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As You Like It.

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Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

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 brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keeps at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs 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 nothing 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 condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows 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 coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli.

What 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 villaine 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 education: 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 master, 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 Wrastler 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 wrastling 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 Q3 Lords [\[Page 186\]](#)As you like it.
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 euerie 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
from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he

shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,
and altogether against my will.

Oli.

Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which
thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my
selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by
vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it;
but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubborn
nest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious
emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous
contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse
thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke
as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou ^{Note:} A large stain slightly obscures
many letters on this page.

dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie
grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by
poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and ne
uer leaue thee till he h [...]th tane thy life by some indirect
meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with
teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so vil
lanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him,
but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must
blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and
wonder.

Cha.

I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee
come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee
goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrestle for prize more: and
so God keepe your worship.

Exit.

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Game
ster: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet
I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's
gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble
deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed
so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my
owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether
misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall
cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kinde the boy
thither, which now Ile goe about.

Exit.

Scœna Secunda.

[*Act 1, Scene 2*]

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel.

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

Ros.

Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mi
stresse 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 pleasure.

Cel.

Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my 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 reioyce in yours.

Cel.

You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like [...]o haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father 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 deuse 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 neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor 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 be bestowed equally.

Ros.

I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth 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 illfaoueredly.

Ros.

Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: 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.

Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth 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

Ros.

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As you like it.

Ros.

Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo.

Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, 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 vnmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo.

Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and swear 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 swear 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 vvill 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 Beau, what's the newes?

Le Beau.

Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport.

Cel.

Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau.

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 loolest thy old smell.

Le Beau.

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 Beau.

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 Beau.

There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel.

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau.

Three proper young men, of excellent growth
and presence.

Ros.

With bills on their necks: Be it knowne vnto
all men by these presents.

Le Beau.

The eldest of the three, wrestled with *Charles*
the Duke's Wrestler, which *Charles* in a moment threw
him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little
hope of life in him: So he 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 behold-
ers take his part with weeping.

Ros.

Alas.

Clo.

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

Le Beau.

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 ribs 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 wrestling Cosin?

Le Beau.

You must if you stay heere, for heere is the
place appointed for the wrestling, 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 Beau.

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 Beau*.

Duke.

Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau.

Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cal
s for you.

Orl.

I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros.

Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the
Wrastler?

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 prooffe 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 vvas
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 emptye.

Ros.

The little strength that I^{Note:} A tear in the page partially obscures these letters.haue, I
would it vvere
with you.

Cel.

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As you like it.

Cel.

And mine to eeke out hers.

Ros.

Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel.

Your hearts desires be with you.

Char.

Come, where is this yong 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 perswaded 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 inuisible, to catch the strong fel
low by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ros.

Oh excellent yong man.

Cel.

If I had 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 do'st 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 yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue venture'd.

Cel.

Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But iustly 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 liewesse blocke.

Ros.

He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He aske him what [...]e would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastle [...] well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemi [...]s.

Cel.

Will you goe Coze?

Ros.

Haue with you [...] fare you well.

Exit.

Orl.

What passion hangs these waights (vp̄) vpon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne^{Note:} An inkblot partially obscures the middle of this word.

Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau.

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 Beau.

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,
Ground 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.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

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 childe's 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 the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe.

Cel.

O, a god wish vpon you: you will trie in time in [\[Page 187\]](#)As you like it.
in despite 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 it 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 per 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 compa [...]

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 deuse 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 vंबर 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?

Cel.

Something that hath a reference to my state:
No 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 Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Actus Secundus. Scœna P [...]

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and [...]

like Forre [...]

Duk. Sen.

Now my Coe [...]

Hath not old custome ma [...]

[\[Page 190\]](#)As you like it.

Then that of painted pompe? 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.

Amien.

I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse 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 dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this desert City,
Should intheir 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 animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: 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 must: 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
[...] pasture, iumps along by him
[...] staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
[...] you fat and greazie Citizens,
[...]e fashion; wherefore doe you looke
[...]hat poore and broken bankrupt there?
[...] inuectiuely he pierceth through
[...]f Countrie, Citie, Court,
[...]is our life, swearing that we
[...]ers, tyrants, and whats worse
[...]imals, and to kill them vp
[...]atiue dwelling place.
[...]e him in this contemplation?
[...]eeping and commenting
[...]

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.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

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 Centlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleeuues 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.

Exunt.

Scena Tertia.

[*Act 2, Scene 3*]

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 ouercome
The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme 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?

Note: This line is conventionally attributed to Orlando.

Ad.

O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemy 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 vse to lye,
[...]ile of that
He [\[Page 191\]](#) As you like it.
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.

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Orlando.

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 five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I sau'd vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When seruice 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 seruant,
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 weakensse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl.

Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
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 seruice 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 settled low content.

Ad.

Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now lue here no more
At seauenteene 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.

[Act 2, Scene 4]

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

Ros.

O *Iupiter*, 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 apparell, 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 goe 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 haue 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 be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

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 rememberst 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 aduerture 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 *Iane 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,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo.

Holla; you Clowne.

Ros.

Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor.

Who cal's?

Clo.

Your betters Sir.

Cor.

Else are they very wretched.

[\[Page 192\]](#)

As you like it.

Ros.

Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

Cor.

And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros.

I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor.

Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releuee her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros.

What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor.

That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros.

I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

Cel.

And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor.

Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 2, Scene 5]

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

*Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see noemie,*

But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq.

More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy.

It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*.

Iaq.

I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

Amy.

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

Iaq.

I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanza: Cal you 'em stanza's?

Amy.

What you wil Monsieur *Iaques*.

Iaq.

Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Wil you sing?

A [...]

More at your request, then to please my selfe.
[...] ell then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke
you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.

Amy.

Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

Iaq.

And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether beere.

*Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see. &c.*

Iaq.

Ile 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:

Leaving 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 fooles into a circle. 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.

[Act 2, Scene 6]

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 cheerely,

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

Scena Septima.

[Act 2, Scene 7]

Scena

[\[Page 7\]](#)

As you like it.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-laves.

Du. Sen.

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.

Du. Sen.

If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
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.

Du. Sen.

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

Iaq.

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 waggess:
'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.

Du. Sen.

What foole is this?

Iaq.

O worthis 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 obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen.

Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq.

It is my onely suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen.

Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq.

What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen.

Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iaq.

Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies

Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl.

Forbear, and eate no more.

Iaq.

Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl.

Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq.

Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen.

Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl.

You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point

Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew

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

And know some nourture: But forbear, I say,

He dies that touches any of this fruite,

Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq.

And you will not be answer'd with reason,

I must dye.

Du. Sen.

What would you haue?

Your gentlesse shall force, more then your force

Moue vs to gentlesse.

Orl.

I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen.

Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl.

Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,

I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,

Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:

If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:

If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:

If euer sate at any good mans feast:

If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,

And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:

Let gentlesse my strong enforcement be,

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

RDuke

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As you like it.

Du. Sen.

True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl.

Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore 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 vnhappy:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere 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 snaile
Vnwillingly 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
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, 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 Pantalooone,
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.
Song.

*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 frendship, 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 wnesse,
Most truly limn'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.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

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 neuer 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 vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Enter Orlando.

Orl.

Hang there my verse, in witness of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare about
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witness 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*?
Clo.

[\[Page 195\]](#)

As you like it.

Clow.

Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. 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,
meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That
the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
pood pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear
no 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,
all on 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
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 shepherds.

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 himselve 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 jewel 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 infect 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 country: for you'll 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 iudge.

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 beauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd*
R2Helens [\[Page 196\]](#) As you like it.
Helens cheeke, but not his heart,

Cleopatra's *Maiestie*:
Attalanta's *better part*,
sad Lucrecia's *Modestie*.
Thus Rosalinde of *manie parts*,
by *Heauenly Synode was denis'd*,
Of *manie faces, eyes, and hearts*,
to haue the *touches deerest 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'de, 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^e verses.

Ros.

I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselues 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 meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'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 vehemence, 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 complection, 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

heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a gaine? Answer me in one vvord.

Cel.

You must borrow me Gargantuas 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 resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ros.

It may vvell 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 vvell 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.

Enter 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 lief 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 vvith 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 prety answers: haue you not bin ac
quainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond (thē)them 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
wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
our miserie.

Orl.

I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against [\[Page 197\]](#)As you like it.
against whom I know [most] faults.

Iaq.

The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl.

'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best ver
tue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq.

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

Orl.

He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and
you shall see him.

Iaq.

There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl.

Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq.

Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl.

I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ros.

I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky. and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forrester.

Orl.

Verie wel, what would you?

Ros.

I pray you, what i'st a clocke?

Orl.

You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros.

Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl.

And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros.

By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withal.

Orl.

I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros.

Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

Orl.

Who ambles Time withal?

Ros.

With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

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 natiue 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 halfe pence 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 Hawthornes, 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 yonger brothers reuennew) then your
hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande, your
sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing
about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you
are no such man; you are rather point deuce in your ac
coustrements, as louing 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,
then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the
which women stil giue 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 loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl.

Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ros.

Loue is meere 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 euer 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 madnes, we was to forswear the ful stream of y^e 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 Liuer 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.

R3Orl.

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As you like it.

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 shal 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.

Scœna Tertia

[Act 3, Scene 3]

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, understanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great rec

koning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetically.

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 fairing, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud.

Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetically?

Clo.

I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: 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 vpon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vnclane dish.

Aud.

I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo.

Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; sluttishnesse 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 meete 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 hornes are odious, they are necessarie. 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; hornes, 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 better 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?

OI.

Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo.

I wil not take her on guift of any man.

OI.

Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq.

Proceed, procede: Ile giue her.

Clo.

Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq.

Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo.

As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

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 marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq.

Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

OI.

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Touchstone.

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

Scœna Quarta.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

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
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel.

Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

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.

Cel.

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As you like it.

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 question 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, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo uer, as a puisny Tilter, yt spurs his horse but on one side, breakes 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 truly plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowde disdain,
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.

[*Act 3, Scene 5*]

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 remains
Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impresseure
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, pittie me not,
As till that time I shall not pittie 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 hau 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-fauour'd 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 falsder 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:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:
Come [\[Page 200\]](#) As you like it.
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* pittie me.

Phe.

Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius*.

Sil.

Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieffe
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 haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue 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 parcells 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.

Phoebe, 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.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq.

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

Ros.

They say you are a melancholly 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 fantastick;
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 trauels, in

which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros.

A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason 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 rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile 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 Trauellor: looke you lisse, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuitie, 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 loue? 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 diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile 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 Snaile.

Orl.

Of a Snaile?

Ros.

I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioyuncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl.

What's that?

Ros.

Why hornes: we such as you are faine to be holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

[\[Page 201\]](#)

As you like it.

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 *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ros.

Come, woee me, woee 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 graueld, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion 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.

Ros.

No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl.

I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros.

By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl.

Then loue me *Rosalind*.

Ros.

Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl.

And wilt thou haue me?

Ros.

I, and twentie such.

Orl.

What saiest thou?

Ros.

Are you not good?

Orl.

I hope so.

Rosalind.

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

Orl.

Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel.

I cannot say the words.

Ros.

You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel.

Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl.

I will.

Ros.

I, but when?

Orl.

Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Ros.

Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl.

I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros.

I might aske you for your Commission,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a
girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
thought runs before her actions.

Orl.

So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

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 wiues: 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 wiues 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: T' 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 dangerous, if yo [...] breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow loue, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl.

With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: 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: [\[Page 202\]](#)As you like it. prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done 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 vnknowne
bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel.

Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure
affection in, in 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 iudge,
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.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

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 vpon 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 hornes 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,

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The horne, the horne, the lusty borne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros.

How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel.

I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil.

My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros.

Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuce.

Sil.

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

Ros.

Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil.

Sure it is hers.

Ros.

Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill 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 vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd*>

*That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a vvoman 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?
Whiles 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?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers 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 pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie:
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in-
strument, and play false straines vpon 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, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
true louer 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 Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A [\[Page 203\]](#)As you like it.

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 himself
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 bloody 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 stain'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 houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhath 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 gilded 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 vnnaturall.

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 purpose'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 kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I 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 counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli.

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

Ros.

Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli.

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

Ros.

So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cel.

C [...]me, 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 commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Clowne and Andrie.

Clow.

We shall finde a time *Andrie*, patience gentle *Andrie*.

Awd.

Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.

Clow.

A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Andrie*, a most vile
Mar-text. But *Andrie*, 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 [\[Page 204\]](#)As you like it.
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. ^{Note:} An ink mark follows the end of this line.

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.

Clo.

Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will.

'Faith sir, so, so.

Clo.

So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will.

I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo.

Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a say
ing: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman
knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoso
pher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open
his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning there
by, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.
You do loue this maid?

Will.

I do [sir].

Clo.

Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will.

No sir.

Clo.

Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will.

Which he sir?

Clo.

He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life in to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

A [...]d.

Do good *William*.

Will.

God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor.

Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come a way, away.

Clo.

Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt

Soeena Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl.

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

Ol.

Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wo

ing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue
Aliena: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with
both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your
good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that
was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and here
liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl.

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

Ros.

God saue you brother.

Ol.

And you faire sister.

Ros.

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

Orl.

It is my arme.

Ros.

I thought thy heart had beene wounded with
the clawes 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 sodaine, but the fight of two
Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw,
and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no soo
ner 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 inconti
nent 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 heuinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother 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 talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) 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: neither 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, to [\[Page 205\]](#)As you like it. 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 array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, 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 seruice,
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 fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe.

And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl.

And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros.

And so am I for no woman.

Phe.

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

Sil.

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

Orl.

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

Ros.

Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to loue you.

Orl.

To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Ros.

Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you
if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet
me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Wo
man, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,
if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor
row. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shal be married to orrow: As you loue
Rosalind meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no
woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you com
mands.

Sil.

Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo.

To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow
will we be married.

Aud.

I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is
no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y^e world?
Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa.

Wel met honest Gentleman.

Clo.

By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

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.
This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.*

Clo.

Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no
great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vntunable

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.

[*Act 5, Scene 4*]

*Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando,
Oliuer, Celia.*

Du. Sen.

Dost thou beleeeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl.

I sometimes do beleeeue, and somtimes do not,
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Ros.

Patience once more, whiles our (cōpact)compact is vrg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
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 kingdomes 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.

SRos.

[[Page 206](#)]

As you like it.

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.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

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
Foolles.

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 swears.

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 forswear, according as marriage binds
and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd 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 sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

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 iudgment: 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 reproofe 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 circumstantiall: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measured 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 bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seuenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices 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 virtue 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.

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 euent:
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 wedlocke 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.

Phe.

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As you like it.

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 forest,
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 conuerted
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 vvete well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
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 conuertites,

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 measures.

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'de 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.