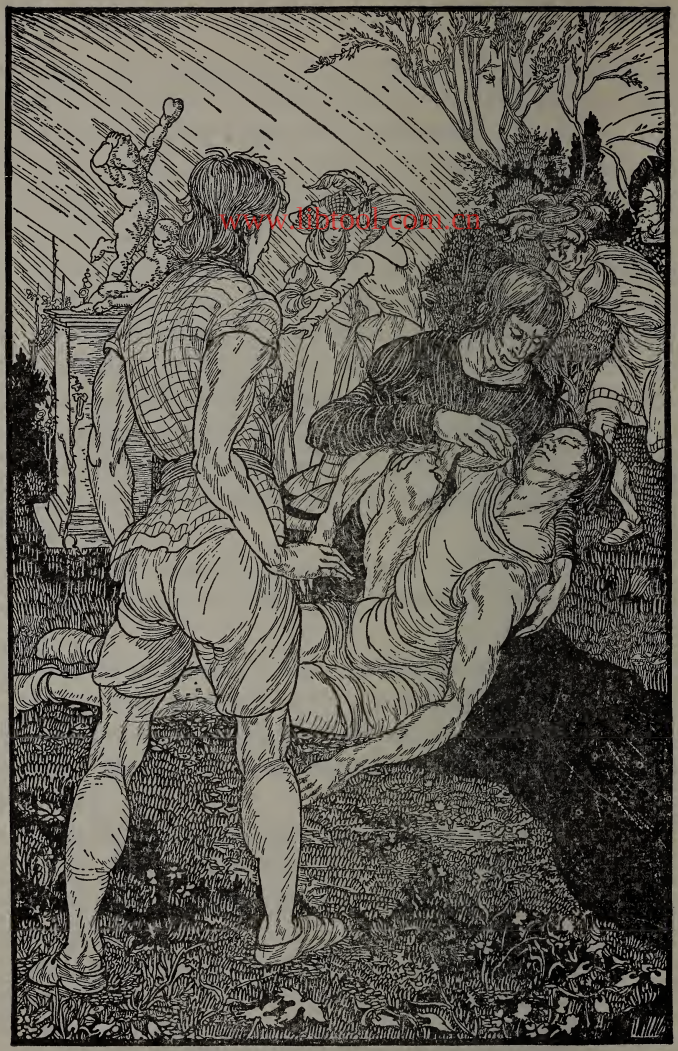
Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

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

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

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

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



Le Beau. "He cannot speak, my lord."

Act I. Scene II.

Ros. O excellent young man!

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.

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

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*

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

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

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given 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
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

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

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

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

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

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

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

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

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 lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

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

[*Exit Le Beau.*

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *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 father's child. 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.

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

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

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

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 liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him,

for my father hated his father dearly: yet I hate not Orlando.

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

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

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed 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 grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
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.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
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 umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

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

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

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

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

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

Duke 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 needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke 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.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

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 sufferance 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 roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

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

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

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

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

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

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

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

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

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?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! 30
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou has not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! 40

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

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 52

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.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something 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!

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

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 anything.

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

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place, And willingly could waste 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 feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

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

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

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

Amiens. "Come hither, come hither, come hither."

Act II Scene V.

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

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

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

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

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
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

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

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

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

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

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

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

quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.* 17

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

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

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

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool,
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I, 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune': 20
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

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

Duke S. What fool is this?

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

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

Jaq. What, for a counter, 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 sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldest thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not of my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

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?

Duke S. Art thou thus bol!en'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.

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,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

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

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

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first 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,
And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

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

Orl. I thank you most for him.

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

Duke 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.

SONG.

Ami. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

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

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

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

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 nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.* 10

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

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

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

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, briefly; come, instance.

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

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.

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

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

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

Touch. Wilt thou rest dammed? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision 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. 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.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair 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 rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

"If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind."

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

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

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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

Enter CELIA, *with a writing.*

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

Cel. [*Reads*]

"Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

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

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

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

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

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

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? 170

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.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

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! 181

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 192

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, sad brow and true maid. 200

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? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word. 209

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

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

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn. 220

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

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

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

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

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

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: 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?

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.

Jaq. God be wi' you: 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 more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

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, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, 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.

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

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.

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

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

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?

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.

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

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who stays it 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.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

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

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

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

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

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

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 fancymonger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

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

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

What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

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

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

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

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

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

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

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion 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 of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

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

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

Ros. Go with me to it and I'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? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

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

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

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

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 9

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. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

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

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

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 21

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.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

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

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

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

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

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

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! Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

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

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

Jaq. [*Advancing*] 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 'ild you for

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

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? 60

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

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. 69

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.

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

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

"O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:"

but,—

"Wind away, 80
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: 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.

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

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

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

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

Ros. Do you think so?

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

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

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

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

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

Enter CORIN.

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

Cel. Well, and what of him?

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

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

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—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

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?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

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

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'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? 90

Sil. I would have you.

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

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

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 carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him 110
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

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

ACT IV

SCENE 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 censure 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 humorous 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.

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!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.* 30

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

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, 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 think, than you make a woman. Am I your Rosalind?

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer 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, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

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

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

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.

Orl. What, of my suit?

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

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

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

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

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

it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Orl. I hope so.

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

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.

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; 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.

Orl. For ever and a day.

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

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

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

Orl. O, but she is wise.

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

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

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

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

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of vours won

me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 164

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

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

Cel. Your 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. 172

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

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

Ros. No, that same 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. 183

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.

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.* 18

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:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

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 phœnix. '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.

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'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

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?

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?

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?

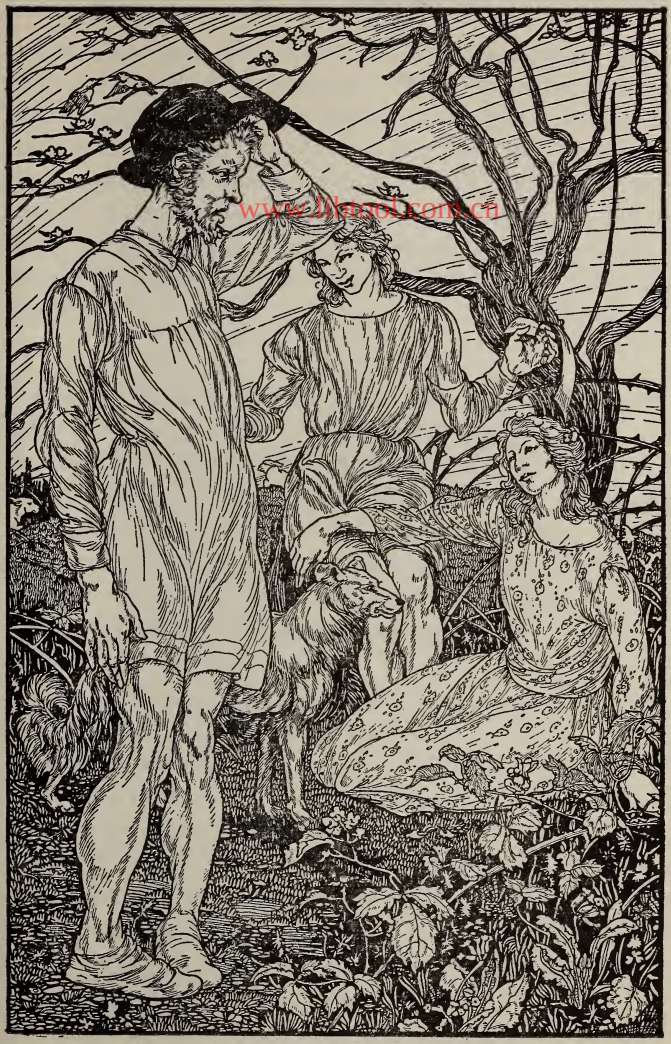
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make:
O else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!



Silvius. "Call you this railing?"

Act IV. Scene III.

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

Enter OLIVER.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros I am: what must we understand by this?

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

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with 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.

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

Oli. 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?

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

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

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

Oli. '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?

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

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

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

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

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

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!

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

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye 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?

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.

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.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 35

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he. 43

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 bandy 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.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away! 60

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

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

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the proverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 12

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.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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

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

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

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

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

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, 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.

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

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

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

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

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

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

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:

You are there 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.

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,
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?

Ros. Why do you speak too, '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 wolves 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.

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 dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. 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.

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

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,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.

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.

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.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, 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;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

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.

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.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

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

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

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

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

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.

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

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

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

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, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

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

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 84

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.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie? 91

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

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-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. 109

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. "Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is."

Ros. [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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:
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.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish."

SONG.

"Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!"

Duke 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.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

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

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-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, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*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 victualled. So, to your pleasures:
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. [*Exit.*

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

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the

behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as 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 woman the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. 222

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I.—Scene I.

In the opening scene of *As You Like It*, the audience is given some hint as to the general character of the play. We are introduced to one of the chief characters in the play in the person of Orlando, and our sympathies are enlisted in his behalf. We learn of the banishment of the old Duke to the Forest of Arden, and of the friendship between Rosalind and Celia. At the same time the interest of the audience is aroused by the conflict between Oliver and Orlando, and the plans for the wrestling match in which Oliver hopes he "shall see an end" of Orlando.

1. **upon this fashion.** After this fashion.

2. **poor a thousand.** A poor thousand.

3. **on his blessing.** On condition of receiving his blessing.

6. **his profit.** How much he is profiting by his education.

7. **stays.** Detains.

unkept. Without proper food and clothing.

11. **manage.** Training.

16. **countenance.** Here, his treatment of me.

17. **hinds.** Peasants, servants.

18. **mines.** Undermines.

gentility. Gentle birth.

27. **what make you.** What are you doing.

33. **Marry.** A mild oath, from the name of the Virgin Mary.

be naught. Plague upon you!

35-7. An allusion to the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv).

42-3. **in the gentle condition of blood.** Considering that you are of gentle (noble) birth.

45. **tradition.** Old custom of doing honour to the oldest son.

48. **Your being older than I entitles you to more of the reverence shown to him.**

49. Oliver attempts to strike Orlando.

50-1. too young in this. Not my equal when it comes to a show of physical strength.

52-3. villain. Oliver uses the word in the sense of "scoundrel." Orlando plays upon the word, and uses it with its original meaning of "serf," one who lives in a *villa* or farm.

58. railed on thyself. In saying that my father and yours begot villains.

59-60. for your father's remembrance. In respect to the memory of your father.

65. qualities. Acquirements, accomplishments.

67. exercises. Means of improvement.

68. allottery. Portion.

69. testament. Will.

81. grow upon me. To grow troublesome.

82. physic your rankness. Cure you of your impudence. "Rankness" literally means coarseness due to overgrowth.

87. So please you. If it please you.

88. importunes access. Begs to be admitted.

99. to wander. To go into exile.

109. the forest of Arden. See Introduction, p. xi.

110. a many. A multitude of.

111. Robin Hood. A famous outlaw, who is supposed to have lived in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire, in the thirteenth century.

112-3. fleet the time carelessly. Pass the time swiftly and free from care.

113. the golden world. The golden age when peace and plenty reigned on the earth.

118. hath a disposition. Is disposed, or inclined.

119. try a fall. Try to throw me, to see which one of the wrestlers would fall.

120. my credit. My reputation.

123. to foil him. To defeat him.

125. withal. Furthermore.

126. intendment. Intention, design.

brook. Endure.

131. **herein.** With regard to this.

132. **underhand.** Secret.

133. **it.** Used to express contempt.

134-5. **envious emulator.** Malicious rival.

parts. Accomplishments.

136. **contriver.** Plotter.

natural brother. Brother by birth.

137. **I had as lief.** I should be as glad. The verb "had" is subjunctive, and the sentence, if expanded, would read something like this, "I should regard (have) the breaking of his neck as willingly (lief) as the breaking of his finger."

138. **thou wert best.** It would be best for thee. This is no doubt a corruption of the construction "You were best," meaning "It were (would be) best for you," in which *you* is in the dative case.

140. **grace himself on thee.** Gain honour at your expense.

practise. Plot.

146. **anatomize.** Show his faults in detail.

149. **payment.** Punishment.

153. **this gamester.** This spirited youth. The word expresses contempt.

155. **gentle.** Showing good breeding.

156. **of all sorts.** By all classes of people.

157. **in the heart of the world.** In the affections of the people.

159. **misprised.** Underrated.

160-1. **kindle the boy thither.** Spur him on to take part in the wrestling.

SCENE II.

In Scene II. three of the important characters in the play Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone, appear on the stage. Touchstone, as a matter of course, is dressed in the garb of the court jester. Rosalind is at first inclined to be downhearted because of her father's banishment, but to please Celia she throws off her sadness, and her real disposition is seen in her playful raillery of Touchstone and Le Beau. Then comes the wrestling

match, which is followed by the announcement of the banishment of Orlando and the duke's displeasure with Rosalind. But in the meantime Orlando and Rosalind have fallen mutually in love and the way is thus prepared for the complications in the scenes that are to follow.

2-3. **am mistress of.** Really feel.

5. **learn.** Teach.

9. **so.** If.

11-3. If your love for me were of the same fine quality as mine is for you.

14. **the condition of my estate.** The condition of my affairs.

19. **perforce.** By main force.

render thee again in affection. Give back because of my love to you.

25. **prithee.** Pray thee.

27. **with safety of a pure blush.** With a pure blush in which there is no harm.

30-2. Fortune is represented as turning a wheel, which is the symbol of uncertainty since it turns so easily. When Celia speaks of her as a "good housewife" she is ironical.

38. **ill-favouredly.** Plain, homely in appearance.

39. **office.** Work, duties.

40-1. Fortune gives worldly success; she has nothing to do with the human features.

42. **No?** Does she not?

44. **wit to flout at Fortune.** Cleverness to mock at Fortune.

47. **Nature's natural.** One who is by nature a fool (natural).

62. **naught.** No good.

stand to it. Maintain.

63-4. **was not forsworn.** Did not break his oath.

77. **old Frederick.** Touchstone uses the word "old" in a familiar sense.

80. **taxation.** Your satirical speeches.

83. **By my troth.** Truly.

84. **silenced.** This is probably a reference to some new restriction that had been put upon the theatres.

88. **put on us.** Deliver or announce to us.

91. **marketable.** Being crammed with food they will be fatter or plumper and hence more ready for market.

95. **colour.** Nature, character.

100. **laid on with a trowel.** Said clumsily, without delicacy.

101. **if I keep not my rank.** If I am not allowed to finish my sentence in an orderly way.

102. Rosalind puns on the word "rank," and uses it in the sense of "unpleasant odour."

110. **dead and buried.** A thing of the past.

113. This is the way the old tales usually begin.

114. **proper.** Handsome.

115. **presence.** Appearance.

116-7. The young men would carry their bills, or halberds, on their shoulders (necks). But Rosalind plays upon the word "bills," and uses it in the sense of "public notices," which usually began with the legal phrase, "Be it known unto all men by these presents." There is a further play upon the word "presents" (presence).

117. **these presents.** These present words; these words which are before you. *Presents* is an adjective modifying *these.* French adjectives take the plural form to agree with a plural noun or pronoun, and in this legal phrase the adjective *present* is written in the plural also.

123. **dole.** Lamentation.

132. **promise.** Assure.

133-4. **broken music.** Broken ribs, which would make a sound when breaking. According to another explanation, certain instruments were made in sets of four which harmonized with one another, and when instruments belonging to different sets were played together they were said to make "broken music."

142. **entreated.** Dissuaded.

his own peril on his forwardness. If he insists on wrestling, he must do so at his own peril.

145. **successfully.** As if he would be successful.

146. **cousin.** Relative; in this case, niece.

166. **knew yourself with your judgment.** Used your reason in considering yourself and your chances.

171. **misprised.** Undervalued.

174. **wherein.** The grammatical construction is loose. No doubt Orlando means "Punish me not with your hard thoughts regarding my conduct, concerning which (wherein) I feel guilty, since I have to deny you anything."

178. **gracious.** Looked upon with favour.

185. **eke out.** Add to.

191-2. His wishes are more modest.

193. **one fall.** One bout.

198. **come your ways.** Come along.

199. **Hercules.** The Greek hero who typifies strength.

be thy speed. Give thee success.

205-6. **am not well-breathed.** Have not put forth my full strength.

216. **still.** Always.

223. **calling.** Name.

231. **envious.** Malicious.

234. **justly.** Exactly.

236. **out of suits.** Out of favour. The idea may be that she is not wearing the livery (suit) of fortune, or else that fortune will not grant what she asks (her suits).

237. **could give more.** Would willingly give more.

239. **my better parts.** My better qualities.

241. **quintain.** The wooden figure of a man. Tilting at the quintain was formerly a popular sport in England. The quintain consisted of an upright post with a crosspiece which revolved on a pivot. At one end, or arm, of the crosspiece was the wooden figure of a man, generally painted to represent a Saracen. At the other end was a bag of sand or of flour. The tilter, riding at full speed on horseback, aimed to strike the figure full in the face with his lance and at the same time to escape being struck by the bag as it swung around on the pivot.

247. **Have with you.** I'll go with you. Have it your own way (with you).

248. **passion.** Strong feeling.

250. **urged conference.** Seemed to wish a conversation.

252. **Or..or.** Either...or.

254. **Albeit.** Although.

258. **humorous.** Full of whims.

272. **argument.** Cause, reason.

277. **in a better world than this.** When conditions are better.

280. **from the smoke into the smother.** From bad to worse. The "smother" is thick stifling smoke, and hence worse than ordinary smoke.

SCENE III.

Scene III. does little more than round out the incidents of the previous scene. Rosalind confesses herself in love with Orlando. The Duke banishes Rosalind because he finds that she has the sympathy of the people. Celia determines to accompany Rosalind and they agree to take "the clownish fool," Touchstone, with them as a comfort to their travel.

5-6. **lame me with reasons.** Throw so many at me that if they were stones they would lame me.

8-9. **mad without any.** Beside herself, out of her mind, without any reason for it.

11. **my father's child.** That is, myself.

18-9. As used in line 18 "Hem" means "Cough"; in line 19 it is a call to attract notice.

21. **take the part of.** Are on the side of.

23. **a good wish upon you!** Blessing upon you!

try in time. The time will come when you will try to wrestle with them.

24. **in despite of a fall.** In spite of your being thrown down in wrestling, or in spite of your falling in love.

30. **By this kind of chase.** If you follow up this argument.

34. Rosalind has said "Hate him not." Celia replies, "Why should I not do as you ask, *i.e.*, hate him not? Or, in other words, "Why should I not love him?"

38. safest haste. Haste that will ensure your safety.

45. If I know myself.

47. frantic. Out of my mind.

51. purgation. Proving themselves innocent.

52. grace. Goodness.

67. stay'd her. Kept her. Detained her.

68. ranged along. Gone on her way.

70. remorse. Pity, tenderness.

73. still. Always.

75. Juno's swans. Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks, not by swans. The chariot of Venus was drawn by swans.

78. smoothness. Softness of disposition.

80. speak to the people. Appeal to the people.

98. teacheth. Should teach.

103. take your change upon you. Make this change in your life.

113. umber. A brown coloured pigment, so called because it was first brought from Umbria in Italy.

117. suit me all points like a man. Dress myself in every way like a man.

118. curtle-axe. Cutlass. The root of the word is Lat. *cultellus*, a little ploughshare. The form *curtle-axe* is due to false analogy, because of a supposed connection with *axe*.

121. swashing. Swaggering.

122. mannish. Male. The word is used humorously to express contempt.

123. outface it with their semblances. Conceal their cowardice with an appearance of bravery.

126. Ganymede. A beautiful youth who was cupbearer to Jove.

129. Aliena. A stranger.

130. assay'd. Attempted.

Questions.

1. Orlando admits that his education and training have been neglected. How is it, then, that the audience are so ready to admire him?

2. What means has the dramatist used to heighten the interest of the audience in the wrestling match?

3. (*a*) What are we told in Act I. regarding the old Duke?

(*b*) Point out two speeches in Act I. which help to show how long the old Duke has been in exile.

4. What suggestions do you find in Act I. as to the personal appearance of Celia and of Rosalind?

5. In what respects does the character of Oliver resemble that of Duke Frederick?

Act II.—Scene I.

In this Scene we are given our first glimpse of the Forest of Arden. The cheerful philosophy of the old Duke is in marked contrast with the humours of Duke Frederick in the previous scenes; and in the moralizing of the melancholy Jaques there is a further satire on the life of the court.

3. **painted pomp.** With a showy exterior.

4. **envious.** Spiteful.

5. As a matter of fact the penalty imposed upon Adam was the necessity to labour. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But being cast out of the Garden of Eden, he was exposed to the changes of season, and the dramatist speaks of this as the "penalty." Some editors have changed "but" to "not," but this change involves changes in punctuation.

11. **feelingly.** By appealing to my senses or feelings.

persuade me what I am. Show me what I really am, not what flatterers say I am.

13-4. In Shakespeare's time the toad was commonly believed to be venomous, and, strangely enough, it was thought that the grayish stone, known as the toadstone, was obtained from the head of a species of toad found in Italy. Possibly the clearness of the toad's eye had something to do with the belief that he "wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

15. exempt from public haunt. Not troubled by the presence of other people.

19-20. Who can thus see so much good in your ill-fortune. Note the metaphor in *translate* and style.

22. it irks me. It grieves me.

dappled. Spotted.

fools. Innocent creatures.

24. confines. Limits, territory.

forked heads. Arrows.

26. Jaques. Pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare. Scan the line.

27. in that kind. In his melancholy way.

30. lay along. Stretched out.

31. antique. Ancient.

33. sequester'd. Separated from its companions.

41. of. By.

44. moralize. Draw a moral from.

46. for. With regard to.

the needless stream. The stream that didn't need his tears.

47. testament. Will.

49. being there. With regard to his being there.

50. velvet. Sleek, smooth-coated.

51-2. part the flux of company. Separate one from the crowd (stream) of his companions.

57. bankrupt. Here, ruined deer.

58. invectively. With bitter comment.

pierceth through. Probes, analyses.

59. body. The whole organism.

61. what's worse. Even worse than tyrants.

62. up. Used here to intensify the word *kill*

63. assign'd. Set apart by nature.

68. cope him. Encounter him.

69. matter. Good sense.

Scene II.

The only purpose that this scene serves in the play is to let the audience know that Celia, Rosalind, and Touchstone have been able to carry out their plans and have escaped from the Court.

3. Have approved and have not objected to their running away.

8. roynish. Rascally; literally, scabby.

20. suddenly. At once.

21. inquisition. Inquiry.

quail. Slacken.

22. To bring again. To bring back.

Scene III.

This scene is intended to awaken further the sympathies of the audience for Orlando. To Adam, the old family servant, Orlando is "the memory of old Sir Rowland"; and the devotion of Adam in itself helps to show to advantage the finer qualities of Orlando.

3. memory. So like old Sir Rowland in appearance that you call him to my memory.

8. fond. Foolish.

9. priser. Prize-fighter.

humours. Full of changing moods.

13. no more do yours. Your virtues do not serve you any better.

14. Although outwardly your virtues appear sacred, in reality they betray you.

16. Envenoms. Poisons.

24. use. Are accustomed.

27. practices. Designs.

28. butchery. Place of butchery.

39. a diverted blood. Brotherly feeling that has been turned out of its natural course.

41. thrifty hire. Wages that I saved by my thrift.

43. When because of age I should be unfit for service.

44. When I should be disregarded and thrown aside because of my age.

51. **rebellious liquors.** Liquors that injure the blood.

52. **unbashful forehead.** Shameless face.

59. **constant.** Faithful.

antique. Ancient.

60. When servants worked for the sake of duty, not for the sake of reward.

61. **for.** In keeping with.

63-4. Having gained promotion they slacken in their service because they now have the promotion they wanted.

67. **In lieu of.** In return for.

husbandry. The care you have taken with it.

70. We'll find some place where we can live humbly and contentedly.

76. **too late a week.** A proverbial phrase.

Scene IV.

A large part of the comedy in *As You Like It* has to do with the shepherds and shepherdesses in the Forest of Arden, Corin and Silvius and William, Phebe and Audrey. In this scene the humour lies chiefly in the appearance and actions of the love-sick Silvius, which provides Touchstone with a subject for his mirth. The conversation with Corin, furthermore, prepares the way for the purchase of the sheepfold, and Rosalind and Celia have henceforth a dwelling of their own in the Forest of Arden. It is perhaps a matter for surprise that Rosalind does not at once seek out her father, but it is part of the charm of the Forest of Arden that those who come under its spell are not expected to act always as they would do in real life.

4. **could find in my heart.** Am inclined to.

6. **the weaker vessel.** The woman. See I Peter, iii, 7.

doublet and hose. Coat and breeches. The doublet was so called because it was lined, and hence "double."

11. **bear no cross.** One side of the silver coins of Elizabeth's reign was marked with a cross.

26. **As sure I think.** And with regard to this I certainly think.

28. **fantasy.** Fancy, in the sense of "love."

41. **searching of thy wound.** In considering your misfortune.

42. **by hard adventure.** By ill fortune.

44. **him.** The stone which in the dark he imagines to be a rival.

46. **batlet.** A small bat, or stick, used in beating clothes while washing them.

47. **chopt.** Chapped.

48. **peascod.** Pea-pod. According to the belief of country lovers, when a pea-pod was snatched from the vine and the peas remained in it, the lover was likely to be successful in his suit.

cods. Peas.

51-2. Just as everything in nature is certain to die (mortal), so every creature that is in love is extremely (mortally) foolish. There is, of course, no point in the comparison.

54. **wit.** Cleverness.

57. **something.** Somewhat.

67. **entertainment.** Refreshment.

70. **faints for succour.** Faints for want of help.

74. **fleeces.** Sheep.

76. **recks.** Cares.

78. **cote.** Cottage.

bounds of feed. Pastures.

83. **What is he.** What sort of person is he.

shall buy. Intends to buy.

87. **if it stands with honesty.** If it is consistent with honest dealing. If it is not acting dishonestly towards Silvius.

89. Thou shalt have money to pay for it from us.

90. **mend.** Improve, increase.

91. **waste.** Pass, spend.

93. **upon report.** Upon hearing further details.

95. **feeder.** Of your sheep.

96. **right suddenly.** Immediately.

Scene V.

In this scene Amiens and Jaques are seen in contrast with each other. Amiens, to judge from his songs, is contented with life in the Forest of Arden, but Jaques, as usual, is cynical. Naturally enough, he finds the Duke "too disputable," for the Duke is unlikely to allow his cynical comment to go unquestioned.

5. **Come.** Let him come.

14. **ragged.** Rough.

17. **stanzo.** Stanza. In Shakespeare's time *stanza* was a new word, recently introduced from the Italian.

20-1. **they owe me nothing.** They are not as important as the names of people who owe me money.

24. **that they call.** That which they call.

25. **dog-apes.** Dog-faced apes, baboons.

26. **methinks.** It seems to me.

29. **cover the while.** Lay the cloth while I am singing.

33. **disputable.** Fond of argument.

37. **i' the sun.** In the sunshine, in the open air.

45. **in despite of my invention.** In spite of my lack of imagination.

51. **Ducdame.** A meaningless word which Jaques uses to fill up a line.

54. **An if.** *An* means "if," and it is used here merely to intensify the word *if*.

58. **the firstborn of Egypt.** Probably a proverbial expression meaning "all high-born persons."

Scene VI.

This scene is intended merely to show that Orlando has reached the Forest of Arden, and to prepare the way for his meeting with the Duke and his company in the following scene.

6. **uncouth.** Literally, unknown; hence, rough, rude.

savage. Wild.

8. You fancy yourself nearer death than you really are.

9. **be comfortable.** Take comfort.

Scene VII.

The melancholy Jaques in his rambles in the forest has met with Touchstone, and he has found that they have something in common. It is the privilege of Touchstone as the jester of the Court to rail at the follies of the time. Jaques, too, finds his greatest pleasure in exposing the weaknesses of others; but while Touchstone's raillery is good-humored and wholesome, that of Jaques is bitter and cynical. To Jaques the world is not a place where men and women live to any real purpose,—it is merely a stage, and men and women are merely players. With such a nature as this, it is natural that Jaques should resent the intrusion of Orlando, whose wholesome nature he instinctively feels to be a challenge to his cynicism. In the heart of the Duke, on the other hand, the distress of Orlando awakens nothing but sympathy.

5. **compact of jars.** Made up of discords.

6. A reference to the old belief in the music of the spheres.

14. **motley.** Wearing a motley dress. The professional jester was distinguished from other servants by his parti-coloured dress.

a miserable world! Jaques never loses an opportunity to make cynical remarks about the world in which he lives. He means here that it is a miserable world that needs to have its follies probed by a fool.

18. **in good set terms.** Roundly, without sparing her.

20. "Fortune favours fools," but she hasn't favoured me.

21. **dial.** A small portable sun-dial.

poke. Pouch, pocket.

22. **lack-lustre.** Dull; hence, apparently serious.

27. **ripe.** Ripen.

29. **thereby hangs a tale.** There is a story connected with this. Touchstone, while pretending to be very serious, is making fun of people who moralize in this commonplace way.

30. **moral.** Moralize.

31. **chanticleer.** The cock, the bird that "sings clear."

33. **sans intermission.** Without stopping.

34. **by his dial.** This is a way of saying that Touchstone's dial was no good.

35. **Motley's the only wear.** Who would not be a fool, and wear a motley dress?

40. **dry.** A person who was slow in learning, but who had a retentive memory, was said to have a "dry" brain.

42. **the which.** The article *the* was frequently used before *which*, in Elizabethan English, to give greater definiteness to the pronoun.

vents. Utters.

43. **In mangled forms.** In disjointed phrases.

45. **suit.** Petition, or dress. A play on the two meanings of the word.

46-8. Provided you get rid of any ideas that may have grown up in your minds that I am not a fool.

48-50. I must, besides, be free to make fun of whomsoever I wish.

51. They that feel my sarcasm most keenly.

54-6. Jaques means to say that the man who is hurt by the fool's sarcasm must not show it. Line 56 has only four feet, and some editors think that "Not to," or "But to" should be supplied. Taking the lines as they stand, without supplying anything, the meaning is, "He that is hit by the fool's sarcasm pretends that he has not felt it (Doth seem senseless) by laughing loudly (very foolishly). If "But to" is supplied, the meaning is that he acts (Doth) very foolishly merely to (But to) seem insensible of the jest. If "Not to" is supplied the meaning is that it is foolish of him not to seem insensible of the jest. These different interpretations are possible owing to the fact that "Doth" may be used in different senses, as an auxiliary and as a principal verb.

56. **bob.** A blow; here, a jest or jibe.

57. **anatomized.** Analysed.

58. **squandering glances.** Random hits.

64. **a counter.** A round piece of metal used in counting, and worth nothing in itself.

66. **libertine.** One who lives a debauched life.

67. **the brutish sting.** The animal passions.

68. **embossed.** Swollen, raised.

headed. Having come to a head, as in the case of a boil or other sore.

69. **with license of free foot.** Indulging without restraint in all forms of evil.

70. **the general world.** The public.

71. Jaques misses the point of the Duke's criticism. The Duke has said that Jaques would make society more corrupt. Jaques does not answer this, but goes on to argue that no one has a right to be offended at what he says.

on pride. Against pride.

72. **tax.** Accuse.

74. Till, in the effort to keep up appearances, one becomes poor.

the wearer. The wearer of fine clothes.

77. **The cost of princes.** Clothes which only the rich can afford to wear.

80. **what.** Who; used contemptuously.

of basest function. Of the meanest occupation.

81. **his bravery is not at my cost.** I don't have to pay for his fine clothes.

82. **therein.** By retorting.

82-3. **suits his folly to the mettle of my speech.** Shows that the point of my speech applies to his foolish actions.

84. There you have my answer. What have you to say to it?

86. **hath wrong'd himself.** Because he is guilty of the faults of which I complain.

87-8. No one needs to take my criticism to himself.

91. To what class of people can this impudent fellow belong?

94. **civility.** Good manners.

95. **at first.** When you spoke of my distress.

97. **inland bred.** Brought up in an inland town.

98. **nurture.** Good breeding.

110. **savage.** Wild, rude.

117. **knoll'd.** Knell'd, summoned by a bell.

121. enforcement. Compulsion, power by which my wishes are enforced.

122. blush. For my incivility.

128. upon command. According to your commands.

135. weak evils. Evils which produce weakness.

137. waste. Use.

140. The world,—the theatre where all men play their parts.

141. pageants. Shows.

143. merely players. Nothing but actors.

147. Mewling. Whimpering.

151. Sighing like furnace. Sounding like the bellows of a furnace.

152. Made in praise of his mistress' eyebrow.

153. strange. New-fangled.

pard. Panther or leopard.

154. sudden. Hasty, impulsive.

155. the bubble reputation. Lasting no longer than a bubble.

157. capon. Here, roast chicken.

158. of formal cut. Cut in such a way as to be in keeping with his dignity as judge.

159. saws. Sayings, maxims.

modern instances. Commonplace illustrations.

160. pantaloon. A foolish old man. In the Italian comedies of Shakespeare's time one of the stock characters was Pantalone, a miserly foolish old dotard. The word pantaloon is a corruption of "Pantalone."

166. his. Its.

168. mere oblivion. Complete forgetfulness.

181. Because thou art not seen. We have to endure only the feeling of the wind. To see the cause of our misery would add to it.

190. warp. This may mean either that the wind ruffles the surface of the water, or that it changes the water to a rough sheet of ice.

192. As the sting of being forgotten by one's friends.

196. **effigies.** Likeness.

witness. Testify.

197. **limn'd and living.** Drawn in a lifelike fashion.

Questions.

1. Contrast the opinions of the Duke and Jaques regarding their life in the Forest of Arden.

2. Show by reference to Scenes III., VI. and VII., what purpose Adam serves in the play.

3. Compare the Song of Amiens in Scene V. with his song in Scene VII.

4. Why does Jaques not like the Duke? Why does he like Touchstone?

5. Point out details in this Act by which the audience are made to feel that the Forest of Arden is far from the Court.

6. One of the lords speaks of Jaques as "the melancholy Jaques." Show by reference to the speech beginning "All the world's a stage" (Scene VII.) that he is "melancholy."

Act III.—Scene I.

In this scene a just retribution overtakes Oliver for his unnatural treatment of Orlando. This scene also prepares the audience for the appearance of Oliver in the Forest of Arden at a later stage in the play.

2. **the better part.** The greater part.

3. **argument of.** Subject for.

16. **my officers of such a nature.** Whose particular duty it is.

17. **Make an extent upon.** Seize upon. A legal phrase.

18. **Expediently.** Expeditiously, without delay.

Scene II.

At the opening of the scene Orlando unconsciously prepares the way for further complications in the plot by hanging love verses on the trees. Through these verses Rosalind learns of his love for her, and playfully proposes to try to cure him of his love. In the meantime Jaques and Orlando have met, and,

as might have been expected, they openly disagree. The cynic and the lover have nothing in common; and in the encounter of wits Jaques in this case comes off second best. Earlier in the scene Corin and Touchstone meet. It is natural that with them the talk should turn on the respective merits of the life of the courtier and the life of the shepherd, and this subject gives an opportunity for wholesome humour.

2. **thrice-crowned queen.** The moon, who rules the upper air as Cynthia (or Luna), the earth as Diana, and the underworld as Proserpine (or Hecate).

3. **chaste.** Diana was the virgin goddess, untouched by the passion of love.

4. **thy huntress' name.** Here, Rosalind.

my full life. My whole life.

doth sway. Controls, as the moon controls the tides.

6. **character.** Cut, engrave.

8. **witness'd.** Testified to.

10. **unexpressive.** Inexpressible, beyond the power of words to describe.

15. **naught.** No good.

29. **may complain of good breeding.** That is, of the *lack* of good breeding.

43. **parlous.** Perilous.

48. **but you kiss.** Without kissing; except you kiss.

50. **Instance.** Give me an illustration.

51. **still.** Always.

52. **fells.** Fleeces.

54. **a mutton.** A sheep.

60. **surgery.** Handling: the literal meaning of the word.

62. **civet.** Perfume procured from the civet cat.

63-4. Touchstone says that as compared with a good piece of flesh, Corin is no better than meat for worms.

65. **perpend.** Reflect, consider.

birth. Origin.

66. **Mend the instance.** Give me a better illustration.

70. make incision in thee. Cure thee. The old method of curing disease was to let blood.

71. raw. Crude, green.

74. content with my harm. Patient under my misfortunes.

82. lined. Drawn, delineated.

85. fair. Beauty.

88. right. True, perfect.

rank. Procession; the butter-women going along one after the other at a jog trot.

102. prick. Thorn.

104. infect. Pollute.

107. graff. Graft.

108. medlar. A pun on the word *meddler*. The medlar is a wild fruit, found in Europe, resembling a pear. It is not pleasant to the taste until it begins to decay.

115. For. Because.

117. civil sayings. Sayings that will show that civilized people live here.

120. That. So that.

121. Buckles in. Contains, includes.

128. quintessence. Literally, the fifth essence. The body, it was believed, was composed of the four elements, and the finer qualities of soul were spoken of as a quintessence.

sprite. Spirit.

128-9. The best qualities of every creature, which Heaven wishes to show in miniature in one person.

132. wide-enlarged. Fully developed.

133. presently. Immediately.

distill'd. Produced in its purest form.

134. Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Greece, was the most beautiful woman in the world; but she proved false to her husband.

135. Cleopatra. Queen of Egypt.

136. Atalanta. A maiden of Arcadia who was renowned for her beauty and for her swiftness in running. Her "better part" is probably her fleetness of foot.

137. Lucretia. A Roman matron who was dishonoured by Sextus Tarquin and took her own life in consequence.

138. parts. Qualities.

139. synod. Assembly.

141. touches. Traits.

dearest prized. Most valued.

144. pulpiter. Preacher.

homily. Sermon.

151. scrip. The shepherd's pouch.

162. should be. Came to be.

165. Pythagoras. A Greek philosopher who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

166. an Irish rat. An allusion to the belief that rats were rhymed to death in Ireland.

167. Trow you. Do you know.

173-4. The most improbable things may happen.

177-8. petitionary vehemence. Earnest entreaty.

181. out of all hooping. That cannot be expressed by any shouts or exclamations. "Hooping" is the older form of *whooping*.

182. Good my complexion. A mild oath. Celia has accused her of changing colour (l. 170).

183. caparisoned. Dressed.

184-5. One inch, etc. To be kept in ignorance a moment longer is to Rosalind as tedious as to explore the unknown South Seas. Or the meaning may be that Rosalind will ask so many questions that Celia's attempt to answer them will be like embarking on a voyage of discovery in the South Seas.

198. in an instant. In one instant.

199-200. speak, sad brow and true maid. Speak seriously and truly; with sad brow and like a true maid.

207. what makes he? What is he doing?

210. Gargantua's mouth. Gargantua was a giant who was the chief character in a story written in 1532, by Rabelais, a French author. According to the story Gargantua gulped down a salad with leaves as big as walnut trees, in which were hidden six pilgrims.

211. this age's size. The size of people's mouths at the present time.

217. atomies. Motes in a sunbeam.

217-8. resolve the propositions. Answer the questions.

219. observance. Attention.

221. The oak was sacred to Jove.

223. Give me audience. Listen to me.

229. Cry "holla." Check, restrain, as a horseman calls "holla" (wait, stop), to check his horse.

curvets. Prances.

230. furnished. Equipped, dressed.

232. burden. Refrain.

236. bring me out. Put me out.

239. had as lief have been alone. Would have been as glad to be alone.

240. for fashion sake. For the sake of politeness.

247. ill-favouredly. Badly.

249. just. Exactly.

256-7. conned them out of rings. Learned by rote the mottoes which were engraved on the insides of gold rings.

258. right painted cloth. After the fashion of the mottoes or precepts which were commonly painted upon tapestry hangings or covers for furniture.

261. Atalanta's heels. See note on l. 136.

264. breather. Being.

280. lackey. Footman.

under that habit. In that guise.

288. detect. Make note of; mark off.

293. withal. Here, merely a stronger form of *with*.

296. trots hard. This does not mean that time goes fast, but rather that it goes with difficulty (hard), and hence seems slow in passing.

304. lean. Making the student thin, or lean.

310. stays. Stands still.

317. native. Here, an adjective.

318. **cony.** Rabbit.

319. **kindled.** Born, brought forth.

321. **purchase.** Acquire.

removed. Remote.

322. **of many.** By many.

323. **religious.** Either a hermit or a monk.

324. **courtship.** A pun on the two meanings of the word,—the ways of the court, and the art of wooing.

338. **elegies.** Mournful verses.

339. **forsooth.** Expresses scorn.

340. **fancymonger.** One who meddles with love (fancy).

341. **quotidian.** A fever which returns every day.

343. **love-shaked.** Like one who shivers with chills or ague accompanying the fever.

347. **cage of rushes.** A cage from which it would be easy to escape.

350. **unquestionable.** Not inclined to engage in conversation.

353. **your having.** What you have.

354. **bonnet unbanded.** Hat without a band.

356. **careless desolation.** Despondency in which you have no interest (care) in anything.

357. **point-device.** Exact, precise.

366. **in good sooth.** Truly, really.

375. A reference to the cruel treatment of the insane in Shakespeare's day.

382. **moonish.** Changeable.

387. **cattle of this colour.** Creatures of this sort.

388. **entertain.** Encourage.

forswear him. Give him up, have nothing to do with him.

390-1. **living humour.** Real mood.

392. **merely.** Wholly, entirely.

394. **to wash your liver.** The liver was supposed to be the seat of the passions, and, hence, of love.

Scene III.

Touchstone has never met anyone so ugly or so slovenly as Audrey, and the thought of making love to her appeals to his sense of humour. The presence of the cynical Jaques in company with this incongruous pair adds to the humour of the scene.

3. feature. Form, appearance. In Shakespeare's time the word was not confined to the features of the face.

7. capricious. Whimsical, fanciful. The literal meaning is "goatlike" (Lat. *caper*, a goat), and Touchstone is punning on the word. Notice also the pun on "goats" and "Goths."

Ovid. A Roman poet (43 B.C.—17 A.D.). He incurred the displeasure of Augustus, and was banished to Tomi on the shores of the Black Sea. This country was inhabited by the Getae, whom Touchstone calls "the Goths."

8. ill-inhabited. Poorly lodged.

9. Jove in a thatched house. According to the myth, Jupiter and Mercury on one occasion sought shelter in a peasant's cottage, in Phrygia.

11. seconded with. Helped by.

forward. Quick to learn.

12. strikes a man more dead. Takes the spirit out of a man.

12-3. a great reckoning in a little room. A large bill for only a few people.

18. feigning. Imaginative.

26. hard-favoured. Plain-looking, ugly.

29. material. Full of matter.

34-5. I thank the gods I am foul. Because ugliness and honesty are said to go together, I am thankful that I am ugly (foul).

39. Sir. The title *Sir* corresponded to the Latin "Dominus," and was often given to those who had taken a degree from a university.

47. what though? What does it matter? What though this be so?

48. you are well met. I am glad to meet you.

dispatch. To do business in haste.

57. 'ild. A contraction of *yield*, which means "reward."

59. a toy in hand. Audrey is merely something for his amusement.

be covered. Put on your hat.

61. bow. The arched piece of wood to which the yoke is fastened.

63. bill. Bill and coo; rub their bills together.

70. I am not in the mind but I would be better. I am in the mind that I would be better.

80. Wind. Turn; or it may be an older form of *wend*.

84. flout me. Mock me.

Scene IV.

The most important point in this scene, from a dramatic point of view, is the mention of Rosalind's meeting with her father, who does not recognise her. This is necessary as a preparation for later scenes in the play.

7. of the dissembling colour. Shows that he is not to be trusted.

8. Judas's. In old paintings Judas was generally represented as having red hair.

14. holy bread. Bread used at the sacrament.

15. cast. Cast off, discarded.

Diana. The virgin goddess, untouched by the passion of love.

16. a nun of winter's sisterhood. A nun that belongs to an order that is as cold, or free from passion, as winter.

23. verity. Truth, honesty.

24. concave. Hollow, insincere.

a covered goblet. Probably a reference to the fact that goblets were covered when they were empty.

29. the word of a tapster. Who would be ready to cheat his customers.

30. confirmer of false reckonings. Ready to make false statements, and then swear that they are true.

reckonings. Accounts, bills.

33. question. Conversation.

39. traverse. Across the body, instead of by a direct thrust.

40. puisny. Unskilful; literally, younger.

on one side. And hence approaches his adversary sideways.

41. noble. Used ironically.

48. pageant. A striking scene.

SCENE V.

In this scene Phebe is the centre of interest,—first when she mocks Silvius, and later when she herself falls so suddenly in love. She appears as an artful coquette, who is fully conscious of her power over the devoted Silvius.

5. Falls not. Does not let fall.

6. But first begs pardon. Without first begging pardon.

7. dies and lives. Gets his living until he dies.

11. 'Tis pretty, sure. It is surely a pretty fancy.

13. atomies. Motes of dust.

23. cicatrice. Scar; here, simply a mark.

capable impressure. The mark or indentation which it is capable of receiving.

29. fancy. Love.

34. mocks. Taunts.

37. all at once. All in the same breath.

40. The meaning may be that Phebe's beauty is not such as will light up the room and take the place of a candle: or else that she will not need to look at herself in her glass, and hence will not need a candle.

44. nature's sale-work. Ordinary appearance without special beauty, just like the goods that are sold in quantities over the counter.

'Od's. God's; a mild oath.

48. bugle. Black beads of glass are called "bugles."

52. properer. Handsomer.

54. ill-favour'd. Ugly.

62. Cry the man mercy. Beg his pardon.

63. When an ugly person mocks at others it makes her uglier still.

76. ply her hard. Keep on wooing her.

79. abused. Deceived.

81. Dead shepherd. The poet Christopher Marlowe, in whose poem "Hero and Leander" the following line occurs.

I find thy saw of might. I feel now how much force there is in your saying (saw).

86. If you feel sorry for me you surely must be ready to relieve my misery.

88-9. If you returned my love, both your sorrow and my grief would disappear.

95. erst. Formerly.

100. in such a poverty of grace. So much out of favour.

106. erewhile. A little while ago.

109. carlot. Peasant; a diminutive of *churl*.

114. It. Used slightingly, to express contempt.

124. constant. Uniform.

mingled damask. Red, as in damask roses, mingled with white.

126. In parcels. Piecemeal, point by point.

126-7. would have gone near to fall in love. Would have come near falling.

130. what had he to do. What business had he.

132. I am remember'd. I recall to mind.

134. omittance is no quittance. The fact that I neglected to taunt him doesn't mean that I am to let him off altogether.

139. passing. Exceedingly.

Questions.

1. (*a*) What is Orlando's reason for hanging his verses on the trees?

(*b*) What dramatic purpose is served by this whim of Orlando's?

2. Why is Jaques interested in the wooing of Touchstone and Audrey, and why, on the other hand does he sneer at the verses of Orlando?

3. "On three different occasions in this Act, Rosalind's disguise serves a good purpose." Explain.

4. (*a*) How do you account for Celia's comments on Orlando?

(*b*) Show what part Celia plays in the development of Act III.

5. "Aside from the development of the main love story in Act III., the interest of the audience depends upon the humorous situations which arise from the meeting of characters who are oddly suited to each other."

(*a*) In what way does the dramatist keep up the interest in the main love story?

(*b*) Mention some of the humorous situations in this Act, and show to what extent the characters in each case are "oddly suited to each other."

Act IV.—Scene I.

In this scene Jaques for the first time meets with Rosalind, and, cynic though he is, he is so much attracted by the "pretty youth" that he wishes "to be better acquainted." He is apparently so much in love with his own "sadness" that he fails to realize that Rosalind is making fun of him; or it may be that he purposely makes an effort to "seem senseless of the bob." When Orlando appears, the fact that Rosalind is really in love no doubt adds to her gaiety and high spirits in the make-believe wooing that takes place.

7. **modern censure.** Common criticism.

11. **emulation.** Jealous rivalry.

fantastical. Becauses it expresses the fancies of lovers.

13. **politic.** Assumed for some purpose.

14. **nice.** Has to do with trifles.

16. **simples.** The juices of herbs used in medicines were spoken of as *simples* because each plant yielded only a single kind.

17. **sundry contemplation.** Thinking now of this journey, now of that.

18. **often rumination.** Frequent meditation.

humorous. Moody.

29. **God be wi' you.** Good bye.

31. **look.** See that, take care that.

32. **disable all the benefits.** Make little of the good qualities.

33. **nativity.** The rank of life in which you were born.

34. **countenance.** Appearance.

35. **swam.** Sailed.

44-5. People may say that he is in love, but I'll guarantee that he is not.

clapped him on the shoulder. This may mean either as a friend, or as a constable who arrests a man.

48. **had as lief.** Would as willingly.

51. **jointure.** Marriage settlement; the property which a husband settles on his wife at marriage to belong to her in case of his death.

55. **leer.** Look, expression of face.

62. **gravelled.** Stuck.

63. **out.** Out of something to say; do not know what to say next.

64. **God warn us.** God defend us from ever being in that predicament.

65. **the cleanliest shift.** The best way out of the difficulty.

72. **suit.** A pun on the two meanings of the word.

77. **in her person.** Acting in her behalf.

79. **by attorney.** By proxy. Let someone else die in your place.

81. **videlicet.** Namely, viz.

82. **Troilus** was one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy. He fell in love with a Grecian maiden, named Cressida, who had been taken prisoner by the Trojans; but she proved unfaithful to him. He was killed by the Greeks during the siege.

84. **patterns of love.** Models for lovers to follow.

Leander, a youth of Abydos was in love with a maiden named Hero, who lived at Sestos, on the opposite side of the Hellespont. Guided by a torch which she placed in her tower, he swam the Hellespont every night to see her; but one dark night when the torch was extinguished by a storm, he was

drowned, and his body was washed up at the foot of the tower. Overcome with grief, Hero threw herself into the sea and perished.

96. **coming-on.** Favourable, encouraging.

120. **commission.** License.

121-2. **goes before the priest.** Doesn't wait for the priest to tell her what to say.

132. **Barbary.** A general name for the north of Africa, including Morocco, Fez, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli.

133-4. **new-fangled.** Wanting new things.

135-6. **Diana in the fountain.** Statues representing one or other of the Greek goddesses, with water spouting from the mouth or the eyes, were frequent ornaments of fountains.

137. **hyen.** Hyena.

143. **the waywarder.** The more wilful.

make the doors. Close the doors; make them fast.

154. **cast away.** Forsaken.

157-8. **God mend me.** God help me; God give me better fortune.

not dangerous. Not profane.

160. **pathetical.** Here used in a ludicrous sense, meaning, to be pitied, miserable.

165. **religion.** Seriousness.

167. **justice.** Judge.

169. **misused.** Abused.

171-2. A reference to the proverb, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest."

175. **sounded.** Measured.

176. **the bay of Portugal.** There is no distinct "bay" of Portugal. The name was formerly applied to the waters off the coast between Oporto and Cintra. The water in this "bay" is so deep that in Shakespeare's time it was impossible to sound it.

179. **boy.** Cupid.

abuses. Deceives.

180. **his own are out.** "Love is blind."

183. **shadow.** Shady place.

Scene II.

This scene is introduced into the play merely to allow for the passage of the two hours during which Orlando is absent from Rosalind.

3-5. See Act II., Scene I. Jaques is sarcastic.

8. It does not matter how little tune there is to it if (so) it makes noise enough.

12. **sing him home.** Conduct him home with songs.

bear this burthen. Join in this chorus.

13. There is a coarse reference here to the old fancy that a man whose wife was unfaithful to him wore horns on his forehead.

Scene III.

In this scene Rosalind is still the real centre of interest. In the first part of the scene her mockery of the love-sick Silvius creates a humorous situation. In the latter half of the scene her own feelings regarding Orlando are put to the test; but as soon as her immediate anxiety has been relieved she recovers her self-possession, and with delightful humour insists that her swooning was merely a clever counterfeit. The sudden conversion of Oliver is one of the surprises of the play, but in a scene of enchantment such as the Forest of Arden with its olive trees and palms and oak trees side by side, and a lioness with cubs in the vicinity of a peaceful sheep-fold, nothing should really be a matter for surprise.

1. **How say you?** What do you say?

2. **much Orlando.** Ironical for "no sign of Orlando."

11. **It bears an angry tenour.** The contents are of an angry nature.

13-4. This letter would rouse even the most patient person and make him bluster.

17. **as rare as phœnix.** The phœnix is a fabulous bird resembling the eagle in size. According to the legend it came from Arabia to Egypt every 500 years. Here it built itself a funeral pile upon which it was consumed, but from the flames there arose a new phœnix to take the place of the old.

'Od's my will. See note on Act III., Scene V., l. 44.

23. turn'd into. Brought to.

25. freestone-colour'd. Of the colour of bath-brick.

27. huswife's hand. The hand of a housewife, hardened with rough work.

34. giant-rude. Exceedingly rude, monstrously rude.

35. Ethiope. Black as an Ethiopian, or negro.

35-6. blacker in their effect than in their countenance. Being written in ink they are black in their appearance (countenance), but they are blacker still in the effect which they produce on the reader.

37. So please you. If you please.

39. Phebes me. She writes to me as only a person as cruel as Phebe could write.

44. thy godhead laid apart. Thy godhead being set aside; the nominative absolute construction.

48. vengeance. Harm, injury.

49. Meaning me a beast. Since the eye of man could do her no harm, she must mean that I am a beast.

50. eyne. Eyes.

58. by him seal up thy mind. Send back an answer by him, sealed up so that he will not read it.

59. youth and kind. Youth and other qualities.

61. make. Do.

68. instrument. In the double sense of "tool," and "musical instrument."

76. purlieus. Borders, outskirts.

79. neighbour bottom. Neighbouring lowlands, or valley.

80. rank. Row.

81. Left on your right hand. If you leave them on your right hand.

84. If what I have been told about you may help my eye to judge.

87. favour. Appearance.

87-8. bestows himself like a ripe sister. Acts like a grown-up sister.

92. **commend him.** Send greetings.

94. **napkin.** Handkerchief.

102. Meditating on love (fancy), which is both bitter and sweet.

106. **dry antiquity.** Old age which had made it dry.

110. **nimble in threats.** With darting threatening movements.

113. **indented glides.** With a sinuous gliding movement.

115. **with udders all drawn dry.** See l. 127.

118. **royal.** Because the lion was regarded as the king of beasts.

123. **render.** Report.

130. **just occasion.** The just cause he had for revenge.

132. **hurtling.** Noise of combat, tumult.

136-8. I am not ashamed to tell you what I was, since I am now a different being, and my change of heart (conversion) has made me so much happier.

139. **for.** How about?

139-40. When each of us had told the story of his adventures from first to last amid tears of affection.

142. **As.** As, for instance.

143. **In brief.** To make a long story short.

144. **entertainment.** Good care.

166. **a body.** Anyone.

180. **How you excuse.** That is, whether you excuse him or not.

181. **devise something.** Think of some message to send to him.

Questions.

1. In Shakespeare's time travel on the continent was in fashion. Show by reference to this Act how this fashion was regarded by Shakespeare.

2. How is it that the spectacle of two young men (Ganymede and Orlando) carrying on a pretence of wooing does not appear ridiculous to the audience?

3. Rosalind had professed to Orlando that she could cure him of love. What means does she take, in sport, to carry out her promise?

4. Why does Rosalind pretend to Silvius that Phebe's letter was written in "a boisterous and cruel style"?

5. What dramatic purpose is served, in this Act, by the arrival of Oliver in the Forest of Arden, and his adventure with the snake and the lioness?

Act V.—Scene I.

This scene does not contribute anything of importance to the development of the plot, but it provides an excellent opportunity for humorous acting.

3-4. **for all the old gentleman's saying.** That is, in spite of what Jaques had said.

12. **we shall be flouting.** We can't help joking.

hold. Restrain ourselves.

14. **God ye good even.** God give you a good evening.

33-4. William is evidently standing with mouth open.

42. **consent.** Agree.

ipse. Latin for *he, himself.*

50. **to thy better understanding.** You will understand the word *diest,* better than the word *perishest.*

53. **bastinado.** Beating, cudgelling.

54. **bandy with thee in faction.** Fight with you by means of conspiracy. Literally, to bandy is to throw backwards and forwards.

55. **policy.** Cunning schemes, stratagems.

Scene II.

The main complications in the play have grown out of Rosalind's disguise as Ganymede. The determination of Oliver and Celia to be married without further delay, gives Rosalind an opportunity to throw off her disguise and thus bring to a climax the different love-stories in the play. In this scene, in anticipation of her transformation, she artfully raises the curiosity and expectation of the lovers.

4. **persever.** The older spelling of the word. It was accented on the second syllable in Shakespeare's day.

5. **call the giddiness of it in question.** Argue about the rashness of it.

11. **estate.** Settle.

27. **wonders.** The surprising news that Oliver and Celia had fallen in love.

28. **I know where you are.** I know what you are referring to.

30. **thrasonical.** Boastful. Thraso was a bragging soldier in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

I came, saw, and overcame. "Veni, vidi, vici,"—the message sent by Cæsar to the Roman Senate after he had defeated Pharnaces, King of Pontus, B.C. 47.

35. **degrees.** Steps.

37. **incontinent.** Immediately, without hindrance.

51. **conceit.** Understanding.

55. **grace me.** Be to my credit.

57. **conversed with.** Held intercourse with, associated with.

58. **damnable.** Worthy of condemnation.

59. **as your gesture cries it out.** As your demeanour proclaims.

64. **danger.** Danger of punishment for my practice of magic.

66. **tender dearly.** Value highly.

66-7. **though I say I am a magician.** Although I appear to be risking my life by confessing that I am a magician. The laws against the practice of magic were very severe in Shakespeare's time.

88. **fantasy.** Fancy, with all its whims.

90. **observance.** Respect.

92. **observance.** It is unlikely that Shakespeare repeated the word *observance*. Possibly he wrote "obedience," or "endurance."

103. **howling.** Phebe, Orlando, Rosalind, and Silvius had all been talking at once, and hence their voices were loud and discordant.

Scene III.

This scene merely forms an interlude between the promise of Rosalind and its fulfilment in the final scene.

4. dishonest. Immodest, dishonourable.

4-5. a woman of the world. A married woman.

6. Well met. I am glad to meet you.

9. We are for you. Agreed.

10. clap into it roundly. Plunge into it directly.

12. the only prologues. Only excuses to prepare the way.

18. ring time. Either the time for dancing in a ring, or the time for lovers to exchange engagement rings.

21. between the acres. On the grassy ridges separating the fields (acres).

31. with the prime. When everything is at its best.

34. no great matter. Not very much sense.

Scene IV.

In this scene the various threads of the play are skilfully gathered up. While Rosalind is effecting her transformation, Touchstone entertains the company with his inimitable foolery, to the great delight of Jaques. Then Rosalind appears with Hymen, always a popular figure in a play, and to the accompaniment of music she is restored to her father and the dénouement of the love stories is reached. And finally, to make all end happily, Duke Senior is restored to his dukedom, with Orlando as his prospective heir. Even in the case of the melancholy Jaques the play ends not unhappily, for he is certain to find in Duke Frederick a companion to his liking.

4. As those who fear that there is no foundation for their hopes, and tremble because they are conscious of these fears.

5-6. Whiles our compact is urged. While I lay before you the things we have agreed to.

22. to make all this matter even. To make it come out right; to smooth over the difficulties.

31. lively. Lifelike.

touches of my daughter's favour. Points of resemblance to my daughter's appearance (favour).

36. desperate studies. Magic, in which, according to popular belief, there was danger of losing one's soul.

38. Obscured. Concealed, hidden.

39. toward. At hand.

44. motley-minded. With the mind of a fool, who wore a motley dress.

47. purgation. Test.

trod a measure. Danced a minuet.

48. politic. Diplomatic, artful.

49. undone. Ruined.

51. ta'en up. Made up.

57. God 'ild you. God reward (yield) you.

I desire you of the like. I have the same good wishes for you.

59. copulatives. Those who wish to be coupled, or married.

to swear and to forswear. To swear to be faithful, and afterwards to break my oath.

60. blood breaks. Passion causes one to break his oath.

61. ill-favoured. Homely, ugly.

humour. Whim, fancy.

63. honesty. Modesty.

65. swift and sententious. Quick and full of pithy sayings.

67. The Duke has said that Touchstone is quick in repartee. Touchstone replies that, according to the proverb (a "fool's bolt is soon shot"), fools have the reputation of shooting their arrows without waiting to take aim. A "bolt" was a short blunt-headed arrow.

67-8. such dulcet diseases. Such pleasant weaknesses as fools are charged with. Touchstone purposely uses high-flown language for the sake of humour.

78. Quip Modest. A taunt (quip) that was moderately sharp.

78-9. disabled. Doubted the value of, disparaged.

89. measured swords. Swords were measured before a duel, so as to make sure that neither party had the advantage of the other.

90. **nominate.** Name.

92. **by the book.** According to the exact directions given in the book. Shakespeare probably had in mind some particular book on duelling. One such book was published in 1590, another in 1594.

108. **a stalking-horse.** A horse behind which the sportsman concealed himself so as to stalk (creep towards) his game without being observed.

109. **under presentation of that.** Under the appearance, or semblance, of folly.

Hymen. The god of marriage.

111. **made even.** With difficulties smoothed away.

112. **Atone.** Agree ; literally, are *at one*.

117. That is to say, Rosalind has Orlando's heart.

128. **bar.** Prohibit, forbid.

129. **make conclusion.** Bring to an end.

133. If truth is truth and does not prove false.

134. **cross.** Misfortune.

136. **accord.** Consent.

138. **sure.** Bound closely.

142. **reason.** Conversation.

144. **Juno.** The Queen of Heaven, the goddess who presided over marriage and the home.

151. You are even as a daughter to me, and no less welcome than a daughter.

152. **eat my word.** Break my promise.

153. Thy fidelity (faith) binds (combines) my love (fancy to thee).

159. **Address'd.** Made ready.

160. **in his own conduct.** Led by himself.

163. **religious man.** Monk, hermit.

164. **question.** Conversation.

167. **restored.** The subject is *he* (l. 162).

169. **engage.** Pledge.

170. **offer'st fairly.** Makest a good offering, or present.

171. **the other.** Orlando, who through his marriage with Rosalind would inherit the dukedom.

172. **at large.** Of large extent.

173. **do those ends.** Bring to an end those rites.

175. **after.** Afterwards.

every. Every one.

176. **shrewd.** Bitter, sharp.

178. **states.** Either rank in life, or estates.

179. **new-fallen dignity.** The restoration of the dukedom which had just come to him.

182. **measures.** Dances.

183. **by your patience.** With your permission I would speak.

184. **put on.** Engaged in, entered upon.

185. **pompous.** Full of pomp.

187. **convertites.** Converts.

193. You to a marriage which you have well deserved by your long and faithful devotion.

203. **epilogue.** Speech delivered at the conclusion of the play, just as the *prologue* was delivered at the beginning.

unhandsome. Unbecoming.

205. **bush.** The ivy was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine, and it was customary for the wine-shop to have a "bush" of ivy over the door; but a wine-shop where good wine was sold naturally did not need a "bush" to advertise it.

209. **insinuate with you.** Ingratiate myself, gain your favour.

210. **furnished.** Dressed.

212. **conjure.** Deliver a solemn charge.

213-4. This explains the title *As You Like It.*

217-8. **If I were a woman.** Since the female parts in all plays in Shakespeare's time were acted by youths, Rosalind in this case is really a young man.

219. **liked.** Pleased.

220. **defied.** Disliked, objected to.

222. **bid me farewell.** Applaud.

QUESTIONS.

1. It might seem to the audience absurd that Oliver and Celia should have fallen in love so suddenly. How does Shakespeare guard against this absurdity?

2. "It is the disguise of Rosalind that has brought about all the complications in the love stories of the play." Show that this is true.

3. On what occasions in Act V. is music introduced into the play? What purpose does it serve on each occasion?

4. "In William and Corin, Shakespeare presents two different types of rustics." Explain.

5. When Duke Frederick is "converted" he bequeaths his crown to his banished brother, the Duke Senior. Do you think this is necessary in order to bring the play to a happy ending? Give reasons.

6. (*a*) When the melancholy Jacques says farewell to the Duke Senior and his company in what frame of mind is he. Is he sour and cynical, or is he in a pleasant mood?

(*b*) Why is it necessary to have him appear at all at the end of the play? Might the play not have ended as well at the close of the Duke's speech (l. 182)?

QUESTIONS FROM DEPARTMENTAL AND MATRICULATION PAPERS.

1. Briefly discuss the following comments on characters in *As You Like It.*

(*a*) "The love Celia gives to Rosalind is more perfect than she receives."

(*b*) "Corin is a real shepherd, Shakespeare's compliment to honest labour."

2. (*a*) Outline the character of Touchstone.

(*b*) State in a general way the purpose served by Touchstone in relation to the main plot and sub-plots, and to the tone of the play.

3. (*a*) Trace the courtship of Orlando and Rosalind.

(*b*) What circumstances brought about the meeting of Orlando and Rosalind in the Forest of Arden?

(*c*) Contrast the character of Jaques with that of the Duke Senior.

4. With the special purpose of illustrating the cynical spirit of Jaques write a brief summary of his intercourse with (1) Orlando, (2) Rosalind, and (3) Touchstone.

5. (*a*) Discuss the attitude of Jaques towards his fellow-men, supporting your views by references to passages in the play.

(*b*) What dramatic purposes are served (1) by the presence of Adam in the play, (2) by the introduction of the Silvius-Phebe story?

6. (*a*) Compare, with references, the parts played in the action of the comedy by Jaques and Touchstone respectively.

(*b*) Orlando says, "You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities."

(1) In contrast to this statement, what is the character of Orlando's actions and language as shown in the play? (2) Account for his character in view of the foregoing statement.

7. Paraphrase the passage in Act II., Scene VII., beginning "Why, who cries out on pride," in such a way as to show that you understand the exact meaning.

STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE

The plays of Shakespeare were written to be acted, and they are much more effective when put upon the stage than when merely read in class. In some schools, where there is a large staff and a large number of students and a good auditorium, it is possible to stage a complete play; and even in the smaller schools individual scenes may be put on with very little outlay for costume or scenery.

The simplest form of dramatic production consists merely in reading or reciting single scenes from a play of Shakespeare before the class, without special costumes or scenery, during the lesson period; and an occasional period spent in this way is a pleasing variation from the routine of class work. But needless to say, before any attempt is made to act scenes from the play in this way, they must be studied in class. The teacher, in this case, assigns the parts beforehand; the pupils learn the speeches and study how they should be spoken, and one or two practices are held after school hours to make the acting run smoothly. Sometimes two casts are chosen for the same scene, and it is a matter of rivalry to see which group of actors can produce the scene more effectively.

In schools where the teacher and pupils decide to stage a play in whole or in part for public performance, some sort of dramatic organization is required. If there is a dramatic club in the school it will naturally take full charge of the production; but, if not, the teacher and class must take the first steps to arrange for the play.

The first thing to be done is to select the play, and if possible it should be one that has been studied in class. The dramatic production should be the outgrowth of class work, and the would-be actor must make a study of the characters, the development of the plot, the structure of the play and the purpose of each scene. He must have studied the play so thoroughly that he knows the exact meaning of every expression, and is able to interpret the feelings of the various speakers in the play.

In any dramatic organization, the most important person is the director or stage-manager of the play, who is usually also the "coach", who gives instruction to the actors. The director has full charge of the production of the play, the rehearsals, the scenery and stage effects, the costumes, etc., etc. He must, of course, be assisted by various committees, but he directs their work and his decisions are in all cases final. He should not only have some knowledge of how to stage a play, but should have certain indispensable personal qualities such as tact, good humour, executive ability and decision. It is desirable, for obvious reasons, that some member of the staff should be the director of the school play; but experience and knowledge of stage production is the first consideration. The director, of course, does not himself take part in the play.

Next to the director, or stage-manager, the most important member of the organization is the "prompter", who is usually assistant stage-manager. He must be thoroughly familiar with the play, and in addition to his general services, it is his duty to prompt the actors at rehearsals and on the night of the performance.

The manager is assisted by a committee of students, each with specific duties. Different students, or committees of students, are given charge of:—

(*a*) The scenery, including the carpenter work and the curtain.
(*b*) The lighting, and electrical devices.
(*c*) The stage properties,—i.e. the furnishings and small articles—everything, in fact, except the costumes and scenery.
(*d*) The costumes.
(*e*) The music, including the orchestra.
(*f*) The make-up.
(*g*) The business details, advertising, printing, sale of tickets, ushers, etc.

It is necessary to guard against over-organization and over-lapping; and the director must use his discretion as to how many assistants are required.

In general, a play of Shakespeare is much too long for presentation on a modern stage, and even in single scenes certain parts may be cut out to advantage. The play must be studied carefully by the director, either with or without the class, in order to decide what scenes may be omitted and how the speeches may be shortened. As a result of this revision, an acting edition of the play is produced. It is better if possible, to give to each actor

a typewritten copy of his own part in the play, rather than have him rely on the text as a whole.

One of the first duties of the director is to choose a cast for the play, and in making the selection he may be assisted by a committee of two or three judges. At the "try-out," those who wish to take part in the play are required to read a scene, or part of a scene, which they have prepared. In assigning parts to different students, the judges must take into account (*a*) the voice,—its carrying power, tone, flexibility, etc. (*b*) ability of the actor to enter into the spirit of the play, to *feel* the part he acts, and (*c*) his physical suitability for the part. No student should accept a part in the play unless he can give an assurance that he will attend the rehearsals faithfully and punctually. There should be a definite understanding on this point before the cast is completed.

Usually at least twelve or fifteen rehearsals are required, that is about three a week for five or six weeks. The first two or three rehearsals are given over to blocking out the action. The actors read their parts, and the director gives instructions as to entrances, exits, movements, acting, and stage "business." At these rehearsals no attention is paid to the speaker's voice or expression, but the actors must become familiar with their positions and movements on the stage, and the same routine must be followed at subsequent rehearsals. After this preliminary work has been done, the play must be studied scene by scene and line by line for the purpose of securing the proper interpretation and expression. The first Act is rehearsed repeatedly before proceeding with the second. When the acting and the reading go hand in hand, the actors learn their lines with

little effort, and at the end of the first week, Act I should be letter-perfect. It is not always necessary to have the full cast present at the rehearsals, for single speeches and single scenes may sometimes be rehearsed to better advantage when only those immediately concerned are present. During the week immediately preceding the final performance, rehearsals are held every evening, and the "dress" rehearsals on the last two or three evenings should be held in the hall or theatre where the play is to be acted.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages, to give detailed instructions regarding staging and acting; but there are one or two general directions which it is well for the actors to keep in mind:

For those who are taking part in the play the all-important thing is that they should *feel* the parts that they are acting. The actor who loses himself in his part is scarcely conscious of his audience, and he has no temptation to declaim. He speaks naturally, usually in a conversational tone, and he gives free expression to his emotions. "Did you see Kean in Othello?" some one asked Kemble. "No," replied Kemble, "I did not see Mr. Kean. I saw Othello." The student who enters so completely into the play that he forgets himself in the part that he is acting is likely, on the whole, to prove a better actor than the student who merely recites his lines. His speech is less hurried; his acting is more natural; he does not make unnecessary movements, and he does not let his eyes wander from the stage to the audience. He must, however, always bear in mind that his speech must be heard by the audience. This necessitates clear enunciation and proper voice-control; and

the actor must always occupy a position on the stage that will enable the audience to hear him.

On the mechanical side, in staging a play it is safer for the amateur to err on the side of simplicity rather than make his production too elaborate. The scenery and the stage-furnishings should be of the simplest. Most of the text-books on dramatics give directions for making stage settings of plain and cheap materials. In modern play-production, footlights and spotlights are sparingly used, and the stage is lighted from the wings and from above. Most amateur producers are troubled as to "make-up"; but for most plays very little make-up is required,—only enough to prevent the face from appearing too pale. But for these and all other details relating to the staging of the play, the stage-manager may be relied upon, and there are many books on dramatics which may be consulted by the amateur.

The following are a few of the well-known books on the subject:

Shakespeare for Community Players by Roy Mitchell. J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Practical Stage-Directing for Amateurs, by Emerson Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

How to Produce Amateur Plays, by Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants, by O. L. Hatcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Play Production for Amateurs, by F. H. Koch. University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin.

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