As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

S I remember Adam, it was upon 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 beginneth my fademe. My brother Lope, he keepes at schoole, and reportt speakes oft of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruftically at home, or (to speake more properly) takes me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differes 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 manner, and to that end Riders dearly he'd: but I (his brother) gaue nothing vnder him but growth, for which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giveth mee, the something that nature gaveme, his countenance seems to take from me: he let mee fecede with his Gentes, 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 think is within mee, begins to mutisme against this freemote, I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam, Yonder cometh my Master your brother.

Orl. Go a part Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shewe me vp.

Otl. Now Sir, what make you hereere?

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

Otl. What war you then fire?

Orl. Master fir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliver. Master fir be better employed, and be taugh a whyle.

Orl. Shall I keepe your hogs, and castrate husskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to fitch penury?

Otl. Know you where you are fir?

Orl. 0 fir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Otl. Know you before whom fir?

Orl. 0 fir, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldebrothe, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know mee; the courtesey of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is nearer to his reuerence.


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

Otl. Will thou lay hands on me villains?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the youngest sonne of Sir Rowland de Sylva, he was my father, and he is twice a villaine that saies such a father begrat villaines: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand fro thy thorow, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for faying so, thou haft raidd on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Misters bee patience, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Otl. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heere mee: my father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have taugh me like a peasant, obfuscating 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 become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allotry of my father lefte me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Otl. And what will thou do? beg when that is spent? We'll fir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

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

Otl. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have left my youth in your custody: God be with you olde master, he would not have spake such a word. Ex. Orl. Ad.

Orl. It is even to, beg to you to grow upon me: I will physicks your caunckenne, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Otl. Was not Charles the Dukes Wraffler heere to speake with me?

Dennis. So please you, he heere at the door, and importunes accesse to you.

Otl. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraffling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Otl. Good Mornier Charles: what's the 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 yonger brother the new Duke, and three of four lending Lords Q
Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whole lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oth. Can you tell if Rosalind the Duke's daughter bee banished with her Father?

Ces. No; for the Dukes daughter her Cofendo loues her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her: she is at the Court, and no leafe beloued of her Vnkle, her owne daughter, and nexter two Ladies lous'd as they doe.

Oth. Where will the old Duke live?

Ces. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden, and a many mery men with him: and there they live like the old Robin Hood of Englands: they say many young Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and drie the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oth. What, you waste to morrow before the new Duke.

Ces. Martyr doe i fr: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given secretely to vnderstand, that your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguide against mee to try a fall: to morrow i wrastle for my credite, and bee that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well; your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would be lesl to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I come hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendt, or breake such dignirage well as he shall come in, that is a thing of his owne leach, and altogether against my will.

Oth. Charls, I thank thee for thy loue to me, which thou thinkest I will most kindly acquite: I had my silent notice of my Brothers purpose herein, and loue by vnder-hand manneres laboured to disuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee Charls, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an ausious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villainous contriver against mee his natural brother: therefore vse thy discretion. I had as leafe theon didnt breake his necke as his finger. And thou were best beleeve to's; for if thou doest him any flight dignirage, or it bee doe not mishap a grace himselfe so thee, hee will pratice against thy prouision, entrap one by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leasure thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for failure thee, (and almost with tears I speake) there is not one so young, and so valiant this day living. I speake but breacher of him, but should I authorize him to thee, as beares, I must bluthe, and weep, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Ces. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, I leue him his payment: if euere hee goe alone againe, I leue wrassle for prize more: and God keep your worshipp.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Ces. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Cos, be merry.

Ref. Decree Celia; I showe more mirth then I am mistris of; and would you yet were merrier: were you not able to make me to forget a banished father, you must not learn mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Ces. Herein I see thou lookest not with the full wagon that I leue thee; if my Vnkle thy banished father had banished thy Vnkle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst been full with mee, I could have taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to mee were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

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

Ces. You know my Father hath no child; but I, none is like to haue; and trueley when hee dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what bee hath taken away from thy father, I will vender thee against in affections; by mine honor I will, and when I brake that oath, let mee turne monstret hereafter into my sweet Refe, my desire Refe, be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will Cos, and demise sports: let mee see, what thank you of falling in Louse.

Ces. Martyr prate thee, doe to make sport whillis; but leue no man in good estate, nor no further in sport neyer, then with safety of a pure blithe, thou maile in honor come of again.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Ces. Let us sit and make the good housewife fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ref. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman deserveth no ill gift in her gifts to women.

Ces. Tis true, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illausurably.


Enter Clowne.

Ces. Now when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the nor by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foolie to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed there is Fortune too hard for nature, when Fortune makes nature natural, the cutter off of natures wits.

Ces. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Nature, who perceiue what our natural wits too dill to reason of such goddefles, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone. for aiways the dulcifie of the foolie, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witter, who wander you?

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

Ces. Were you the messenger?

Clow. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.
Ref. Where learned you that oath tooke?  
Clfn. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now I'll stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.  
Cle. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?  
Ref. I marry, now vamzule your wifedome.  
Clfn. Stand you both forth now stroke your chines, and fawre by your beards that I am a knaune.  
Cle. By our beards (if we had them) you art.  
Clfn. By my knaure (if I had it) then I were: but if you fawre by that by that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had none: or if he had, he had beworne it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.  
Cle. Prethee, who is that thou mean'st?  
Clfn. One that old Frederick your Father loues.  
Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.  
Cle. The more prite that foole may not speak wisely, what Wifemen do foolishly.  
Clfn. By my troth thou failest true: For, since the little wit that foole was haue been silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the Beaun.  
Enter le Beaun.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.  
Cle. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.  
Ref. Then that we be newes-cram'd.  
Cle. All the better: we shall be the more Marketable.  
Bou-vous Monsieur le Beaun, what's the newest?  
Le Beaun. Faire Princesse,  
you haue lost much good sport.  
Cle. Sport of what colour?  
Le Beaun. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?  
Ref. As wit and fortune will.  
Clfn. Or as the delicacies decrees.  
Cle. Well said, that was laid on with a crowell.  
Clfn. Nay if I keepen not your ranke.  
Ref. Thou lookest thy old time.  
Le Beaun. You amaze the Ladies: I would have told you of good waftling, which you haue lost the fight of.  
Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Waftling.  
Le Beaun. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladieshipps, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are comming to performe it.  
Cle. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.  
Le Beaun. There comes an old man, and his three fans.  
Cle. I could match this beginning with an old tale.  
Le Beaun. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.  
Ref. With billed on their neckes: Be it known unto all men by these prelates.  
Le Beaun. The eldest of the three, waftled with Charles the Dukes Waftler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he sent the second, and so the third: youder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dote over them, that all the behol-
Col. And mine to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you well: praise heaven I be deserv'd in you.

Col. Your hearts desires be with you.

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

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

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have to mistake pertwisted him from a first.

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

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellows by the legge.

Wpr. Oh excellent yong man.

Col. I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Sbow. No more, no more.

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

Duk. How do't thou Charles?

Le Bon. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Bear him in shade.

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 all mine enemie: Thou shouldst it have better pleas'd me with this decree, Had it not defended from another house: But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Col. Were I my Father (Cooke) would I this do?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to Freshwater.

Ref. My Father long'd Sir Roland his sole, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this young man his sonne, I should have given him teares into entreaties, Ere he should thus have ven'dt.

Col. Gentle Cooke,

Let vs goo thank him, and encourage him: My Fathers rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir you have well defera'd, If you doe keep your promises in loue; But fally as you have exceeded all promise, Your Misfortunes shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,

Weare this for me: one out of suities with fortune That could give more, but that her hand lacks money. Shall we goo Cooke?

Col. I fare you well fare Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all crowned downe, and that which here stands vp Is but a quintaine, a mere baseless blocke.

Ref. He calps me back, my pride fell with my fortunes, Ie take him what he would: Did you call Sir? Sir, you have wraffled well, and ouerthrown More then your enemys.

Col. Will you goo Cooke?

Ref. Have with you: fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon your tongue? I cannot speake to her, yet shee turn'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.

O poore Orlando thou art ouerthrown Or Charles, or something weaker matters thee.

Le Ben. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place; Albeit you have defera'd High commendation, true applause, and loue; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That hee misconstrue all that you have done: The Duke is humours, what he is indeede More suites you to conceale, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this, Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, That here was at the Wraffling?

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if I judge 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 usurping Vnkle To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues Are deeper then the natural bond of Sisters: But I can tell you, that of late this Duke Hath taken displeasure gainst his gentle Niecee, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people prai(e) her for her vertues, And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake; And on my life his malice gainst the Lady Will foinally breake forth: Sir, fare you well, Hereafter in a better world then this, I shall define more loue and knowledge of you.

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

This must I from the snare into the smoother, From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother. But heauenly Refaline.

Exit.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Cooke and Refaline.

Col. Why Cooke, why Refaline: Cupid have mercie, Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Coke. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away Vpon ours, throw some of them at me: come tame more with reason.

Ref. Then there were two Coffins laid vp, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Col. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childe Father: Oh how full of bribes is this working day world.

Col. They are but burs, Cooke, throwne upon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty coats will catch them.

Ref. I could shak on them off my coatte, these burs are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could criag hem, and have him.

Coke. Come, come, wraffle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wraffler then my self.

Col. O a good with vpon you: you will trie in time in
As you like it.

Duke. You are a fool, you Neice; provide your selfe, If you out-slay the time, upon mine honor, And in the greemfeof my word you die.

Exit Duke.

Col. O my poore Raffalse, whether wilt thou goe? wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine; I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Ref. I have more caufe.

Col. Thou hast not Cozen; Preech thee be cheerfully; know'lt thou not the Duke Hath banished his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Col. No, hath he not? Raffalse lacketh then the lorn Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one; Shall we be furnish'd? shall we part sweete girls? No, let my Father seeke another herse: Therefore deuise with me how we may filce, Whether to goe, and what to beare with, and Doe not secke to take thy change vpon you, To beare your giries thy selve, and leue me eu; For by this heaven, now at our forrowes pale; Say what thou canst, I doe goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Col. To seeke my niece in the forest of Arden.

Ref. Als, what danger will it be to vs, (Maiden as we are) to travel forth so farre? Beatius publisheth the edges to themgold.

Col. He put my selfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kindle of ember finishe my face, The like doe you, so shall we passe along, And neuer fir affilants.

Ref. Were it not better, Because that I am more then common tall, That I did fitte me all points like a man, A gallant curteisy vpon my thigh, A bare-speare in my hand, and in my heart; Lye there what hidden womannes feare there will, Weele have a swashing and a marshall outside, As manie other mannishes have, That doe outface it with their semblances.

Col. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? Ref. I do have no worde a name then wonte owne Page, And therefore looke you call me Gaunnwell.

But what will you by call'd?

Col. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Alitena.

Ref. But Cozen, what if we affaid to steale the crowne, Boole out of your Father's Court, Would it be not a comfort to our troublous time?

Col. Heele goe along oue the wide world with me, Leave me alone to see him; Let's away And get our Jewells and our wealth together, Deme the safest time, and safest way To hide vs from pursuit that will be made After my flight: now goe in we content To libertie, and not to bannismente.

Altus Secundus, Scena Praebenda:

Enter Duke Senior: Amen, and the Forrester.

As you like it.

Then that of painted pomps? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the ensnare Court?
Here feeble we not the malice of Adam
The sullen difference, as the Icic change
And churlish chiding of the wintres windes,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly permute me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of adorerie
Which like the road, ougily and venemous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from publicke haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, books in the running brookes,
Sermes in robes, and good in every thing.
Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the hubbomme of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweete a place.
Dr. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill va vention?
And yet it like me the poore doppe foules
Being native Burges of this defert City,
Should intheir owne confines with forked heads
Have their round banches goard.
1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy Iagures goes at that,
And in that kind (wears you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did Deale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oakle, whole antickoe rooote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore pocturised Stag
That from the Hunters ame had taken a hurt,
Did come to languishe: and indeed my Lord
The wretched animent heard forth his groans
That their discharge did thrench he his beatitme coat
Almof to burthling, and the big round teares
Cour'd one another downe his innocent note
In piteous chaise: and thus the hairie foule,
Much mark'd of the melancholite Iagures,
Stood on the extremelie verge of the twift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
Dr. Sen. But what said Iagures?
Did he not moralese this spectacle?
1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needleke treame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou makest it a teament
As worldlings doe, giving thy dam of more
To that which had too moue: then being there alone,
Life and abandone of his velvet friend;
Iis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of compaine: anon a carcelelle Heard
Of pature, jumps along by him
It faile to greet him: I quoth Iagures,
You fat and greazlie Citizens,
A Fison wherefore doe you looke
To that which had too moote: then being there alone,
Impeariled he pierce-thro the Countrey, Cittie, Court,
This our life, swearing that we
Eating, tyrants, and what worke
Animals, and to kill them vp
That for their dwelling place,
You that use him in this contemplation?
Thou keeping and commenting?

Dr. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these fallen sort,
For then he's full of matter.
1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Enter Duke, with Lord;

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Count
Are of contenent and sufference in this.
1. Lor. I cannot hear 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 vincteas of their Mifiris.
2. Lor. My Lord, the royfous Cloun, at whom fo oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Fifiiera the Princesse Gentlewomen
Confesseth that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coen much commend
The parts and graces of the Waffler,
That did but lately doe the synowe Charles,
And the beleuere where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.
Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abente, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him: do this foddantly
And let not seach and inquisition qualitative,
To bring against their foolish runaways.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentile master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir Reynold; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do poore people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be to fond to overcome
The bonnie priese of the humorous Duke?
Your prisse is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, so feeble kind of men,
Their graces lure them but as enemies,
No more doe yours; your vertuous gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when is comely
Enemuens him that bears it?
Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O vallupie youth,
Come not within these doore: within this roome
The enemie of all your graces lutes
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the fonie
(Yet not the fon; I will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burne the lodging where you lie to ly,
He is not a kind of that
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you off; I once heard him, and his pratchises: This is no place, this house is but a butchery; Abhorreth, feare it, do not enter it.

**Ad.** Why whether Adam wouldn’t thou have me go? 

**Ad.** No matter whether, so you come not here. 

**Ori.** What wouldst thou have me go & beg my food, Or with a base and boisterous Sword enforce A theifish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do: Yet this I will not do, so how can I Rather will fabrick to the malice Of a disarmed blood, and bloudie brother. 

**Ad.** But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes, The thristie hire I saide under your Father, Which I did store to be my foster Nurse, When service should in my old hands lie lamen, And wearied age in corners throwne, Take that, and he that doth the Rauen feede, Yea proudly eaters for the Sparrow, Be comfort to my age there is the gold, All this I give you, let me be your tenant, Though I looke old, yet I am strong and luffie; For in my youth I never did apply Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood, Nor did not with wolfish head woe, The means of weakness and debilitie, Therefore my age is as a luffie winter, Frostie, but kindlyly; let me go with you, He doe the servite of a younger man In all your businesse and necessitie. 

**Ori.** Oh good old man, how well in thee appears 
The constant service of the antique world, When service swearre for duty, not for neede. Thou art not for the fashio of these times, Where none will sweare, but for promotion, And haunding doth choake their service vp, Euen with the hauing, it is not to with thee: But poore old man, thou prun't a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossome yeide, In lieu of all thy pains and husbandrie, But cometh wares, weele goe along together, And ere we have thyt ythful wages spent, Weele light vpon some feeld low content. 

**Ad.** Matter goe on, and I will follow thee To the last gape with trust and loyalty, From feauentie yeeres, till now almost fourscore Her lined I, but now hie here no more 

As feauentie yeeres, many their fortunes seek; But as fourscore, it is too late a weeke, Yet fortune cannot recompence me better Then to die well, and not my Mattera debter. **Exit.**

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rustianus, Gannimed, Celio for Alienus, and Clowre, alias Touchstone.

**Ref.** O Impert, how metry are my spirits? 

**Clowr.** I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie. 

**Ref.** 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 shew it feile coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Alienus. 

**Cel.** I pray you bear with me, I cannot goe no further. 

**Clowr.** For my part, I had rather bear with you, then bear you: yet I should bear no croffe if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse. 

**Ref.** Well, this is the Forrest of Arden. 

**Clowr.** I now am in Arden, the more foule I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

**Ref.** I be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk. 

**Cor.** That is the way to make her fancy you still. 

**Sil.** Oh Corin, that thou knowest how I do love her. 

**Cor.** I partly guesse: for I have loue'd ever now. 

**Sil.** No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse, Though in thy youth thou waft as true a lover As ever figh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy loue were euer like to mine, Arise I think thee didst never man love so: How many actions most ridiculous. 

**Silvius.** Haught thou beene drawn to by thy fantasie? 

**Cor.** Into a thousand that I have forgotten. 

**Sil.** Oh thou didst then never loue so heartly, If thou rememberst not the flight hee fully, That euer loue did make thee run into, Thou haft not lou'd. 

**Cor.** If thou haft not, nor as I doe now, Wearing thy heare in thy Midst praine, Thou haft not lou'd. 

**Silvius.** If thou haft not brake from companion, Abruptly as my passion now makes me, Thou haft not lou'd. 

**Ref.** O Phoenix, O Phoenix, O Phoenix. 

**Egin.** Aspo poore Shephard searching of they would, I haue by hard adventure found mine owne, 

**Clowr.** And mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for counting a night to June Smile, and I remember the kiss of her better, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie choyce hands had milke; and I remember the wooin of a peacock instead of her, from whom I tooke two coits, and givens her them againe, said with weeping tears, were thee for my sake: were that are true Louers, turne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly. 

**Ref.** Thou speakest wier than thou art ware of. 

**Clowr.** Nay, I shall here be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my things against it. 

**Ref.** June, June, this Shepherds passion, Is much upon my passion. 

**Clowr.** And mine, but it grows some thing stale with mee. 

**Cel.** I pray you, one of you question you'd man, the for gold will give vs any foodes, I faint almost to death. 

**Clowr.** Hollas; you Clowre. 

**Ref.** Peace foolie, he's not thy kinsman. 

**Clowr.** Who calls? 

**Ref.** Your betters Sir. 

**Clowr.** Else are they very wretche'd.
As you like it.

As you like it.

Rof. Peace I say; good even to your friend.

Cord. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Rof. I prallele Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our felices, and feed:
Here’s a young maid with traualle much oppreffed,
And faints for succour.

Cord. Fair Sir, I pitie her.

And with for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not theere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master of chrifiul disposition,
And little wreskese to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitallite.
Besides his Coate, his Flocke, and bounds of feede
Are now on tafe, and at our sheepe-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come fee,
And in my voice moft welcome shall you be.

Rof. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cord. That young Swaine that you saw here but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rof. I praye, he is bland with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs.

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

Cord. Affurledly the thing is to be told:
Go with me, if you like your report,
The toile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very fastilfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right soledainly.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Angion, Jaques, & others.

Song.

Under the greene wood tree,
Who looses to lye with mee,
And turnes his marry note,
Into the faire Birds throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he fee no enemies,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Amy. More, more, I prære thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholy Montfieur Jaques.

Amy. I thank it: More, I prære thee more,
I can looke melancholy out of a song,
As a Wraezel lookegs eggs: More, I prære thee more.

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

Amy. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to finge:
Come, more, another fianco: Cal you ’em fianco’s?

Amy. What will Monfieurs Jaques.

Amy. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing.
Will you finge?

Amy. At your request, then to please my selfe,
I will, if ever I thanke any man, I llanke you:
But that they call complemet is like the encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me heartily, I thinkes I hate given him a penye, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come finge; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Amy. Wee, Ile end the song. Sirs, come the while, the Duke will drink under this tree; he hath bin all this day to lokke you.

And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too dispreteable for my companye:
I thinkes of as many masters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boate of them.

Come, warble, come.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can goe no further:
O I die for food. Heere I lie downe,
And measure out my grace, Farewell kind master.

Orel. Why how now Adam? No greatest heart in thee:
Lye a little, comfort a little, chere thee little.

If this vscoth Forreit yeld the any thing saffage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it to foode to thee:
Thy conceit is nearer death, then thy powers,
For my fake be comfortable, hold death a while.
At the armes end: I will heere be with thee preferently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will giue thee lesse to die: but if thou dieef
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.

Wel said, thou look it cheereful.

And Ie be with thee quickly: yet thou lieft
In the bleeke sure, Come, I will beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there lie any thing in this Defert.

Cheerely good Adam.
Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen & Lord, like One-laners.

Duke Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast. For I can no where finde him, like a man.

Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence, for he was merry, heeting of a song.

Duke Sen. If the compact of iarres, grow Musically, we shall have shortly difcord in the Sphere.

Go fecke him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Loges.

Lord. He faues my labor by his owne approach.

Log. Why how now Mounseur, what a life is this, that your poor friendes must woe your companie.

What, you look meltly.

Log. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole in Forret, a merry foole (a miserable world). As I do live by foole, I met a foole, Who laid him downe, and bass'd him in the Sun, And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, In good termes, and yet a merry foole, Good morrow foole (quet 11) no Sir, quoth he, Call me not foole, till heen heath hath sent me fortune, And then he drew a dial from his poake, And looking on it, with lachke-luthe eye, Sayas, very wilfully, it is ten a clocke: Thus we may lea (quet 11) by how the world wagges: 'Tis but an honer agoe, since it was nine, And after one hour more, 'twill be eleuen, And to frome house to house, we ripe, and ripe, And then from frome house to house, we rotor, and rotor, And thereby hangs a tale. When I did before The merry foole, thus morall on the time, My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere, That Fooles should be to depe contemptlely; And I did laugh, fans intermenfion at home by his dial. Of noble foole, A worthy foole: Mistyly the onely weare.

Duke Sen. What foole is this?

Log. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier And Iays, if Ladies bee but yong, and faire, They have the gift to know it: and in his braine, Which is as drie as the remainder bisket After voyages: He hath strange places cranned With obstration, the which he vents In mangled forms. O that I were a foole, I am ambitious for a molyty coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Log. It is my only suite, Provoked that you need your better judgements. Of all opinion that grooves rank in them. That I am wise, I must have liberty Withall, as large a Charter as the winde, To blow on whom I please, for to foole bouse: And they that are most gaol'd with my folly, They must must laugh: And why if must they do? The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church. Hee, that a Foole doth very wilfully hit, Doth very foolishly, although he imate Scene faultly of the beast, If not, The Wife-mans folly is maravoulsly'd. Even by the squandering glances of the foole.

Instruct me in my motley: Give me leave To specke my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Lie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldest do.

Log. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good? Duke Sen. Most michievous foule sin, in chiding fin: For thou thy self hast bene a Libertine, As fantasie as the brutish fleg is felle, And all thy bosted fores, and headed euils, That thou with license of free foot haft sought, Would't thou disgorge into the generall world.

Log. Why who cries out on pride, That can therein taze any private party: Doth not flow as hugely as the Sen, Till that the wearie venus inances do ebb, What woman in the Citie doe I name, When that I say the City woman beares The cift of Princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I meane her, When such a one as freem, such is her neighbor? Or what is he of bafile function, That sayes his brauerie is not on my cift, Thinking that I meane him, but therein futes His selfe to the matter of my speech, There then, how then, when then, let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if I do him right, Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free, why then my taxing Like a wild-goose flies Without claim'd of any man, But who come hete?

Enter Orlando

Orl. Forbear, and caste no more.

Log. Why I have case none yet.

Orl. Nor that not, till necessay be fer'd.

Log. Of what kind should this Cooke come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diftrust?

Orl. Or die a rude defpifter of good manners, That in civility thou feem'lt to emprete?

Orl. You could not my veine as first, the thorny point Of bare difreffe, hath ranne from me the flow Of smooth civility: yet am I in land bred, And know some nourture: But forbear, I say, He dies that touches any of this fruites, Till I, and my affairs are anwer'd.

Log. And you will not be anwer'd with reason, I must dye.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force, more then your force Move vs to gentlenesse.

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

Duke Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speak you to gently? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin saugage here, And therefore put I on the countenance Of terme commandement. But what ere you are That in this desert inaccessible Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes, Loose, and negleget the creeping hours of time. If ever you have look'd on better days: If ever beeene where bels have knoll'd to Church; If ever face at any good mans feast: If ever from your eye-Inis wip'd a tear, And know what this to pritire, and be pirited: Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be, In the which hope, I blith, and hide my Sword.

Duke Sen.
As you like it.

Du Sen. True is it, that we have feene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And fast at good menes feastis, and wip’d our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred :
And therefore fit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take upon command, what help we haue
That to your wantyn may be ministr’d.

Orel. Then but forbear ye food a little while :
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And give it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limp in pure loose: till he be first sufffe’d,
Opprest with two weeke eules, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duky Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waiste till you returne.

Orel. I thank ye, and be blefe for you good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone whappend.

This wide and wondrous fall Theater
Preffents more woeful Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

In. All the worldes a Stage,
And all the men and women, meanely Players;
They haue their Entry and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being teuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewing, and puking in the Nurces armes :
Then, the winning School-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snale
Unwillingly to school:
And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woeful sound
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow.
Then, a Soldier,
Full of fraunge oats, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, fardine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the brave Reputation.
Even in the Canons mouth:
And then, the Justice,
In faire round hally, with good Capon lin’d,
With eyes leere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne influences,
And so he playes his part. The first age shifts
Into the leane and flapp’r’d Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well fa’d, a world too wide,
For his thrumke flanke, and his biggely nose,
Turning agane toward childifs trebble pipes,
And whistles in his sound.
Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childifshin, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, fanes eyes, tans taffe, fans every thing.

Enter Orlando with A lark.

Du Sen. Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orel. I thank ye most for him.

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

Du Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes;
Gute vs some Matrucke, and good Cozening.

Song.

Blew, blow, thou winter windes,
Thys are not so vukinde, as many ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so cagen, because thy tooth is not sewn,
Although thy breath be rude.

Enter Hesphe, sign hephe, into the greene holly,
Myst’rife friendship, in sayning; most Lound, meere selie:
The heph bo, the holly,
This Life is most selie.

Frizze, freize, than better sketh thou dost not bighe so nigh
As benefite friendes.
Though thou the waters smarpe, the sign is not so smarpe,
As friend remembered not.

Duky Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands Son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly lim’d, and living 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 matters is:
Support him by the arm: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Allus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Olimer.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, fit, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an abative answer.

Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or lining
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our territorie.

Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth feare, do we terme in our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

O! Oh that thy Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I never lou’d my brother in my life.

Duky. More villain that thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extant vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orel. Hang there my verses, in witnesse of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night lansay
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spiceare abowe
Thy Huntress name, that my full life doth fawye.
O Ralston, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts Ie character,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertues witnesse every where.
Run, run Orlando, curwe on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and ympeynted fice.

Exit.

Enter Cuirne & Clowre.

Cm. And how like you this shepherds life Mt Touchfive?

Clowre.
Truly She pard, in respect of its selfe, is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheard's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very wild 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 (lookes you) it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my flamecke. Hadst any Philosophers in thy shepard?

No more, but that I knowe more sickenes, the worfe at safest he is: and that bee the that wants money, meanes, and consent, is without three good friends. That the posterity of raine is to we, and fire to burne. That good pasture makes fat beepe: and that a great cause of the nit, is lacke of the Sunne: That bee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Such a one is a natural Philosopher. Was't ever in Court, Shepard? No truly. Then thou art damnd. Nay, I hope. Truly thou art damnd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on our side. For not being at Court your reason. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st, good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinnes is damnation: Thou art in a parous seate shepard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behauiors of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you slate not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courteesie would be vnvaileable if Courtiers were shepheard.

Infants, briefly: come, instance. Why are we still handling our Ewes, and their Pels you now are greaft. Why do your Courtiers hands sweare? and is not the grace of a Mattick, as wholesome as the sweet of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Befor, our hands are hard. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow ages: a more founder instance, come. And they are often rau'd, neither with the surgery of our shepehe: and would you vse kepe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Cluet. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meane in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: learn of the wife and perpend: Cluet is of a bafer birth then Tarre, the vere velenously fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

You have too Courty a wit, for me, ile reft. Wilth thou reft damn'd God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Sit, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eat: for I that I earne: owe no man hate, enue no mans Happynesse: glad of other mens good content with my hardie: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes grasses, & my Lambees fuckle.

That is another simpell simile in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your lynyng, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawed to be Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee't not damnd for this, the diuell himselfle will have no shepheardes, it cannot see off how thou shouldest fcape.

Hearc comes yong Mr Gammied, my new Mitrilises Brother.

Enter Rosalinde. Ref. From the safe to wealver Suede, no swells is by Rosalinde: Her worth being mouned on the winde, through all the world waves Rosalinde, All the pictureurs fairest Linda, are black to Rosalinde: Let no face bee kept in mind, but the fairest of Rosalinde.

Hearc time you go, eight yeares together, dinner, and dinner, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Reft. Our Poole. Cort. For a salle.

If a Harte doe lacke a Hinde, Let him seek out Rosalinde: If the Cow will after keowe, to be fare well Rosalinde: Winterd garment must be lorde, so must fidder Rosalinde: Thy that reap well heafe and brinde, then to cast with Rosalinde. Sweetest out, bath fairest rancke, such a nut is Rosalinde. He that sweeteth vse well finde, must finde Lasse prude, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie falso gallop of Verises, why doe you infect your felie with them?

Reft. Peace you dull foolo, I found them on a tree.

Cort. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Reft. I graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit in this country: for you'll be rotten ere you be halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

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

Enter Cella with a writing.

Reft. Peace, here comes my filter reading, stand aside.

Why should this Desert bee, for it is unpopulce? Not: Target 1000 an eneere tree, that shall cimil says foot. Some, how briefe the Life of man, runs his erriage pilgrimage, That the frechness of a span, backes in his summe of age. Some of violent waves, swect the sides of friend, and friends. But upon the fairest bowers, or at exercise footsteps; Will I Rosalinde write, teaching all that reade, to know The quintessence of vertuous fruite, heaven would in little show. Therefore becon Nature charge, that one head should be fill'd With all Graces wide enlarg'd, nature presently fulfill'd.
As you like it.

Helena shrewly, but not his heart.
Cleopatra’s Maitréie.
Attalanta’s better part.
Sad Lucrècia’s Misfortunes.
True Rosalinde of many parts.
by Fleancey Swayne was dens’d,
of manie facer, ores, and hearts,
to him in his secret dreams.”
Heaven would the free thefts of love have,
and I to live and die her slave.

If most gentle Jupiter, that tedious homiite of Louche, you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri’d, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him thereof.

Cel. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable requite, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Cel. Didst thou see these veres?
Ref. Yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feate then the Veres would bear.

Cel. That’s no matter the feet might bear 5 veres, Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the veres, and therefore floate lamely in the veres.

Cel. But didst thou see without wondering, how thy name should be hang’d and caru’d upon thece trees?
Ref. I was feauen of the nine diates out of the wonder, before you came: for looke here what I found on a Palm tree, it was neuer to bee bin’d since I layge as time that I was an Irith Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?
Ref. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?
Ref. I pre thee who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Merminata may bee remov’d with Earthquakes, and to encounter.

Cel. Nay, but who is it?
Ref. Is it possible?
Cel. Nay, I pre thee now, with most petitionary vehement, tell me who it is.

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

Ref. Good my complection, do I think though I am caparison’d like a man, I have a doublet and hole in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South seas of difcomerce. I pre thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake space: I would thou couldst flatter, that thou mightst power this conceal’d man out of thy mouth, as Winde comes out of a narrow mouth’d bottle neither too much at once, or none at all. I pre thee take the Cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tuydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ref. 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.
Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me flay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me, the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that ript vp the Wraitlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the dwelle take mocking; speake faire brow, and true maid.

Cel. Truth (Covt) tis he.
Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Also the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when he thou faw him? What sayde he? How look the? Wherin went he? What makes he heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me gargantuan mouth stift: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Age to speeke, so say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catchifem.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell? Looks he as finely, as he did the day he Wraithed?

Cel. It is as easy to count Atomies as to refute the propinuations of a Louer; but take a taste of my finding him, and relieth it with good obseruaun: I found him under a tree like a drop’d Acorne.

Ref. It may veel be call’d a looses tree, when it droppeth forth fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay his stretched along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pitties to see such a fight, it veel becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry hells, to the tongue, I pre thee: it curruetes vilefully. He was furnish’d like a Hunter.

Ref. I will not, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would finge my song without a burthen, thou bringst me out of tone.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I mutt speakes sweeter, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Self, comes he not here?

Ref. 'Tis he, thank be by, and note him.

Jaq I thank you for your company, but good faith I had as lief have beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And to had I: but yee for fashion sake.

I thank you too, for your loicietie.

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

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marke no more trees with Writing Loue-songs in their barke, Orlando.

Orl. I pray you marke no more of my veres with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalinde is your loves name? Orl. Yes, I must.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christned.

Jaq. What picture is the of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wifes, &cond the out of rings.

Orl. No not, but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questiones.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I thinke twas made of Attalanta’s heelees. Will you sit downe with me, and we two, will walke against our Miftires the world, and all our miferie.

Orl. I will chide no brether in the world but my selfe against
As you like it.

Lily. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orlo. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your deceit: I am weary of you.

Lily. By my truth, I was seeking for a Poole, when I found you.

Orlo. He is drown'd in the brooke, look, be near, and you shall see him.

Lily. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orlo. Which take I to be either a fool, or a Cuffer.

Lily. He is no more with you, farewell good Signior Lute.

Lily. I am glad of your departure: Aideu good Monesieur Melancholy.

Ref. I will speake to him like a fairest Lucky, and vnder that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Fore?

Orlo. Verie well, what would you?

Ref. I pray you, what it is a clocke.

Orlo. You should ask me what time of day: there's no clocke in the Forest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louter in the Forrest, else sighing euie minute and greening euie houre would detect the lazzy foot of time, as well as a clocke.

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

Ref. By no means sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers perions: He telle you who Time ambles with all, who Time costs with all, who Time gallops withall, and who he finds fill withall.

Orlo. I preache, who doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry he trotts hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interims be but a fennig, Times pace is so hard, that it leemes the length of leuen yeare.

Orlo. Who ambles Time withal?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Lanne, and witch man that hath not the Gowe: for the one sleept easely because he cannot study, and the other lues merly, because he feels no paine: the one lurking the busch of laene and waftful Learning the other knowing no busch of heastie redicous perricions. These Time ambles withal.

Orlo. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a sheeth to the galloves: for though hee go as sofitly as foot can fall, he thinks himselfe too soon there.

Orlo. Who stays it fill withal?

Ref. With Lawers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Termes and Termes, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlo. Where dovel you precipice youth?

Ref. With this Shepherdrulle my father: here in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringes upon a petticoat.

Orlo. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie shee you see dwell where fleue is kindled.

Orlo. Your accent is something finer, then you could pursuad in so removed a dwelling.

Ref. I think I told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vochle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many Lectors against it; and I thankke God, I am not a Woman to be coucht with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally cax'd their whole sex withal.

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

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euery one fault feeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlo. I preche recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physick, but on thome that are sick.

Ref. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses your yong plants with caruing Rosalind on their barkes, hangs Oades uppon Hauhornes, and Eligies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that Fancie-menger, I would give him some good coufuse, for hee fectes to have the Quotidien of Louie uppon him.

Orlo. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedy.

Ref. There is none of my Vackles marks uppon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which case of ruthless, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlo. What were his marks?

Ref. A leane checke, which you haue not: a blew eie, and furenke, which you haue not: a beard negleected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your haunt in beaund, is a yonger brothers returnnew) then your hoile should be vngeroyld, your bonnet wibanded, your fleece wibunbot, your this wondit, and euery thing about you, demonstrating a carefule delation: but you are no duch man; you are rather pointe deuite in your accoutrements, at losing your selfe, then burning the Louier of any other.

(Loue.)

Orlo. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

Ref. Me beleue it? You may alseone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse the do: that is one of the points, in the which women fill give the lie to their confidences. But in good sooth, see you she that hangs the verties on the Trees, which Rosalind is so admired?

Ref. I swere to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unhappy he.

Ref. But are you so much in love, as your times speak?

Orlo. Neither time nor reason can express how much.

Ref. Loue is mereely a madness, and I telle you, defenses as well a daile house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the rest of why they are to be punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whose pears are in love too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.

Orlo. Did you ever cure any to?

Ref. Yes one; and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Milites: and I set him euerie day to wocome. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effervass, changeable, longibg, and liking, proud, fantastical, apt, shallow, inconfant, full of teases, full of envie; for euery passion something; and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part; cattle of this colours: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then sove the his: now wepe for him, then spit at him; that I drove my Sutor from his mad humor of love to a suring humor of madnesse: he was to sove the full dreem of y world, and to lute in a nooke, yorously Mosrakck, and thus I cax'd him, and this way will I take upone me to wash your Limner as cleanse as a found steepeless heart, that there shall not be one spot of Loue in't.

Ref. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come euerie day to my Coate, and voue me.

Ref. Yes.
As you like it.

Oriel. Now by the faith of my louse, I will; Tell me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, & let them see you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forest you live.

Oril. Will you go?

Ref. Nay, you must call mee Refael: Come siller, will you go?

Enter Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloane, Audrey, & Isagues.

Clo. Come space good Audrey, I will fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: & how Audrey am I the man yet?

Aud. Your features, I ord warrante vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, & thin Goats, as the most capricious Poet honett Oned was among the Goates.

Isague. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then lone in a thatche d hous.

Clo. When a mans verse cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit inclosed with the forward child wits defrauding: it strikes a man more dead than great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods had made mee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is, is it honeft in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No true: for the true poetical is the most faining, & Louers are given to Poëtike: & what they sweare in Poëtike, may be said as Louers, they do sweare.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made mee poetical?

Claw. I do truly: for thou sweart to me thou art honeft. Now if thou were a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst sweare.

Aud. Would you not have me honeft?

Clo. No truly, while hee thou were had fauors'd: for honeftie coupled to beacuse, is to have Honesty a favoe to Sugar.

Isague. A materiall fool.

Aud. And, I am not faire, & therefore I pray the Gods make me honeft.

Clo. Truly, and to caull away honeftie appone a foule flat, were to put good meat into an vnclene dish.

Aud. I am not a fool, though I thank the Gods I am foule.

Clo. Well, graffit the Gods, for thy souline, fluftifinne may come hereafter. But be it, as it may be, I will marrie thee: & to that end, I have bin with Sir Quienur Mart-text, the Vicer of the next village, who hath promised to meeke mee in this place of the Forrest, & to couple vs.

Aud. I would faine see this meeting.

Clo. Wel, the Gods give vs joy.

Aud. Auen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, flagger in this attempt: for here we have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but hornes-beats. But what thought; Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie: it is said, many a man knows no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, & knows no end of them. Well, that is the doorie of his life, tie none of his owne getting; hornes, euens to poore men alone.

No, no, the noble Deere hath them as huge as the Rufcall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthies then a village, so is the fore-head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Barcheler: & by what much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Herne comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver is Mart-text you are well met. Will you dispatch vs here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on guilt of any man.

Oliver. Truly the must be gotten, or the marriage is not lawful.

Isague. Proceed, proceed: I hope she gives her:

Clo. Good even good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddudy you for your left company, I am verie glad to see you, even a toy in hand here: Sir Nay, pray be coued.

Isague. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Ox eatth his bow tie, the horse his curb, & the Falcon her belts, so man hath his defires, & as Pigeons hill, so withlocke would be nibling.

Isague. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger? Get you to church, & have a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow will but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainfcot, then one of you will prove a shrunke pantle, & like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Cl. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marry me well: & not being well married, it will be a good excute for me hereafter: to leave my wife.

Isague. Goeth thou with mee, And let me counfel thee.

Oliver. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must live in bandrey: Farewel good Mr. Oliver: Not o sweet Mr Oliver, I braue Oliver leave me not behind thee: But wondre away, bec Sonie I say, I will not to weddign with thee.

Oliver. Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shall floute me out of my calling.

Enter Scena Quarta.

Refael & Celi.

Ref. Never talk to me, I wil wepepe.

Celi. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ref. But have I not caufe to wepepe?

Celi. As good cause as one would defiere, Therefore wepepe.

Ref. His very haire

Is of the diffembuing colour.

Celi. Something browner then Juddifes: Marrie his kisse are Juddises owne children.

Ref. Thaith his haire is of a good colour.

Celi. An excellent colour:

Your Cheffnut was ever the onlye colour:

Ref. And his kiffing is as full of sandstie, As the touch of holy bread.

Celi.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of cat lips of Diana; a
Nun of winter's sisterhood kisse not more religiouse,
the very see at chafing is in them.

Ref. But why did she faste she would come this
morning, and comes not?

Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Does he thinke so?

Col. Yes, I thinke it is not a pickes purse, nor a horre-
feeter, but for his verity in done, I doo think him as
conceau as a couered golde, or a Worne eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loy?

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

Ref. You have heard him swear downrighte he was.

Col. Was I not is befoole, the oath of Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Toper, they are both the
conformer of false reckonings, he attends here in the
forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yester day, and had much ques-
tion with him: he ask me of what parentage I was; I
told him of as good as he, so he laughed and let me goe.
What talk we of Fatueries, when there is such a man
as Orlando?

Col. O that's a braue man, he writes braue verfa,
spakes braue words, sweare braue oaths, and breaks
them brauely, quite traners at the heart of his lo-
uer, as a pullying Titter, spoers his horse but on one side,
breakes his fairelike as a noble goole; but all his braue
that youth's mourne, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistreffe and Master, you have oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of lone,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Prating the proud didainfull Shepheardesse
That was his Mistreffe.

Col. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Beveene the pale complection of true Lone,
And the red glove of Ione and proud disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will mark it.

Ref. O come, let us remone,
The fight of Louers feedeth those in love:
Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say
I prove a bufe actor in their play.

Enter Silusimus and Phoebus.

Stil. Sweet Phoebus doth not sorne me, do not Phoebus
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner
Whole heart the acountom'd fight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbered neck,
But first beegs pardon: will you returne be
Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rufus. Celia, and Corin.

Pho. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not affright thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty lure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frisell, and softefl things,
Who fute their coward gates on atoms,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, muterers.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeet to swound, why now fall downe,
Or if they can not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are muterers:
Now flew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some share of it: Leave upon a rush
The Gaietacee and capable imprefse
Thy palmes some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I have dared at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O decree Phoebus,
If enter (as that ever may be neere)
You meet in some freth chekke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds ineffectible
That Loue keen arrows make.

Pho. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Affli me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As still that time I shall not pity thee.

Ref. And why I pray you who might be your mother
That you influe, exalt, and all at once
Over the wretched what though you haue no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Mulf you be therefore proud and pitifoulc?
Why what meane this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures fate-worke ods my little life,
I thinke the meane to tangle my eyes too:
No faire proud Mistreffe, hope nor after it,
Tis not your inke owers, your blacke filke haire,
Your ynge eye-balls, nor your cheeke of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foulof Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then fieve a woman, 'tis iach foolses as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatsers her,
And out of you she fees her felte more proper
Then any of her lineaments can flow her:
But Mistreffe, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fallsing, for a good mans lone;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
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 lover:
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Pho. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man woone.

Ruf. Hees faine love with your foulneffe, & there'll
Fall in love with my anger. If it be fo, as saft
As the answeres thee with frowning looks, ize faute
Her with bitter words why look you to upon me?

Pho. For no ill will I bear thee.

Ref. I pray you do not flall in love with mee,
For I am taller then your selfe in wine:
Befides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuff of Olione, here hard by:
Will you goe Sifter? Shepheardly her hard.

Come
Come Sifter: Shepheard, look at me better
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as her.
Come to our flocke.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd that loud not at first sight?
Syl. Sweet Phebe.
Phe. Hah! what saith thou Sylusus?
Syl. Sweet Phebe pitty me.
Syl. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By ginge louse your sorrow, and my griefe.
We see both extremities.
Phe. Thou hast my louse, is not that neighbourly?
Syl. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were courteous to me:
Sylusus, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bearre thee love,
But since that thou canst call me of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was unkmowne to me,
I will endure; and Ie employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence.
That they owne gladness, that thou art employ'd.
Syl. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall thinke it is a most plentiful crop
to glean the broken eares after the man.
That the maine harce reapeth soone nowe and then
A scattered smale, and that I live upon.
(while?)
Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spake to me yere-
Syl. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds.
That the old Carles once was Master of.
Phe. Thinks not I love him; though I ask for him,
Tis but a penous boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleaseth thefe that heeret.
It is a pretty youth; not very prettie,
But lure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and fatter then his tongue.
Do my offence, his eye did brake in vp.
He is not very tall; yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so fo, and yet this well:
There was a pretie redness in his lip,
A little ripper, and more litle red.
Thereat mixt in his cheeks: twas inft the difference
Betwixt the confiant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women Sylusus, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone nere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more caste to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair blacke,
And now I am remembred, I seemt not at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quitance.
He writes to him a very tainting Letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou Sylusus?
Syl. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ie write it fairest:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be better with him, and passing short;
Goe with mee Sylusus.

Enter Refainard, and Celis, and Iagoes.

Iago. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with theee.
Reff. They say you are a melancholy fellow,
Iago. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.
Reff. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every moderne censure, worse then drunkards.
Iago. Why, 'tis good to be fad and say nothing.
Reff. Why then'tis good to be a poete.
Iago. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Multitians, which is fantastical: which the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Southerians, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politicall; nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which is all thefe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com- pounded of many simples, extraced from many objectes, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humourous fastaine.
Reff. A Travellor; by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have told your owne LANDS, to see other mens; then to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.
Iago. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlande.

Reff. And your experience makes you fad: I had rather have a foole to make me merry, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaille for it too.
Orl. Good day, and happiness, dere Refainard.
Iago. Nay thou God buy you, and you talk in blanke verse.
Reff. Farewell Monfreur Travellor: looke you liffe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Courtie: be out of loue with your necessitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenence you are; or I will learne thynke you have moreGENIO. Why now Orlande, where have you bin all this while? you a louer? and you serue me sachel another tricke, never come in my fight more.
Orl. My faire Refainard, I come within an houre of my promise.
Reff. Breate an houres promisie in loue? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breate but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that Copus hath clopt him oth' shouder, but Ie warrant him heart hole.
Orl. Pardon mee dere Refainard.
Reff. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my fight. I had as lief be woode of a Snaile.
Orl. Of a Snaile?
Reff. 1, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowely, he carres his house on his head; a better joynture I think then you make a woman: besides, he brings his definite with him.
Orl. What's that?
Reff. Why horses: is such as yonare faine to be holding to your wishes for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.
Orl. Verte
Ref. 1, but when?
Ref. Why now, as fast as she can marry vs.
Ref. Then you must say, I take thee Refailand for wife.
Ref. I take thee Refailand for wife.
Ref. I might ask you for your Commissioun,
But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a
girl goes before the Priests, and certainly a Woman
thought runs before her actions.
Ref. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.
Ref. Now tell me how long you would have her, af-
ter you have posseed her?
Ref. For ever, and a day.
Ref. Say day, without the ats: no, no Orlando, men
are April when they were, December when they wed:
Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky
changes when they are wiser: I will bee more jealous of
thee, then a Barbary cocke-pigeon uner his hen, more
clamorous then a Parrot against raine, more new-fangled
then an age, more giddy in my debris, then a mon-
key: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the
Fountain: I will do that when you are disposed to be merry.
I will laugh like a Siren, and that when thou art inclin'd
to sleep.
Ref. But will my Refailand doe so?
Ref. By my life, she will do as I doe.
Ref. O but she is wise.
Ref. Or else shee could not have the wit to doe this:
the wiser, the wayward: make the doores opem a wo-
man wits, and it will out at the cæcumens that he did,
'twill out at the key-hole: hop that, 'twill fly with the
smoke out at the chimney.
Ref. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
lay, wit whether wits?
Ref. Nay you might keepe that checkes for it, till you
met your wifes wits going to your neighbours bed.
Ref. And what wits could wilt have, to escape that?
Ref. Marry to say, shee came to seek thee there: you
shall never take her without her answer, wilt thee take
her without her tongue: & that woman that cannot
make her fault her husbands occasion, let her nurse her
childe in her selfe, for shee will breed it like a foolc
Ref. For these two hours Refailand, I will leave thee.
Ref. Alas, dear love, I cannot lacke thee two hours.
Ref. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock.
I will be with thee again.
Ref. I goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what a
woman would prate, my friends: told me much, and
I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours woman
me: 'tis but one call away, and so come death: two o'clocke is your howre.
Ref. I, sweet Refailand.
Ref. By thy troth, and in good earmest, and so God
mend mee, and by all pretty oaths that are not dan-
grous, if you brake one lot of your promeise, or come one
minute behind your howre, I will think thee the most
pathetical brake-promise, and the most hollow howre,
and the moost unworthy of her you call Refailande, that
may be choen out of the grossie band of the vsfaith-
full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-
mise.
Ref. With no other religion, than if thou wert indeed
my Refailand.
Ref. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all
such offenders, and let time try: adieu.
End.
Ref. You have simply misus'd our feze in your lone-
prace:
As you like it.

prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and frown the world what the bird hath done to her owne clack.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: I have my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fat holes deep he is in love: but it cannot bee found: my affection hath an unknowne but true name, like the Bay of Portugal.

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

Ref. No, that shame wicked, ballad of Parnassus, that was begot of thought, conceit of spleene, and borne of madneffe, that blinde fatally boy, that aboutes every ones eye, because his owne are out, let him see judge, how deep I am in love: i'le tell thee Aliona, I cannot be out of the light of Orlando: He goe finde a shadow, and figh till he come.

Col. And he sleepe.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Daear?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would do well to let the Daears horns upon his head, for a branch of victory, have you no song Forrester for this purpoe?

Lords. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in rime, so it make noyle enough.

Mufike, Song.

What shall he done that killed the Daear? His Leather sign, and horns to warne: Then sing him home: she ruff that bear his banche: Take thou no form to wearre the horn, It was a creft ere thou walt horn, Thy fathers father werte it, And thy fatter bare it, The borne, the borne, the fuffy borne, Is not a thing to laugh to fomere.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

Col. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, Enter Silvius.

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

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this: I know not the contents, but I gueffe By the fierce brow, and waspish action Which she did vse, as she was writting of it, It beares an angry tenure: pardon me, I am but a guileffe meffenger.

Ref. Patience her felse would tarry at this letter, And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all? Shee faire I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not love me. Were men as rare as Phinix: 'od's my will, Her love is not the Hare that I see hunt, Why writes she the lo to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne devise.

Sil. No, I protest, I knew not the contents, Phoebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of loue. I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand, A freetone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old glones were on, but twas her hands: She has a hulwines hand, but that's no matter: I say the neuer did invent this letter, This is a mans inuention, and his hand,

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, tis a boyferous and cruell file, A file for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: worms gentle braine Could not drop forth such gient rude inention, Which, in English words, blacker in their effect Then in their countenances: will you bear the letter?

Sil. So pleaze you, for I never heard it yet: Yet heard too much of Phoebe cruellie.

Ref. She, Phoebe me: marke how the tyrant wriete. Read. Art thou god, to Shepheard turn'd?

That a manless heart hast burn't.

Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ref. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part, Warst thou with a woman's heart? Did you ever hear such railing?

While the eye of man did woe me, That could do no vengence to me. Meaning me a beat.

Is the scorne of your bright eyes

Plan power to raise this flame so white, Alas, in me, what strange effect Would they worke in milder aspect? While you used me, I did love, How then might your praises move? He that brings this love to thee, Little leaves this Love in me: And by my face up thy mind, Whether that thy youth endiure Will the faithfull offer take Of me, and all that I can make, Or else by him my love dense, And then Ile finde how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Col. Alas poor Shepheard.

Ref. Do you pity him? No, he defends no pitry, wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false traine upon thee? not to be con- 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 the Loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will never haue her, vnleasse thou intreast for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Olim, Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you)

Where in the Puckles of this Forrest, stands A
As you like it.

Enter Claudio and Andrie.

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

Andr. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen faying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a most vile

Andrie. There is a youth here in the Forrest lays claim to you.

Andr. I know who 'tis: he hath no interrell in mee in the world: here comes the man you meant.

Enter Williams.

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

my
As you like it.

ny troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flying: we cannot hold.
   Will. Good even Andy.
   And. God ye good even William.
   Will. And good even to you Sir?
   Clo. Good even to gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prid thee, bee covered: How old are you friends.
   Will. Fine and twenty Sir.
   Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?
   Will. William, sir.
   Clo. A faire name. Was't borne in th' Forrest here?
   Will. I fir, I thank 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, but it so, so: Art thou wife?
   Will. I fir, I have a prettie wit.
   Clo. Why, thou failest well. I do now remember a saying: The poore doth thinke he is wife, but the wife man knows himselfe to be a poore. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to enet a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.
You do love this maid?
   Will. I do sir.
   Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?
   Will. No sir.
   Clo. Then leave this of me, To hate, is to hate. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a gaflle, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do content, that gaffe is here: now you are not gaffe, for I am he.
   Will. Which he sir?
   Clo. He sir, that must marre this woman: Therefore you Clavowe, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the society: which in the boorish, is compane, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this female, or Clavow thou persiflette: or to thy better understanding, eyd,' or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranflate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in hathria, or in fleeces: I will handy with thee in fashion, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.
   And. Do good William.
   Will. God reft you merry sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.
   Clo. Trip Andy, trip Andy, I attend, I attend.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orel. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And loving woo'd and wooing, she should granting? And will you persuade to enjoy her?

Orel. Neither call the giddineffe of it in question; the pottierie of her, the small acquaintance, my soadine woeing, nor sodaine coenting; but say with mee, I long Alena: say with her, that the lowes mee: content with both, that we may enjoy other: it shall be to you good: for my fathers house, and all the renumen, that was old Sir Rawlande will I efface upon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orel. You have my content.
Let your wedding be to morrow: this will I induce the Duke, and all his consented followers.
Go you, and prepare Alena; for locke you, Here comes my Rosaline.

Ref. God save you brother.
Orel. And you faire fitter.
Ref. Oh my deere Orlando, how it gretues me to fee thee weare thy heart in a scarse.
Orel. It is an old time.
Ref. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.
Orel. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.
Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd you this handkercher?
Orel. I, and greater wonders then that.
Ref. O, I know where you are: may, tis true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the light of two Ramnes, and Cesars Thraconial farge of Iame, saw, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no fitter, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they loud'd: no sooner loud'd, but they figh'd: no sooner figh'd but they ask'd: one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they fought the remedies: and in these degrees, hunte they made a pair of ilaters to marriage, which they will climbbe incomittent, or else bee incomittent before marriage: they are in the very Wrath of love, and then they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orel. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial: but O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness through another man's eyes: by so much the more shall I morrow be at the height of heart humane, by so much shall think my brother happier, in hating what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot furce your turne for Rosalind?

Orel. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will weare 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 content: I speake not this, that you shoule breare a good opinion of my knowledge: intomuch I say I know you arc neither do I labor for a greater effecte then maye in some little mesure draw a beleete from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can doe strange things: I have since I was three years old converset with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not dannable. If you do love Rosaline to recee the bar, as your gefumee cites it: when your brother marries Alena, shall you marry her. I know in to what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not incomittent to you,
As you like it.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. We met honest Gentleman.
2. Pa. By my troth well met: I come, sit, sit, and a song.
3. Pa. We are for you, sit'th middle.
4. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologue to a bad voice.
5. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gypies on a horse.

Song.

It was a winter, and his iilness,
15th a boy, and a bo, and a boy namio,
That o' the green came field did paffe,
In the spring time, the onely pritty round
When Birils do sing beang a ding, ding,
Sweet Lovers love thee spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a boy, a bo, and a boy name,
For lone is crowned with the prizi;
In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rig,
With a boy, and a bo, or a boy namio:
These pritty Country folks would have,
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they beguile his bowers,
With a boy and a bo, or a boy namio:
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, &c.

6. Pa. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the dicter, yet it was very entertain
1. Pa. you are deceitful sir, we kept time, we left not our time.
2. Pa. By my troth yest I count it but time left to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God send your voices. Come Andre.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Duke. So! Doth thou beleue Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Ol. I sometimes do beleue, and sometymes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they areare.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, & Phoebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our coppice is srg'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde:
You will be with Orlando here?

Duke. That would I had, I had dominions to glue with hir.
Ref. And you say you will have her, when I bring it hir?

Ol. That would I, were I all dominion king.
Ref. You say you'll marry me, I'll be willing.

Phoebe. That will I, should I die the houre after.
Ref. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your selve to this most falsefull Shephard.
Phoebe. So is the bargain.
Ref. You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promised to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep you your word Phoebe, that you will marry me,
Or else refusing me to wed this fairhead:
Keep your good Will, that you will marry her
If the refuse one, and from hence I go.
To make their doubts all even. Exeunt Ref. and Celia.

Dest. I do remember to this fairhead boy,
Some lonely touches of my daughters favour.

Ost. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brooch to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this boy is Forest bonie,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many delicate studies, by his uncle,
Who for report's to be a great Magician,
Enter Cleon and Andry.

Obfuscated in the circle of this Forest.

Isq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are conning to the Arke. Here comes a payre of very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Foolers.

Ceo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Isq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the Most unmindted Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forest; he hath bin a Counter he sweares.

Ceo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgeation, I have trode a measure, I have flattered a Lady, I have bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I have vade three Tailors, I have foure quarters, and like to have bought one.

Isq. And how was that done?

Ceo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the fourth cause.

Isq. How fell it in the suit? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Dest. I like him very well.

Ceo. Good sir, I desire you of the like: I preffe in hecque fir, amongst the rest of the Country people, to sweare, and to honest sea, according to marriage bonds and blood breaks: a poore virgin, an ill-issued thing, but mine own, a poore honest man, to take that that no man else will: such honestie doth dwell like a noble fir, in a poore house, as your Petrel in your toule oyter.

Dest. By my faith, he is very swift, and factious.

Ceo. According to the foules bolt, sir, and such dulce dices.

Isq. But for the fourth cause, How did you finde the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Ceo. Upon a lye, seven times removed: (beware your bodie more seeming Audrey) as thus fir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Countiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut, we were in the mind it was; this is called she, retort courteuse. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he would lend me word he cut; to please justice: this is called the quip modeft. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlishe. If againe, it was not well cut, he would answer I spoke a sore, this is called the reproved valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie, this is called the counter-checke quarrelome: and to see the circumstantial, and the lye direct.

Isq. And now of, did you say his beard was not well cut?

Ceo. Yes, he sent me word of it.

Isq. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so we meas-

Sung.

Wedding in great Tunes crown'd,
O bless'd band of birds and bird! We praise you to the丢nd:
'Tis Hymen peoples happy towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honour, longe honour and renown.
To Hymen, God of care of Tunes.

Dest. On my deere, Niece, we come thon to me,
Your daughter welcome, in no lees degree.
As you like it.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Brv. He hath,

Now. To his will he out of these countries,
There is much matter to be hind, and hastend:
you to your former Honor, I beseech you
to your patience, and your virtue, well defendst:
you to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and house, and great allies:
you to a song, and well-delivered bed:
And to wrangling, for thy leaving voyage
Is but for two months virtually.
To your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dressing measures.


Now. To no haste, I what you would have,
I lay to know, at your abandon'd case.

Exit.

Dn.Sc. Proceed, proceed; we'll begin these rights,
As we do truth, they'll end in true delights.

Exe. Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogus:
it is not no more vanofandone, than to see the
and the Prologue. If it be true, that good wines needs
no bung, it's true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wines they do as we do good fences: and good
plays prove the better by the helpes of good Epilogues.
What a pane am I then, that am neither a good Epilogue,
or cannot intinuate 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 conjure you,
and Ie begin with the Women. I charge you (O women)
for the loue you bestre to women (as I perceive by your
limping, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman,
I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleased, complections that lik'd me, and beastes that
I deed de nor: And I am fine, as many as have good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curious, bid me farewell.

Finis.

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