As You Like It

by William Shakespeare

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AS YOU LIKE IT ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's play.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

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Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it

is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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As you Like it

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember Adam, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother Iaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me

rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it. Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother

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

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere? Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing

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

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

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury? Oli. Know you where you are sir? Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard

Oli. Know you before whom sir? Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations 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

comming before me is neerer to his reuerence

Oli. What Boy

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

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

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

Oli. Let me goe I say

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

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge

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

Ex. Orl. Ad.

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

Den. Calls your worship? Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me? Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you

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

Cha. Good morrow to your worship

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

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father? Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe

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

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

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

such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will

Oli. Charles , I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as 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 poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder

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

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

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue? Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe

Ros. What shall be our sport then? Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife Fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally

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

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

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? Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you Ros. Where learned you that oath foole? Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge? Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome

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

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

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

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't? Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues

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

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

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

Ros. With his mouth full of newes

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

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. Boon-iour Monsieur le Beu, what's the newes? Le Beu. Faire Princesse, you haue lost much good sport

Cel. Sport: of what colour? Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I aunswer you? Ros. As wit and fortune will

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees

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

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell

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

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling

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

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried

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

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale

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

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

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

Ros. Alas

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost? Le Beu. Why this that I speake of

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin? Le Beu. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it

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

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

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

Ros. Is yonder the man? Le Beu. Euen he, Madam

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully Du. How now daughter, and Cousin: Are you crept hither to see the wrastling? Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue

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

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer Le Beu

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by

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

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd Charles the Wrastler? Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth

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

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

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

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

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers

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

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you

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

Duk. You shall trie but one fall

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

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

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man

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

Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man

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

Shout.

Duk. No more, no more

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

Duk. How do'st thou Charles? Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord

Duk. Beare him awaie: What is thy name yong man? Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys

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

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this? Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to Fredricke

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

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

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

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

Ros. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes, Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir? Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne More then your enemies

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

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpo[n] my toong? 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

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd High commendation, true applause, and loue; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That he misconsters all that you haue done: The Duke is

humorous, what he is indeede More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of

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

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

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid haue mercie, Not a word? Ros. Not one to throw at a dog

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Hem them away

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

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections

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

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice, let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sodaine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roulands yongest sonne?
Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie

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

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well? Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke

Cel. With his eies full of anger

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court

Ros. Me Vncle

Duk. You Cosen, Within these ten daies if that thou beest found So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, Thou diest for it

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me: If with my selfe I hold intelligence, Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires, If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle, Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne, Did I offend your highnesse

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

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor; Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends? Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough

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

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake

Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake, Else had she with her Father rang'd along

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

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

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

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

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore Rosaline, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will

giue thee mine: I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am

Ros. I haue more cause

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen, Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke Hath banish'd me his daughter? Ros. That he hath not

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

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe? Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of Arden

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

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

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

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? Ros. Ile haue no worse a name then Ioues owne Page, And therefore looke you call me Ganimed. But what will you be call'd? Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court: Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile? Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away And get our Iewels and our

wealth together, Deuise the fittest time, and safest way To hide vs from pursuite that will be made After my flight: now goe in we content To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

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

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

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

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

1.Lord. Indeed my Lord The melancholy Iaques grieues at that, And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you: To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe, Did steale behinde him as he lay along Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood, To the which place a poore sequestred Stag That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt, Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord The wretched annimall heau'd forth

such groanes That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat Almost to bursting, and the big round teares Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole, Much marked of the melancholie Iaques, Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke, Augmenting it with teares

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

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation? 2.Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting Vpon the sobbing Deere

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

1.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

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

1.Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her, The Ladies her attendants of her

chamber Saw her a bed, and in the morning early, They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there? Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master, Oh my sweet master, O you memorie Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here? Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to ouercome The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men, Their graces serue them but as enemies, No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master Are sanctified and holy traitors to you: Oh what a world is this, when what is comely Enuenoms him that beares it? Why, what's the matter? Ad. O vnhappie youth, Come not within these doores: within this roofe The enemie of all your graces liues Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne (Yet not the son, I will not call him son) Of him I was about to call his Father, Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes, To burne the lodging where you vse to lye, And you within it: if he faile of that He will haue other meanes to cut you off; I ouerheard him: and his practises: This is no place, this house is but a butcherie; Abhorre it,

feare it, doe not enter it

Ad. Why whether Adam would'st thou haue me go? Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here

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

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

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

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

Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily, If thou remembrest not the slightest folly, That euer loue did make thee run into, Thou hast not lou'd. Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now, Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise, Thou hast not lou'd. Or if thou hast not broke from companie, Abruptly as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lou'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe. Enter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. Holla; you Clowne

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman

Cor. Who cals? Clo. Your betters Sir

Cor. Else are they very wretched

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend

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

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

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

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture? Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile, That little cares for buying any thing

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

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

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaques Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more, I can sucke melancholly out of a song, As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more

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

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

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing? Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe

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

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

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

Song. Altogether heere.

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

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

Amy. And Ile sing it

Amy. Thus it goes. If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse: Leauing his

wealth and ease, A stubborne will to please, Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he, And if he will come to me

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further: O I die for food. Heere lie I downe, And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master

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

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Du.Sen. Thou shalt haue one

Iaq. It is my onely suite, Prouided that you weed your better iudgements Of all opinion that growes ranke in them, That I am wise. I must haue liberty Withall, as large a Charter as the winde, To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue: And

they that are most gauled with my folly, They most must laugh: And why sir must they so? The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church: Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not, The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd Euen by the squandring glances of the foole. Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue To speake my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world, If they will patiently receiue my medicine

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

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

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

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet

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

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of? Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres? Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in ciuility thou seem'st

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

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

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

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

Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin sauage heere, And therefore put I on the countenance Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are That in this desert inaccessible, Vnder the shade of melancholly 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. I thanke you most for him

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

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

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde, Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene, although thy breath be rude. Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly, Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing,

meere folly: The heigh ho, the holly, This Life is most iolly. Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh as benefitts forgot: Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe, as freind remembred not. Heigh ho, sing, &c

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son, As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were, And as mine eye doth his effigies 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.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

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

Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone? Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard? Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher: Was't euer in Court, Shepheard? Cor. No truly

Clo. Then thou art damn'd

Cor. Nay, I hope

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

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason

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

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

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance

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

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr Ganimed, my new Mistrisses Brother. Enter Rosalind

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

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

Ros. Out Foole

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

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite

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

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest iudge. Enter Celia with a writing.

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

Cel. Why should this Desert bee, for it is vnpeopled? Noe: Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree, that shall ciuill sayings shoe. Some, how briefe the Life of man runs his erring pilgrimage, That the stretching of a span, buckles in his summe of age. Some of violated vowes, twixt the soules of friend, and friend: But vpon the fairest bowes, or at euerie sentence end; Will I Rosalinda write, teaching all that reade, to know The quintessence of euerie sprite, heauen would in little show. Therefore heauen Nature charg'd, that one bodie should be fill'd With all Graces wide enlarg'd, nature presently distill'd Helens cheeke, but not his heart, Cleopatra's Maiestie: Attalanta's better part, sad Lucrecia's Modestie. Thus Rosalinde of manie parts, by 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard? Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard

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

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

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

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he

Ros. Orlando? Cel. Orlando

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee

heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? 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

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled? Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and rellish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne

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

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam

Ros. Proceed

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

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

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

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart

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

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

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere? Ros. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him

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

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

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

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers

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

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

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

Iaq. I do not like her name

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

Iaq. What stature is she of? Orl. Iust as high as my heart

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the[m] out of rings Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions

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

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against whom I know most faults

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

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

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

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

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure

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

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

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

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue

with him, do you hear Forrester

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? Ros. I pray you, what i'st a clocke? Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest

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

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper? Ros. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal? Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare

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

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

Orl. Who staies it stil withal? Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth? Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat

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

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

dwelling

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

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women? Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfepence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it

Orl. I prethee recount some of them

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

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

Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner

Orl. What were his markes? Ros. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoustrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue I Loue

Ros. Me beleeue it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that vnfortunate he

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak? Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much

Ros. Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel

Orl. Did you euer cure any so? Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to 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 for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, w was to forsweare the ful stream of y world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't

Orl. I would not be cured, youth

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

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

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go? Orl. With all my heart, good youth

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you? Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features? Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest Ouid was among the Gothes

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

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

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing? Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall? Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne

Aud. Would you not haue me honest? Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar

Iaq. A materiall foole

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

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

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

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

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy

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

Heere comes Sir Oliuer: Sir Oliuer Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell? Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman? Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man

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

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her

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

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley? Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his

curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling

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

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

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

Ol. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey: Farewel good Mr Oliuer: Not O sweet Oliuer, O braue Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe

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

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe? Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe

Ros. His very haire Is of the dissembling colour

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

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

Cel. An excellent colour: Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour: Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread

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

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not? Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him

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

Ros. Not true in loue? Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forrest on the Duke your father

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puisny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere? Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well: and what of him? Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine, Goe

hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me? Phe. For no ill will I beare you

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am falser then vowes made in wine: Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by: 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, Enter.

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

Phe. Hah: what saist thou Siluius? Sil. Sweet Phebe pitty me

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Siluius

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

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly? Sil. I would haue you

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

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

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yerewhile? Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft, And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds That the old Carlot once was Master of

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him, 'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well, But what care I for words? yet words do well When he that speakes them pleases those that heare: It is a pretty youth, not very prettie, But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him; Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp: He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall: His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty rednesse in his lip, A little riper, and more lustie red Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske. There be some women Siluius, had they markt him In parcells as

I did, would haue gone neere To fall in loue with him: but for my part I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him, For what had he to doe to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke, And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me: I maruell why I answer'd not againe, But that's all one: omittance is no quittance: Ile write to him a very tanting Letter, And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluius? Sil. Phebe, with all my heart

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

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

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow

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

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards

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

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, 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 humorous sadnesse

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing,

is to haue rich eyes and poore hands

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience. Enter Orlando.

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

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere Rosalind

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

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

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

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

Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind

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

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

Orl. What's that? Ros. Why hornes: w such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife

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

Ros. And I am your Rosalind

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

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

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

Orl. How if the kisse be denide? Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris? Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit

Orl. What, of my suite? Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite: Am not I your Rosalind? Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her

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

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in a loue cause: 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 (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue

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

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

Orl. Then loue me Rosalind

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

Orl. And wilt thou haue me? Ros. I, and twentie such

Orl. What saiest thou? Ros. Are you not good? Orl. I hope so

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

Cel. I cannot say the words

Ros. You must begin, will you Orlando

Cel. Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind? Orl. I will

Ros. I, but when? Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs

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

Orl. I take thee Rosalind for wife

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

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

Ros. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue possest her? Orl. For euer, and a day

Ros. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky

changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so? Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe

Orl. O but she is wise

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

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't? Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that? Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole

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

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

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

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

Orl. I, sweet Rosalind

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one

minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most vnworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise

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

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

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast

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

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

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

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare? Lord. Sir, it was I

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song

Forrester for this purpose? Lord. Yes Sir

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, Enter Siluius.

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

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

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

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

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of loue. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That

her old gloues were on, but twas her hands: She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter: I say she neuer did inuent this letter, This is a mans inuention, and his hand

Sil. Sure it is hers

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter? Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet: Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie

Ros. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read.

Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd? That a maidens heart hath burn'd. Can a woman raile thus? Sil. Call you this railing? Ros.

Read.

Why, thy godhead laid a part, War'st thou with a womans heart? Did you euer heare such railing? 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 chid me, I did loue, How then might your praiers moue? He that brings this loue to thee, Little knowes this Loue in me: And by him seale vp thy minde, Whether that thy youth and kinde Will the faithfull offer take Of me, and all that I can make, Or else by him my loue denie, And then Ile studie how to die

Sil. Call you this chiding? Cel. Alas poore Shepheard

Ros. Doe you 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 endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I

will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you | know) Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees

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

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire, Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe Like a ripe sister: the woman low And browner then her brother: are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for? Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he? Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this? Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkercher was stain'd

Cel. I pray you tell it

Oli. When last the yong Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to returne againe Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest, Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie, Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside, And marke what obiect did present it selfe Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age And high top, bald with drie antiquitie: A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe, Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd The opening of his mouth: but sodainly Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it selfe, And with indented glides, did slip

away Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie, Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis The royall disposition of that beast To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead: This seene, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother

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

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

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

Cel. Are you his brother? Ros. Was't you he rescu'd? Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him? Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame To tell you what I was, since my conuersion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am

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

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed

Oli. Looke, he recouers

Ros. I would I were at home

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

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

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

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

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you

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

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

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs

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

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

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

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

Clow. A most wicked Sir Oliuer, Awdrie, a most vile Mar-text. But Awdrie, there is

a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you

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

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

Will. Good eu'n Audrey

Aud. God ye good eu'n William

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir

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

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William? Will. William, sir

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere? Will. I sir, I thanke God

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich? Will. 'Faith sir, so, so

Cle. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise? Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit

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

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned? Will. No sir

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

Will. Which he sir? Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you

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

Aud. Do good William

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

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

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her? Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing, 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 heere liue and die a Shepherd. Enter Rosalind.

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

Heere comes my Rosalinde

Ros. God saue you brother

Ol. And you faire sister

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

Orl. It is my arme

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

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher? Orl. I, and greater wonders then that

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

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

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for Rosalind? Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I

know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings? Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will. Enter Siluius & Phebe.

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

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And I for Ganimed

Orl. And I for Rosalind

Ros. And I for no woman

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice, And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And I for Ganimed

Orl. And I for Rosalind

Ros. And I for no woman

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, dutie, and obseruance, All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience, All puritie, all triall, all obseruance: And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And so am I for Ganimed

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind

Ros. And so am I for no woman

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you

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

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

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue

Phe. Nor I

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

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

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

1.Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman

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

2.Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle

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

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

Song.

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

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vntunable 1.Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

Du.Sen. Dost thou beleeue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath

promised? Orl. I sometimes do beleeue, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare. Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our co[m]pact is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde, You wil bestow her on Orlando heere? Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir

Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir? Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King

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

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after

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

Phe. So is the bargaine

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

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

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

Exit Ros. and Celia.

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

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

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest

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

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all

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

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

Iaq. And how was that tane vp? Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause

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

Du.Se. I like him very well

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forsweare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause? Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming Audry) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut,

he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut? Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted

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

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

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

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit. Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made eauen attone together. Good Duke receiue thy daughter, Hymen from Heauen brought her, Yea brought her hether. That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his, Whose heart within his bosome is

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

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

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

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he: Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he: Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee

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

Song.

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

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

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine, Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine. Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this faire assembly. Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day Men of great worth resorted to this forrest, Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote In his owne conduct, purposely to take His brother heere, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came; Where, meeting with an old Religious man, After some question with him, was conuerted Both from his enterprize, and from the world: His crowne bequeathing to

his banish'd Brother, And all their Lands restor'd to him againe That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life

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

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

2.Bro. He hath

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

Du.Se. Stay, Iaques, stay

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

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

Exit

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more

vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play 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 Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. Enter.

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