As you Like it.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623
Shakespeare: First Folio

Table of Contents

| Actus primus. Scoena Prima | As you Like it | 1 |
| Actus primus. Scoena Secunda | 4 |
| Actus primus. Scoena Tertia | 11 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Prima | 14 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Secunda | 16 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Tertia | 16 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Quarta | 18 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Quinta | 21 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Sexta | 22 |
| Actus secundus. Scoena Septima | 23 |
| Actus tertius. Scoena Prima | 27 |
| Actus tertius. Scoena Secunda | 28 |
| Actus tertius. Scoena Tertia | 37 |
| Actus tertius. Scoena Quarta | 39 |
| Actus tertius. Scoena Quinta | 40 |
| Actus quartus. Scoena Prima | 44 |
| Actus quartus. Scoena Secunda | 48 |
| Actus quartus. Scoena Tertia | 49 |
| Actus quintus. Scoena Prima | 53 |
| Actus quintus. Scoena Secunda | 55 |
| Actus quintus. Scoena Tertia | 57 |
| Actus quintus. Scoena Quarta | 58 |
Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

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

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

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

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

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

Oli. What mar you then sir?

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

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.
Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

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

Oli. Know you a boy.

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

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

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

Oli. Let me goe I say.

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

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent?

Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

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

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

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

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will
physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand
crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrestler heere to
speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and im-portunes
accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: ’twill be a good way: and to mor-row
the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what’s the new newes
at the new Court?

Charles. There’s no newes at the Court Sir, but the
olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yon-ger
brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with
him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke,
therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind the Dukes daughter bee
banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so
loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together,
that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to
stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued
of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two La-dies
loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden,
and a many merry men with him; and there they liue
like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many yong
Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time
carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you
with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that
your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come
in disguis’d against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother
is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee
loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee
come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither
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 meane 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 every mans good parts, a secret & villanous
142 contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse
143 thy discretion, I had as liefe 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 poysone, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and ne-uer
148 leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect
149 meane 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 anathemize 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.

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

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'est mee not with the full
weight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father
had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou
hadst bee still with mee, I could haue taught thy loue
to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth
of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
is to thee.

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

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

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

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

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife Fortune
from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee
bestowed equally.

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.

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

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

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither,
but Natures, who perceiuyeth our naturall wits too dull
to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for
our whetstone: for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is
the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you. [Q4

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour
they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honor the
Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes
were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was
not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your
knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnuzzle your wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes,
and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if
you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no
more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he ne-uer
had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before
euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is’t that thou means’t?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough;
speake no more of him, you’l be whipt for taxation one
of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wise-ly,
what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little
wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that
wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Mon-sieur
the Beu.

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their
young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes- cram’d.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.

Boon- iour Monsieur le Beu, what’s the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?
Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I aun-swer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

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

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

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

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles the Dukes Wrastler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru’d the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the behol-ders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib- breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beu. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.
Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardnesse.
Ros. Is yonder the man?
Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.
Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully
Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?
Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.
Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you
there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challen-gers
youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not
bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can
mooue him.
Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer Le Beu.
Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.
Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals
for you.
Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.
Ros. Young man, haue you challeng’d Charles the
Wrestler?
Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger,
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
of my youth.
Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans
strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew
your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduen-ture
would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe-tie,
and giue ouer this attempt.
Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore
be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that
the wrastling might not go forward.
Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde
thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie
so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your
faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall;
wherein if I bee foil’d, there is but one sham’d that was
neuer gracious: if kil’d, but one dead that is willing to
be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to
lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing:
onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better
supplied, when I haue made it emptie.
Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it were
with you.   
Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.
Ros. Fare you well: praise heaven I be deceiv’d in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

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

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie persuadec him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were invisibile, to catch the strong fellow by the legge. Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. I f Haue a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. Shout.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath’d.

Duk. How dost thou Charles?

Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else, The world esteem’d thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemie: Thou should’st haue better pleas’d me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house: But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had’st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling

To be adopted heire to Fredricke.

Ros. My Father lou’d Sir Roland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this young man his sonne, I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur’d.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But justly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.
Ros. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?
Ros. Haue with you: fare you well.

Enter Le Beu.
O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.
Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?
Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping VnCLE
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

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

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.

But heauenly Rosaline. Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
one should be lam’d with reasons, and the other mad
without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty- coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time [Q5
in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-daine,
you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands Yongest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lou’d his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
not Orlando.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eies full of anger.
Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.
Ros. Me Vncle.
Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.
Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let is suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there’s enough.
Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What’s that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.
Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang’d along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn’d, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like Iunos Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish’d.

_Cel._ Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie.

_Duk._ You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out- stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

.Exit Duke, &c.

_Cel._ O my poore _Rosaline_, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu’d then I am.

_Ros._ I haue more cause.

_Cel._ Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know’st thou not the Duke
Hath banish’d me his daughter?

_Ros._ That he hath not.

_Cel._ No, hath not? _Rosaline_ lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore deuise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

_Ros._ Why, whether shall we goe?

_Cel._ To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of Arden.

_Ros._ Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

_Cel._ Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And neuer stir assailants.

_Ros._ Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore- speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

_Cel._ What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
_Ros._ Ile haue no worse a name then _Ioues_ owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me _Ganimed_.

But what will you be call’d?

_Noe longer Celia, but Aliena._
_Ros._ But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

_Cel._ Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let’s away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment. _Exeunt._

**Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.**

_Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forresters._

_Noe. Sen._ Now my Coe- mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pome? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of _Adam_,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.
_Amiens._ I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.
Du.Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?

And yet it irkes me the poore dapple dfooles
Being natiuue Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1.Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy Iaques grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish’d you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau’d forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours’d one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chace: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie Iaques,
Stood on th’ extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what said Iaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1.Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak’st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
’Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
And neuer staiers to greet him: I quoth Iaques,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
’Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their assign’d and natieue dwelling place.

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?
2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.  [Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.
1.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.
Orl. Who’s there?
Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to see me kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappie youth,

Come not within these doores: within this roose
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that [Q6
He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether Adam would'st thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuish liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thrifte hire I saued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When servise should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your servuant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goo with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessitie.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their servisce vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun’st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some setled low content.
Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyalte,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauneteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.
Ros. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
wearie.
Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
selfe coragious to petty- coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.
Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goo no fur-ther.
Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
you, for I thinke you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Clo. I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must
Enter Corin and Silius.

Ros. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

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

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew’st how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou’d ere now.

Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse, Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer

As euer sigh’d vpon a midnight pillow:

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:

How many actions most ridiculous,

Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,

If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lou’d.

Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,

Thou hast not lou’d.

Or if thou hast not broke from companie,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lou’d.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe. Exit.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,

I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to Jane Smile, and I remember the kis-sing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk’d; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak’st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.

Ros. Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds passion,

Is much vpon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

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 cals?
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 releeue 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,
875 That little cares for buying any thing.
876  Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
877 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
878 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
879  Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
880 I like this place, and willingly could
881 Waste my time in it.
882  Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
883 Go with me, if you like vpon report,
884 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
885 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
886 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. Exeunt.
Scena Quinta.

889 Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.
890 Song.
891 Under the green wood tree,
892 who loves to lye with mee,
893 And turne his merrie Note,
894 unto the sweet Birds throate:
895 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
896 Here shall he see no enemie,
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 thinkes I haue guen 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 avoid 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 Here shall he see. &c.
Iaq. I giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile sing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.

If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Amy. What’s that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a cir-cle.
Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
the first borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar’d. Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

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


Duke. I thinke he be transform’d into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke. If he compact of iarres, grow Musical,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iaques.

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

Duke. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Ia. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i’th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask’d him in the Sun,
And rail’d on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke- lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:
’Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, ’twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley’s the onely weare.

Duke. What foole is this?

Ia. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram’d
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
1016 I am ambitious for a motley coat.
1017 Du.Sen. Thou shalt have one.
1018 Iaq. It is my onely suite,
1019 Provided that you weed your better judgements
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 Seeime 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.
1037 Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
1038 Du.Sen. Most mischeeuos 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?
Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Iaq. Why I have eaten none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Iaq. Of what kind should this Cocke come of?

Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden’d man by thy distress?

Orl. You touched my vein at first, the thorny point

Of bare distress, hath taken from me the shew

Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,

And know some nourture: But forbear, I say,

He dies that touches any of this fruit,

Till I, and my affairs are answered.

Iaq. And you will not be answer’d with reason,

I must dye.

Du.Sen. What would you have?

Your gentleness shall force, more than your force

Move vs to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcome to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,

I thought that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern command. But what ere you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Loose, and neglect the creeping hours of time:

If ever you have looked on better days:

If ever been where bells have knoll’d to Church:

If ever sate at any good man’s feast:

If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,

And know what ’tis to pitty, and be pittied:

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword. [R1v

Du.Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell bin known to Church,

And sate at good men’s feasts, and wiped our eyes

Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command, what help we have

That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:

Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic’d,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du.Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole- boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye- brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Justice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin’d,
With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper’d Pantaloone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau’d, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du.Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable bur-then,
and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du.Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,

Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude

Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,

although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,

Most frenship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:

The heigh ho, the holly,

This Life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh

as benefitts forgot:

Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,

as freind remembred not.

Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,

As you haue whisper’d faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,

Most truly liinn’d, and liuing in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke

That lou’d your Father, the residue of your fortune,

Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:

Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

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

But were I not the better part made mercie,

I should not seeke an absent argument

Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,

Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,

Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing

Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more

To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.

Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,

Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:

I never lou’d my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and Lands:  
Do this expediently, and turne him going. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witenesse of my loue,  
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphære aboue  
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes,  
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charactrer,  
That euery eye, which in this Forrest lookes,  
Shall see thy vertue witnes euery where.  
Run, run Orlando, carue on euery Tree,  
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee. Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?  
Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a  
good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is  
aught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:  
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now  
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in  
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare  
life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no  
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.  
Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?  
Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens,  
the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,  
means, and content, is without three good frends. That  
the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That  
good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of  
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear-ned  
oo wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good  
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.  
Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:  
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?  
Cor. No truly.  
Clo. Then thou art damn'd.  
Cor. Nay, I hope.  
Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,  
on all one side.  
Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.
Clo. Why, if thou neuer was’t at Court, thou neuer saw’st good manners: if thou neuer saw’st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-heard.

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

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

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

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

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

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

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

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

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-nesse:

glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-weather,

and to betray a shee- Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked- pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee’st not damn’d for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

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

Enter Rosalind.
Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter- womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.
This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you in-fect
your selfe with them?

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

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it
with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i’th coun-try:
for you’l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that’s
the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the
Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings shoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:

But vpon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heauen would in little show.
Therefore heauen Nature charg’d,
that one bodie should be fill’d
With all Graces wide enlarg’d,
nature presently distill’d
Helens cheeke, but not his heart,

Cleopatra’s Maiestie:
Attalanta’s better part,
sad Lucrecia’s Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heaunely Synode was deuis’d,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches dearest pris’d.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
and I to liue and die her slaue.

Ros. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of
Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and
neuer cri’d, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a lit-tle:
go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re-treit,
though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
scrip and scrippage. Exit.

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?
Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more feete then the Verses would
beare.

Cel. That’s no matter: the feet might beare y verses.
Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lame-ly
in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how
thy name should be hang’d and carued vpon these trees?
Ros. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
Palme tree; I was neuer so berim’d since Pythagoras time
that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
change you colour?

Ros. I pre’thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to

meet; but Mountaines may bee remou’d with Earth-quakes,

and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pre’thee now, with most petitionary ve-hemence,
tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complexion, dost thou think though
I am caparison’d like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South- sea
of discouerie. I pre’thee tell me, who is it quickely, and
speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
might’st powre this conceal’d man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow- mouth’d bottle: either too
much at once, or none at all. I pre’thee take the Corke
out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript vp the Wrastlers
heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
brow, and true maid.

Cel. I’faith (Coz) tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &
hose? What did he when thou saw’st him? What sayde
he? How look’d he? Wherein went he? What makes hee
heeere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How
parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a-gaine?

Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth first:
’tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to
say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer
in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day
he Wrastled?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the
propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding
him, and rellish it with good obseruance. I found him
vnder a tree like a drop’d Acorne.

*Ros.* It may wel be cal’d Ioues tree, when it droppes
forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay hee stretch’d along like a Wounded
knight.

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

*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes
vnseasonably. He was furnish’d like a Hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou
bring’st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enters Orlando & Iaques.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Ros.* 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

*Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.

*Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake
I thanke you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let’s meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees with Writing
Loue- songs in their barkes.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no moe of my verses with rea-ding
them ill- fauouredly.

*Iaq.* Rosalinde is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was christen’d.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are ful of pretty answers: haue you not bin ac-quainted
with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the[m] out of rings

*Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath,
from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit; I thinke ’twas made of
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 solemnizi:
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?
Ros. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
there.
Orl. Who staies it stil withal?
Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not
how time moues.
Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?
Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the
skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.
Orl. Are you natuie of this place?
Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is
kindled.
Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could
purchase in so remoued a dwelling.
Ros. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was
in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too
well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read ma-ny
Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Wo-man
to be touch’d with so many giddie offences as hee
hath generally tax’d their whole sex withal.
Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,
that he laid to the charge of women?
Ros. There were none principal, they were all like
one another, as halfepence are, euerie one fault seeming
monstrous, til his fellow- fault came to match it.
Orl. I prethee recount some of them.
Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those
that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that a-buses
our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their
barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on
brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalinde.
If I could meet that Fancie- monger, I would giue him
some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian
of Loue vpon him.
Orl. I am he that is so Loue- shak’d, I pray you tel
me your remedie.
Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you:
he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.
Orl. What were his markes?
Ros. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie
and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spi-rit,
which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you
haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your ha-uing
in beard, is a younger brothers renewnew) then your
hose should be ungar’d, your bonnet vnbanded, your
sleeue vnbutton’d, your shoo vntide, and euerie thing
about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you
are no such man; you are rather point device in your ac-coustrements,
as loving your selfe, then seeming the Lo-uer
of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue |(I Loue.
Ros. Me beleue it? You may assoone make her that
you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do,
than to confesse she do’s: that is one of the points, in the
which women stil give the lie to their consciences. But
in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the
trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

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

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak?
Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.
Ros. Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, de-serues
as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do:
and the reason why they are not so punish’d and cured, is
that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in
loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.

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

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind,
and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me. [R3v
Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me
where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by
the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
Wil you go?
Orl. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sister,
will you go? Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.
Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your
Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet?
DOTH my simple feature content you?
Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?
Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
capricious Poet honest Ouid was among the Gothes.
Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in
a thatch’d house.
Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor
a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vn-derstanding:
it strikes a man more dead then a great rec-koning
in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde
made thee poetical.
Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
deed and word: is it a true thing?
Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai-ning,
and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they
sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.
Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
Poetical?
Clo. I do truly: for thou swear’st to me thou art ho-nest:
Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope
thou didst feigne.
Aud. Would you not haue me honest?
Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour’d: for
honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to
Sugar.
Iaq. A materiall foole.
Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
Gods make me honest.
Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule
slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.
Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I
am foule.
Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut-tishnesse
may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir
Oliuer Mar- text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath
promis’d to mee me in this place of the Forrest, and to
couple vs.
Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.
Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.
Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart,
stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple
but the wood, no assembly but horne- beasts. But what
though? Courage. As horns are odious, they are neces-sarie.
It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, ’tis none
of his owne getting; horns, euen so poore men alone:
No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras-call:
Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall’d
Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore-head
of a married man, more honourable then the bare
brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet-ter
then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious
then to want.
Enter Sir Oliuer Mar- text.
Heere comes Sir Oliuer: Sir Oliuer Mar- text you are
wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or
shal we go with you to your Chappell?
Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?
Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.
Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.
Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
lawfull.
Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?
Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb,
and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as
Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.
Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church,
and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is,
this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne
Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell,
and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.
Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee
married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-rie
me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Qaq. Goe thou with mee,

And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey,

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:

Farewel good Mr Oliuer: Not O sweet Oliuer, O braue Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne’re a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. Exeunt

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Scoena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:

Ros. I’faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,

As the touch of holy bread. [R4

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse- stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme- eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.
Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-rest on the Duke your father.

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

Cel. O that’s a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breaks them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-uer, as a puisny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staffe like a noble goose; but all’s braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well: and what of him?

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

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

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

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

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.
Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,
If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds inuisible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.
Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale- worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye- balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-faoured children:
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.
_Phe._ Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.
_Ros._ Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee’ll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?
_Phe._ For no ill will I beare you.
_Ros._ I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:
Come Sister? Shepheard ply her hard: _[R4v_
_Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus’d in sight as hee.
_Come, to our flocke, Exit._
_Phe._ Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov’d, that lou’d not at first sight?
_Sil._ Sweet Phebe.
_Phe._ Hah: what saist thou _Siluius_?
_Sil._ Sweet _Phebe_ pitty me.
_Phe._ Why I am sorry for thee gentle _Siluius._
_Sil._ Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grieve in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieve
Were both extermin’d.
_Phe._ Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?
_Sil._ I would haue you.
_Phe._ Why that were couetousnesse:
_Siluius_; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.
"Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harvest reapes: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'le live vpon.
"Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-(while?
"Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of.
"Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee’s proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee’ll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee’s tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet ’tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: ’twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women Siluius, had they markt him
In parcels as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn’d at me:
I maruell why I answer’d not againe,
But that’s all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluius?
"Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
"Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter’s in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Siluius. Exeunt.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

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

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain’d my experience.

Enter Orlando.

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

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere Rosalind.

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

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Trauelor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuittie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where haue you bin all this while? you a lourer? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

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

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt
him oth’ shoulder, but I shall warrant him heart hole.
Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind.
Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo’d of a Snail.
Orl. Of a Snail?
Ros. I, of a Snail: for though he comes slowly, he
carries his house on his head; a better ioynture I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
with him.
Orl. What’s that?
Ros. Why hornes: w such as you are faine to be be-holding
to your wiu’es for: but he comes armed in his
fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. [R5
Orl. Vertue is no horne- maker: and my Rosalind is
vertuous.
Ros. And I am your Rosalind.
Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rosa-lind
of a better leere then you.
Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a
holy- day humor, and like enough to consent: What
would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
Rosalind?
Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.
Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
were grauel’d, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-casion
to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs)
matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.
Orl. How if the kisse be denide?
Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
new matter.
Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued
Mistris?
Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris,
or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.
Orl. What, of my suite?
Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
suite:
Am not I your Rosalind?
Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
be talking of her.
Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.
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 \textit{(videlicet)} in
2009 a loue cause: \textit{Troilous} 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. \textit{Leander}, he would
2012 haue liu’d manie a faire yeere though \textit{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 \textit{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 \textit{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 \textit{Orl.} Then loue me Rosalind.
2026 Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.
2027 \textit{Orl.} And wilt thou haue me?
2028 Ros. I, and twentie such.
2029 \textit{Orl.} What saiest thou?
2030 Ros. Are you not good?
2031 \textit{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 \textit{Orl.} Pray thee marrie vs.
2037 \textit{Cel.} I cannot say the words.
2038 Ros. You must begin, will you Orlando.
2039 \textit{Cel.} Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?
2040 \textit{Orl.} I will.
2041 Ros. I, but when?
2042 \textit{Orl.} Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.
2043 Ros. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for
2044 wife.
2045 \textit{Orl.} I take thee Rosalind for wife.
2046 Ros. I might aske you for your Commission,
2047 But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there’s a
2048 girlie goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
2049 thought runs before her actions.
2050 \textit{Orl.} So do all thoughts, they are wing’d.
2051 Ros. Now tell me how long you would haue her, af-ter
you haue possest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

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

are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed:

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

when they are wuies: I will bee more iealous of

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

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

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

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

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

I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin’d
to sleepe.

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so?

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

Orl. O but she is wise.

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

the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a wo-mans
wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and
	'twill out at the key- hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the

smoake out at the chimney.

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

say, wit whether wil’t?

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

met your wuies wit going to your neighbours bed.

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

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

shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take

her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot

make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse

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

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

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

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

I will be with thee againe.

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

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

thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne

me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o’
clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet Rosalind.

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

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

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

minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most

patheticall breake- promise, and the most hollow louer,
and the most vnworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that
may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaith-full:
therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-mise.
Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
my Rosalinde: so adieu.
Ros. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all
such offenders, and let time try: adieu. Exit.
Cel. You haue simply misus’d our sexe in your loue-prate: [R5v
we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer
to her owne neast.
Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but
it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vknowne
bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.
Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out.
Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of Venus, that was
begot of thought, conceiu’d of spleene, and borne of
madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery
ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge,
how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be
out of the sight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and
sigh till he come.
Cel. And Ile sleepe. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.
Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.
Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?
Lord. Sir, it was I.
Iaq. Let’s present him to the Duke like a Romane
Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
no song Forrester for this purpose?
Lord. Yes Sir.
Iaq. Sing it: ’tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noyse enough.
Musicke, Song.
What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and horns to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
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 deuice.
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 leathern 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,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?
   Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.
   Ros. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant writes.
Read. Art thou god, to Shepherd turn’d?
   That a maidens heart hath burn’d.
Can a woman raile thus?
   Sil. Call you this railing?
   Ros. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,
War’st thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare such railing?
   Whilest the eye of man did wooe me,
   That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
   If the scorne of your bright eie
   Haue power to raise such loue in mine,
   Alacke, in me, what strange effect
   Would they worke in milde aspect?
   Whilest you chid me, I did loue,
   How then might your praieres moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
   Little knowes this Loue in me:
   And by him seale vp thy minde,
   Whether that thy youth and kinde
   Will the faithfull offer take
   Of me, and all that I can make,
   Or else by him my loue denie,
   And then Ile studie how to die.
   Sil. Call you this chiding?
   Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.
   Ros. Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty:
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument,
and play false straine vp on thee? not to be en-dur’d.
Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
neuer haue her, vntlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company. Exit. Sil.
Enter Oliuer.
   Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you | know)
Where in the Purlewes of this Forrest, stands  [R6
A sheep- coat, fenc’d about with Oliue- trees.
   Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,

There’s none within.

_Oli._ If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description,

Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,

Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe

Like a ripe sister: the woman low

And browner then her brother: are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for?

_Cel._ It is no boast, being ask’d, to say we are.

_Oli._ Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth hee calls his _Rosalind_,

He sends this blody napkin; are you he?

_Ros._ I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

_Oli._ Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was staint’d.

_Cel._ I pray you tell it.

_Oli._ When last the yong _Orlando_ parted from you,

He left a promise to returne againe

Within an howre, and pacing through the Forrest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,

Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,

And marke what obiect did present it selfe

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss’d with age

And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:

A wretched ragged man, ore- growne with haire

Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

A greene and guilded snake had wreath’d it selfe,

Who with her head, nimble in threats approach’d

The opening of his mouth: but sodainly

Seeing _Orlando_, it vnlink’d it selfe,

And with indented glides, did slip away

Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade

A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man should stirre; for ’tis

The royall disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

This seene, _Orlando_ did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

_Cel._ O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,

And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu’d amongst men.

_Oli._ And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnatural.

Ros. But to Orlando: did he leaue him there

Food to the suck’d and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos’d so:

But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,

And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,

Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:

Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was’t you he rescu’d?

Cel. Was’t you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. ’Twas I: but ’tis not I: I doe not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conuersion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,

Teares our recountments had most kindely bath’d,

As how I came into that Desert place.

In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,

Committing me vnto my brothers loue,

Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,

There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme

The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cride in fainting vpon Rosalinde.

Briefe, I recouer’d him, bound vp his wound,

And after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to giue this napkin

Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.

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

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee’ll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei-ted,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited:

deigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony

in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should have beene a wo-man

by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw

homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you com-mend

my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time Awdrie, patience gen-tle

Awdrie.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the

olde gentlemans saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir Oliuer, Awdrie, a most vile

Mar- text. But Awdrie, there is a youth heere in the

Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who ’tis: he hath no interest in mee

in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by   

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer

for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu’n Audrey.

Aud. God ye good eu’n William.

Will. And good eu’n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu’n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer

thy head: Nay prethee bee couer’d. How olde are you

Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was’t borne i’th Forrest heere?

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 Fool doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman
2374 knowes himselfe to be a Fool. 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 understanding, 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 seeke: come a-way,
2404 away.
2405 Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend,
2406 I attend. Exeunt
Enter Orlando & Oliver.

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

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

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all’s contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you, here comes my Rosalinde.

Ros. God save you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere Orlando, how it grieues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

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

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

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sudden, but the sight of two Rammes, and Cesars Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look’d: no sooner look’d, but they lou’d: no sooner lou’d, but they sigh’d: no sooner sigh’d but they ask’d one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will
bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing
it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies:
by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my bro-ther
happie, in hauing what he wishes for.
Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
for Rosalind?
Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.
Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal-king.
Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur-pose)
that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit:
I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion
of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: nei-ther
do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe
good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please,
that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three
yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in
his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know in-to
what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, [S1
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
and without any danger.
Orl. Speak’st thou in sober meanings?
Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best a-ray,
bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor-row,
you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.
Enter Siluius & Phebe.
Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.
Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.
Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what ’tis to loue
Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganimed.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and servisue,
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 obserruance,
2504  All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
2505  All puritie, all triall, all obserruance:
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 heare.
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 shall be married to morrow: As you loue
2524  Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no
2525  woman, Ile meet: soare you wel: I haue left you com-mands.
2526  Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.
2527  Phe. Nor I.
2528  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.
1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into’t roundly, without hauking,
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.  
2. *Pa.* I faith, y’faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.  

**Song.**

*It was a Louer, and his lasse,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*That o’re the greene corne feild did passe,*  
*In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.*  
*When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.*  
*Sweet Louers loue the spring,*  
*And therefore take the present time.*  
*With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*For loue is crowned with the prime.*  
*In spring time, &c.*  
*Betweene the acres of the Rie,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:*  
*These prettie Country folks would lie.*  
*In spring time, &c.*  

**Clo.** Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vtunable  
1. *Pa.* you are deceiu’d Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.  
**Clo.** By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your 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?
Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.
Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingomes King.
Ros. You say, you’l marrie me, if I be willing.
Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You’l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.
Phe. So is the bargaine.
Ros. You say that you’l haue Phebe if she will.
Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing. [S1v
Ros. I haue promis’d to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word Phebe, that you’l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Siluius, that you’l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen. Exit Ros. and Celia.
Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.
Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor’d in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.
Enter Clowne and Audrey.
Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call’d
Fooles.
Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.
Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley- minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.
Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one.
Iaq. And how was that tane vp?
Clo. ’Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
the seuenth cause.
Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God’ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poore virgin sir, an il- fau’rd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a mi-ser sirs, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-ster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue booke for good manners: I will name you the de-grees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip- modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reprooafe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quar-relsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the sea-uenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoys, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen lustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He’s as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made eauen attone together.

Good Duke receiue thy daughter, Hymen from Heauen brought her.

Yea brought her hether. That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,

Whose heart within his bosome is. Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours. Du.Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

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

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he: Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne’re wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

’Tis I must make conclusion Of these most strange euents: Here’s eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in Hymens bands,

If truth holds true contents. You and you, no crosse shall part;

You and you, are hart in hart:

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,

O blessed bond of boord and bed:

’Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,

High wedlock then be honored:

Honor, high honor and renowne

To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.
Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree. [S2
Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.
2.Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this Wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish’d Brother,
And all their Lands restor’d to him againe
That were with him exil’d. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer’st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with- held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere were well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new- falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride- groomes all,
With measure heap’d in ioy, to’th Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.Bro. He hath.
Iaq. To him will I: out of these convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn’d:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well- deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall’d: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du.Se. Stay, Iaques, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon’d caue. Exit.

Du.Se. Proceed, proceed: wee’l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they’l end in true delights. Exit

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-logue:
but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bush, ’tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good
playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-logue,
nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a
good play? I am not furnish’d like a Begger, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-man,
I would kisse as many of you as had beards that
pleas’d me, complexions that lik’d me, and breaths that
I defi’d not: And I am sure, as many as haue good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curt’sie, bid me farewell. Exit.

FINIS.
As you Like it.