

As You Like It

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AS YOU LIKE IT SYNOPSIS

Duke Frederick has usurped and banished his older brother, Duke Senior. Duke Senior and some followers have gone to enjoy the rustic life in the Forest of Arden. Duke Senior's daughter, Rosalind remains behind at court because of her devotion to Duke Frederick's daughter, Celia.

Orlando's older brother Oliver has pocketed Orlando's inheritance, treated him like a servant, and not educated him as their late father had decreed in his will. When Orlando demands his rights, Oliver persuades Charles, Duke Frederick's prize wrestler, to disable or kill Orlando in their upcoming bout. At the wrestling match Rosalind and Orlando fall in love after Orlando unexpectedly defeats Charles. Rosalind is then banished by the mistrustful Duke Frederick. Unable to be parted from her friend, Celia decides to flee to the Forest of Arden with Rosalind. For protection on their journey, and because she is uncommonly tall, Rosalind disguises herself as a young man. They also take Touchstone, the court jester with them, for company and entertainment. Orlando, who is warned of Oliver's plan to kill him, also journeys to The Forest of Arden with his faithful servant, Adam. When Duke Frederick learns of his daughter's and Rosalind's flight and suspects that Orlando may be with them, he seizes Oliver's lands and possessions until Oliver can bring back Orlando and Celia or prove he had nothing to do with their running away.

Once in the Forest of Arden, Rosalind and Celia buy a cottage, a herd of sheep and employ Corin to tend their flock. They also meet the lovesick Silvius and the scornful Phebe. Orlando, who has joined Duke Senior's band, begins leaving love poems to Rosalind in the trees. Rosalind, Celia and the melancholy Jaques find these poems and eventually meet Orlando. He doesn't recognize Rosalind in men's clothes. She tells Orlando that his love for Rosalind is only madness. She offers to cure him of his lovesickness by pretending to be Rosalind and allowing him to court her. He agrees to meet her everyday.

Meanwhile Touchstone, who wants to marry an ugly woman so she will always be faithful to him, courts the country maid, Audrey. The reformed Oliver is saved from a lion by Orlando, and falls instantly in love with Celia. Phebe falls desperately in love with the disguised Rosalind. The various exiles and lovers gather and Rosalind promises she will return the next day and resolve everyone's love affairs.

True to her promise, Rosalind returns and eventually reveals her true identity to Orlando, her father and a surprised Phebe. By the play's end, all the couples are happily united. The multiple weddings of Orlando/Rosalind, Oliver/Celia, Touchstone/Audrey, and Silvius/Phebe are presided over by Hymen, God of marriage. In the midst of the celebrations, the newlyweds learn that Duke Frederick has repented and has restored all possessions and estates to their rightful owners.

AS YOU LIKE IT

LIST OF CHARACTERS

DUKE SENIOR	Living in banishment in the Forest of Arden
DUKE FREDERICK	His brother and usurper
ROSALIND	Daughter of Duke Senior
CELIA	Daughter of Duke Frederick
AMIENS	Lord attending on Duke Senior
JAQUES	Lord attending on Duke Senior
LE BEAU	A courtier
CHARLES	A wrestler
TOUCHSTONE	Court jester
OLIVER	Son of Sir Rowland de Boys
JAQUES	Son of Sir Rowland de Boys
ORLANDO	Son of Sir Rowland de Boys
DENNIS	Servant to Oliver
ADAM	Servant to Oliver and friend to Orlando
CORIN	A shepherd
SILVIUS	A shepherd
PHEBE	A shepherdess
WILLIAM	A country fellow
AUDREY	A country girl
HYMEN	God of marriage
Lords pages, foresters, and attendants	
SCENE	Oliver's house; the court; the Forest of Arden

Act 1, Scene 1 The Orchard of Oliver's house

(ORLANDO and ADAM.)

ORLANDO

As I remember, Adam, my father bequeathed me by will a thousand crowns,
and 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 and I gain nothing under him but growth,
for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I.
He lets me feed with his hinds,* bars me the place of a brother, and 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.

(Enter OLIVER.)

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Now sir, what make you here?

ORLANDO

Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER

What mar* you then, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Marry sir, be better employed.

ORLANDO

Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them?

OLIVER

Know you where you are sir?

ORLANDO

O sir, very well: here in your orchard.

breed - raise, *profit* - progress, *hinds* - farm servants, *mines* - undermines, *mar* - spoil

OLIVER

Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO

Ay, better than him I am before knows me.

I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood* you should so know me.

You are 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 your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER

(Striking ORLANDO.) What, boy!

ORLANDO

(Putting a wrestler's grip on OLIVER.) Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER

Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

ORLANDO

I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys:

he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains.

Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat

till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.

ADAM

Sweet masters, be patient. For your father's remembrance, be at accord.*

OLIVER

Let me go I say.

ORLANDO

I will not till I please. You shall hear me.

My father 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; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER

And what wilt thou do? Beg when that is spent?

Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you. You shall have some part of your will.

I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO

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

Gentle condition of blood - bond of family loyalty, *accord* - peace, *exercises* - education, *allottery* - share

OLIVER

Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM

Is 'old dog' my reward?

Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.

God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

(Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.)

OLIVER

Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me?*

I will physic your rankness,* and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

(Enter DENNIS.)

DENNIS

Calls your worship?

OLIVER

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

DENNIS

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

OLIVER

Call him in.

(Exit DENNIS.)

'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is.

(Enter CHARLES.)

CHARLES

Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

There's no news at the court sir, but the old news.

That is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke;

and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.

OLIVER

Can you tell if Rosalind be banished with her father?

grow upon me - encroach; take liberties, *physic your rankness* - cure your insolence, *importunes* - requests

CHARLES

O no; for the Duke's daughter, Celia, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her.

OLIVER

Where will the old Duke live?

CHARLES

They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.

OLIVER

Wrestle you tomorrow before the new Duke?

CHARLES

Marry do I sir. And I came to acquaint you with a matter.

I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come against me to try a fall.

Tomorrow, 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 honor if he come in.

OLIVER

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite.*

I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein

and have by underhand means labored 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 villanous 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 it; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not grace himself on thee,

he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device

and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other.

There is not one so young and so villanous this day living.

CHARLES

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, 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.

OLIVER

Farewell good Charles.

(Exit CHARLES.)

Now will I stir this gamester.*

foil - defeat, *requite* - repay, *envious emulator* - malicious rival, *lief* - rather,

go alone - walk without help, *gamester* - athlete

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, 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 OLIVER.)

misprised - scorned

Act 1, Scene 2 Lawn before the Duke's palace

(Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.)

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Herein I see thou 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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

You know my father hath no child but I, and 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 honor I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster.
Therefore my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND

From henceforth I will coz, and devise sports.

(Enter TOUCHSTONE.)

How now Wit, whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Then shall we be news-crammed.

render - give, *as pigeons feed their young* - (pigeons feed their young by stuffing them with predigested food)

CELIA

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.

CELIA

Sport? Of what color?*

LE BEAU

What color madam? How shall I answer you? You amaze me ladies.

I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU

There comes an old man and his three sons, three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler;

which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him.

So he 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.

ROSALIND

Alas!

TOUCHSTONE

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

LE BEAU

Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE

It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

more marketable - recently fed birds weigh more, *color* - kind, but Le Beau takes it literally, *dole* - lament

CELIA

Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND

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

LE BEAU

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling.

CELIA

They are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

(Enter DUKE FREDERICK, ORLANDO, CHARLES and attendants.)

DUKE FREDERICK

Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND

Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU

Even he, madam.

CELIA

Alas, he is too young. Yet he looks successfully.

DUKE FREDERICK

How now daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you.

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

CELIA

Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK

Do so. I'll not be by.

LE BEAU

Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

ORLANDO

I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO

No, fair Princess.

He is the general challenger; I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over* this attempt.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. 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 was willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

And mine to eke out* hers.

ROSALIND

Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!*

CELIA

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

give over - give up, *misprised* - undervalued, *eke out* - add to, *deceived in you* - wrong in my estimation of your strength, *lie with his mother earth* - die and be buried, *modest working* - humble aim

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

You mean to mock me after. You should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.*

ROSALIND

Now Hercules be thy speed,* young man!

CELIA

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

(ORLANDO and CHARLES wrestle.)

ROSALIND

O excellent young man!

(CHARLES is thrown. Shout.)

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

Bear him away.

What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteemed thy father honorable, 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.

(Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, attendants and LE BEAU.)

come your ways - let's get started, *be thy speed* - aid you, *breathed* - exercised

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

My father 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 ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA

Gentle cousin, let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition sticks me at heart.
Sir, you have well deserved;
if you do keep your promises in love but justly, as you have exceeded all promise, your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND

Gentleman, (*ROSALIND gives ORLANDO 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?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair* gentleman.

ORLANDO

Can I not say, 'I thank you?'
My better parts* are all thrown down, and that which here stands up is but a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Have with you. Fare you well.

(*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*)

ORLANDO

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

suits - favor, *fair* - handsome, *parts* - qualities, *urged conference* - invited conversation

(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.

ORLANDO

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

LE BEAU

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners, but yet indeed the lesser* is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished Duke, and here detained 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 taken displeasure against 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.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

(Exit LE BEAU.)

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

(Exit ORLANDO.)

condition - disposition, *lesser* - shorter, *smoke into the smother* - i.e. from bad to worse

Act 1, Scene 3 A room in the palace

(CELIA and ROSALIND.)

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA

But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND

No, some of it is for my child's father.

CELIA

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND

The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?

By this kind of chase,* I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND

No faith, hate him not, for my sake. Love him because I do.

Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA

With his eyes full of anger.

(Enter DUKE FREDERICK with attendants.)

DUKE FREDERICK

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste and get you from our court.

ROSALIND

Me uncle?

chase - chain of arguments

DUKE FREDERICK

You cousin.*

Within these ten days if that thou beest found so near our public court as twenty miles, thou diest for it.

ROSALIND

I do beseech your grace let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

DUKE FREDERICK

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

So was I when your highness took his dukedom; so was I when your highness banished him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord; or if we did derive it from our friends, what's that to me?

My father was no traitor.

Then good my liege, mistake me not so much to think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

Ay Celia, we stayed her for your sake, else had she with her father ranged along.

CELIA

I did not then entreat to have her stay; it was your pleasure and your own remorse.

If she be a traitor, why so am I.

DUKE FREDERICK

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.

Open not thy lips. Firm and irrevocable is my doom which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool.

You niece, provide yourself. If you outstay the time, upon mine honor, you die.

cousin - niece

(Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and attendants.)

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful. Knowest thou not the Duke hath banished me his daughter?

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered?* Shall we part, sweet girl? No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly, whither to go and what to bear with us;
for say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Were it not better, because that I am more than common tall, that I did suit me all points* like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe* upon my thigh, a boar-spear in my hand;
and in my heart lie there what hidden woman's fear there will.

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

sundered - separated, *attire* - clothing, *umber* - brown earth,
suit me all points - dress completely, *curtle-axe* - curved sword

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

He'll go along over 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 CELIA and ROSALIND.)

Ganymede - a beautiful boy and cupbearer to Jove, *Aliena* - estranged one, *assayed* - undertook

Act 2, Scene 1 The Forest of Arden

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

DUKE SENIOR

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
hath not old custom made this life more sweet than that of painted pomp?*

Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but 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 counselors that feelingly persuade me what I am.'
This our life exempt from public haunt*
finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything.

AMIENS

Happy is your grace, that can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
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 banished you.
Today 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 sequestered stag, that from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt, did come to languish.

DUKE SENIOR

And what said Jaques? Did he moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD

O yes, into a thousand similes.
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, and tyrants to fright the animals and to kill them up
in their assigned and native dwelling-place.

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD

We did my lord, weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer.

pomp - vain show, *haunt* - society, *burghers* - citizens, *forked heads* - arrowheads, *stays* - stops

DUKE SENIOR

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.)

cope - talk to, *matter* - interesting ideas

Act 2, Scene 2 A room in the palace

(Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.)

DUKE FREDERICK

Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be; some villains of my court are of consent and sufferance* in this.

FIRST LORD

I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, saw her abed,
and in the morning early they found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SECOND 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 overheard 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 FREDERICK

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

(Exeunt.)

of consent and sufferance - in connivance, *roynish* - mangy; scabby; paltry, *quail* - slacken

Act 2, Scene 3 Before Oliver's house

(*ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*)

ORLANDO
Who's there?

ADAM
What my young master? O my gentle master! O you memory of old Sir Rowland!
Why would you be so fond* to overcome the bonny prizer* of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

ORLANDO
Why, what's the matter?

ADAM
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.
I overheard him and his practices.*
This is no place: this house is but a butchery. Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO
Why, whither Adam wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM
No matter whither, so you come not here.

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

ADAM
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 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.
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.

ORLANDO
O good old man, how well in thee appears the constant service of the antique world,
when service sweat for duty, not for meed.*

fond - foolish, *prizer* - prize fighter, *practices* - plots, *thrifty hire I saved* - wages I thriftily saved,
foster nurse - i.e. take care of me in my old age, *meed* - reward

Thou art not for the fashion of these times, where none will sweat but for promotion.
Well 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.

(Exeunt.)

Act 2, Scene 4 The Forest of Arden

(Enter ROSALIND as Ganymede, CELIA as Aliena, and TOUCHSTONE.)

ROSALIND

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman;
but I must comfort the weaker vessel. Therefore courage, good Aliena.

CELIA

I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE

Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I.
When I was at home I was in a better place. But travelers must be content.

ROSALIND

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

(Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.)

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

O Corin, that thou knewest how I do love her!

CORIN

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine, as sure I think did never man love so,
how many actions most ridiculous hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily!

If thou rememberest not the slightest folly that ever love did make thee run into, thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, 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!

(Exit SILVIUS.)

ROSALIND

Jove, Jove! This shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE

And mine, but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace fool, he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

Peace, I say. Good even to you friend.

CORIN

And to you gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND

I prithee shepherd, if that love or gold can in this desert place buy entertainment,*
bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed and fairs for succor.*

entertainment - food and lodging, *succor* - relief; aid

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her, and wish, for her sake more than for mine own, my fortunes were more able to relieve her; but I am shepherd to another man and do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish* disposition and little reck* to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality. Besides, his cote,* his flocks and bounds of feed* are now on sale.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

And we will mend thy wages.

I like this place and willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.

Go with me; if you like upon report the soil, the profit and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be and buy it with your gold right suddenly.

(Exeunt.)

churlish - surly, *reck* - reckons, *cote* - cottage, *bounds of feed* - pastures,
and thou shalt have to pay for it of us - and we shall pay for it

Act 2, Scene 5 The Forest of Arden

(AMIENS, JAQUES and others.)

AMIENS

(Sings.) Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES

More, more, I prithee more!

AMIENS

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing.

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is 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.

AMIENS

(Sings.) Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

cover the while - set the cloth for the meal

Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES

I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday.

AMIENS

And I'll sing it.

JAQUES

Thus it goes.

(Sings.) 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,
And if he will come to me.

AMIENS

What's that 'ducdame'?

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

And I'll go seek the Duke. His banquet is prepared.

(Exeunt severally.)

Act 2, Scene 6 The Forest of Arden

(Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.)

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little.
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 labor.
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 this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it food for thee.
Cheerly, good Adam!

(Exeunt.)

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 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 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 1 A room in the palace

(DUKE FREDERICK, lords and OLIVER.)

DUKE FREDERICK

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.

Look to it. Find out thy brother, wheresoever he is; seek him with candle;

bring him dead or living within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more to seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine worth seizure do we seize into our hands,

till thou canst quit* thee by thy brother's mouth of what we think against thee.*

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

More villain thou.

Well, push him out of doors, and let my officers of such a nature make an extent upon* his house and lands.

Do this expediently and turn him going.

(Exeunt.)

quit - acquit, *of what we think against thee* - i.e. Oliver helped Orlando to escape with Celia and Rosalind,
make an extent upon - seize by writ

Act 3, Scene 2 The Forest of Arden

(Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.)

ORLANDO

Hang there my verse, in witness of my love.

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 witnessed everywhere.

Run, run Orlando, carve on every tree the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive* she.

(Exit ORLANDO.)

(Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.)

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is 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's a spare life, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is;

and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends;

that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn;

that good pasture makes fat sheep;

and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun.

TOUCHSTONE

Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN

No truly.

TOUCHSTONE

Then thou art damned.

CORIN

Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE

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

character - inscribe, *unexpressive* - beyond expression,

ill-roasted egg - eggs were roasted in the ashes of fires and had to be turned frequently

CORIN

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

CORIN

Not a whit, Touchstone.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country
as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.
You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands.
That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE

Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?
And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man?
Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say. Come.

CORIN

Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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.*

TOUCHSTONE

Most shallow man! 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.

CORIN

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

parlous - he means perilous, *still* - continually, *fells* - fleeces,
tarred...surgery - shepherds used tar as an ointment,
civet - perfume derived from the musk of a civet cat, *perpend* - think about, *flux* - secretion

TOUCHSTONE

God help thee, shallow man!

CORIN

Sir, I am a true laborer;

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated* old cuckoldly* ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds.

CORIN

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

(Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.)

ROSALIND

From the east to western Inde,
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 fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE

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.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

crooked-pated - crooked-horned, **cuckoldly** - i.e. because he has horns, (cuckolds were men with horns because their wives had been unfaithful to them), **hart** - male red deer, **hind** - female red deer

(Enter CELIA, with a paper, laughing.)

ROSALIND

Peace! Here comes my sister.

CELIA

How now? Back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE

Come shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat.

(Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.)

CELIA

Didst thou find verses too?

ROSALIND

O yes, I found them.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Know you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.

Change you color?

ROSALIND

I prithee who?

CELIA

Is it possible?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

O wonderful, wonderful! And yet again wonderful.

nine days of wonder - proverbial phrase indicating no wonder seemed wondrous for more than nine days

ROSALIND

Dost thou think though I am caparisoned* like a man I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?*
I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace.
I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA

So you may put a man in your belly?

ROSALIND

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND

Why, God will send more.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Nay, speak sad brow* and true maid.

CELIA

In faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

You must borrow me Gargantua's* mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.

ROSALIND

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

caparisoned - bedecked (commonly used of horses), *disposition* - temperament
sad brow - seriously, *Gargantua* - Rabelais' giant swallowed five pilgrims in a salad

CELIA

I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND

Proceed.

CELIA

There lay he stretched along like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Cry 'holla' to thy tongue! He was furnished like a hunter.

ROSALIND

O ominous! He comes to kill my heart!

CELIA

I would sing my song without a burden.* Thou bringest me out of tune.

ROSALIND

Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.

Sweet, say on.

CELIA

You bring me out. Soft! Comes he not here?

(Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.)

ROSALIND

'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

JAQUES

I thank you for your company; but I had as lief* have been myself alone.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

God be with you. Let's meet as little as we can.

burden - undersong; refrain, *lief* - rather

ORLANDO

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

JAQUES

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO

Yes, just.

JAQUES

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

What stature is she of?

ORLANDO

Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES

You are full of pretty answers.

Shall we two rail against our mistress the world and all our misery?

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.

I am weary of you.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

He is drowned in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQUES

I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell good Signior Love.

ORLANDO

I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

(Exit JAQUES.)

ROSALIND *(Aside to CELIA.)*

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

ORLANDO

Very well. What would you?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

You should ask me what time of day. There's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.
He ambles with the rich man that hath no gout, yet gallops with the thief to the gallows.

ORLANDO

Where dwell you pretty youth?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

I have been told so of many.

lackey - servant, *under that habit* - in that clothing, *cony* - rabbit, *kindled* - born

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee recount some of them.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. 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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

physic - medicine, *deifying* - making a god of, *fancy-monger* - dealer in love, *quotidian* - daily fever, *cage of rushes* - flimsy prison, *point-device in your accoutrements* - dressed with exactness

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner.
He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me.
At which time would I, being but a moonish* youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, proud, shallow,
full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing;
would now like him, now loathe him; now weep for him, then spit at him;
that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor 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* clean, that there shall not be one spot of love in it.

ORLANDO

I can not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Now by the faith of my love, I will. Until tomorrow then youth.

ROSALIND

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

(Exit ORLANDO.)

(Enter CORIN.)

moonish - fickle, *liver* - supposed to be the source of the passions, especially love

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired after the shepherd that complained of love,
who you saw sitting by me on the turf praising the proud disdainful shepherdess that was his mistress.

CELIA

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

If you will see a pageant truly played,
between the pale complexion of true love and the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, go hence a little.

ROSALIND

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

(Exeunt.)

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

Act 4, Scene 1 The Forest of Arden

(Enter ROSALIND, CELIA and JAQUES.)

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure.*

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

Why then 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation;* nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,* extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry* contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous* sadness.

ROSALIND

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad.

I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's.

Then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

And your experience makes you sad.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

(Enter ORLANDO.)

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

censure - criticism, *emulation* - envy, *simples* - ingredients, *sundry* - collected, *humorous* - moody

JAQUES

Nay then God be with you, and you talk in blank verse.

(Exit JAQUES.)

ROSALIND

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.

Why how now Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover?

And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Break an hour's promise in love?

He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts

and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love,

it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him on the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Of a snail?

ROSALIND

Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head;

a better jointure,* I think, than you make a woman.

Besides he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO

What's that?

ROSALIND

Why horns which such as you are fain* to be beholding to your wives for.

ORLANDO

Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA

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

jointure - marriage, *fain* - likely, *leer* - look

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

Nay, you were better speak first,
and when you were gravelled* for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.
Very good orators when they are out, they will spit;
and for lovers lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.*

ORLANDO

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.
Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND

The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in a love cause.
Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then love me Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

gravelled - stuck, *and...kiss* - and for lovers lacking something to say, the best solution is to kiss

ORLANDO
And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND
Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO
What sayest thou?

ROSALIND
Are you not good?

ORLANDO
I hope so.

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

ORLANDO
Pray thee marry us.

CELIA
I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND
You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

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

ORLANDO
I will.

ROSALIND
Ay, but when?

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

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

ORLANDO
I take thee Rosalind for wife.

ROSALIND
And I do take thee Orlando for my husband.

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

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND

Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.'

No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon* over his hen,
more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape,
more giddy in my desires than a monkey.

I will weep for nothing, 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.

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO

O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND

Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement;

shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND

Marry, to say she came to seek you there.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.

O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,*

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

ORLANDO

For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Barbary cock-pigeon - a pigeon originally from the north of Africa,

check - retort, *her fault...occasion* - her husband the cause of her fault

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove.

My friends told me as much, and I thought no less.

That flattering tongue of yours won me. I am now cast away, and so, come death!

Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

By my troth, and in good earnest, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour,

I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover

that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful.

Therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind.

So adieu.

ROSALIND

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

Adieu.

(Exit ORLANDO.)

CELIA

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.

ROSALIND

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!

But it cannot be sounded.* My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I'll tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando.

I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CELIA

And I'll sleep. *(Exeunt.)*

try - judge, *sounded* - to measure the depth of water

Act 4, Scene 2 The Forest of Arden

(Enter JAQUES, LORDS and FORESTERS.)

JAQUES

Which is he that killed the deer?

LORD

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES

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?

FORESTER

Yes sir.

JAQUES

Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

FORESTER

(Sings.) What shall he have that killed the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

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.)

Act 4, Scene 3 The Forest of Arden

(Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.)

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

(Enter SILVIUS.)

SILVIUS

My errand is to you, fair youth. My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents;
but as I guess, by the stern brow which she did use as she was writing it, it bears an angry tenor.
Pardon me; I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND

Patience herself would startle at this letter.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
she calls me proud, and that she could not love me, were man as rare as phoenix.*
'Od's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me?
Well shepherd, this is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

Come, come, you are a fool, and turned into the extremity of love.
I say she never did invent this letter. This is a man's invention and his hand.

SILVIUS

Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, a style for challengers.
Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

Mark how the tyrant writes.

phoenix - in Egyptian mythology, a beautiful bird that lived for 500 years and then consumed itself in fire, rising renewed from the ashes

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

SILVIUS

Call you this chiding?

CELIA

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND

Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman?
 What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee? Not to be 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.)

OLIVER

Good morrow, fair ones.

Pray you, if you know where in the purlieu* of this forest stands a sheep-cote* fenced about with olive trees?

CELIA

West of this place, by the murmuring stream, but at this hour there's none within.

OLIVER

If that an eye may profit by a tongue, then should I know you by description, such garments and such years:
 'the boy is fair, of female favor, 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 inquire for?

eyne - eye, *chid* - scolded, *tame snake* - poor worm; base creature,
in the purlieu - within the borders, *sheep-cote* - pen for sheep

CELIA

It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER

Some of my shame, if you will know of me what man I am, and how and why and where this handkerchief was stained.

CELIA

I pray you tell it.

OLIVER

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 mossed with age and high top bald with dry antiquity, a wretched ragged man lay sleeping on his back.

About his neck a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

who with her head nimble in threats approached 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 dry, lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch until 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.

CELIA

I have heard him speak of that brother; and he did render him the most unnatural that lived amongst men.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But to Orlando. Did he leave him there, food to the hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Twice did he turn his back and purposed so; but kindness, nobler ever than revenge, made him give battle to the lioness, who quickly fell before him;

in which hurtling from miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Wast you he rescued?

CELIA

Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLIVER

'Twas I; but 'tis not I.

I do not shame to tell you what I was, since my conversion so sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND

But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

By and by.

He led me to the gentle Duke, who gave me fresh array,* committing me unto my brother's love, who led me instantly unto his cave, there stripped 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 recovered 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.)

CELIA

Why, how now, Ganymede? Sweet Ganymede?

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

CELIA

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

OLIVER

Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? You lack a man's heart.

array - clothing

ROSALIND

I do so, I confess it. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
Heigh-ho!

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

So I do. But in faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CELIA

Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I shall devise something.
But I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him.
Will you go?

(Exeunt.)

Act 5, Scene 1 The Forest of Arden

(Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.)

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Your features? What features?

TOUCHSTONE

Audrey, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest.

AUDREY

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE

No, truly, unless thou wert hard favored.*

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter.
But Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest that lays claim to you.

simple feature - plain appearance, but Audrey doesn't understand, *hard favored* - ugly,
foul - Audrey interprets the word as ugly

AUDREY

Ay, I know who 'tis. He hath no interest in me in the world.
Here comes the man you mean.

(Enter WILLIAM.)

TOUCHSTONE

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

WILLIAM

Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY

God ye good even, William.

WILLIAM

And good even to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Five and twenty sir.

TOUCHSTONE

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM

William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

A fair name. Wast born in the forest here?

WILLIAM

Ay sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE

'Thank God;' a good answer.
Art rich?

WILLIAM

Faith sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Ay sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE

Why, thou 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.'

You do love this maid?

WILLIAM

I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Give me your hand.

Art thou learned?

WILLIAM

No sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being 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.

WILLIAM

Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE

He sir, that must marry this woman.

Therefore you clown, abandon (which is in the vulgar, leave) the society (which in the boorish is, company) of this female (which in the common is, woman);

which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest;

or to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, translate thy life into death.

I will deal in poison or in steel; I will overrun thee with policy;* I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.

Therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY

Do, good William.

WILLIAM

God rest you merry, sir.

(Exit WILLIAM.)

(Enter CORIN.)

CORIN

Our master and mistress seeks you. Come away, away!

ipse is he - he is the man, *policy* - shrewdness

TOUCHSTONE

Trip Audrey, trip Audrey! I attend, I attend.

(Exeunt.)

Act 5, Scene 2 The Forest of Arden

(ORLANDO and OLIVER.)

ORLANDO

Is it possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere* to enjoy her?

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow.
Thither will I invite the Duke and all his contented followers.
Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

(Enter ROSALIND.)

ROSALIND

God save you, brother.

OLIVER

And you, fair sister.

(Exit OLIVER.)

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

It is my arm.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

persever - persevere; remain constant

ROSALIND

O, I know where you are,* 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.
They are in the very wrath* of love and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

They shall be married tomorrow, 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 tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness,
by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND

Why then tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking.
Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I can do strange things.
I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art.
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 tomorrow.

ORLANDO

Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

By my life I do; which I tender dearly.
Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends;
for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind if you will.

(Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.)

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

I care not if I have. It is my study to seem spiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd: look upon him, love him. He worships you.

where you are - your meaning, *wrath* - passion, *gesture cries it out* - behavior proclaims

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of fantasy, all made of passion and all made of wishes,
all adoration, duty, patience and impatience; and so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

(*To SILVIUS.*) I will help you, if I can.

(*To PHEBE.*) I would love you, if I could.

Tomorrow meet me all together.

(*To PHEBE.*) I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow.

(*To ORLANDO.*) I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow.

(*To SILVIUS.*) I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow.

(*To ORLANDO.*) As you love Rosalind, meet.

(*To SILVIUS.*) As you love Phebe, meet.

And as I love no woman, I'll meet.

So fare you well. I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

(*Exeunt.*)

Act 5, Scene 3 The Forest of Arden

(Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.)

TOUCHSTONE

Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey; tomorrow will we be married.

AUDREY

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished Duke's pages.

(Enter two PAGES.)

FIRST PAGE

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE

By my troth well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE

We are for you. Sit in the middle.

FIRST PAGE

Shall we clap into it roundly,* without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE

I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune like two gypsies on a horse.

(They sing.) 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 springtime, &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 springtime, &c.

clap into it roundly - start right off

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet it was out of time.

FIRST PAGE

You are deceived, Sir. We kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE

By my troth yes. I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song.
God be with you, and God mend your voices!
Come Audrey.

(Exeunt.)

Act 5, Scene 4 The Forest of Arden

(Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER and CELIA.)

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

(Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS and PHEBE.)

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.*

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, you will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make all this matter even.*

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
you yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;

compact is urged - agreement is plainly stated, *even* - clear

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.
 From hence I go to make these doubts all even.

(Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.)

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

(Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.)

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.*
 I have trod a measure;* I have 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.

JAQUES

And how was that taken up?*

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

How seventh cause? Good my lord, like you this fellow?

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE

God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.
 I press in here sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,* to swear and to forswear.

motley - haphazard, *purgation* - trial, *measure* - dance, *politic* - prudent,
undone - ruined, *taken up* - settled, *copulatives* - i.e. those about to couple

A poor virgin sir, an ill-favoured thing sir, but mine own;
a poor humor of mine sir, to take that that no man else will.

JAQUES

But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE

Upon a lie seven times removed. (Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.) As thus sir.

I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard.

He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was:

this is 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.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct;

and so we measured swords* and parted.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

(Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND and CELIA.)*

(Music.)

HYMEN

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 his bosom is.

ROSALIND

(To DUKE SENIOR.) To you I give myself, for I am yours.

(To ORLANDO.) To you I give myself, for I am yours.

measured swords - checked the respective lengths of swords as though about to fight,

stalking horse - any object used to hide a hunter, stalking game, **HYMEN** - God of marriage, *atone* - join

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

(*To THE DUKE.*) I'll have no father, if you be not he.

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

(*To PHEBE.*) Nor never wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN

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.

(*To ROSALIND and ORLANDO.*) You and you no cross* shall part:

(*To OLIVER and CELIA.*) You and you are heart in heart

(*To PHEBE.*) You to his love must accord,* or have a woman to your lord:

(*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*) You and you are sure together, as the winter to foul weather.

(*To ALL.*) 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 honored:

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE SENIOR

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

PHEBE

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

(*Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.*)

JAQUES DE BOYS

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,

addressed a mighty power, which were on foot in his own conduct,

purposely to take his brother here and put him to the sword.

bar - prohibit, *cross* - disagreement, *accord* - assent

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 banished brother,
and all their lands restored to them again that were with him exiled.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome young man; thou offerest 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 heaped in joy, to the measures* fall.

JAQUES

Sir, by your patience.
If I heard you rightly, the Duke hath put on a religious life* and thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQUES DE BOYS

He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I. Out of these convertites* there is much matter to be heard and learned.
(*To DUKE SENIOR.*) You to your former honor I bequeath; your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
(*To ORLANDO.*) You to a love that your true faith doth merit.
(*To OLIVER.*) You to your land and love and great allies.
(*To SILVIUS.*) You to a long and well-deserved bed.
(*To TOUCHSTONE.*) And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage is but for two months victualled.*
So to your pleasures. I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

To see no pastime I.
What you would have I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

(*Exit JAQUES.*)

DUKE SENIOR

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

(*A dance.*)

(*The end.*)

states - status, *measures* - dances, *put on a religious life* - adopted the life of a monk or hermit,
convertites - converts, *thy loving voyage is but for two months victualled* - you only have enough in common
for your marriage to last two months