

## Act 2, Scene 7     The Forest of Arden

(DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS and LORDS, like outlaws. A meal set out.)

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transformed into a beast, for I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

If he 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 labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

Why how now monsieur? What a life is this, that your poor friends must woo your company?

What, you look merrily?

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest, a motley\* fool.

As I do live by food, I met a fool who laid him down and basked him in the sun, and railed on Lady Fortune.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he, 'call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'\*

And then he drew a dial from his poke,\*

and looking on it with lack-lustre eye, says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.\*

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine, and after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

and so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot;

and thereby hangs a tale.'

When I did hear the motley fool thus moral\* on the time, I did laugh sans intermission an hour by his dial.

O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

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 crammed with observation, the which he vents in mangled forms.

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

*discord in the spheres* - Ptolemaic astronomy taught that the planetary spheres produced a ravishing harmony as they revolved, *motley* - the multicolored costume of the court fool, *call...fortune* - fortune proverbially favors fools, *dial from his poke* - portable sundial from his pocket, *wags* - goes, *moral* - moralize

DUKE SENIOR  
Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES  
It is my only suit.\*  
Give me leave to speak my mind, and I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world.

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

JAQUES  
What, for a counter,\* would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR  
Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,\* as sensual as the brutish sting\* itself;  
and all the embossed\* sores and headed evils that thou with licence of free foot\* hast caught,  
wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.  
But who comes here?

*(Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.)*

ORLANDO  
Forbear,\* and eat no more.

JAQUES  
Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO  
Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

DUKE SENIOR  
Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress, or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
that in civility thou seemest so empty?

ORLANDO  
You touched my vein at first.  
The thorny point of bare distress hath taken from me the show of smooth civility.  
Yet am I inland bred and know some nurture.  
But forbear, I say! He dies that touches any of this fruit till I and my affairs are answered.

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

*suit* - petition; garment, *counter* - worthless coin, *libertine* - a dissolute, morally unrestrained person, *brutish sting* - carnal appetite, *embossed* - swollen (suggests venereal disease), *licence of free foot* - sexually unrestrained freedom, *forbear* - cease

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.

I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore put I on the countenance of stern commandment. But whatever you are, let gentleness my strong enforcement be; in the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

And therefore sit you down in gentleness and take upon command what help we have.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while, whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn and give it food.

There is an old poor man, who after me hath many a weary step limped in pure love.

Till he be first sufficed, I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

*(Exit ORLANDO.)*

DUKE SENIOR

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.

This wide and universal theatre presents more woeful pageants than the scene wherein we play in.

JAQUES

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

they have their exits and their entrances;

and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages.

At first the infant, mewling\* and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face,

creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Then a soldier, full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,\* jealous in honor, 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.

*mewling* - crying, *pard* - leopard, *capon* - cocks bred for the table and a common gift to a judge to gain his good will, *saws* - maxims, *modern instances* - everyday examples

The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloons,\* with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, his youthful hose\* well saved, a world too wide for his shrunken shank, and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*(Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.)*

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, fall to. Give us some music; and good cousin sing.

*(DUKE SENIOR talks privately with ORLANDO and ADAM as they eat.)*

AMIENS

*(Sings.)* 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 remembered not.

Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh-ho, the holly,

This life is most jolly.

DUKE SENIOR

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

as mine eye doth his effigies\* witness most truly living in your face, be truly welcome hither.

I am the Duke that loved your father.

*pantaloons* - the ridiculous stock old man of Italian comedy, *hose* - breeches, *feigning* - false, *effigies* - likeness

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 3, Scene 5 Another part of the Forest of Arden

(*SILVIUS and PHEBE.*)

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe do not scorn me; do not, Phebe! Say that you love me not, but say not so in bitterness. The common executioner, whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard, falls not the axe upon the humbled neck but first begs pardon. Will you sterner be than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

(*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN, behind.*)

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner. I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'tis pretty, sure, and very probable, that eyes, that are the frailest and softest things, should be called 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; but now mine eyes, which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes that can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe, if ever you meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy, then shall you know the wounds invisible that love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE

But till that time come not thou near me; and when that time comes, afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; as till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND

And why I pray you?  
 Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and all at once, over the wretched?  
 What though you have no beauty—  
 as by my faith I see no more in you than without candle may go dark to bed—\*  
 must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary of nature's sale-work.\*  
 'Od's my little life, I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair, your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
 that can entame my spirits to your worship.  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

*may go dark to bed* - i.e. she does not have the beauty which (metaphorically) illuminates the dark,  
*sale-work* - ready made products; not distinctive

You are a thousand times a properer\* man than she a woman.  
 'Tis such fools as you that makes the world full of ill-favored\* 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.  
 So take her to thee shepherd. Fare you well.

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

(*To PHEBE.*) He's fallen in love with your foulness (*To SILVIUS.*) 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.  
 (*To PHEBE.*) Why look you so upon me?

PHEBE

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

I pray you do not fall in love with me, for I am falser than vows made in wine. Besides, I like you not.  
 If you will know my house, 'tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
 Will you go, sister?  
 Shepherd, ply her hard.  
 Come, sister.  
 Shepherdess, look on him better, and be not proud.  
 Come, to our flock.

(*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN.*)

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe—

PHEBE

Ha, what sayest thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?

*properer* - more handsome, *ill-favored* - ugly, *glass* - mirror, *lineaments* - features,  
*chide* - scold, *find thy saw of might* - feel the force of your wise saying

SILVIUS

I would have you.

PHEBE

Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; and yet it is not that I bear thee love, but since that thou canst talk of love so well, thy company, which erst\* was irksome to me, I will endure. But do not look for further recompense than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

SILVIUS

So holy and so perfect is my love, 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 scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE

Knowest now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him. 'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—but what care I for words? Yet words do well when he that speaks them pleases those that hear. It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—but sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him. He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him is his complexion; and faster than his tongue did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall. His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well. There was a pretty redness in his lip, a little riper and more lusty red than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference between the constant red and mingled damask.\* There be some women, Silvius, had they marked 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 remembered, scorned at me. I marvel why I answered not again. I'll write to him a very taunting letter, and thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

I'll write it straight; the matter's in my head and in my heart. I will be bitter with him and passing short. Go with me Silvius. (*Exeunt.*)

*erst* - before, *carlot* - countryman, *mingled damask* - red and white as in a damask rose, *in parcels* - part by part