Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

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

Enter Oliuer.

Adam.  
Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

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

Oli.  
Now Sir, what make you heere?

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

Oli.  
What mar you then sir?

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

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

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

Oli.  
Know you where you are sir?

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

Oli.  
Know you before whom sir?

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

Oli.  
What Boy.

Orl.  
Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in (this.
Oli.
Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

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

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

Oli.
Let me goe I say.

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

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

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

Oli.
Get you with him, you olde dogge.

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

Ex. Orl. Ad.

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

Enter Dennis.

Den.
Calls your worship?

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

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

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

Enter Charles.

Cha.
Good morrow to your worship.

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

Charles.
There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Lords As you like it. Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

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

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

Oli.
Where will the old Duke liue?

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

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

Cha.
Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a manner: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrestle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he
shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli.

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

Note: A large stain slightly obscures many letters on this page.
dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poysone, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and never leaue thee till he h [...]th tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so vil lanous this day liuing, I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and wepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha.

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

Exit.

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

Exit.

Scœna Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 2]
Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel.

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

Ros.

Deere Cellia, I show more mirth then I am mi stresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not
learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros.
What shall be our sport then?

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

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.

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

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

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

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

**Cel.**
Were you made the messenger?

**Clo.**
No by mine hono

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**Ros.**
As you like it.

**Ros.**
Where learned you that oath foole?

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

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

**Ros.**
I marry, now vnuzzle your wisedome.

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

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

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

**Cel.**
Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

**Clo.**
One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

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

Clo.
The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

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

Enter le Beau.

Ros.
With his mouth full of newes.

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

Ros.
Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

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

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

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

Cel.
Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu.
What colour Madame? How shall I aun swer you?

Ros.
As wit and fortune will.

Clo.
Or as the destinies decrees.

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

Clo.
Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros.
Thou loosest thy old smell.

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

Ros.
Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros.
Alas.

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

Le Beu.
Why this that I speake of.

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

Cel.
Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

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

Duke.
Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros.
Is yonder the man?

Le Beu.
Euen he, Madam.

Cel.
Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully

Du.
How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros.
I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du.
You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you
there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challegers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can mooue him.

Cel.
Call him herther good Monsieuer Le Beu.

Duke.
Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beu.
Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals
for you.

Orl.
I attend them with all respect and dutie.

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

Orl.
No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger,
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
of my youth.

Cel.
Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
your yeares: you haue seene cruell proove of this mans strength, if you saw your selue with your eies, or knew
your selue with your iudgment, the feare of your aduence would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe
tie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros.
Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore
be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that
the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl.
I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde
thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie
so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your
faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall;
wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas
neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to
be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to
lament me: the world no injurie, for in it I haue nothing:
only in the world I fill up a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emptie.

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

Cel.

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As you like it.

Cel.
And mine to eke out hers.

Ros.
Fare you well: praise heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel.
Your hearts desires be with you.

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

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

Duk.
You shall try but one fall.

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

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

Ros.
Now Hercules, be thy speede young man.

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

Wrastle.

Ros.
Oh excellent young man.

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

Shout.

Duk.
No more, no more.

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

Duk.
How do'st thou Charles?

Le Beu.
He cannot speake my Lord.
Duk.
Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cel.
I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl.
Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

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

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

Exit.

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

Enter Le Beau.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne

Le Beau.
Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
[To] leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

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

Le Beau.
Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Ground vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl.
I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly Rosaline.

Exit.

Scena Tertius.

[Act 1, Scene 3]
Enter Celia and Rosaline.

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

**Ros.**
Not one to throw at a dog.

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

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

**Cel.**
But is all this for your Father?

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

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

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

**Cel.**
Hem them away.

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

**Cel.**
Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

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

**Cel.**
O, a god wish vpon you: you will trie in time in *[Page 187]* As you like it.
in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
*Roulands* yongest sonne?

**Ros.**
The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

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

**Ros.**
No faith, hate him not for my sake.

**Cel.**
Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

*Enter Duke with Lords.*
Ros.  
Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him  
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.  
Cel.  
With his cies full of anger.  
Duk.  
Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our Court.  
Ros.  
Me Vncle.  
Duk.  
You Cosen,  
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found  
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,  
Thou diest for it.  
Ros.  
I doe beseech your Grace  
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:  
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,  
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,  
If that I doe not dreame, or be not frantick,  
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,  
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,  
Did I offend your highnesse.  
Duk.  
Thus doe all Traitors,  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.  
Ros.  
Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;  
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?  
Duk.  
Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.  
Ros.  
So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,  
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;  
Treason is not inherited my Lord,  
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,  
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,  
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,  
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.  
Cel.  
Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.  
Duk.  
I Celia, we staid her for your sake,  
Else had she with her Father rang’d along.  
Cel.  
I did not then intreat to haue her stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,  
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoeere we went, like Iunos Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

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

Cel.
Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her compa [...]
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

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

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

Cel.
What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros.
Ile haue no worse a name then Ioues owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganimed.
But what will you be call'd?

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

Ros.
But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

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

Actus Secundus. Scœna P [...]

[Act 2, Scene 1]
Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, and [...]
like Forre [...]

Duk. Sen.
Now my Coe [...]
Hath not old custome ma [...]
[Page 190]As you like it.
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the uses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Wearies yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

**Amien.**
I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

**Du. Sen.**
Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dappled fools
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.

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

**Du. Sen.**
But what said Iaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

**1. Lord.**
O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needless streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too must: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard

[...] pasture, jumps along by him
[...] staies to greet him: I quoth Iaques,
[...] you fat and greazie Citizens,
[...]e fashion; wherefore doe you looke
[...]hat poore and broken bankrupt there?
[...] ineuctiuely he pierceth through
[...]f Countrie, Citie, Court,
[...]js our life, swearing that we
[...]ers, tyrants, and whats worse
[...]imals, and to kill them vp
[...]eiuie dwelling place.
[...]e him in this contemplation?
[...]eeping and commenting

**Du. Sen.**

Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. **Lor**

Ile bring you to him strait.

*Exeunt.*

**Scena Secunda.**

*[Act 2, Scene 2]*

**Enter Duke, with Lords.**

**Duk.**

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. **Lo.**

I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

2. **Lor.**

My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
**Hisperia** the Princesse Centlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie **Charles,**
And she beleuues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

**Duk.**

Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition qualle,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

*Exunt.*

**Scena Tertia.**

* [Act 2, Scene 3]  
*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

**Orl.**  
Who's there?

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

**Ad.**  
O vnhappie youth,  
Come not within these doores: within this rooфе  
The enemie of all your graces liues  
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne  
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)  
Of him I was about to call his Father,  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,  
To bumne the lodging where you yse to lyе,  
[...ile of that  
He[Page 191]As you like it.  
He will haue other meanes to cut you off;  
I ouerheard him: and his practises:  
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;  
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.  
*Note:* This speech is conventionally attributed to Orlando.

**Ad.**  
Why whether Adam would'st thou haue me go?  
*Note:* This speech is conventionally attributed to Orlando.

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

**Orl.**  
What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,  
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce  
A theeuishe liuеng on the common rode?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad.
But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I gue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakensse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl.
Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none wil sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeld,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some setled low content.

Ad.
Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[Act 2, Scene 4]
Enter Rosaline for Ganymed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros.
O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?

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

Ros.
I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Aliena.

Cel.
I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur ther.

Clo.
For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

Ros.
Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Clo.
I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silius.

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

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

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

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

Sil.
No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse, Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow: But if thy loue were euer like to mine, As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so: How many actions most ridiculous, Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor.
Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil.
Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily, If thou rememberst not the slightest folly, That euer loue did make thee run into, Thou hast not lou'd.

Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now, Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise, Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lou'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Exit.

Ros.
Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

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

Ros.
Thou speak'st wiser then thou a
rt ware of.

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

Ros.
Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

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

Cel.
I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo.
Holla; you Clowne.

Ros.
Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor.
Who cals?

Clo.
Your betters Sir.

Cor.
Else are they very wretched.

As you like it.

Ros.
Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

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

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

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

Ros.
What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.
[Act 2, Scene 5]

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who lones to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall be see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq.
More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy.
It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaques.

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

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

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

Amy.
What you wil Monsieur Iaques.

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

A [...] More at your request, then to please my selfe.

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

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

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

Song. Altogether beere.

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

Iaq.
Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.

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

Scena Sexta.
[Act 2, Scene 6]
Enter Orlando, & Adam.
Adam.
Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
Orl.
Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this uuncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocke of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheereley good Adam.
Exeunt

Scena Septima.
[Act 2, Scene 7]
Scena
[Page 7]
As you like it.
Du. Sen.
I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

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

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

Enter Iaques.

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

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

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

Du. Sen.
What foole is this?

Iaq.
O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**Du. Sen.**
Thou shalt haue one.

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

**Du. Sen.**
Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

**Iaq.**
What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

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

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

Enter Orlando.

Orl.
Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq.
Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl.
Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq.
Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen.
Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl.
You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq.
And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen.
What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

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

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

Orl.
Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

RDuke
[Page 194]
As you like it.

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

Orl.
Then but forbeare your food a little while:  
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,  
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,  
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe  
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,  
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

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

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

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

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

Enter Orlando with Adam.

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

Orl.
I thanke you most for him.

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

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

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seen,
although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene bolly,
Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the bolly,
This Life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.

Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen.
If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper’d faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly lim’d, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou’d your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du.
Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol.
Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

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

Exeunt

Scena Secunda
[Act 3, Scene 2]
Enter Orlando.

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

Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co.
And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?
Clo.
[Page 195]
As you like it.

Clow.
Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.
Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

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

Clo.
Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor.
No truly.

Clo.
Then thou art damn'd.

Cor.
Nay, I hope.

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

Cor.
For not being at Court? your reason.

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

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

Clo.
Instance, briefly: come, instance.

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

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

Cor.
Besides, our hands are hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Rosalind.

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

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

Ros.
Out Foole.

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

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

Clo.
Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

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

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

Enter Celia with a writing.

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

Cel.
Why should this Desert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings shoe.
Some, bow briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:
But upon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heauen would in little show.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd

As you like it. Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maiestie:
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heavenly Synode was denis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches dearest pris'd.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slaue.

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

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

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

Cel.
Didst thou heare these verses?

Ros.
O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more feete then the Verses would
beare.

Cel.
That's no matter: the feet might beare y'verses.

Ros.
I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselues without the verse, and therefore stood lame-
ly in the verse.

Cel.
But didst thou heare without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ros.
I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since Pythagoras
time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel.
Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros.
Is it a man?

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

Ros.
I pre'thee who?

Cel.
O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Montaines may bee remoo'd with Earth quakes, and so encounter.

Ros.
Nay, but who is it?

Cel.
Is it possible?

Ros.
Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehement, tell me who it is.

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

Ros.
Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might't powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

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

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

Cel.
Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

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

Cel.
I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Ros.
Orlando?

Cel.
Orlando.

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

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

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

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

Ros.
It may vwel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel.
Gieue me audience, good Madam.

Ros.
Proceed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

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

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

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

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

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

Orl.
I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

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

Iaq.  
*Rosalinde* is your loues name?

Orl.
Yes, Iust.

Iaq.
I do not like her name.

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

Iaq.
What stature is she of?

Orl.
Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq.
You are ful of pretie answers: haue you not bin ac quainted with goldsmiths wiuues, & cond (th[e])them out of rings

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

Iaq.
You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Orl.
I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against *As you like it* As you like it. against whom I know [most] faults.

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

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

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

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

Iaq.
There I shal see mine owne figure.
Orl.
Which I take to be either a fool, or a Cipher.
Iaq.
Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signor Loue.
Orl.
I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsoir Melancholly.
Ros.
I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky. and under that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For (ryster.
Orl.
Verie wel, what would you?
Ros.
I pray you, what i'st a clocke?
Orl.
You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.
Ros.
Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.
Orl.
And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?
Ros.
By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces,
with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles with all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withal.
Orl.
I prethee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros.
Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between
the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd:
if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard,
that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.
Orl.
Who ambles Time withal?
Ros.
With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man
that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepeas easily be
cause he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, be
cause he feeleas no paine: the one lacking the burthen of
leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no bur
ten of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles
withal.
Orl.
Who doth he gallop withal?
Ros.
With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
there.

Orl.
Who staies it stil withal?

Ros.
With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
betweene Term and Term, and then they perceiue not
how time moues.

Orl.
Where dwel you prettie youth?

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

Orl.
Are you natuie of this place?

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

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

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

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

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

Orl.
I prethee recount some of them.

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

Orl.
I am he that is so Loue-shak’d, I pray you tel
me your remedie.
Ros.
There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you:
he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.
Orl.
What were his markes?
Ros.
A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie
and sunken, which you haue not: an unquestionable spi
rit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you
haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your ha
uing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your
hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your
sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing
about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you
are no such man; you are rathe
point deuice in your ac
coustremens, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Lo
uer of any other.
Orl.
Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue
(I Loue.
Ros.
Me beleeue it? You may assoone make her that
you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant she is apter to do,
then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the
which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But
in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the
Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?
Orl.
I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of
Rosalind, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.
Ros.
But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?
Orl.
Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.
Ros.
Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, de
serues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do:
and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is
that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in
loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.
Orl.
Did you euer cure any so?
Ros.
Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to ima
gine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day
to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish
youth, greece, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, ful
of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and
for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are
for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like
him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear
him: now wepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue
my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor
of madnes, wc was to forswære the ful stream of y world,
and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur’d
him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Li
uer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not
be one spot of Loue in’t.

Orl.
I would not be cured, youth.

Ros.
I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosa
lind, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.
R3Orl.
[Page 198]
As you like it.

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

Ros.
Go with me to it, and Ie shew it you: and by
the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
Wil you go?

Orl.
With all my heart, good youth.

Ros.
Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sister,
will you go?

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia
[Act 3, Scene 3]
Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo.
Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your
Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet?
Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud.
Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo.
I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
capricious Poet honest Ovid was among the Gothes.

Iaq.
O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in
a thatch’d house.

Clo.
When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor
a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, un
derstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great rec
koning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde
made thee poetical.

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

**Clo.**
No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai
ning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they
swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

**Aud.**
Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
Poeticall?

**Clow.**
I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art ho
nest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope
thou didst feigne.

**Aud.**
Would you not have me honest?

**Clo.**
No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for
honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a sawce to
Sugar.

**Iaq.**
A materiall foole.

**Aud.**
Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
Gods make me honest.

**Clo.**
Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule
slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

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

**Clo.**
Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut
tishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
I wil marry thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir
Oliuer Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath
promis'd to mee me in this place of the Forrest, and to
couple vs.

**Iaq.**
I would faine see this meeting.

**Aud.**
Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

**Clo.**
Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart,
stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple
but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what
though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neces
sarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras call: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet ter then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-
text.

Heere comes Sir Oliver Sir Olivier Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol.
Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo.
I wil not take her on guift of any man.

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

Iaq.
Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

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

Iaq.
Wil you be married, Motley?

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

Iaq.
And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo.
I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar rie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq.
Goe thou with mee, And let me counsel thee.

Ol.
Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Touchstone.

Come sweete Audrey,
We must be married, or we must live in bauldrey:
Farewel good Mr Oliuer: Not O sweet Oliuer, O braue Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.
Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt

Scœna Quarta.
[Act 3, Scene 4]
Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Rosalind. Neuer talke to me, I wil wepe.

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

Rosalind. But haue I not cause to wepe?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore wepe.

Rosalind. His very haire Is of the dissembling colour.

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

Rosalind. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:

Rosalind. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread.

Celia. [Page 199] As you like it.

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

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

Celia. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Doe you thinke so?

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

Ros.
Not true in loue?
Cel.
Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.
Ros.
You haue heard him sweare downright he was.
Cel.
Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for rest on the Duke your father.
Ros.
I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que stion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?
Cel.
O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo uer, as a puisny Tilter, yt spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin.
Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.
Cel.
Well: and what of him?
Cor.
If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdain, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.
Ros.
O come, let vs remoue, The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue: Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.
Scena Quinta.

[Act 3, Scene 5]

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

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

   Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

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

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

Phe.  
But till that time  
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,  
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Ros.  
And why I pray you? who might be your mother  
That you insult, exult, and all at once  
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty  
As by my faith, I see no more in you  
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:  
Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inke browes, your blacke silke haiere,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heaun, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

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

Ros.
Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & she'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe.
For no ill will I beare you.

Ros.
I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuftt of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:
Come[Page 200] As you like it.
Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe.
Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil.
Sweet Phebe.

Phe.
Hah: what saist thou Silnius?

Sil.
Sweet Phebe pitty me.

Phe.
Why I am sorry for thee gentle Silnius.

Sil.
Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grie
Were both extermin’d.

Phe.
Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil.
I would haue you.

Phe.
Why that were couetousnesse:
Silnius: the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil.
So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon.

Phe.
Knowst thou the youth that spok (while?

Sil.
Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of.

Phe.
Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women Siluius, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluius?

Sil.
Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe.
Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Siluius.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
[Act 4, Scene 1]
Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.
Iaq.
I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.
Ros.
They say you are a melancholly fellow.
Iaq.
I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.
Ros.
Those that are in extremity of either, are abho
minable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery mo
derne censure, worse then drunkards.
Iaq.
Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros.
Why then 'tis good to be a poste.
Iaq.
I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantastical;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com
pounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

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

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

Enter Orlando.

**Ros.**
And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

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

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

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

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

**Ros.**
Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diviide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

**Orl.**
Pardon me deere Rosalind.

**Ros.**
Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

**Orl.**
Of a Snaile?

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

**Orl.**
What's that?

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

Orl. Vertue

[Page 201]
As you like it.

Orl.
Vertue is no horne-maker: and my Rosalind is vertuous.

Ros.
And I am your Rosalind.

Cel.
It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rosa lind of a better leere then you.

Ros.
Come, woowe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie Rosalind?

Orl.
I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros.
Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc casion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl.
How if the kisse be denide?

Ros.
Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl.
Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Ros.
Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl.
What, of my suite?

Ros.
Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite: Am not I your Rosalind?

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

Ros.
Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.
Orl.
Then in mine owne person, I die.
Ros.
No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in
a loue cause: Troilous had his braines dash'd out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
and he is one of the patternes of loue. Leander, he would
have liu'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd
Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for
(good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hel
lespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd,
and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died
from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
for loue.
Orl.
I would not haue my right Rosalind of this mind,
for I protest her frowne might kill me.
Ros.
By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on dis
position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.
Orl.
Then loue me Rosalind.
Ros.
Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.
Orl.
And wilt thou haue me?
Ros.
I, and twentie such.
Orl.
What saiest thou?
Ros.
Are you not good?
Orl.
I hope so.
Rosalind.
Why then, can one desire too much of a
good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
marrie vs: giue me your hand Orlando: What doe you
say sister?
Orl.
Pray thee marrie vs.
Cel.
I cannot say the words.
Ros.
You must begin, will you Orlando.
Cel.
Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?

Orl.
I will.

Ros.
I, but when?

Orl.
Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

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

Orl.
I take thee Rosalind for wife.

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

Orl.
So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros.
Now tell me how long you wou'd haue her, after you haue possesst her?

Orl.
For euer, and a day.

Ros.
Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fanged then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a mon key: I will weepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountain, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl.
But will my Rosalind doe so?

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

Orl.
O but she is wise.

Ros.
Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl.
A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt?

Ros.
Nay, you might keepe that checcke for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

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

Rosa.
Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: T that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

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

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

Orl.
I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ros.
I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl.
I, sweet Rosalind.

Ros.
By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dange rous, if yo [...] breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most vnworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro mise.

Orl.
With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros.
Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu.

Exit.

Cel.
You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue prate: [Page 202] As you like it. prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

Ros.
O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel.
Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Ros.
No, that same wicked Bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiu’d of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel.
And Ile sleepe.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 4, Scene 2]
Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.
Iaq.
Which is he that killed the Deare?
Lord.
Sir, it was I.
Iaq.
Let’s present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?
Lord.
Yes Sir.
Iaq.
Sing it: ’tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall be haeve that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him hame, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.
[Act 4, Scene 3]
Enter Rosalind and Celia.
Ros.
How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And here much Orlando.

Cel.
I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain,  

Enter Silvia.

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

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

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

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

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

Sil.
Sure it is hers.

Ros.
Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vwomen's gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vwords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil.
So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.

Ros.
She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. Art thou god, to Shepheard turn'd>
That a maidens heart hath burn’d.
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil.
Call you this railing?
Ros.
Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,
War’st thou with a woman’s heart?*
Did you ever hear such railing?
*While the eye of man did wooe me,*
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
*If the scorn of your bright eye*
*Hath power to raise such love in mine,*
Alack, in me, what strange effect
*Would they work in mild aspect?*
*While you chid me, I did love,*
How then might your praiers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this Love in me:
And by him scale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then Ile study how to die.
Sil.
Call you this chiding?
Cel.
Alas poor Shepherd.
Ros.
Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity:
Will thou love such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her: if you be a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.
Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu.
Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coat, fenc’d about with Oliue-trees.
Cel.
West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring stremme
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, 
There's none within.

Oli.
If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description,  
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,  
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low  
And browner then her brother: are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel.
It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli.
Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?

Ros.
I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli.
Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel.
I pray you tell it.

Oli.
When last the yong Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to returne againe  
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,  
Loe vhat befell: he threw his eye aside,  
And marke what obiect did present it selfe  
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age  
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:  
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire  
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke  
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly  
Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it selfe,  
And with indented glides, did slip away  
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade  
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,  
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch  
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis  
The royall disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing, that doth seeame as dead:  
This scene, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel.
O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,  
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.

**Oli.**
And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.

**Ros.**
But to *Orlando:* did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

**Oli.**
Twice did he turne his backe, and purpose'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

**Cel.**
Are you his brother?

**Ros.**
Was't you he rescu'd?

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

**Oli.**
'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

**Ros.**
But for the bloody napkin?

**Oli.**
By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon Rosalinde.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheed youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

**Cel.**
Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.

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

**Cel.**
There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed.

Oli.
Looke, he recouers.

Ros.
I would I were at home.

Cel.
We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli.
Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ros.
I doe so, I confesse it:
Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei
ted: heigh-ho.

Oli.
This was not counterfeit, there is too great te
stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear
nest.

Ros.
Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

Ros.
So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a wo
man by right.

Cel.
C [...]me, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli.
That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros.
I shall devise something: but I pray you com
mend my counterfeit to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Act 5, Scene 1]
Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

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

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

Clow.
A most wicked Sir Oliuer, Awdrie, a most vile Mar-text. But Awdrie, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd.
I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo.
It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will.
Good eu'n Audrey.

Aud.
God ye good eu'n William.

Will.
And good eu'n to you Sir. Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Clo.
Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will.
Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo.
A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will.
William, sir.

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

Will.
I sir, I thanke God.

Clo.
Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich?

Will.
'Faith sir, so, so.

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

Will.
I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

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

Will.
I do [sir].

Clo.
Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will.
No sir.

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

Will.
Which he sir?

Clo.
He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this fe male: which in the common, is woman: which toge ther, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishes: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life in to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poy son with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore trem ble and depart.

A [...]d.
Do good William.

Will.
God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

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

Clo.
Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt

Soeena Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

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

Ol.
Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wo
ing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue Aliena: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir Rowlands will I estate vpon you, and here liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

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

Ros.
God saue you brother.
Ol.
And you faire sister.

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

Orl.
It is my arme.

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

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

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

Orl.
I, and greater wonders then that.

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

Orl.
They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
of heart heauinesse. by how much I shal thinke my broth
er happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros.
Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
for Rosalinde?

Orl.
I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros.
I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal
king. Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur
pose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit:
I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion
of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: nei
ther do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe
good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please,
that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three
yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in
his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know in
to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to [Page 205] As you like it.
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
and without any danger.

Orl.
Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros.
By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best a
ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor
row, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.
Phe.
Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros.
I care not if I haue: it is my studie
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.
Phe.
Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue
Sil.
It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe.
And I for Ganimed.
Orl.
And I for Rosalind.
Ros.
And I for no woman.
Sil.
It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe.
And I for Ganimed.
Orl.
And I for Rosalind.
Ros.
And I for no woman.
Sil.
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance:
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe.
And so am I for Ganimed.
Orl.
And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros.
And so am I for no woman.
Phe.
If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil.
If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl.
If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros.
Why do you speak too? Why blame you me to love you?
Orl.
To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros.
Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will help you
if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet
me altogether: I will make you, if ever I marry Woman,
and I shall be married to morrow: I will satisfy you,
if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow.
I will content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love
Rosalind meet, as you love Phebe meet, and as I love no
woman, I will meet: so fare you well: I have left you com-
mands.
Sil.
Ile not faile, if I liue.
Phe.
Nor I.
Scæna Tertia.
[Act 5, Scene 3]
Enter Clowne and Audrey.

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

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

1. Pa.
Wel met honest Gentleman.

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

We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. Pa.
Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,
With a bey, and a bo, and a bey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do sing, bey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet Louers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time.
With a bey, & a bo, and a bey nonino,
For lone is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.
Betweene the acres of the Ric,
With a bey, and a bo, & a bey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, &c.
This Carroll they began that houre,
With a bey and a bo, & a bey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.

Clo.
Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y'note was very vntunable

1. Pa.
you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

**Clo.**

By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come **Audrie**.

**Exeunt.**

**Scena Quarta.**

**[Act 5, Scene 4]**

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

**Du. Sen.**

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

**Orl.**

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

**Ros.**

Patience once more, whiles our (cō pact)compact is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your **Rosalinde**, You wil bestow her on **Orlando** heere?

**Du. Se.**

That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

**Ros.**

And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

**Orl.**

That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

**Ros.**

You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

**Phe.**

That will I, should I die the houre after.

**Ros.**

But if you do refuse to marrie me, You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

**Phe.**

So is the bargaine.

**Ros.**

You say that you'l haue **Phebe** if she will.

**Sil.**

Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

**SRos.**

[Page 206]

As you like it.

**Ros.**

I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen: Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter, You yours **Orlando**, to receiue his daughter: Keepe you your word **Phebe**, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Silvius, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen.
Exit Ros. and Celia.

Du. Sen.
I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl.
My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq.
There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
Fooles.

Clo.
Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq.
Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in
the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.

Clo.
If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq.
And how was that tane vp?

Clo.
'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
the seuenth cause.

Iaq.
How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.

Du. Se.
I like him very well.

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

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

Clo.  
According to the foole's bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Iaq.  
Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.
Du. Se.
He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn
der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen.

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

Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her beter.
That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

Rosalind.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

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

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

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

Rosalind.
Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in Hymens bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning:
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples everie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du. Se.
O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.
Phe.

As you like it.
Phe.
I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro.
Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Du. Se.
Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere vete well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal [share] the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.
Iaq.
Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

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

Du. Se.
Stay, Iaques, stay.

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

Exit

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

Exit

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

Exit.

FINIS.