As You Like It from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true original copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
<funder><ref>http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
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Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

Bodleian Library, Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1906-?]

Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] 

M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>

<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

<lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &<amp;>

TRAGEDIES. <titlePart>

Publishd according to the True Originall Copies.<titlePart>


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)

\[ 2C^2 a-g^6 \chi g^6 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2 [\text{para}.]-2[\text{para}.]^6 3[\text{para}]^1 aa-f^6 \]

\[ hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. \text{West}: \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2A-2B^6 2C^2 a- \]

'gg3.4' (\( \pm 'g g^3' \)) [\text{para}.]-2[\text{para}.]^6 3[\text{para}]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6

\[ x^6 2y-3b^6. \]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed A3; \( 3gg^1 \) mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King John" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier shading, with the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>
<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor</p>
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer <bibl>

Third Folio</bibl> (<date when="1664">1664</date>). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905)<p>

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>

Digital facsimile images available at: <ref target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.
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  <persName type="form">Cle.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Co.</persName>
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Cor.

Corin.

Dennis, shepherd

Den.

Frederick, the Duke's brother, and usurper of his dominions

Du.

Duk.

Duke Sen.

Du. Se.

Du. Sen.

Duk. Sen.

Duke Senior, living in exile

Du. Se.

Du. Sen.

Duk. Sen.

Hymen

Hy.

Jaques

Ia.

Iaq.

Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick

Le Beu.

Lord

Lord.

Oliver, son of Sir Rowland de Boys

Ol.

Oliu.

Oliuer.

Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar
Adam. <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando and
Adam. <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>, it was vpon this fashion
<br/>bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness: My brother Iaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staines me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that divers 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 manage, and to that end Riders deereely 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 thing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue me, 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 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.

Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

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

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

Know you where you are sir?

O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Know you before whom sir?

I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle

dition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

What Boy.

Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in
Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

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

Let me goe I say.

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

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

Get you with him, you olde dogge.

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

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

Calls your worship? Was not Charles the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me?

So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.

Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.
Good Mounsier <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>: what's the new newes at the new Court?&

Charles.</sp>
<p>There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yon brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Q3</p>&

Lords</p>&
<p>As you like it.</p>&
<p>Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.</p>&
<p>Can you tell if <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?</p>&
<p>O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two La dies loued as they doe.</p>&
<p>Where will the old Duke liue?</p>&
<p>They say hee is already in the Forrest of <hi rend="italic">Arden</hi>, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old <hi rend="italic">Robin Hood</hi> of <hi rend="italic">England</hi>; they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euer day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.}</p>
<speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
<p>What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
<p>Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
<p><hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, 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 herein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolutive. Ile tell thee <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, it is the stubborndest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of euerie mans good parts, a secret &amp; villainous 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 dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poysen, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and user leaue thee till he <note resp="#ES">A large stain slightly obscures many letters on this page. </note>

<note reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES">th tane thy life by some indirect meane or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so</note>

<note reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES">vil</note>

lanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weep, and thou must looke pale and
wonder.

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.

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.</stage>

Farewell good Charles. Now will I stirre this Game; I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devise, 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 clear e all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

Exit.</stage>

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

I pray thee, sweet my Coz, be merry.

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 learme mee how to remember any extraordinary plea; Iam mi and #x00AD;

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 beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue
to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth
of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
is to thee.

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

You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor
be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy
father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by
mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee
turne monster: therefore my sweet Rose, my deare Rose,
be merry.

From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports:
let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?
Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but
loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport
nor come off againe.

What shall be our sport then?
Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth
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 illfaouredly.

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 perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow.

Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel.

Were you made the messenger?
No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

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

I marry, now vnuzzle your wisedome.

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

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

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 heuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.
Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.

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

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

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

Le Beau. Faire Princesse, you haue lost much good sport.
who = "#F-ayl-cel"
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>Sport: of what colour?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
  <p>What colour Madame? How shall I aun&###x00AD;swer you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>As wit and fortune will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Or as the destinies decrees.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>Thou loosest thy old smell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
  <p>You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
  <p>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.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.</p>
</sp>
There comes an old man, and his three sons.

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Three proper yong men, of excellent growth

With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto

The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles the Dukes Wrastler, which

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 ders take his part with weeping.

Alas.

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

Why this that I speake of.

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

Or I, I promise thee.

But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon ribbreaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

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

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

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

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

Is yonder the man?

Euen he, Madam.

Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully

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 challe

ers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can

mooue him.

Cel. 

Call him hether good Monsieuer Le Beu.

Duke. 

Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. 

Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals for you.

Orl. 

I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Orl. 

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

of my youth.

Cel. 

Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans

strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your

aduen: 

ture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe

tie, and giue ouer this attempt.</p>

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.</p>

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 foill'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

And mine to eke out hers.

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

Your hearts desires be with you.

Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

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

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

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong felow by the legge.

Wrastle. Oh excellent yong man.

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

Shout. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.
Duk. How dost thou Charles?

Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie: What is thy name yong man?

Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Ro&

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: 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.

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

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

His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to.

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.
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.

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?

I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,

Ile aske him what would: Did you call Sir?

Sir, you haue wrastle well, and ouerthrowne

More then your enemi.

Will you goe Coze?

Haue with you

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 liulesses blocke.

Sir, you haue wrastle

well, and ouerthrowne

More then your enemi.

Will you goe Coze?

Haue with you

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 liulesses blocke.

Will you goe Coze?

Haue with you

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 liulesses blocke.

Will you goe Coze?

Haue with you

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 liulesses blocke.

Will you goe Coze?

Haue with you

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 liulesses blocke.

Can I not say, I thanke you?

Sir, you haue wrastle

well, and ouerthrowne

More then your enemi.
What passion hangs these waights upon my tongue?

I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne!

Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you leave 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.

I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

That here was at the Wrestling?

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.

I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,

From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly Rosaline.

Exit.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Celia: Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid have mercie,
Not a word?

Rosaline: Not one to throw at a dog.

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

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

Celia: But is all this for your Father?

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

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

Rosaline: I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.
who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>Hem them away.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>O they the part of a better wrastler then my selfe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ce</speaker>
  <c rend="roman">l</c>.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>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</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>No faith, hate him not for my sake.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
</sp>
Why should I not doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him

Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

With his eies full of anger.

Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our Court.

Me Vncle.

You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou beest found

So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,

Thou diest for it.

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.

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

Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

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.

Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.
I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like Iunos
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

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

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

Exit Duke,

I haue more cause.

Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
That he hath not.
No, hath not? Rosaline lacks then the loue

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

Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel.

To seeke my Vnkle in the Forrest of Arden.

Alas, what danger will it be to vs,

(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?

Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,

And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face,

The like doe you, so shall we passe along,

And neuer stir assailants.

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.

Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but

Ile haue no worse a name then Ioues

And therefore looke you call me Ganime

But what will you be call'd?
Aliena</hl>.  
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale</l>
  <l>The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:</l>
  <l>Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,</l>
  <l>Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away</l>
  <l>And get our jewels and our wealth together.</l>
  <l>Deuise the fittest time, and safest way</l>
  <l>To hide vs from pursuite that will be made</l>
  <l>After my flight: now goe in we content</l>
  <l>To libertie, and not to banishment.</l>
</sp>

</div>
</div>

<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Now my Coe</l>
  <l>Are not these woods</l>
  <l>More free from perill then the enuious Court?</l>
  <l>Heere feele we not the penaltie of</l>
  <l>The seasons difference, as the Icie phange</l>
  <l>And churlish chiding of the winters winde,</l>
  <l>Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body</l>
  <l>Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say</l>
  <l>This is no flattery: these are counsellors</l>
</sp>
That feelingly persuade me what I am:
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, oughly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every 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.

Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?

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

Indeed my Lord
The melancholy
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
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 annima 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, Amiens, and my selfe,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
But what said Iaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

O yes, into a thousand similies.

First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame; Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament as worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more. To that which had too must: then being there alone, Left and abandoned of his veluet friend; 'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part the fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse heard.

pasture, iumps along by him: I quoth Iaques, you fat and greazie citizens, e fashion; wherefore doe you looke at poore and broken bankrupt there? ineuctiuely he pierceth through f countrie, citie, court, is our life, swearing that we ers, tyrants, and what's worse? imals, and to kill them vp.

duine dwelling place.

e him in this contemplation? eeping and commenting.

Show me the place, I loue to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter.
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lor</speaker><br>Ile bring you to him strait.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage type="entrance">Enter Duke, with Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>Can it be possible that no man saw them?</l>
  <l>It cannot be, some villaines of my Court</l>
  <l>Are of consent and sufferance in this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot heare of any that did see her,</l>
  <l>The Ladies her attentants of her chamber</l>
  <l>Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,</l>
  <l>They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Lor.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,</l>
  <l>Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Hisperia</hi> the Princesse Centlewoman</l>
  <l>Confesses that she secretly ore heard</l>
  <l>Your daughter and her Cosen much commend</l>
  <l>The parts and graces of the Wrastler</l>
  <l>That did but lately foile the synowie</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Princesse</l>
  <l>And she beleues where euer they are gone</l>
  <l>That youth is surely in their companie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,</l>
  <l>If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,</l>
  <l>Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;</l>
  <l>And let not search and inquisition quaile,</l>
  <l>To bring againe these foolish runawaies.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando and Adam.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>Who's there?</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <l>O vnhappie youth,</l>
  <l>Come not within these doores: within this rooffe</l>
  <l>The enemie of all your graces liues</l>
  <l>Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne</l>
  <l>(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)</l>
  <l>Of him I was about to call his Fa</l>
  <l>Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,</l>
  <l>To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,</l>
  <l>He will haue other meanes to cut you off;</l>
  <l>I ouerheard him: and his practises;</l>
  <l>This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;</l>
  <l>Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Orlando.</note>
</sp>
<l>Why whether <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi> would'st thou haue me go?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <l>No matter whether, so you come not here.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>What, would'st thou haue me go &amp; beg my food,</l>
  <l>Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce</l>
  <l>A theeuish liuing on the common rode?</l>
  <l>This I must do, or know not what to do;</l>
  <l>Yet this I will not do, do how I can;</l>
  <l>I rather will subiect me to the malice</l>
  <l>Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <l>But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,</l>
  <l>The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,</l>
  <l>Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,</l>
  <l>When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,</l>
  <l>And vnregarded age in corners throwne,</l>
  <l>Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,</l>
  <l>Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,</l>
  <l>Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,</l>
  <l>All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,</l>
  <l>Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;</l>
  <l>For in my youth I neuer did apply</l>
  <l>Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,</l>
  <l>Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,</l>
  <l>The meanes of weakensse and debilitie,</l>
  <l>Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,</l>
  <l>Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,</l>
  <l>Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man</l>
  <l>In all your businesse and necesseties.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares</l>
  <l>The constant seruice of the antique world,</l>
  <l>When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede;</l>
  <l>Thou art not for the fashion of these times,</l>
  <l>Where none will sweate, but for promotion,</l>
  <l>And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,</l>
  <l>Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee;</l>
  <l>But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,</l>
  <l>That cannot so much as a blossome yeelede;</l>
  <l>In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,</l>
</sp>
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some setled low content.

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 seauenteeene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
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

I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.
I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.
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.

Well, this is the Forrest of Arden. I, now am I in Arden, the more foole when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must be content.

Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

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

No, 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?

Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.
Oh thou didst then never love so heartily, If thou rememberest not the slightest folly, That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not loved. Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistress praise, Thou hast not loved. Or if thou hast not broke from companie, Abruptly as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Exit.

Alas poor Shepheard searching of they would, I have by hard adventure found mine own. And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a night to Jane Smile, and I remember the kiss of her batler, and the Cows dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping tears, weare these for my sake: wee that are true lovers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Thou speake'st wiser then thou art ware of. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.

Thou speake'st wiser then thou art ware of. This Shepheard's passion, this Shepheard's passion.
And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

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

Holla; you Clowne.

Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Your betters Sir.

Else are they very wretched.

As you like it.

Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

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.
Faire Sir, I pittie her, and wish for her sake more then for mine owne, my fortunes were more able to releue her: But I am shepheard to anoother 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.

What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture? 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. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place, and willingly could waste my time in it.

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.
<!--scene n="5"><!--head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head-->
<supplied type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</supplied><!--stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.</stage-->
<s rend="center" type="business">Song.</s>

<g>
  <l rend="italic">Vnder the greene wood tree,\</l>
  <l rend="italic">who loues to lye with mee,\</l>
  <l rend="italic">And turne his merrie Note,\</l>
  <l rend="italic">vnto the sweet Birds throte:\</l>
  <l rend="italic">Come hither, come hither, come hither:\</l>
  <l rend="italic">Heere shall he see no enemie,\</l>
  <l rend="italic">But Winter and rough Weather.\</l>
</g>

<s rend="italic">Iaq.</s>

<l>More, more, I pre'thee more.</l>

<s rend="italic">Amy.</s>

<l>It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaques.\</l>

<s rend="italic">Iaq.</s>

<l>I thanke it: More, I prethee more,\</l>

<l>I can sucke melancholly out of a song,\</l>

<l>As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.\</l>

<s rend="italic">Amy.</s>

<l>My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.\</l>

<s rend="italic">Iaq.</s>

<l>I do not desire you to please me,\</l>

<l>I do desire you to sing:\</l>

<l>Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you 'em stanzo's?\</l>

<s rend="italic">Amy.</s>

<l>What you wil Monsieur Iaques.\</l>

<s rend="italic">Iaq.</s>

<l>Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing.\</l>
Wil

you sing?

More at your request, then to please my selfe.

More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me

heartily,

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.

Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,

I haue bin all this day to auoid him:

He is too disputeable for my companie:

Come, warble, come.

Who doth ambition shunne,

Ile giue you a verse to this note,

I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.

Song. Altogether

heere.

Who doth ambition shunne,

Who doth ambition shunne,

Who doth ambition shunne,

Who doth ambition shunne,

Who doth ambition shunne,

Who doth ambition shunne,
And Ile sing it.

Thus it goes.

If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.

What's that Ducdame?
Iaq.
'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Orlando, & 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.

Why how now Orl? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while.
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
to some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good Adam.

Exeunt

Scena Septima.
[Act 2, Scene 7]
Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Outlaws.

Du. Sen.
I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.
My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.
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.

He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Heeere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

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.

He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.
A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest.
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

What foole is this?

O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
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.
It is my onely suite,

Prouided that you weed your better iudgements

Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,

That I am wise. I must haue liberty

Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,

To blow on whom I please, for so foole haue:

And they that are most gauld 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.

Invest me in my motley: Giue me leaue

To speake my minde, and I will through and through

Cleanse th[e] foule bodie of th'infected world,

If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

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

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

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 City 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,
<l>Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites</l>
<l>His folly to the mettle of my speech</l>
<l>There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein</l>
<l>My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right</l>
<l>Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free</l>
<l>Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies</l>
<l>Vnclaim'd of any man But who come here</l>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orlando.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ork">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>Forbeare, and eate no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>Why I haue eate none yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ork">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres</l>
  <c rend="italic">?&lt;/c&gt;</l>
  <l>Or else a rude despiser of good manners,</l>
  <l>That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ork">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point</l>
  <l>Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew</l>
  <l>Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in land bred</l>
  <l>And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say</l>
  <l>He dies that touches any of this fruite</l>
  <l>Till I, and my affaires are answered</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>And you will not be answer'd with reason</l>
  <l>I must dye</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>What would you haue</l>
  <l>Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force</l>
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

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

Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table.

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.

True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

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

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

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

Thou seest, we are not all alone vn happie: This wide and vniuersall Theater presents more wofull Pageants then the Scene wherein we play in.

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 seven 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 to schoole. And then the Louer, Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad Made to his Mistresse eye and 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 Justice 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 saud, 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 euentfull historie, Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
Enter Orlando with Adam.

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

I thank you most for him.

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

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

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

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

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

as benefitts forgot.

Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seek 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.

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

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 expeditiously, and turne him going.

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

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.
Enter Orlando.

Orl.

Hang there my verse, in witness of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queen of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy Huntress name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run Orlando, carve on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

Enter Corin, Clowne.

Co.

And how like you this shepherd's life Mr. Touchstone?

Clow.

Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very wild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (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?
no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Such a one is a natural Philosopher:

Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

No truly.

Then thou art damn'd.

For not being at Court? your reason.

Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state.

heard.

Not a whit, those that are good ma...
Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Besides, our hands are hard.

And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheep: and would you have us kiss Tarre? The Courtier's hands are perfumed with Cuijet.

Most shallow man: Thou wormes meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: learn of the wise and perpend: Cuijet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance heard.

You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.
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.</p>

Clo.</p>

That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liu

ning, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel&

tweluemonth weather, and to betray a shee& Lambe of a
tweluemonth reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the dueell himsef will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.</p>

Cor.

Heere comes yong Mr, my new Mistris ses Brother.</p>

Rosalind.</p>

Ros.

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

Clo.</p>

Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter&womens ranke to Market.</p>

Ros.</p>
Out Foole.

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 bind,

then to cart with Rosalinde.

Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,

such a nut is Rosalinde.

He that sweetest rose will finde,

must finde Loues pricke, Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you

infect your selfe with them?

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

Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it

with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country:

try: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
the right vertue of the Medler.

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

Enter Celia with a writing.

Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it

with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country:

try: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
the right vertue of the Medler.
Why should this Desert bee, for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree, that shall ciuill sayings shoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span, Some of violated vowes,
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree, that shall ciuill sayings shoe.
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
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue, and I to liue and die her slaue.
As you like it. Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maiestie: Attalanta's better part,
Sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deerest pris'd.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
and I to liue and die her slaue.
O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.
How now backe friends: Shepheard, go of a little: go with him sirrah.

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

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

Didst thou heare these verses?

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

That's no matter: the feet might beare yourselves.

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

Tro you, who hath done this?

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 sinc Pythagoras time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.
Ros.<p>Is it a man?</p>

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

Cel.<p>O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earth quakes, and so encounter.</p>

Cel.<p>Is it possible?</p>

Cel.<p>O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out all hooping.</p>

Ros.<p>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'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke
out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

So you may put a man in your belly.

Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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.

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

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

I'faith (Coz) tis he.

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 here? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a 200AD:
gaine? Answer me in one word.

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

<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?
</Ros>

<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.
</Cel>

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

<Cel>
Giue me audience, good Madam.
</Cel>

<Ros>
Proceed.
</Ros>

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

<Ros>
Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell becomes the ground.
</Ros>
Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

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

'Dtis he, slinke by, and note him.

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

I do desire we may be better strangers.

I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing
Loue songs in their barkes.

I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Rosalinde is your loues name?

Yes, Iust.

I do not like her name.

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

What stature is she of?

Just as high as my heart.

You are ful of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & quainted with goldsmiths wiues, & all out of rings.

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

You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of Attalanta's heelles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
our miserie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orml"

    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<p>I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe</p>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic"

place="footRight">against</fw>

<p>As you like it.</p>

<cb n="1"/>

<p>against whom I know</p>

<choice><orig>mofl</orig><corr>most</corr></choice> faults.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq"

    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>

<p>The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orml"

    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<p>’Tis a fault I will not change, for your best ver</p>

<lb/>tue: I am wearie of you.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq"

    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>

<p>By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I</p>

<lb/>found you.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orml"

    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<p>He is drown’d in the brooke, looke but in, and</p>

<lb/>you shall see him.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq"

    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>

<p>There I shal see mine owne figure.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orml"

    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<p>Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq"

    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>

<p>Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good sig</p>

<lb/>nier Loue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-orml"

    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<p>I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon</p>

<lb/>soeir Melancholly.</p>

</sp>
I will speak to him like a scurvy Lacky. And under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear?

Verily well, what would you?

Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour would detect the lazie foot of time, as well as a clock.

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

By no means sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles with;

all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized:

if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.
Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepeis easily cause he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, be

be

bur

then of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

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

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

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

Are you natiue of this place?
As the Conie that you see dwell where she is kindled.

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

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 many 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.

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

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

I prethee recount some of them.

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 give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak’d, I pray you tel me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: 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 spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hose should be ungarter’d, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeue unbutton’d, your shoo untied, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point devise in your coustremens, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

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

Me beleue it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleuee, 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?

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

But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, de
dees 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.

Did you euer cure any so?

Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, ful of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor was to forswear the ful stream of y world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor was to Li; to liue as clean as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.
Orl.

I would not be cured, youth.

Ros.

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosa­­lind, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

As you like it.

Orlan.

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

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

With all my heart, good youth.

Nay, you must call mee Rosalind:

Come sister,

Will you go?

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Goates, and how am I the man yet?
Doth my simple feature content you?<p><sp who="#F-ayl-aud"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker></p><p>I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest <hi rend="italic">Ouid</hi> was among the Gothes.</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-jaq"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker></p><p>O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-tou"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker></p><p>When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit secon ded with the forward childe, un&amp;#x00AD; derstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great rec&amp;#x00AD; koning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical.</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-aud"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker></p><p>I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-tou"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker></p><p>No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai ning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-aud"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker></p><p>Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical?</p><p><sp who="#F-ayl-tou"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker></p><p>I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.
Would you not haue me honest?

No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coup led to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

A materiall foole.

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

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

Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slutishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Oliuer Mar\textsuperscript{\textregistered}, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

I would faine see this meeting.

Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.
Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne and beasts. But what though? Courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns, even so poor men alone:

No, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the Ras;

call: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd town is more worthier then a village, so is the fore head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horn more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver. Heere comes Sir Oliver: Sir you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Is there none here to give the woman?

I will not take her on gift of any man.

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

Proceed, proceed: I will give her.

Good even good Mr what ye call: 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.

Wil you be married, Motley?

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.

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.

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

'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them

But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.
Exeunt

Scœna Quarta.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

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

But haue I not cause to weepe?

As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

An excellent colour:

And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As you like it.

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very yce of chastity is in them.

But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not? Doe you thinke so?

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

Not true in loue?

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

You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

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
rest on the Duke your father.</p>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <p>O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his loved, as a puisny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Corin.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corin.</speaker>
  <l>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.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>Well: and what of him?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <l>If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdaine, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>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.</l>
</sp>
Exeunt.

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage></div>
</div>

<scene n="5">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Siluius and

Phebe.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
  <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> doe not scorne me, do not <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> doe not scorne me, do</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Phebe</speaker>
  <l>I would not be thy executioner, will you sterner be</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
  <l>O deere <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>, if euer (as that euer may be neere)</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Phebe</speaker>
  <l>That can doe hurt.</l>
</sp>
That Loues keene arrows make.

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.

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?

I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:

No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,

'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,

Your bugle eye, balls, nor your cheeke of creame

That can entame my spirits to your worship:

Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,

You are a thousand times a properer man

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 heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;

Sell when you can, you are not for all mark
ts.

Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,

Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,

I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

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

For no ill will I beare you.

I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

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,

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

Why I am sorry for thee gentle Siluius?
Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Why I am sorry for thee gentle Siluius?

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

Thou hast my loue, is n ot that neighbourly?
I would haue you.
Why that were couetousnesse:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere
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.

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.

Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere

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.

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

Siluius</hi>,?/l>
</sp>

Sil. <speaker rend="italic">Phebe</speaker>, with all my heart.<l>
</speaker>
</sp>
Phe. <speaker rend="italic">Ile write it strait:</speaker>
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,<l>
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;<l>
Goe with me <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>.<l>
</hi></l>
</sp>

Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
</div type="act" n="4">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<cb n="2"/>
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.</stage>
</div type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

They say you are a melancholly fellow.

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

Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moresome censure, worse then drunkards.

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

Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

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, compounded 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 humours sadnesse.

A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.
Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

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.

Good day, and happinesse, deere Rosalind.

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

Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natuuitie, 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.

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

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

Pardon me deere Rosalind, I come within an houre of my promise.
"Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile."

"Of a Snaile?"

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

"What's that?"

"Why hornes: w<c rend="superscript">c</c> 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."

"Vertue is no horne‑maker: and my <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> is vertuous."

"And I am your <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>."

"It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> of a better leere then you."
Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a holy & #x2011; day humor, and like enough to consent:

What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie Rosalind?

I would kisse before I spoke.

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

How if the kisse be denide?

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

Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

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

What, of my suite?

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.

Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Then in mine owne person, I die.

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 haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer night, for Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

I would not haue my right Rosalind of this mind,

for I protest her frowne might kill me.

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

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

I, and twentie such.

I hope so.

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?

Pray thee marrie vs.

I cannot say the words.

You must begin, will you Orlando.
Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

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

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

Orl. I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission, but I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.
Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are April when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cocke ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: 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 thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

But will my Rosalind doe so?

By my life, she will doe as I doe.

O but she is wise.

Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores up a man's wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

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

Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you
met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.</p>

And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?</p>

Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: 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.</p>

For these two houres, I wil leaue thee.</p>

Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.</p>

I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.</p>

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.</p>

I, sweet Rosalind. 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.
and the most vnworthy of her you call <hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>, that
may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the
vnfaith&uf#x00AD; full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your
promise.

Orl.

With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
my <hi rend="italic">Rosalin</hi>: so adieu.

Ros.

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

Cel.

You haue simply misus'd our sexe in you-
prate:
As you like
it.

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.

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

No, that same wicked Bastard of <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi>, that was
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of
madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery
one's eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge,
how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee
Aliena, I cannot be
out of the sight of Orlando: Ile
go finde a shadow, and
sigh till he come.

And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?
Lord. Sir, it was I.
Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
no song Forrester for thi
s purpose?
Lord. Yes Sir.
Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noys
e enough.

Musicke, Song.

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

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 3]
Enter Rosalin and Celia.

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

I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,
He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes here.

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

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

"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 huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.
"Sure it is hers.
Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?
"So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of <hi rend="italic">Phebes</hi> crueltie."
"Why, thy godhead laid a part,
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a vvoman raile thus?
"Call you this railing?
Read. <hi rend="italic">Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd</hi>"
War'st thou with a womans heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eine

Haue power to raise such loue in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you c

hid me, I did loue,

How then might your praiers moue?

He that brings this loue to thee,

Little knowes this Loue in me:

And by him seale vp thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Wi

ll the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my loue denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

Call you this chiding?

Alas poore Shepheard.

Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty:

wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee not to be en
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue&#2011;trees. 

West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom 
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame 
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place: 
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, 
There's none within.

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

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.

I pray you tell it.
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 vwhat 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, orecrown'd 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 Lyonnnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis

The royall disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

This seene, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,

And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu'd amongst men.

But to Orlando: did he leaue him there

Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

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 give battle to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Are you his brother?
Was't you he rescu'd?
Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

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

But for the bloody napkin?
By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
There turned some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon <hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>.

Briefe, I recover'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>, sweet <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>, sweet</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>There is more in it; Cosen</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>Looke, he recouers.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>I would I were at home.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>We'll lead you thither: I pray you will you take him by the arme.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>Be of good cheere youth: you a man?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei</p>
</sp>

<lb>ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei</lb>

<lb>ted: heigh</lb>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <p>This was not counterfeit, there is too great te</p>
</sp>

<lb>stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear</lb>

<lb>nest.</lb>
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>Counterfeit, I assure you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
    <p>Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a wo¬man by right.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>Cme, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
    <p>That will I: for I must beare answere backe How you excuse my brother, <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>I shall devise something: but I pray you com¬mend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>

<div type="act" n="5">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and Awdrie.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
            <p>We shall finde a time <hi rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>, patience gen¬&<wbr/>#x00AD;Awdrie</p>
            <lb>/</lb>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
            <speaker rend="italic">Awd.</speaker>
            <p>Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.</p>
        </sp>
    </div>
</div>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>A most wicked Sir <hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>, a most vile</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
  <speaker rend="italic">Awd.</speaker>
  <p>I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter William.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p>Good eu'n <hi rend="italic">Audrey</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
  <speaker rend="italic">Audrey</speaker>
  <p>God ye good eu'n <hi rend="italic">William</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p>And good eu'n to you Sir.<note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p>Fiue and twentie Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. sir.

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

I sir, I thanke God.

Thanke God: A good answer:

'Faith sir, so, so.

So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:

Art thou wise?

I do sir, I haue a prettie wit.

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

thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.

You do loue this maid?

I do
Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

No sir.

Then leanme 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.

Which he sir?

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 male: which in the common, is woman: which togerther, is abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest: or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will ban with thee in faction, I will ore run thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Do good William.
Will.

God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

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

Exit

Enter Corin.

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

Trip, trip, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

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

And luing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

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

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

lieue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.
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.

God saue you brother.

And you faire sister.

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

It is my arme.

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

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

I, and greater wonders then that.

O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and Cesaars Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no
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
incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of
loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part
them.</p></sp>

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
brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.</p></sp>

I can liue no longer by thinking.</p></sp>

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:
her 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 <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries <hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>, shall you
marrie her. I know in
to what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, if it appeare not inconuenient to you.

As you like it.

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 ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to row, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will. Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Phebe. Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares.

Phe. And so am I for Rosalind.

Phe.
And I for "italic"Ganimed"italic".</sp>
</l>
<p>And I for "italic"O rl."italic"</p>
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</p>

And I for "italic"Ros."italic"

And I for no woman.

And I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

And I for "italic"O rl."italic"

And I for "italic"Ros."italic"

And I for no woman.

And I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

And I for "italic"O rl."italic"

And I for "italic"Ros."italic"

And so am I for no woman.

And I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

It is to be all made of faith and service.

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

It is to be all made of faith and service.

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

It is to be all made of fantasie.

All made of passion, and all made of wishes.

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance.

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience.

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
</l>
</p>
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</p>

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".</p>
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</p>

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".

And so am I for no woman.

And so am I for "italic"P hebe"italic".
If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil.

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

Orl.

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

Ros.

Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee

Orl.

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

Ros.

Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie

Wo&x00AD; man, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor&x00AD; row. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to orrow: As you loue Phebe<hi rend="italic"> meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you com&x00AD; mands.

Sil.

Ile not faile, if I liue.

Orl.

Nor I.

Nor I.

Exeunt.
Scœna Tertia. [Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

To morrow is the ioyfull day tomorrow will we be married.

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.

We are for you, sit i'th middle.

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.

It was a Louer, and his lasse, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, That o're the greene corne feild did passe, In the spring time, the onely pretty rang
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.

Sweet Louers loue the spring,

And therefore take the present time.

With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,

For loue is crowned with the prime.

In spring time,

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a hey, and a ho,

These prettie Country folks would lie.

In spring time,

This Carroll they began that houre,

With a hey and a ho,

How that a life was but a Flower,

In spring time,

This is all that Carvill, and the saxon says

Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no

great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very

vntunable.

Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no

great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very

yng Gentlemen, though there vvas no

great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very

yng Gentlemen, though there vvas no

great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very
I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Patience once more, whiles our compact is vrg'd:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

So is the bargain.

You say that you'll have Phebe if she will.
"Sil." Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

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

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even:

Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,

You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keepe you your word Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd:

Keepe your word Siluius, that you'll marry her

If she refuse me, and from hence I go

To make these doubts all even.

Exit Ros. and Celia.

I do remember in this shepheard boy,

Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

My Lord, the first time that I ever 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 uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

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

Foole.
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Salutation and greeting to you all.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
<lb>Motley and minded Gentleman, that I haue so often
met in
the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>And how was that tane vp?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
the seuenth cause.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
<p>I like him very well.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse
in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues
to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds
and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an
ilicious favored thing
sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a
ster, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
  <p>By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <p>But for the seventh cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Vpon a lye, seuen times removed: (beare your bodie more seeming <hi rend="italic">Audry</hi>) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it &amp;#2011; to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter &amp;#2011; checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <p>And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee mea&amp;#x00AD;</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <p>Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.</p>
</sp>
who = "#F-ayl-tou"

Clo.

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip&modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke relse: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seventh, the Lye direct: and 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, Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made eauen attone together. Good Duke receiue thy daughter, Hymen from Heauen brought her, Yea brought her hether. That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his, Whose heart within his bosome is.

To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I give myselfe, for I am yours.

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

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

If sight & shape be true, why then my love adieu

I have no Father, if you be not he:
I have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
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 love must accord,
Or have 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.

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

Song.

Song.
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.
</sp>
/fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Phe.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axe0227-0.jpg" n="207"/>
/fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
/speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.
</sp>
/stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Second Brother.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-bro.2">
/speaker rend="italic">2. Bro.</speaker>
Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old <hi rend="italic">Sir Rowland</hi>,
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.
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
/speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere vvete well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal
<choice><orig>sharc</orig><corr>share</corr></choice> 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&amp;#x2011;grooms all, With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

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

He hath.

To him will I: out of these conuertites, There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd: you to your former Honor, I bequea

your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.

you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:

you to your land, and loue, and great allies:

you to a long, and well&amp;#x2011;deserued bed:

And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage

Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,

I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Stay, stay.

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

Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights, As we do trust, they'l end in true delights.
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good

Epi
d; logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to 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

Wo
man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.

Exit.

FINIS.