

As you Like it.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Shakespeare: First Folio

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As you Like it

Q3

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Orlando and Adam.*

3 *Orlando.*

4 As I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion
 5 bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
 6 Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro-ther
 7 on his blessing to breed mee well: and
 8 there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keeps
 9 at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit:
 10 for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak
 11 more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call
 12 you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-fers
 13 not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred
 14 better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,
 15 they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders
 16 deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder
 17 him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
 18 dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-thing
 19 that he so plentifully giues me, the something that
 20 nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from
 21 me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the
 22 place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
 23 gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that
 24 grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke
 25 is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude.
 26 I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise
 27 remedy how to auoid it.

28 *Enter Oliuer.*

29 *Adam.* Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

30 *Orlan.* Goe a- part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how
 31 he will shake me vp.

32 *Oli.* Now Sir, what make you heere?

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

34 *Oli.* What mar you then sir?

35 *Orl.* Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which
 36 God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with
 37 idlenesse.

38 *Oliuer.* Marry sir be better employed, and be naught
 39 a while.

40 *Orlan.* Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with
 41 them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should
 42 come to such penury?

43 *Oli.* Know you where you are sir?

44 *Orl.* O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

45 *Oli.* Know you before whom sir?

46 *Orl.* I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I
 47 know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle con-dition
 48 of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of
 49 nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first
 50 borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud,
 51 were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much
 52 of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your com-ming
 53 before me is neerer to his reuerence.

54 *Oli.* What Boy.

55 *Orl.* Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in |(this.

56 *Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

57 *Orl.* I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir
 58 *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a vil-laine
 59 that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou
 60 not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy
 61 throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying
 62 so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

63 *Adam.* Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers
 64 remembrance, be at accord.

65 *Oli.* Let me goe I say.

66 *Orl.* I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my
 67 father charg'd you in his will to giue me good educati-on:
 68 you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and
 69 hiding from me all gentleman- like qualities: the spirit
 70 of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer
 71 endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may be-come
 72 a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my
 73 father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my
 74 fortunes.

75 *Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent?
 76 Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with
 77 you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you
 78 leaue me.

79 *Orl.* I will no further offend you, then becomes mee
 80 for my good.

81 *Oli.* Get you with him, you olde dogge.

82 *Adam.* Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue
 83 lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde ma-ster,
 84 he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

85 *Oli.* Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will

86 physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand
87 crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.
88 *Enter Dennis*.
89 *Den*. Calls your worship?
90 *Oli*. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler heere to
91 speake with me?
92 *Den*. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and im-portunes
93 accesse to you.
94 *Oli*. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to mor-row
95 the wrastling is.
96 *Enter Charles*.
97 *Cha*. Good morrow to your worship.
98 *Oli*. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes
99 at the new Court?
100 *Charles*. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the
101 olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yon-ger
102 brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing [Q3v
103 Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with
104 him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke,
105 therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.
106 *Oli*. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee
107 banished with her Father?
108 *Cha*. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so
109 loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together,
110 that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to
111 stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued
112 of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two La-dies
113 loued as they doe.
114 *Oli*. Where will the old Duke liue?
115 *Cha*. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*,
116 and a many merry men with him; and there they liue
117 like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong
118 Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time
119 carelesly as they did in the golden world.
120 *Oli*. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
121 Duke.
122 *Cha*. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you
123 with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that
124 your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come
125 in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
126 wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
127 some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother
128 is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee
129 loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee
130 come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither
131 to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him

132 from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he
 133 shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,
 134 and altogether against my will.

135 *Oli.* *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which
 136 thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my
 137 selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by
 138 vnder- hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it;
 139 but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbor-nest
 140 yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious
 141 emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous
 142 contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse
 143 thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke
 144 as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou
 145 dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie
 146 grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by
 147 poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and ne-uer
 148 leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect
 149 meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with
 150 teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so vil-lanous
 151 this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him,
 152 but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must
 153 blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and
 154 wonder.

155 *Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee
 156 come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee
 157 goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and
 158 so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*
 159 Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Game-ster:
 160 I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet
 161 I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's
 162 gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble
 163 deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed
 164 so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my
 165 owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether
 166 misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall
 167 cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy
 168 thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

170 *Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.*

171 *Cel.* I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

172 *Ros.* Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mi-stresse
 173 of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you

174 could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not
175 learne mee how to remember any extraordinary plea-sure.

177 *Cel.* Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full
178 waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father
179 had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou
180 hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue
181 to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth
182 of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
183 is to thee.

184 *Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate,
185 to reioyce in yours.

186 *Cel.* You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor
187 none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou shalt
188 be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy fa-ther
189 perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by
190 mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee
191 turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*,
192 be merry.

193 *Ros.* From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports:
194 let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

195 *Cel.* Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but
196 loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport ney-ther,
197 then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in ho-nor
198 come off againe.

199 *Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

200 *Cel.* Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife *For-tune*
201 from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee
202 bestowed equally.

203 *Ros.* I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are
204 mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman
205 doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

206 *Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce
207 makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes
208 very illfauouredly.

209 *Ros.* Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na-tures:
210 Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
211 lineaments of Nature.

212 *Enter Clowne.*

213 *Cel.* No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
214 may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature
215 hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
216 sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

217 *Ros.* Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
218 fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures
219 witte.

220 *Cel.* Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither,

221 but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull
 222 to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for
 223 our whetstone: for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is
 224 the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
 225 wander you?
 226 *Clow.* Mistresse, you must come away to your father.
 227 *Cel.* Were you made the messenger?
 228 *Clo.* No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you [Q4
 229 *Ros.* Where learned you that oath foole?
 230 *Clo.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour
 231 they were good Pan- cakes, and swore by his Honor the
 232 Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes
 233 were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was
 234 not the Knight forsworne.
 235 *Cel.* How proue you that in the great heape of your
 236 knowledge?
 237 *Ros.* I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdom.
 238 *Clo.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes,
 239 and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.
 240 *Cel.* By our beards (if we had them) thou art.
 241 *Clo.* By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if
 242 you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no
 243 more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he ne-uer
 244 had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before
 245 euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.
 246 *Cel.* Prethee, who is't that thou means't?
 247 *Clo.* One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.
 248 *Ros.* My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough;
 249 speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one
 250 of these daies.
 251 *Clo.* The more pittie that fooles may not speak wise-ly,
 252 what Wisemen do foolishly.
 253 *Cel.* By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little
 254 wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that
 255 wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Mon-sieur
 256 the *Beu.*
 257 *Enter le Beau.*
 258 *Ros.* With his mouth full of newes.
 259 *Cel.* Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their
 260 young.
 261 *Ros.* Then shal we be newes- cram'd.
 262 *Cel.* All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.
 263 *Boon- iour Monsieur le Beau,* what's the newes?
 264 *Le Beau.* Faire Princesse,
 265 you haue lost much good sport.
 266 *Cel.* Sport: of what colour?

267 *Le Beau.* What colour Madame? How shall I answer
 268 you?
 269 *Ros.* As wit and fortune will.
 270 *Clo.* Or as the destinies decrees.
 271 *Cel.* Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.
 272 *Clo.* Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.
 273 *Ros.* Thou loosest thy old smell.
 274 *Le Beau.* You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told
 275 you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.
 276 *Ros.* Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.
 277 *Le Beau.* I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please
 278 your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet
 279 to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to
 280 performe it.
 281 *Cel.* Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.
 282 *Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons.
 283 *Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.
 284 *Le Beau.* Three proper yong men, of excellent growth
 285 and presence.
 286 *Ros.* With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto
 287 all men by these presents.
 288 *Le Beau.* The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles*
 289 the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw
 290 him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little
 291 hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the
 292 third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father,
 293 making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the behol-
 294 ders take his part with weeping.
 295 *Ros.* Alas.
 296 *Clo.* But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies
 297 haue lost?
 298 *Le Beau.* Why this that I speake of.
 299 *Clo.* Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the
 300 first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport
 301 for Ladies.
 302 *Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.
 303 *Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken
 304 Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon
 305 rib- breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?
 306 *Le Beau.* You must if you stay heere, for heere is the
 307 place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to
 308 performe it.
 309 *Cel.* Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay
 310 and see it.
 311 *Flourish.* Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles,
 312 and Attendants.

313 *Duke.* Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
 314 His owne perill on his forwardnesse.
 315 *Ros.* Is yonder the man?
 316 *Le Beau.* Euen he, Madam.
 317 *Cel.* Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully
 318 *Du.* How now daughter, and Cousin:
 319 Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?
 320 *Ros.* I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.
 321 *Du.* You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you
 322 there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challen-gers
 323 youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not
 324 bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can
 325 mooue him.
 326 *Cel.* Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beau.*
 327 *Duke.* Do so: Ile not be by.
 328 *Le Beau.* Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls
 329 for you.
 330 *Orl.* I attend them with all respect and dutie.
 331 *Ros.* Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the
 332 Wrastler?
 333 *Orl.* No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger,
 334 I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
 335 of my youth.
 336 *Cel.* Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
 337 your yeares: you haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans
 338 strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew
 339 your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduen-ture
 340 would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
 341 pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe-tie,
 342 and giue ouer this attempt.
 343 *Ros.* Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore
 344 be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that
 345 the wrastling might not go forward.
 346 *Orl.* I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde
 347 thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie
 348 so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your
 349 faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall;
 350 wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was
 351 neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to
 352 be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to
 353 lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing:
 354 onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better
 355 supplied, when I haue made it emptie.
 356 *Ros.* The little strength that I haue, I would it were
 357 with you. [Q4v
 358 *Cel.* And mine to eeke out hers.

359 *Ros.* Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.
 360 *Cel.* Your hearts desires be with you.
 361 *Char.* Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so
 362 desirous to lie with his mother earth?
 363 *Orl.* Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest
 364 working.
 365 *Duk.* You shall trie but one fall.
 366 *Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat
 367 him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him
 368 from a first.
 369 *Orl.* You meane to mocke me after: you should not
 370 haue mockt me before: but come your waies.
 371 *Ros.* Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
 372 *Cel.* I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fel-low
 373 by the legge. *Wrastle.*
 374 *Ros.* Oh excellent yong man.
 375 *Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who
 376 should downe. *Shout.*
 377 *Duk.* No more, no more.
 378 *Orl.* Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well
 379 breath'd.
 380 *Duk.* How do'st thou *Charles*?
 381 *Le Beu.* He cannot speake my Lord.
 382 *Duk.* Beare him awaie:
 383 What is thy name yong man?
 384 *Orl.* *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Ro-land*
 385 *de Boys.*
 386 *Duk.* I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
 387 The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
 388 But I did finde him still mine enemie:
 389 Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
 390 Hadst thou descended from another house:
 391 But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
 392 I would thou had'st told me of another Father.
 393 *Exit Duke.*
 394 *Cel.* Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I do this?
 395 *Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
 396 His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
 397 To be adopte heire to *Fredricke.*
 398 *Ros.* My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,
 399 And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
 400 Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
 401 I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
 402 Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.
 403 *Cel.* Gentle Cosen,
 404 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:

405 My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
 406 Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
 407 If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
 408 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
 409 Your Mistris shall be happie.
 410 *Ros.* Gentleman,
 411 Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
 412 That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
 413 Shall we goe Coze?
 414 *Cel.* I: fare you well faire Gentleman.
 415 *Orl.* Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
 416 Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
 417 Is but a quintine, a meere lieuesse blocke.
 418 *Ros.* He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
 419 Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
 420 Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
 421 More then your enemies.
 422 *Cel.* Will you goe Coze?
 423 *Ros.* Haue with you: fare you well. *Exit.*
 424 *Orl.* What passion hangs these waights vpo[n] my toong?
 425 I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.
 426 *Enter Le Beu.*
 427 O poore *Orlando!* thou art ouerthrowne
 428 Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.
 429 *Le Beu.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
 430 To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
 431 High commendation, true applause, and loue;
 432 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
 433 That he misconsters all that you haue done:
 434 The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
 435 More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.
 436 *Orl.* I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
 437 Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
 438 That here was at the Wrastling?
 439 *Le Beu.* Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
 440 But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
 441 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
 442 And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
 443 To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
 444 Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
 445 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
 446 Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
 447 Grounded vpon no other argument,
 448 But that the people praise her for her vertues,
 449 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
 450 And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady

451 Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
 452 Hereafter in a better world then this,
 453 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.
 454 *Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
 455 Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
 456 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
 457 But heauenly *Rosaline.* *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

459 *Enter Celia and Rosaline.*
 460 *Cel.* Why Cosen, why *Rosaline:* *Cupid* haue mercie,
 461 Not a word?
 462 *Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.
 463 *Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 464 vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
 465 with reasons.
 466 *Ros.* Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
 467 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
 468 without any.
 469 *Cel.* But is all this for your Father?
 470 *Ros.* No, some of it is for my childe's Father: Oh
 471 how full of briers is this working day world.
 472 *Cel.* They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
 473 in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
 474 our very petty- coates will catch them.
 475 *Ros.* I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
 476 in my heart.
 477 *Cel.* Hem them away.
 478 *Ros.* I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.
 479 *Cel.* Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.
 480 *Ros.* O they take the part of a better wrastler then
 481 my selfe.
 482 *Cel.* O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time [Q5
 483 in dispiht of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
 484 let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-daine,
 485 you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
 486 *Roulands* yongest sonne?
 487 *Ros.* The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.
 488 *Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
 489 Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
 490 him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
 491 not *Orlando.*
 492 *Ros.* No faith, hate him not for my sake.

493 *Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?
 494 *Enter Duke with Lords.*
 495 *Ros.* Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
 496 Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.
 497 *Cel.* With his eies full of anger.
 498 *Duk.* Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
 499 And get you from our Court.
 500 *Ros.* Me Vncle.
 501 *Duk.* You Cosen,
 502 Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
 503 So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
 504 Thou diest for it.
 505 *Ros.* I doe beseech your Grace
 506 Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
 507 If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
 508 Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
 509 If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
 510 (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
 511 Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
 512 Did I offend your highnesse.
 513 *Duk.* Thus doe all Traitors,
 514 If their purgation did consist in words,
 515 They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
 516 Let is suffice thee that I trust thee not.
 517 *Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
 518 Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?
 519 *Duk.* Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.
 520 *Ros.* So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
 521 So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
 522 Treason is not inherited my Lord,
 523 Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
 524 What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
 525 Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
 526 To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.
 527 *Cel.* Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.
 528 *Duk.* I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
 529 Else had she with her Father rang'd along.
 530 *Cel.* I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
 531 It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
 532 I was too yong that time to value her,
 533 But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
 534 Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
 535 Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
 536 And wheresoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
 537 Still we went coupled and inseperable.
 538 *Duk.* She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;

539 Her verie silence, and her patience,
 540 Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
 541 Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
 542 And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
 543 When she is gone: then open not thy lips
 544 Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
 545 Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.
 546 *Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
 547 I cannot liue out of her companie.
 548 *Duk.* You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
 549 If you out- stay the time, vpon mine honor,
 550 And in the greatnesse of my word you die.
 551 *Exit Duke, &c.*
 552 *Cel.* O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
 553 Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
 554 I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.
 555 *Ros.* I haue more cause.
 556 *Cel.* Thou hast not Cosen,
 557 Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
 558 Hath banish'd me his daughter?
 559 *Ros.* That he hath not.
 560 *Cel.* No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue
 561 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
 562 Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
 563 No, let my Father seeke another heire:
 564 Therefore deuse with me how we may flie
 565 Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
 566 And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
 567 To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
 568 For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
 569 Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.
 570 *Ros.* Why, whether shall we goe?
 571 *Cel.* To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.
 572 *Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
 573 (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
 574 Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.
 575 *Cel.* Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
 576 And with a kinde of vंबर smirch my face,
 577 The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
 578 And neuer stir assailants.
 579 *Ros.* Were it not better,
 580 Because that I am more then common tall,
 581 That I did suite me all points like a man,
 582 A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
 583 A bore- speare in my hand, and in my heart
 584 Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,

585 Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,
 586 As manie other mannish cowards haue,
 587 That doe outface it with their semblances.
 588 *Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
 589 *Ros.* Ile haue no worse a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
 590 And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
 591 But what will you be call'd?
 592 *Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:
 593 No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
 594 *Ros.* But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
 595 The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
 596 Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?
 597 *Cel.* Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
 598 Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
 599 And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
 600 Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
 601 To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
 602 After my flight: now goe in we content
 603 To libertie, and not to banishment. *Exeunt*.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

605 *Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords*
 606 *like Forresters.*
 607 *Duk.Sen.* Now my Coe- mates, and brothers in exile:
 608 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete [Q5v
 609 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
 610 More free from perill then the enuious Court?
 611 Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
 612 The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
 613 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
 614 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
 615 Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
 616 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 617 That feelingly perswade me what I am:
 618 Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
 619 Which like the toad, ugly and venemous,
 620 Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
 621 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
 622 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
 623 Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.
 624 *Amien.* I would not change it, happy is your Grace
 625 That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
 626 Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

627 *Du.Sen.* Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
 628 And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
 629 Being natiue Burgers of this desert City,
 630 Should in their owne confines with forked heads
 631 Haue their round hanches goard.
 632 *1.Lord.* Indeed my Lord
 633 The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
 634 And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
 635 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
 636 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
 637 Did steale behinde him as he lay along
 638 Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
 639 Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
 640 To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
 641 That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
 642 Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
 643 The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
 644 That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
 645 Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
 646 Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
 647 In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
 648 Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
 649 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
 650 Augmenting it with teares.
 651 *Du.Sen.* But what said *Iaques*?
 652 Did he not moralize this spectacle?
 653 *1.Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.
 654 First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
 655 Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 656 As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
 657 To that which had too much: then being there alone,
 658 Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
 659 'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
 660 The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
 661 Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
 662 And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
 663 Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
 664 'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
 665 Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
 666 Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
 667 The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
 668 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 669 Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
 670 To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
 671 In their assign'd and natiue dwelling place.
 672 *D.Sen.* And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

673 2.*Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
 674 Vpon the sobbing Deere. [
 675 *Du.Sen.* Show me the place,
 676 I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
 677 For then he's full of matter.
 678 1.*Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

680 *Enter Duke, with Lords.*
 681 *Duk.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 682 It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
 683 Are of consent and sufferance in this.
 684 1.*Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,
 685 The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
 686 Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
 687 They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.
 688 2.*Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
 689 Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
 690 *Hisperia* the Princesse Gentlewoman
 691 Confesses that she secretly ore- heard
 692 Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
 693 The parts and graces of the Wrastler
 694 That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
 695 And she beleeeues where euer they are gone
 696 That youth is surely in their companie.
 697 *Duk.* Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
 698 If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
 699 Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
 700 And let not search and inquisition quaile,
 701 To bring againe these foolish runawaies. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

703 *Enter Orlando and Adam.*
 704 *Orl.* Who's there?
 705 *Ad.* What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
 706 Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
 707 Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
 708 Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
 709 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 710 Why would you be so fond to ouercome

711 The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
 712 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 713 Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
 714 Their graces serue them but as enemies,
 715 No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
 716 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
 717 Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
 718 Eneuenoms him that beares it?
 719 Why, what's the matter?
 720 *Ad.* O vnhappy youth,
 721 Come not within these doores: within this roofe
 722 The enemie of all your graces liues
 723 Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
 724 (Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
 725 Of him I was about to call his Father,
 726 Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
 727 To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
 728 And you within it: if he faile of that [Q6
 729 He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
 730 I ouerheard him: and his practises:
 731 This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
 732 Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
 733 *Ad.* Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?
 734 *Ad.* No matter whether, so you come not here.
 735 *Orl.* What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
 736 Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
 737 A theeuish liuing on the common rode?
 738 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 739 Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
 740 I rather will subiect me to the malice
 741 Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
 742 *Ad.* But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
 743 The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,
 744 Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
 745 When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
 746 And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
 747 Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
 748 Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
 749 Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
 750 All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
 751 Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
 752 For in my youth I neuer did apply
 753 Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
 754 Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
 755 The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
 756 Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,

757 Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
 758 Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
 759 In all your businesse and necessities.
 760 *Orl.* Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
 761 The constant seruice of the antique world,
 762 When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
 763 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 764 Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
 765 And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
 766 Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
 767 But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 768 That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
 769 In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
 770 But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
 771 And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
 772 Weele light vpon some settled low content.
 773 *Ad.* Master goe on, and I will follow thee
 774 To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
 775 From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
 776 Here liued I, but now liue here no more
 777 At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
 778 But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
 779 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
 780 Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

782 *Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and*
 783 *Clowne, alias Touchstone.*
 784 *Ros.* O *Iupiter*, how merry are my spirits?
 785 *Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
 786 wearie.
 787 *Ros.* I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
 788 apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
 789 the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
 790 selfe coragious to petty- coate; therefore courage, good
 791 *Aliena.*
 792 *Cel.* I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-ther.
 793 *Clo.* For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
 794 beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
 795 you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.
 796 *Ros.* Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.
 797 *Clo.* I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I
 798 was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must

800 be content.
 801 *Enter Corin and Siluius.*
 802 *Ros.* I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes
 803 here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.
 804 *Cor.* That is the way to make her scorne you still.
 805 *Sil.* Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.
 806 *Cor.* I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.
 807 *Sil.* No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
 808 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer
 809 As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
 810 But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
 811 As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:
 812 How many actions most ridiculous,
 813 Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?
 814 *Cor.* Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.
 815 *Sil.* Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,
 816 If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
 817 That euer loue did make thee run into,
 818 Thou hast not lou'd.
 819 Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,
 820 Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
 821 Thou hast not lou'd.
 822 Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
 823 Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
 824 Thou hast not lou'd.
 825 *O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe. Exit.*
 826 *Ros.* Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
 827 I haue by hard aduerture found mine owne.
 828 *Clo.* And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
 829 broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
 830 comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kis-sing
 831 of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
 832 chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
 833 of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
 834 cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping
 835 teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-uers,
 836 runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
 837 nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.
 838 *Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.
 839 *Clo.* Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
 840 I breake my shins against it.
 841 *Ros.* *Ioue, Ioue*, this Shepherds passion,
 842 Is much vpon my fashion.
 843 *Clo.* And mine, but it growes something stale with
 844 mee.
 845 *Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,

846 If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
847 I faint almost to death.
848 *Clo.* Holla; you Clowne.
849 *Ros.* Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.
850 *Cor.* Who cal's?
851 *Clo.* Your betters Sir.
852 *Cor.* Else are they very wretched. [Q6v
853 *Ros.* Peace I say; good euen to your friend.
854 *Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
855 *Ros.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
856 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
857 Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
858 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
859 And faints for succour.
860 *Cor.* Faire Sir, I pittie her,
861 And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
862 My fortunes were more able to releue her:
863 But I am shepheard to another man,
864 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
865 My master is of churlish disposition,
866 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
867 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
868 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
869 Are now on sale, and at our sheep- coat now
870 By reason of his absence there is nothing
871 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
872 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
873 *Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
874 *Cor.* That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-while,
876 That little cares for buying any thing.
877 *Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
878 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
879 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
880 *Cel.* And we will mend thy wages:
881 I like this place, and willingly could
882 Waste my time in it.
883 *Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
884 Go with me, if you like vpon report,
885 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
886 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
887 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

889 *Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.*
 890 *Song.*
 891 *Vnder the greene wood tree,*
 892 *who loues to lye with mee,*
 893 *And turne his merrie Note,*
 894 *vnto the sweet Birds throte:*
 895 *Come hither, come hither, come hither:*
 896 *Heere shall he see noemie,*
 897 *But Winter and rough Weather.*
 898 *Iaq.* More, more, I pre'thee more.
 899 *Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*
 900 *Iaq.* I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
 901 I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
 902 As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
 903 *Amy.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
 904 you.
 905 *Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,
 906 I do desire you to sing:
 907 Come, more, another stanza: Cal you 'em stanza's?
 908 *Amy.* What you wil Monsieur *Iaques*.
 909 *Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
 910 nothing. Wil you sing?
 911 *Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.
 912 *Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke
 913 you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
 914 of two dog- Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
 915 me thinks I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
 916 the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not
 917 hold your tongues.
 918 *Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
 919 the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
 920 day to looke you.
 921 *Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
 922 He is too disputeable for my companie:
 923 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
 924 Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
 925 Come, warble, come.
 926 *Song. Altogether heere.*
 927 *Who doth ambition shunne,*
 928 *and loues to liue i'th Sunne:*
 929 *Seeking the food he eates,*
 930 *and pleas'd with what he gets:*
 931 *Come hither, come hither, come hither,*
 932 *Heere shall he see. &c.*

933 *Iaq.* Ile giue you a verse to this note,
 934 That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.
 935 *Amy.* And Ile sing it.
 936 *Amy.* Thus it goes.
 937 *If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:*
 938 *Leauing his wealth and ease,*
 939 *A stubborne will to please,*
 940 *Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:*
 941 *Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,*
 942 *And if he will come to me.*
 943 *Amy.* What's that Ducdame?
 944 *Iaq.* 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a cir-cle.
 945 Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
 946 the first borne of Egypt.
 947 *Amy.* And Ile go seeke the Duke,
 948 His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

950 *Enter Orlando, & Adam.*
 951 *Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further:
 952 O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
 953 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
 954 *Orl.* Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
 955 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
 956 If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
 957 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
 958 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
 959 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
 960 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
 961 And if I bring thee not something to eate,
 962 I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
 963 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
 964 Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
 965 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
 966 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
 967 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
 968 For lacke of a dinner,
 969 If there liue any thing in this Desert.
 970 Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt* [R1]

Scena Septima.

972 *Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.*

973 *Du.Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,

974 For I can no where finde him, like a man.

975 *1.Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,

976 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

977 *Du.Sen.* If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,

978 We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:

979 Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

980 *Enter Iaques.*

981 *1.Lord.* He saues my labor by his owne approach.

982 *Du.Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this

983 That your poore friends must woe your companie,

984 What, you looke merrily.

985 *Iaq.* A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,

986 A motley Foole (a miserable world:)

987 As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,

988 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,

989 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,

990 In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.

991 Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,

992 Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,

993 And then he drew a diall from his poake,

994 And looking on it, with lacke- lustre eye,

995 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:

996 Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggis:

997 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,

998 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,

999 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,

1000 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,

1001 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare

1002 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,

1003 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,

1004 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:

1005 And I did laugh, sans intermission

1006 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,

1007 A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

1008 *Du.Sen.* What foole is this?

1009 *Iaq.* O worthe Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier

1010 And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,

1011 They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,

1012 Which is as drie as the remainder basket

1013 After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd

1014 With obseruation, the which he vents

1015 In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,

1016 I am ambitious for a motley coat.
 1017 *Du.Sen.* Thou shalt haue one.
 1018 *Iaq.* It is my onely suite,
 1019 Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
 1020 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
 1021 That I am wise. I must haue liberty
 1022 Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
 1023 To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
 1024 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 1025 They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
 1026 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
 1027 Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
 1028 Doth very foolishly, although he smart
 1029 Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
 1030 The Wise- mans folly is anathomiz'd
 1031 Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
 1032 Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
 1033 To speake my minde, and I will through and through
 1034 Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world,
 1035 If they will patiently receiue my medicine.
 1036 *Du.Sen.* Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.
 1037 *Iaq.* What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
 1038 *Du.Sen.* Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
 1039 For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
 1040 As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
 1041 And all th' imbossed sores, and headed euils,
 1042 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 1043 Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.
 1044 *Iaq.* Why who cries out on pride,
 1045 That can therein taxe any priuate party:
 1046 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 1047 Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
 1048 What woman in the Citie do I name,
 1049 When that I say the City woman beares
 1050 The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
 1051 Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
 1052 When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
 1053 Or what is he of basest function,
 1054 That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
 1055 Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
 1056 His folly to the mettle of my speech,
 1057 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
 1058 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 1059 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
 1060 Why then my taxing like a wild- goose flies
 1061 Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

1062 *Enter Orlando.*
 1063 *Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more.
 1064 *Iaq.* Why I haue eate none yet.
 1065 *Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.
 1066 *Iaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?
 1067 *Du.Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
 1068 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 1069 That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?
 1070 *Orl.* You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
 1071 Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
 1072 Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in- land bred,
 1073 And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
 1074 He dies that touches any of this fruite,
 1075 Till I, and my affaires are answered.
 1076 *Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason,
 1077 I must dye.
 1078 *Du.Sen.* What would you haue?
 1079 Your gentlesse shall force, more then your force
 1080 Moue vs to gentlesse.
 1081 *Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me haue it.
 1082 *Du.Sen.* Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table
 1083 *Orl.* Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
 1084 I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
 1085 And therefore put I on the countenance
 1086 Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
 1087 That in this desert inaccessible,
 1088 Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
 1089 Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
 1090 If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
 1091 If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:
 1092 If euer sate at any good mans feast:
 1093 If euer from your eye- lids wip'd a teare,
 1094 And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
 1095 Let gentlesse my strong enforcement be,
 1096 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword. [R1v
 1097 *Du.Sen.* True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
 1098 And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
 1099 And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
 1100 Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
 1101 And therefore sit you downe in gentlesse,
 1102 And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
 1103 That to your wanting may be ministred.
 1104 *Orl.* Then but forbeare your food a little while:
 1105 Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
 1106 And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
 1107 Who after me, hath many a weary steppe

1108 Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
 1109 Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
 1110 I will not touch a bit.
 1111 *Duke Sen.* Go finde him out,
 1112 And we will nothing waste till you returne.
 1113 *Orl.* I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.
 1114 *Du.Sen.* Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappy:
 1115 This wide and vniuersall Theater
 1116 Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
 1117 Wherein we play in.
 1118 *Ia.* All the world's a stage,
 1119 And all the men and women, meere Players;
 1120 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
 1121 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 1122 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
 1123 Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
 1124 Then, the whining Schoole- boy with his Satchell
 1125 And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
 1126 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
 1127 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
 1128 Made to his Mistresse eye- brow. Then, a Soldier,
 1129 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 1130 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
 1131 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 1132 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
 1133 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 1134 With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
 1135 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
 1136 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
 1137 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantalooone,
 1138 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 1139 His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
 1140 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 1141 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 1142 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 1143 That ends this strange euentfull historie,
 1144 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
 1145 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.
 1146 *Enter Orlando with Adam.*
 1147 *Du.Sen.* Welcome: set downe your venerable bur-then,
 1148 and let him feede.
 1149 *Orl.* I thanke you most for him.
 1150 *Ad.* So had you neede,
 1151 I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.
 1152 *Du.Sen.* Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
 1153 As yet to question you about your fortunes:

1154 Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.
 1155 Song.
 1156 *Blow, blow, thou winter winde,*
 1157 *Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude*
 1158 *Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,*
 1159 *although thy breath be rude.*
 1160 *Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,*
 1161 *Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:*
 1162 *The heigh ho, the holly,*
 1163 *This Life is most iolly.*
 1164 *Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh*
 1165 *as benefitts forgot:*
 1166 *Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,*
 1167 *as freind remembred not.*
 1168 *Heigh ho, sing, &c.*
 1169 *Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
 1170 As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
 1171 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
 1172 Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
 1173 Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
 1174 That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
 1175 Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
 1176 Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
 1177 Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
 1178 And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

1180 *Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.*
 1181 *Du.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 1182 But were I not the better part made mercie,
 1183 I should not seeke an absent argument
 1184 Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
 1185 Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
 1186 Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
 1187 Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
 1188 To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
 1189 Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
 1190 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
 1191 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
 1192 Of what we thinke against thee.
 1193 *Ol.* Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
 1194 I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.
 1195 *Duke.* More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores

1196 And let my officers of such a nature
 1197 Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
 1198 Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

1200 *Enter Orlando.*

1201 *Orl.* Hang there my verse, in wisse of my loue,
 1202 And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
 1203 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare about
 1204 Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
 1205 O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
 1206 And in their barks my thoughts Ile character,
 1207 That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
 1208 Shall see thy vertue witness euery where.
 1209 Run, run *Orlando*, care on euery Tree,
 1210 The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee. *Exit*

1211 *Enter Corin & Clowne.*

1212 *Co.* And how like you this shepherds life Mr *Touchstone*? [R2

1213 *Clo.* Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
 1214 good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
 1215 naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
 1216 but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
 1217 in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
 1218 respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
 1219 life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
 1220 more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.

1221 Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

1222 *Cor.* No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
 1223 the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,
 1224 meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That
 1225 the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
 1226 good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
 1227 the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear-ned
 1228 no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
 1229 breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

1230 *Clo.* Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:

1231 Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

1232 *Cor.* No truly.

1233 *Clo.* Then thou art damn'd.

1234 *Cor.* Nay, I hope.

1235 *Clo.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
 1236 all on one side.

1237 *Cor.* For not being at Court? your reason.

1238 *Clo.* Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer
 1239 saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,
 1240 then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
 1241 and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-heard.

1243 *Cor.* Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good ma-ners
 1244 at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
 1245 the behaiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the
 1246 Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
 1247 you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
 1248 if Courtiers were shepherds.

1249 *Clo.* Instance, briefly: come, instance.

1250 *Cor.* Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
 1251 Fels you know are greasie.

1252 *Clo.* Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
 1253 is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
 1254 of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
 1255 Come.

1256 *Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

1257 *Clo.* Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow a-gen:
 1258 a more sounder instance, come.

1259 *Cor.* And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery
 1260 of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
 1261 Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

1262 *Clo.* Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-spect
 1263 of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
 1264 and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
 1265 verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-heard.

1267 *Cor.* You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

1268 *Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
 1269 man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

1270 *Cor.* Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
 1271 that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-nesse:
 1272 glad of other mens good content with my harme:
 1273 and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
 1274 my Lambes sucke.

1275 *Clo.* That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
 1276 Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
 1277 liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-weather,
 1278 and to betray a shee- Lambe of a tweluemonth
 1279 to a crooked- pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all
 1280 reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the
 1281 diuell himselve will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else
 1282 how thou shouldst scape.

1283 *Cor.* Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistris-ses
 1284 Brother.

1285 *Enter Rosalind.*

1286 *Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,*
 1287 *no iewel is like Rosalinde,*
 1288 *Hir worth being mounted on the winde,*
 1289 *through all the world beares Rosalinde.*
 1290 *All the pictures fairest Linde,*
 1291 *are but blacke to Rosalinde:*
 1292 *Let no face bee kept in mind,*
 1293 *but the faire of Rosalinde.*
 1294 *Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,*
 1295 *and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right*
 1296 *Butter- womens ranke to Market.*
 1297 *Ros. Out Foole.*
 1298 *Clo. For a taste.*
 1299 *If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,*
 1300 *Let him seeke out Rosalinde:*
 1301 *If the Cat will after kinde,*
 1302 *so be sure will Rosalinde:*
 1303 *Wintred garments must be linde,*
 1304 *so must slender Rosalinde:*
 1305 *They that reap must sheafe and binde,*
 1306 *then to cart with Rosalinde.*
 1307 *Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,*
 1308 *such a nut is Rosalinde.*
 1309 *He that sweetest rose will finde,*
 1310 *must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.*
 1311 *This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you in-fect*
 1312 *your selfe with them?*
 1313 *Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.*
 1314 *Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.*
 1315 *Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it*
 1316 *with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th coun-try:*
 1317 *for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's*
 1318 *the right vertue of the Medler.*
 1319 *Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the*
 1320 *Forrest iudge.*
 1321 *Enter Celia with a writing.*
 1322 *Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.*
 1323 *Cel. Why should this Desert bee,*
 1324 *for it is vnpeopled? Noe:*
 1325 *Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,*
 1326 *that shall ciuill sayings shoe.*
 1327 *Some, how briefe the Life of man*
 1328 *runs his erring pilgrimage,*
 1329 *That the stretching of a span,*
 1330 *buckles in his summe of age.*
 1331 *Some of violated vowes,*

1332 *twixt the soules of friend, and friend:*
 1333 *But vpon the fairest bowes,*
 1334 *or at euerie sentence end;*
 1335 *Will I Rosalinda write,*
 1336 *teaching all that reade, to know*
 1337 *The quintessence of euerie sprite,*
 1338 *heauen would in little show.*
 1339 *Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,*
 1340 *that one bodie should be fill'd*
 1341 *With all Graces wide enlarg'd,*
 1342 *nature presently distill'd* [R2v
 1343 *Helens cheeke, but not his heart,*
 1344 *Cleopatra's Maiestie:*
 1345 *Attalanta's better part,*
 1346 *sad Lucrecia's Modestie.*
 1347 *Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,*
 1348 *by Heauenly Synode was deuiss'd,*
 1349 *Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,*
 1350 *to haue the touches deere'st pris'd.*
 1351 *Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,*
 1352 *and I to liue and die her slaue.*
 1353 *Ros.* O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of
 1354 Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and
 1355 neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.
 1356 *Cel.* How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a lit-tle:
 1357 go with him sirrah.
 1358 *Clo.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re-treit,
 1359 though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
 1360 scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*
 1361 *Cel.* Didst thou heare these verses?
 1362 *Ros.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
 1363 of them had in them more feete then the Verses would
 1364 beare.
 1365 *Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might beare y verses.
 1366 *Ros.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
 1367 themselues without the verse, and therefore stood lame-ly
 1368 in the verse.
 1369 *Cel.* But didst thou heare without wondering, how
 1370 thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?
 1371 *Ros.* I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
 1372 before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
 1373 Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time
 1374 that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.
 1375 *Cel.* Tro you, who hath done this?
 1376 *Ros.* Is it a man?
 1377 *Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:

1378 change you colour?
 1379 *Ros.* I pre'thee who?
 1380 *Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
 1381 meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earth-quakes,
 1382 and so encounter.
 1383 *Ros.* Nay, but who is it?
 1384 *Cel.* Is it possible?
 1385 *Ros.* Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary ve-hemence,
 1386 tell me who it is.
 1387 *Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
 1388 wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
 1389 of all hooping.
 1390 *Ros.* Good my complection, dost thou think though
 1391 I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in
 1392 my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South- sea
 1393 of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and
 1394 speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
 1395 might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as
 1396 Wine comes out of a narrow- mouth'd bottle: either too
 1397 much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke
 1398 out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.
 1399 *Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.
 1400 *Ros.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
 1401 Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?
 1402 *Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.
 1403 *Ros.* Why God will send more, if the man will bee
 1404 thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou
 1405 delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
 1406 *Cel.* It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrastlers
 1407 heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.
 1408 *Ros.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
 1409 brow, and true maid.
 1410 *Cel.* I'faith (Coz) tis he.
 1411 *Ros.* *Orlando*?
 1412 *Cel.* *Orlando*.
 1413 *Ros.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &
 1414 hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde
 1415 he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee
 1416 heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How
 1417 parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a-gaine?
 1418 Answer me in one word.
 1419 *Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first:
 1420 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to
 1421 say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer
 1422 in a Catechisme.
 1423 *Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and

1424 in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day
 1425 he Wrastled?
 1426 *Cel.* It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the
 1427 propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding
 1428 him, and rellish it with good obseruance. I found him
 1429 vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.
 1430 *Ros.* It may wel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes
 1431 forth fruite.
 1432 *Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.
 1433 *Ros.* Proceed.
 1434 *Cel.* There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded
 1435 knight.
 1436 *Ros.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well
 1437 becomes the ground.
 1438 *Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes
 1439 vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.
 1440 *Ros.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.
 1441 *Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou
 1442 bring'st me out of tune.
 1443 *Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
 1444 I must speake: sweet, say on.
 1445 *Enter Orlando & Iaques.*
 1446 *Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?
 1447 *Ros.* 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.
 1448 *Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith
 1449 I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.
 1450 *Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake
 1451 I thanke you too, for your societie.
 1452 *Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.
 1453 *Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.
 1454 *Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees with Writing
 1455 Loue- songs in their barks.
 1456 *Orl.* I pray you marre no moe of my verses with rea-ding
 1457 them ill- fauouredly.
 1458 *Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.
 1459 *Iaq.* I do not like her name.
 1460 *Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she
 1461 was christen'd.
 1462 *Iaq.* What stature is she of?
 1463 *Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.
 1464 *Iaq.* You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin ac-quainted
 1465 with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the[m] out of rings
 1466 *Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath,
 1467 from whence you haue studied your questions.
 1468 *Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of
 1469 *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and

1470 wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
 1471 our miserie.
 1472 *Orl.* I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe [R3
 1473 against whom I know most faults.
 1474 *Iaq.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.
 1475 *Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best ver-tue:
 1476 I am wearie of you.
 1477 *Iaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I
 1478 found you.
 1479 *Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and
 1480 you shall see him.
 1481 *Iaq.* There I shal see mine owne figure.
 1482 *Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.
 1483 *Iaq.* Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good sig-nior
 1484 Loue.
 1485 *Orl.* I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon-sieur
 1486 Melancholly.
 1487 *Ros.* I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vn-der
 1488 that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-|(rester.
 1489 *Orl.* Verie wel, what would you?
 1490 *Ros.* I pray you, what i'st a clocke?
 1491 *Orl.* You should aske me what time o' day: there's no
 1492 clocke in the Forrest.
 1493 *Ros.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else
 1494 sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold
 1495 detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.
 1496 *Orl.* And why not the swift foote of time? Had not
 1497 that bin as proper?
 1498 *Ros.* By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces,
 1499 with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles with-all,
 1500 who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal,
 1501 and who he stands stil withall.
 1502 *Orl.* I prethee, who doth he trot withal?
 1503 *Ros.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between
 1504 the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd:
 1505 if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard,
 1506 that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.
 1507 *Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?
 1508 *Ros.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man
 1509 that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily be-cause
 1510 he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, be-cause
 1511 he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of
 1512 leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no bur-then
 1513 of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles
 1514 withal.
 1515 *Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

1516 *Ros.* With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee
 1517 go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
 1518 there.

1519 *Orl.* Who staies it stil withal?

1520 *Ros.* With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
 1521 betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not
 1522 how time moues.

1523 *Orl.* Where dwel you prettie youth?

1524 *Ros.* With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the
 1525 skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

1526 *Orl.* Are you natieue of this place?

1527 *Ros.* As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is
 1528 kindled.

1529 *Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could
 1530 purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

1531 *Ros.* I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
 1532 religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was
 1533 in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too
 1534 well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read ma-ny
 1535 Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Wo-man
 1536 to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee
 1537 hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

1538 *Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils,
 1539 that he laid to the charge of women?

1540 *Ros.* There were none principal, they were all like
 1541 one another, as halfe-pence are, euerie one fault seeming
 1542 monstrous, til his fellow- fault came to match it.

1543 *Orl.* I prethee recount some of them.

1544 *Ros.* No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those
 1545 that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that a-buses
 1546 our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their
 1547 barks; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on
 1548 brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*.
 1549 If I could meet that Fancie- monger, I would giue him
 1550 some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian
 1551 of Loue vpon him.

1552 *Orl.* I am he that is so Loue- shak'd, I pray you tel
 1553 me your remedie.

1554 *Ros.* There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you:
 1555 he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
 1556 of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

1557 *Orl.* What were his markes?

1558 *Ros.* A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie
 1559 and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spi-rit,
 1560 which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you
 1561 haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your ha-uing

1562 in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your
 1563 hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your
 1564 sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing
 1565 about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you
 1566 are no such man; you are rather point deuce in your ac-coustrements,
 1567 as louing your selfe, then seeming the Lo-uer
 1568 of any other.

1569 *Orl.* Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeeue |(I Loue.

1570 *Ros.* Me beleeeue it? You may assoone make her that
 1571 you Loue beleeeue it, which I warrant she is apter to do,
 1572 then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the
 1573 which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But
 1574 in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the
 1575 Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

1576 *Orl.* I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of
 1577 *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

1578 *Ros.* But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

1579 *Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

1580 *Ros.* Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, de-serues
 1581 as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do:
 1582 and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is
 1583 that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in
 1584 loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.

1585 *Orl.* Did you euer cure any so?

1586 *Ros.* Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to ima-gine
 1587 me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day
 1588 to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish
 1589 youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
 1590 liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, ful
 1591 of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and
 1592 for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are
 1593 for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like
 1594 him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear
 1595 him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue
 1596 my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor
 1597 of madnes, w was to forswear the ful stream of y world,
 1598 and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd
 1599 him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Li-uer
 1600 as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not
 1601 be one spot of Loue in't.

1602 *Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

1603 *Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosa-lind*,
 1604 and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me. [R3v

1605 *Orlan.* Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me
 1606 where it is.

1607 *Ros.* Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by

1608 the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
 1609 Wil you go?
 1610 *Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.
 1611 *Ros.* Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister,
 1612 will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

1614 *Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.*
 1615 *Clo.* Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your
 1616 Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet?
 1617 Doth my simple feature content you?
 1618 *Aud.* Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?
 1619 *Clo.* I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
 1620 capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.
 1621 *Iaq.* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in
 1622 a thatch'd house.
 1623 *Clo.* When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor
 1624 a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vn-derstanding:
 1625 it strikes a man more dead then a great rec-koning
 1626 in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde
 1627 made thee poeticall.
 1628 *Aud.* I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
 1629 deed and word: is it a true thing?
 1630 *Clo.* No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai-ning,
 1631 and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they
 1632 sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.
 1633 *Aud.* Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
 1634 Poeticall?
 1635 *Clow.* I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art ho-nest:
 1636 Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope
 1637 thou didst feigne.
 1638 *Aud.* Would you not haue me honest?
 1639 *Clo.* No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for
 1640 honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to
 1641 Sugar.
 1642 *Iaq.* A materiall foole.
 1643 *Aud.* Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
 1644 Gods make me honest.
 1645 *Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule
 1646 slut, were to put good meate into an vn-cleane dish.
 1647 *Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I
 1648 am foule.
 1649 *Clo.* Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut-tishnesse

1650 may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
 1651 I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir
 1652 *Oliuer Mar- text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath
 1653 promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to
 1654 couple vs.
 1655 *Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.
 1656 *Aud.* Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.
 1657 *Clo.* Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart,
 1658 stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple
 1659 but the wood, no assembly but horne- beasts. But what
 1660 though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neces-sarie.
 1661 It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
 1662 right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
 1663 of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none
 1664 of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone:
 1665 No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras-call:
 1666 Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd
 1667 Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore-head
 1668 of a married man, more honourable then the bare
 1669 brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet-ter
 1670 then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious
 1671 then to want.
 1672 *Enter Sir Oliuer Mar- text.*
 1673 Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar- text* you are
 1674 wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or
 1675 shal we go with you to your Chappell?
 1676 *Ol.* Is there none heere to giue the woman?
 1677 *Clo.* I wil not take her on guift of any man.
 1678 *Ol.* Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
 1679 lawfull.
 1680 *Iaq.* Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.
 1681 *Clo.* Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you
 1682 Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last
 1683 companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand
 1684 heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.
 1685 *Iaq.* Wil you be married, Motley?
 1686 *Clo.* As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb,
 1687 and the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as
 1688 Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.
 1689 *Iaq.* And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
 1690 married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church,
 1691 and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is,
 1692 this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne
 1693 Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell,
 1694 and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.
 1695 *Clo.* I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee

1696 married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-rie
 1697 me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good
 1698 excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.
 1699 *Iaq.* Goe thou with mee,
 1700 And let me counsel thee.
 1701 *Ol.* Come sweete *Audrey*,
 1702 We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:
 1703 Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue
 1704 *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee
 1705 gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.
 1706 *Ol.* 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them
 1707 all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scoena Quarta.

1709 *Enter Rosalind & Celia.*
 1710 *Ros.* Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.
 1711 *Cel.* Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider,
 1712 that teares do not become a man.
 1713 *Ros.* But haue I not cause to weepe?
 1714 *Cel.* As good cause as one would desire,
 1715 Therefore weepe.
 1716 *Ros.* His very haire
 1717 Is of the dissembling colour.
 1718 *Cel.* Something browner then Iudasses:
 1719 Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.
 1720 *Ros.* I' faith his haire is of a good colour.
 1721 *Cel.* An excellent colour:
 1722 Your Chessnut was euer the onely colour:
 1723 *Ros.* And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
 1724 As the touch of holy bread. [R4
 1725 *Cel.* Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a
 1726 Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie,
 1727 the very yce of chastity is in them.
 1728 *Rosa.* But why did hee sweare hee would come this
 1729 morning, and comes not?
 1730 *Cel.* Nay certainly there is no truth in him.
 1731 *Ros.* Doe you thinke so?
 1732 *Cel.* Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse- stealer,
 1733 but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as
 1734 concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme- eaten nut.
 1735 *Ros.* Not true in loue?
 1736 *Cel.* Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.
 1737 *Ros.* You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

1738 *Cel.* Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no
 1739 stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the
 1740 confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-rest
 1741 on the Duke your father.

1742 *Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-stion
 1743 with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I
 1744 told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe.
 1745 But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man
 1746 as *Orlando*?

1747 *Cel.* O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses,
 1748 speakes braue words, swears braue oathes, and breakes
 1749 them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-uer,
 1750 as a puisny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side,
 1751 breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that
 1752 youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

1753 *Enter Corin.*

1754 *Corin.* Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired
 1755 After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
 1756 Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
 1757 Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
 1758 That was his Mistresse.

1759 *Cel.* Well: and what of him?

1760 *Cor.* If you will see a pageant truely plaid
 1761 Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
 1762 And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,
 1763 Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
 1764 If you will marke it.

1765 *Ros.* O come, let vs remoue,
 1766 The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
 1767 Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say
 1768 Ile proue a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

1770 *Enter Siluius and Phebe.*

1771 *Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*
 1772 Say that you loue me not, but say not so
 1773 In bitterness; the common executioner
 1774 Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard
 1775 Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
 1776 But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
 1777 Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

1778 *Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

1779 *Phe.* I would not be thy executioner,

1780 I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
 1781 Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
 1782 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
 1783 That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
 1784 Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
 1785 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
 1786 Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
 1787 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 1788 Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
 1789 Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
 1790 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
 1791 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
 1792 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
 1793 Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
 1794 The Cicatrice and capable impressure
 1795 Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
 1796 Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 1797 Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
 1798 That can doe hurt.
 1799 *Sil.* O deere *Phebe*,
 1800 If euer (as that euer may be neere)
 1801 You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
 1802 Then shall you know the wounds inuisible
 1803 That Loues keene arrows make.
 1804 *Phe.* But till that time
 1805 Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
 1806 Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,
 1807 As till that time I shall not pittie thee.
 1808 *Ros.* And why I pray you? who might be your mother
 1809 That you insult, exult, and all at once
 1810 Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty
 1811 As by my faith, I see no more in you
 1812 Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
 1813 Must you be therefore prouwd and pittillesse?
 1814 Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
 1815 I see no more in you then in the ordinary
 1816 Of Natures sale- worke? 'ods my little life,
 1817 I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
 1818 No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
 1819 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
 1820 Your bugle eye- balls, nor your cheeke of creame
 1821 That can entame my spirits to your worship:
 1822 You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
 1823 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
 1824 You are a thousand times a properer man
 1825 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

1826 That makes the world full of ill- fauourd children:
 1827 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
 1828 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
 1829 Then any of her lineaments can show her:
 1830 But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
 1831 And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
 1832 For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
 1833 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
 1834 Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
 1835 Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
 1836 So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.
 1837 *Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
 1838 I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.
 1839 *Ros.* Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll
 1840 Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
 1841 As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
 1842 Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?
 1843 *Phe.* For no ill will I beare you.
 1844 *Ros.* I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
 1845 For I am falsler then vowes made in wine:
 1846 Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
 1847 'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:
 1848 Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard: [R4v
 1849 Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
 1850 And be not proud, though all the world could see,
 1851 None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
 1852 Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*
 1853 *Phe.* Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
 1854 Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?
 1855 *Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*.
 1856 *Phe.* Hah: what saist thou *Siluius*?
 1857 *Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.
 1858 *Phe.* Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius*.
 1859 *Sil.* Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
 1860 If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in loue,
 1861 By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieffe
 1862 Were both extermin'd.
 1863 *Phe.* Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?
 1864 *Sil.* I would haue you.
 1865 *Phe.* Why that were couetousnesse:
 1866 *Siluius*; the time was, that I hated thee;
 1867 And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
 1868 But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
 1869 Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
 1870 I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
 1871 But doe not looke for further recompence

1872 Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.
 1873 *Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
 1874 And I in such a pouerty of grace,
 1875 That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
 1876 To gleane the broken eares after the man
 1877 That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
 1878 A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon.
 1879 *Phe.* Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-|(while?
 1880 *Sil.* Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
 1881 And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
 1882 That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.
 1883 *Phe.* Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
 1884 'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
 1885 But what care I for words? yet words do well
 1886 When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
 1887 It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
 1888 But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
 1889 Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
 1890 Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
 1891 Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
 1892 He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
 1893 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
 1894 There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
 1895 A little riper, and more lustie red
 1896 Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
 1897 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
 1898 There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him
 1899 In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
 1900 To fall in loue with him: but for my part
 1901 I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
 1902 Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
 1903 For what had he to doe to chide at me?
 1904 He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
 1905 And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
 1906 I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
 1907 But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
 1908 Ile write to him a very tainting Letter,
 1909 And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?
 1910 *Sil. Phebe*, with all my heart.
 1911 *Phe.* Ile write it strait:
 1912 The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
 1913 I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
 1914 Goe with me *Siluius. Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1916 *Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.*

1917 *Iaq.* I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
1918 with thee.

1919 *Ros* They say you are a melancholly fellow.

1920 *Iaq.* I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

1921 *Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either, are abho-minable
1922 fellowes, and betray themselues to euery mo-derne
1923 censure, worse then drunkards.

1924 *Iaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

1925 *Ros.* Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

1926 *Iaq.* I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
1927 is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall;
1928 nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
1929 which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
1930 nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
1931 is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-pounded
1932 of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
1933 and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
1934 which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-rous
1935 sadnesse.

1936 *Ros.* A Traueller: by my faith you haue great rea-son
1937 to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,
1938 to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
1939 nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

1940 *Iaq.* Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

1941 *Enter Orlando.*

1942 *Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had ra-ther
1943 haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
1944 make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

1945 *Orl.* Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind.*

1946 *Iaq.* Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
1947 verse.

1948 *Ros.* Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you
1949 lise, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits
1950 of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
1951 natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
1952 countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
1953 swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where
1954 haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
1955 serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight
1956 more.

1957 *Orl.* My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my
1958 promise.

1959 *Ros.* Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that

1960 will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
 1961 but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
 1962 of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt
 1963 him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.
 1964 *Orl.* Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.
 1965 *Ros.* Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
 1966 sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.
 1967 *Orl.* Of a Snaile?
 1968 *Ros.* I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee
 1969 carries his house on his head; a better ioyuncture I thinke
 1970 then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
 1971 with him.
 1972 *Orl.* What's that?
 1973 *Ros.* Why hornes: w such as you are faine to be be-holding
 1974 to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his
 1975 fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. [R5
 1976 *Orl.* Vertue is no horne- maker: and my *Rosalind* is
 1977 vertuous.
 1978 *Ros.* And I am your *Rosalind*.
 1979 *Cel.* It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosa-lind*
 1980 of a better leere then you.
 1981 *Ros.* Come, woee me, woee mee: for now I am in a
 1982 holy- day humor, and like enough to consent: What
 1983 would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
 1984 *Rosalind*?
 1985 *Orl.* I would kisse before I spoke.
 1986 *Ros.* Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
 1987 were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-casion
 1988 to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
 1989 they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs)
 1990 matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.
 1991 *Orl.* How if the kisse be denide?
 1992 *Ros.* Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
 1993 new matter.
 1994 *Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloued
 1995 Mistris?
 1996 *Ros.* Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris,
 1997 or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.
 1998 *Orl.* What, of my suite?
 1999 *Ros.* Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
 2000 suite:
 2001 Am not I your *Rosalind*?
 2002 *Orl.* I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
 2003 be talking of her.
 2004 *Ros.* Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.
 2005 *Orl.* Then in mine owne person, I die.

2006 *Ros.* No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
 2007 almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
 2008 was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in
 2009 a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a
 2010 Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
 2011 and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would
 2012 haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd
 2013 Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer- night, for
 2014 (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hel-lespont,
 2015 and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd,
 2016 and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
 2017 *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died
 2018 from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
 2019 for loue.
 2020 *Orl.* I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind,
 2021 for I protest her frowne might kill me.
 2022 *Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
 2023 now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming- on dis-position:
 2024 and aske me what you will, I will grant it.
 2025 *Orl.* Then loue me *Rosalind*.
 2026 *Ros.* Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.
 2027 *Orl.* And wilt thou haue me?
 2028 *Ros.* I, and twentie such.
 2029 *Orl.* What saiest thou?
 2030 *Ros.* Are you not good?
 2031 *Orl.* I hope so.
 2032 *Rosalind.* Why then, can one desire too much of a
 2033 good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
 2034 marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you
 2035 say sister?
 2036 *Orl.* Pray thee marrie vs.
 2037 *Cel.* I cannot say the words.
 2038 *Ros.* You must begin, will you *Orlando*.
 2039 *Cel.* Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Ro-salind*?
 2041 *Orl.* I will.
 2042 *Ros.* I, but when?
 2043 *Orl.* Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.
 2044 *Ros.* Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for
 2045 wife.
 2046 *Orl.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.
 2047 *Ros.* I might aske you for your Commission,
 2048 But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a
 2049 girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
 2050 thought runs before her actions.
 2051 *Orl.* So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.
 2052 *Ros.* Now tell me how long you would haue her, af-ter

2053 you haue possesst her?

2054 *Orl.* For euer, and a day.

2055 *Ros.* Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men

2056 are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed:

2057 Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky chan-ges

2058 when they are wiues: I will bee more ieaious of

2059 thee, then a Barbary cocke- pidgeon ouer his hen, more

2060 clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new- fang-led

2061 then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a mon-key:

2062 I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Foun-taine,

2063 & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry:

2064 I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd

2065 to sleepe.

2066 *Orl.* But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

2067 *Ros.* By my life, she will doe as I doe.

2068 *Orl.* O but she is wise.

2069 *Ros.* Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this:

2070 the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a wo-mans

2071 wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and

2072 'twill out at the key- hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the

2073 smoake out at the chimney.

2074 *Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might

2075 say, wit whether wil't?

2076 *Ros.* Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you

2077 met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

2078 *Orl.* And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

2079 *Rosa.* Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you

2080 shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take

2081 her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot

2082 make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse

2083 her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

2084 *Orl.* For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

2085 *Ros.* Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

2086 *Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock

2087 I will be with thee againe.

2088 *Ros.* I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what

2089 you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I

2090 thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne

2091 me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'

2092 clocke is your howre.

2093 *Orl.* I, sweet *Rosalind*.

2094 *Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God

2095 mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dange-rous,

2096 if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one

2097 minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most

2098 patheticall breake- promise, and the most hollow louer,

2099 and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that
 2100 may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaith-full:
 2101 therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-mise.
 2103 *Orl.* With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
 2104 my *Rosalind*: so adieu.
 2105 *Ros.* Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all
 2106 such offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*
 2107 *Cel.* You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue- prate: [R5v
 2108 we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer
 2109 your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done
 2110 to her owne neast.
 2111 *Ros.* O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou
 2112 didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but
 2113 it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne
 2114 bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.
 2115 *Cel.* Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure
 2116 affection in, it runs out.
 2117 *Ros.* No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was
 2118 begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of
 2119 madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery
 2120 ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge,
 2121 how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be
 2122 out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and
 2123 sigh till he come.
 2124 *Cel.* And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

2126 *Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.*
 2127 *Iaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?
 2128 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.
 2129 *Iaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
 2130 Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
 2131 horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
 2132 no song Forrester for this purpose?
 2133 *Lord.* Yes Sir.
 2134 *Iaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
 2135 make noyse enough.
 2136 Musicke, Song.
 2137 *What shall he haue that kild the Deare?*
 2138 *His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:*
 2139 *Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;*
 2140 *Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,*
 2141 *It was a crest ere thou wast borne,*

2142 *Thy fathers father wore it,*
 2143 *And thy father bore it,*
 2144 *The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,*
 2145 *Is not a thing to laugh to scorne. Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

2147 *Enter Rosalind and Celia.*
 2148 *Ros.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
 2149 *And heere much Orlando.*
 2150 *Cel.* I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,
 2151 *Enter Siluius.*
 2152 He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
 2153 To sleepe: looke who comes heere.
 2154 *Sil.* My errand is to you, faire youth,
 2155 My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
 2156 I know not the contents, but as I guesse
 2157 By the sterne brow, and waspish action
 2158 Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
 2159 It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
 2160 I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.
 2161 *Ros.* Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
 2162 And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
 2163 Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
 2164 She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
 2165 Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
 2166 Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
 2167 Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
 2168 This is a Letter of your owne deuce.
 2169 *Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents,
 2170 *Phebe* did write it.
 2171 *Ros.* Come, come, you are a foole,
 2172 And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
 2173 I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
 2174 A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
 2175 That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
 2176 She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
 2177 I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
 2178 This is a mans inuention, and his hand.
 2179 *Sil.* Sure it is hers.
 2180 *Ros.* Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
 2181 A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
 2182 Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine
 2183 Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,

2184 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 2185 Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?
 2186 *Sil.* So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
 2187 Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.
 2188 *Ros.* She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.
 2189 Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
 2190 *That a maidens heart hath burn'd.*
 2191 Can a woman raile thus?
 2192 *Sil.* Call you this railing?
 2193 *Ros.* Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
 2194 *War'st thou with a womans heart?*
 2195 Did you euer heare such railing?
 2196 *Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,*
 2197 *That could do no vengeance to me.*
 2198 Meaning me a beast.
 2199 *If the scorne of your bright eie*
 2200 *Haue power to raise such loue in mine,*
 2201 *Alacke, in me, what strange effect*
 2202 *Would they worke in milde aspect?*
 2203 *Whiles you chid me, I did loue,*
 2204 *How then might your praiers moue?*
 2205 *He that brings this loue to thee,*
 2206 *Little knowes this Loue in me:*
 2207 *And by him seale vp thy minde,*
 2208 *Whether that thy youth and kinde*
 2209 *Will the faithfull offer take*
 2210 *Of me, and all that I can make,*
 2211 *Or else by him my loue denie,*
 2212 *And then Ile studie how to die.*
 2213 *Sil.* Call you this chiding?
 2214 *Cel.* Alas poore Shepheard.
 2215 *Ros.* Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie:
 2216 wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in-strument,
 2217 and play false straines vpon thee? not to be en-dur'd.
 2218 Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
 2219 made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
 2220 loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
 2221 neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
 2222 true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more
 2223 company. *Exit. Sil.*
 2224 *Enter Oliuer.*
 2225 *Oliu.* Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you | know)
 2226 Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands [R6
 2227 A sheep- coat, fenc'd about with Oliue- trees.
 2228 *Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
 2229 The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame

2230 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
 2231 But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
 2232 There's none within.
 2233 *Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 2234 Then should I know you by description,
 2235 Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
 2236 Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
 2237 Like a ripe sister: the woman low
 2238 And browner then her brother: are not you
 2239 The owner of the house I did enquire for?
 2240 *Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
 2241 *Oli.* *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
 2242 And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
 2243 He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?
 2244 *Ros.* I am: what must we vnderstand by this?
 2245 *Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me
 2246 What man I am, and how, and why, and where
 2247 This handkercher was stain'd.
 2248 *Cel.* I pray you tell it.
 2249 *Oli.* When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
 2250 He left a promise to returne againe
 2251 Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
 2252 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
 2253 Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
 2254 And marke what obiect did present it selfe
 2255 Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
 2256 And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
 2257 A wretched ragged man, ore- growne with haire
 2258 Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
 2259 A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
 2260 Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
 2261 The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
 2262 Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
 2263 And with indented glides, did slip away
 2264 Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
 2265 A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
 2266 Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
 2267 When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
 2268 The royall disposition of that beast
 2269 To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
 2270 This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 2271 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
 2272 *Cel.* O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
 2273 And he did render him the most vnnaturall
 2274 That liu'd amongst men.
 2275 *Oli.* And well he might so doe,

2276 For well I know he was vnnaturall.
 2277 *Ros.* But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
 2278 Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?
 2279 *Oli.* Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
 2280 But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
 2281 And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
 2282 Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
 2283 Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
 2284 From miserable slumber I awaked.
 2285 *Cel.* Are you his brother?
 2286 *Ros.* Was't you he rescu'd?
 2287 *Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?
 2288 *Oli.* 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
 2289 To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
 2290 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
 2291 *Ros.* But for the bloody napkin?
 2292 *Oli.* By and by:
 2293 When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
 2294 Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 2295 As how I came into that Desert place.
 2296 In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 2297 Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
 2298 Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
 2299 Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
 2300 There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
 2301 The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
 2302 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 2303 And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
 2304 Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
 2305 And after some small space, being strong at heart,
 2306 He sent me hither, stranger as I am
 2307 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 2308 His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
 2309 Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
 2310 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.
 2311 *Cel.* Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.
 2312 *Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
 2313 *Cel.* There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.
 2314 *Oli.* Looke, he recouers.
 2315 *Ros.* I would I were at home.
 2316 *Cel.* Wee'll lead you thither:
 2317 I pray you will you take him by the arme.
 2318 *Oli.* Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
 2319 You lacke a mans heart.
 2320 *Ros.* I doe so, I confesse it:
 2321 Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited,

2322 I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited:
 2323 heigh- ho.
 2324 *Oli.* This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony
 2325 in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
 2327 *Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.
 2328 *Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
 2329 be a man.
 2330 *Ros.* So I do: but yfaith, I should have beene a wo-man
 2331 by right.
 2332 *Cel.* Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
 2333 homewards: good sir, goe with vs.
 2334 *Oli.* That will I: for I must beare answer backe
 2335 How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.
 2336 *Ros.* I shall devise something: but I pray you commend
 2337 my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?
 2338 *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

2340 *Enter Clowne and Awdrie.*
 2341 *Clow.* We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle
 2342 *Awdrie*.
 2343 *Awd.* Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
 2344 olde gentlemans saying.
 2345 *Clow.* A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile
 2346 *Mar- text.* But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the
 2347 Forrest layes claime to you.
 2348 *Awd.* I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee
 2349 in the world: here comes the man you meane.
 2350 *Enter William.*
 2351 *Clo.* It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by [R6v
 2352 my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer
 2353 for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.
 2354 *Will.* Good eu'n *Audrey*.
 2355 *Aud.* God ye good eu'n *William*.
 2356 *Will.* And good eu'n to you Sir.
 2357 *Clo.* Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer
 2358 thy head: Nay prethee be couer'd. How olde are you
 2359 Friend?
 2360 *Will.* Fiue and twentie Sir.
 2361 *Clo.* A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?
 2362 *Will.* *William*, sir.
 2363 *Clo.* A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?
 2364 *Will.* I sir, I thanke God.

2365 *Clo.* Thanke God: A good answer:
 2366 Art rich?
 2367 *Will.* 'Faith sir, so, so.
 2368 *Cle.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
 2369 and yet it is not, it is but so, so:
 2370 Art thou wise?
 2371 *Will.* I sir, I haue a prettie wit.
 2372 *Clo.* Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a say-ing:
 2373 The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman
 2374 knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoso-pher,
 2375 when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open
 2376 his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning there-by,
 2377 that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.
 2378 You do loue this maid?
 2379 *Will.* I do sir.
 2380 *Clo.* Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?
 2381 *Will.* No sir.
 2382 *Clo.* Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For
 2383 it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out
 2384 of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the
 2385 other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee:
 2386 now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.
 2387 *Will.* Which he sir?
 2388 *Clo.* He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore
 2389 you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the
 2390 societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this fe-male:
 2391 which in the common, is woman: which toge-ther,
 2392 is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne
 2393 thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or
 2394 (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life in-to
 2395 death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poy-son
 2396 with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy
 2397 with thee in faction, I will ore- run thee with policie: I
 2398 will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore trem-ble
 2399 and depart.
 2400 *Aud.* Do good *William*.
 2401 *Will.* God rest you merry sir. *Exit*
 2402 *Enter Corin*.
 2403 *Cor.* Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come a-way,
 2404 away.
 2405 *Clo.* Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
 2406 I attend. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

2408 *Enter Orlando & Oliuer.*

2409 *Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you
2410 should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?
2411 And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And
2412 will you perseuer to enioy her?

2413 *Ol.* Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the
2414 pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wo-ing,
2415 nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue
2416 *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with
2417 both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your
2418 good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that
2419 was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere
2420 liue and die a Shepherd.

2421 *Enter Rosalind.*

2422 *Orl.* You haue my consent.
2423 Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
2424 Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
2425 Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
2426 Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

2427 *Ros.* God saue you brother.

2428 *Ol.* And you faire sister.

2429 *Ros.* Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see
2430 thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

2431 *Orl.* It is my arme.

2432 *Ros.* I thought thy heart had beene wounded with
2433 the clawes of a Lion.

2434 *Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

2435 *Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted
2436 to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

2437 *Orl.* I, and greater wonders then that.

2438 *Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there
2439 was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two
2440 Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw,
2441 and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no soo-ner
2442 met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they
2443 lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd
2444 but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew
2445 the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these
2446 degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage,
2447 which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee inconti-nent
2448 before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of
2449 loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part
2450 them.

2451 *Orl.* They shall be married to morrow: and I will

2452 bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing
 2453 it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies:
 2454 by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
 2455 of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my bro-ther
 2456 happie, in hauing what he wishes for.
 2457 *Ros.* Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
 2458 for *Rosalind*?
 2459 *Orl.* I can liue no longer by thinking.
 2460 *Ros.* I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal-king.
 2461 Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur-pose)
 2462 that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit:
 2463 I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion
 2464 of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: nei-ther
 2465 do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
 2466 little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe
 2467 good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please,
 2468 that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three
 2469 yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in
 2470 his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde*
 2471 so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
 2472 brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in-to
 2473 what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
 2474 impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, [S1
 2475 to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
 2476 and without any danger.
 2477 *Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?
 2478 *Ros.* By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
 2479 I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best a-ray,
 2480 bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor-row,
 2481 you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.
 2482 *Enter Siluius & Phebe.*
 2483 Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.
 2484 *Phe.* Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
 2485 To shew the letter that I writ to you.
 2486 *Ros.* I care not if I haue: it is my studie
 2487 To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
 2488 you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
 2489 Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.
 2490 *Phe.* Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue
 2491 *Sil.* It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
 2492 And so am I for *Phebe*.
 2493 *Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.
 2494 *Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.
 2495 *Ros.* And I for no woman.
 2496 *Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and seruice,
 2497 And so am I for *Phebe*.

2498 *Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.
 2499 *Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.
 2500 *Ros.* And I for no woman.
 2501 *Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasie,
 2502 All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
 2503 All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,
 2504 All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
 2505 All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:
 2506 And so am I for *Phebe*.
 2507 *Phe.* And so am I for *Ganimed*.
 2508 *Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.
 2509 *Ros.* And so am I for no woman.
 2510 *Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
 2511 *Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
 2512 *Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
 2513 *Ros.* Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
 2514 to loue you.
 2515 *Orl.* To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.
 2516 *Ros.* Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
 2517 of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you
 2518 if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet
 2519 me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Wo-man,
 2520 and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,
 2521 if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor-row.
 2522 I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
 2523 you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue
 2524 *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no
 2525 woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you com-mands.
 2527 *Sil.* Ile not faile, if I liue.
 2528 *Phe.* Nor I.
 2529 *Orl.* Nor I. *Exeunt*.

Scoena Tertia.

2531 *Enter Clowne and Audrey.*
 2532 *Clo.* To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow
 2533 will we be married.
 2534 *Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is
 2535 no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?
 2536 Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.
 2537 *Enter two Pages.*
 2538 1.*Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.
 2539 *Clo.* By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.
 2540 2.*Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

2541 1.*Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking,
 2542 or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely
 2543 prologues to a bad voice.
 2544 2.*Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two
 2545 gipsies on a horse.
 2546 Song.
 2547 *It was a Louer, and his lasse,*
 2548 *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
 2549 *That o're the greene corne feild did passe,*
 2550 *In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.*
 2551 *When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.*
 2552 *Sweet Louers loue the spring,*
 2553 *And therefore take the present time.*
 2554 *With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,*
 2555 *For loue is crowned with the prime.*
 2556 *In spring time, &c.*
 2557 *Betweene the acres of the Rie,*
 2558 *With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:*
 2559 *These prettie Country folks would lie.*
 2560 *In spring time, &c.*
 2561 *This Carroll they began that houre,*
 2562 *With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:*
 2563 *How that a life was but a Flower,*
 2564 *In spring time, &c.*
 2565 *Clo.* Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no
 2566 great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vntunable
 2567 1.*Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not
 2568 our time.
 2569 *Clo.* By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare
 2570 such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your
 2571 voices. Come *Audrie. Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

2573 *Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlan-do,*
 2574 *Oliuer, Celia.*
 2575 *Du.Sen.* Dost thou beleue *Orlando*, that the boy
 2576 Can do all this that he hath promised?
 2577 *Orl.* I sometimes do beleue, and somtimes do not,
 2578 As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.
 2579 *Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.*
 2580 *Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our co[m]pact is vrg'd:
 2581 You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
 2582 You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

2583 *Du.Se.* That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.
 2584 *Ros.* And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?
 2585 *Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.
 2586 *Ros.* You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.
 2587 *Phe.* That will I, should I die the houre after.
 2588 *Ros.* But if you do refuse to marrie me,
 2589 You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.
 2590 *Phe.* So is the bargaine.
 2591 *Ros.* You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will.
 2592 *Sil.* Though to haue her and death, were both one
 2593 thing. [S1v
 2594 *Ros.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
 2595 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
 2596 You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
 2597 Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
 2598 Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
 2599 Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
 2600 If she refuse me, and from hence I go
 2601 To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*
 2602 *Du.Sen.* I do remember in this shepheard boy,
 2603 Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.
 2604 *Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
 2605 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
 2606 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
 2607 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
 2608 Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
 2609 Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.
 2610 *Enter Clowne and Audrey.*
 2611 Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.
 2612 *Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these
 2613 couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
 2614 of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
 2615 Fooles.
 2616 *Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.
 2617 *Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
 2618 Motley- minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
 2619 the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.
 2620 *Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
 2621 purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
 2622 I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
 2623 enemy, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
 2624 quarrels, and like to haue fought one.
 2625 *Iaq.* And how was that tane vp?
 2626 *Clo.* 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
 2627 the seuenth cause.
 2628 *Iaq.* How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this

2629 fellow.

2630 *Du.Se.* I like him very well.

2631 *Clo.* God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse
2632 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues
2633 to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds
2634 and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il- fauor'd thing
2635 sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
2636 that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a mi-ser
2637 sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-ster.

2639 *Du.Se.* By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

2640 *Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet
2641 diseases.

2642 *Iaq.* But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde
2643 the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

2644 *Clo.* Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your
2645 bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the
2646 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I
2647 said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it
2648 was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him
2649 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word
2650 he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest.
2651 If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment:
2652 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well
2653 cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the
2654 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
2655 say, I lie: this is call'd the counter- checke quarrelsome:
2656 and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

2657 *Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well
2658 cut?

2659 *Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:
2660 nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee mea-sur'd
2661 swords, and parted.

2662 *Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
2663 the lye.

2664 *Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
2665 haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the de-grees.
2666 The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the
2667 Quip- modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth,
2668 the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quar-relsome:
2669 the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the sea-uenth,
2670 the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the
2671 Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I
2672 knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,
2673 but when the parties were met themselues, one of them
2674 thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so:
2675 and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is

2676 the onely peace- maker: much vertue in if.
 2677 *Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
 2678 at any thing, and yet a foole.
 2679 *Du.Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking- horse, and vn-der
 2680 the presentation of that he shoots his wit.
 2681 *Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*
 2682 *Still Musicke.*
 2683 *Hymen.* *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
 2684 *When earthly things made eauen*
 2685 *attone together.*
 2686 *Good Duke receiue thy daughter,*
 2687 *Hymen from Heauen brought her,*
 2688 *Yea brought her hether.*
 2689 *That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,*
 2690 *Whose heart within his bosome is.*
 2691 *Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
 2692 To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
 2693 *Du.Se.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
 2694 *Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*
 2695 *Phe.* If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu
 2696 *Ros.* Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
 2697 Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
 2698 Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.
 2699 *Hy.* Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
 2700 'Tis I must make conclusion
 2701 Of these most strange euent:
 2702 Here's eight that must take hands,
 2703 To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
 2704 If truth holds true contents.
 2705 You and you, no crosse shall part;
 2706 You and you, are hart in hart:
 2707 You, to his loue must accord,
 2708 Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
 2709 You and you, are sure together,
 2710 As the Winter to fowle Weather:
 2711 Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
 2712 Feede your selues with questioning:
 2713 That reason, wonder may diminish
 2714 How thus we met, and these things finish.
 2715 *Song.*
 2716 *Wedding is great Iunos crowne,*
 2717 *O blessed bond of boord and bed:*
 2718 *'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,*
 2719 *High wedlock then be honored:*
 2720 *Honor, high honor and renowne*
 2721 *To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.*

2722 *Du.Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 2723 Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree. [S2
 2724 *Phe.* I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
 2725 Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.
 2726 *Enter Second Brother.*
 2727 *2.Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:
 2728 I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
 2729 That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
 2730 *Duke Frederick* hearing how that euerie day
 2731 Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
 2732 Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
 2733 In his owne conduct, purposely to take
 2734 His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
 2735 And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
 2736 Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
 2737 After some question with him, was conuerted
 2738 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
 2739 His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
 2740 And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
 2741 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
 2742 I do engage my life.
 2743 *Du.Se.* Welcome yong man:
 2744 Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
 2745 To one his lands with- held, and to the other
 2746 A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
 2747 First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
 2748 That heere were well begun, and wel begot:
 2749 And after, euery of this happie number
 2750 That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
 2751 Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
 2752 According to the measure of their states.
 2753 Meane time, forget this new- falne dignitie,
 2754 And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
 2755 Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride- grooms all,
 2756 With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.
 2757 *Iaq.* Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
 2758 The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
 2759 And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.
 2760 *2.Bro.* He hath.
 2761 *Iaq.* To him will I: out of these conuertites,
 2762 There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
 2763 you to your former Honor, I bequeath
 2764 your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
 2765 you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
 2766 you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
 2767 you to a long, and well- deserued bed:

2768 And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
 2769 Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
 2770 I am for other, then for dancing meazures.
 2771 *Du.Se.* Stay, *Iaques*, stay.
 2772 *Iaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
 2773 Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*
 2774 *Du.Se.* Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
 2775 As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*
 2776 *Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-logue:
 2777 but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the
 2778 Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
 2779 no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
 2780 Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good
 2781 playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
 2782 What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-logue,
 2783 nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a
 2784 good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore
 2785 to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure
 2786 you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
 2787 women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
 2788 of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
 2789 for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
 2790 simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
 2791 and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-man,
 2792 I would kisse as many of you as had beards that
 2793 pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that
 2794 I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good
 2795 beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
 2796 offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

As you Like it.
