



XXth Century
Shakespeare

AS YOU
LIKE IT



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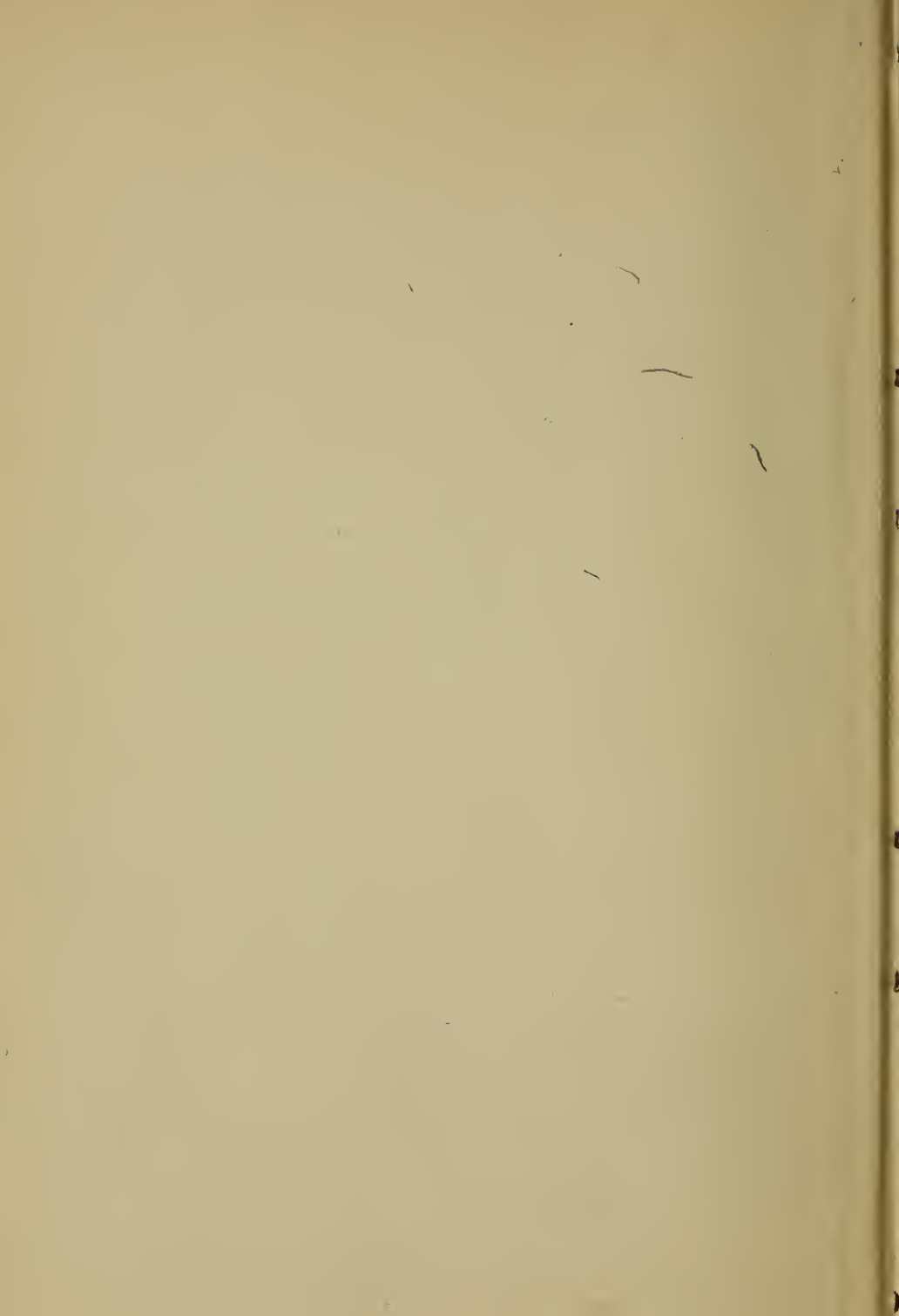
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Twentieth Century Shakespeare

AS YOU LIKE IT

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited with introduction and notes

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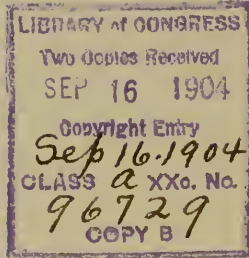


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EDITOR'S NOTE.

This edition of "As You Like It" is the fourth of the series. A statement of the general plan and purpose will be found in the first of the series, "Julius Cæsar." The text used is that of the Clarendon Press, but the numbering of the lines in the prose scenes is different.

SHAKESPEARE'S STORIES.

The human mind is so constructed that it demands activity. Always it is reaching out, lazily sometimes, often actively, and occasionally with fierce energy, for entertainment and instruction. No waking moment is free from thoughts that troop through the mind languidly, march by with steady resolution, or flash into view and out again with fiery velocity; and in those half-conscious moments called waking and going to sleep, our mental images, confused, undirected by the will, are alive, tangling themselves into strange confusions of thought called dreams. The baby grasping for the moon, the small boy straddling a stick and calling it a horse, the little girl cooing over a ragged doll, the young man or woman dreaming over old tales, the middle-aged person pondering upon books, or the old and decrepit drowsily reflecting upon times long gone, are all in the stream of mental activity that begins at birth and ceases only with death. Young people reflect too little upon the wonder of all this. The tree you carve your name on, or the stone you send skipping along the surface of the smooth water, cannot think; no airy images, no delightful confusion of dreams, no conscious satisfaction of problems correctly solved, come to them to make their existence either grave or gay. The tree sprouts, grows, dies, returns to dust; the stone is formed, exists unnumbered ages, and is worn away by the washing of waves on the beach, or is ground under the passing wheels, and neither leaves any visible trace behind: but the human mind is something higher than this dull, dead matter; it feels; it knows; it can hold all the universe in its grasp, and when the mortal body dies, something yet remains, as most people believe, which is immortal, which still can think and feel in a region not disclosed to the eyes of the body. And yet you seldom think of the wonder of it.

This stream of consciousness has been growing since the birth of man. Our earliest ancestor doubtless thought of little but of such practical problems as how to kill a deer or catch a fish for his savage family to pull to pieces and devour raw, or how to barricade the mouth of his cave to keep the bears out; but when, the number of the race having increased about him, experience made the solution of these problems easier, his mental activity ranged about for new conquests. Now he made clothing, weapons of war and the chase, dug him boats out of logs, built him houses, discovered fire, joined with his fellows for protection, tilled the fields, made cities, speculated upon his origin and destiny, upon the source from

which the world sprung, and upon the great unseen power behind it; and thus began what we call civilization, with all its arts and sciences, its philosophies and religions. And each age has been the heir of all that have preceded it. The mental product of any age is passed down to the next, and so the cumulation proceeds.

Now all this is a brief hint at the way in which our race has instructed itself. It is impossible to believe that entertainment has not gone along with instruction; for while man has always worked, in the intervals he has loved to play. No doubt the children of the cave man, barricaded in their rude home through the long dark days when their father was abroad at the chase, played games about the fire while their mother busied herself with the duties of her pre-historic household. And the elders, too, engaged in contests of strength with their neighbors for the common amusement. Then, again, there must have been stories as they sat about the fire in the dark cave, when the shadows danced over the rock walls—stories of the chase, of encounters with hostile men; stories of the deities that gradually came to be believed in as inhabitants of trees and streams and mountains, and as the vital principles of earth, air, fire and water. These stories, of course, made young eyes start and young hair stand up, as their lineal descendants do now.

I say "lineal descendants," for someone has taken the trouble to show that all our multitude of stories came from an original few, and that modern story tellers merely tell old tales over again, thus perpetuating what grew up with the race in its childhood. Indeed, our foremost American novelist, Mr. W. D. Howells, says that all stories are old, and that as it is useless to attempt the making of a new one, the modern novelist should make his main endeavor the picturing of commonplace life of his own age. There is much truth in his theory. All stories, in whatever age or clime, must deal with human passions, such as envy and love. And if the story be of envy, the envious ones will try to get the desired thing away from the envied one or to injure him: hence, a story of rivalry. Here you have Achilles pouting in his tent, willing to injure the Greek cause on account of his disappointment in not getting the captive maiden of his choice; and you have Pompey, jealous of the growing power of Cæsar, warring against him at Rome and in the field, finally meeting his death at the battle of Pharsalia; and you have Iago against Othello, and Macbeth against Duncan; always envy and its consequences. And if the story be of love, the lover will try to win the maiden, always against obstacles—such as differences in rank and wealth, or, more frequently, perhaps, obstinate

NOTE.—Every boy and every girl should read that wonderful picture of this rude cave life, "The Story of Ab," by Stanley Waterloo. It is as good a story for the young as was ever written.

parents, who venture to oppose their unsentimental judgments against the strength of warm hearts. Here you have the story of Hero and Leander, of Pyramus and Thisbe, of Romeo and Juliet. In the fundamental events of these tales there is a striking similarity: it is the character of the persons, the nature of the attendant circumstances, that supply the differences, and deceive us into believing that the story is new. There is scarcely a critical event in a modern novel that is not, essentially, a repetition of some older story. Nor would it be difficult to mention two or three writers who always tell the same story—always the same young, beautiful and persecuted maiden, the heir of poverty and unparalleled virtue, the same rich youth, who has the same highborn and haughty mother, and always the same conquering of this same highborn haughty mother by the same acts of the same impossible devotion and self-sacrifice of the heroine: then, finally, the same elaborate wedding, and the same undying bliss. Over these novels, the sentimental girl weeps copiously, as unconscious as the novelist herself that each one is a repetition of the one that preceded it. So limited is the number of incidents available for purposes of fiction, that a certain American writer began most of his books with the same picture—that of a “solitary horseman” appearing at the brow of a hill and looking down upon a castle. Out of respect for his connections, who are literary in the extreme, his name is not mentioned here.

Yes, all stories are old, very old. Love, hate, jealousy, ambition, are always love, hate, jealousy, ambition; and the stories about them cannot differ greatly in their essential events. It is he who tells old tales in a new way, infusing into them the glow of his own soul, that we hail as a genius. He deceives us into believing that his old story is new. All purveyors of fiction do this, and he who did it most consciously, most openly, most honestly, is the one whom we honor most.

Now of all Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays, only two (“*A Midsummer Night's Dream*” and the “*Tempest*”) had plots that were constructed by the poet himself; and even in these the origin of parts may be traced. Availing himself of a custom of the time, he dramatized old but popular tales whose lineage was lost in the past, as in the case of “*Romeo and Juliet*,” historical stories from ancient writers, especially Plutarch, as in the case of “*Julius Cæsar*,” and the events of English history, taken from Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Some of this material he obtained from old plays written by less skillful poets, and others from their original sources. It must not be thought that Shakespeare suffered from a lack of ability to devise his own plots: the creator of “*The Tempest*” and “*A Midsummer Night's Dream*” had no lack of ability to weave events and human lives in the loom of his fancy. He took his

plots from well-known stories because those stories *were* well known, and popular, and, dramatized, would attract immediate attention. Have we not modern instances in plenty? The stage of to-day often, perhaps too often, offers dramatizations of popular novels — not necessarily because these stories are better than those the playwrights could devise, but because they are already popular, and can at once command attention. So, in the case of Shakespeare. It was not his conscious intention to produce literature; it was his purpose, rather, to produce plays that would make the pennies, sixpences and shillings of the populace rattle in the strong box of the Globe and the Blackfriars; and hence the adoption of the events of history and of stories that are the common heritage of man. It is fortunate for us that this careless, unconscious genius breathed into each tale the breath of his own life — turned what was, in many cases, dull, dead facts, into living events of intensely human significance. The mere events are of little importance: the great fact in the writing of the plays was Shakespeare himself. You and I can still get the primeval love story from a score of sources, but we cannot write another “Romeo and Juliet.”

The origin of this wonderful tale has been a puzzle to the critics. A search of the usual authorities results in learning the usual facts — that the story of Romeo and Juliet was written by Luigi da Porto, and printed in Venice in 1535; that in 1554 Bandello published at Lucca a novel on the same subject; that not long after, Boisteau, a Frenchman, having read the Italian stories, wrote one for his countrymen with such differences as pleased him; that an Englishman, Mr. Arthur Brooke, having read the Frenchman's story, made it into a poem with the somewhat formidable title, “The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie; with the sybill Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event;” and finally, that from this, Shakespeare took his plot for the greatest love story in the world. This much being known to a fair degree of certainty, other facts demand our attention and interest, as these,— that Shakespeare was indebted also to some translation of Boisteau's novel, probably the one published by Painter in his “Palace of Pleasure;” that the incidents of the play are to be found in the Ephesiacs of Xenophon of Ephesus, a romance of the Middle Ages; that they are to be found in the thirty-third novel of Masuccio di Salerno, published, with the author's other tales, in 1476; that an Italian, Grotto, said that the events of the story happened in ancient times in his own town, Adria; that another Italian, Girolamo de la Corte, by name, says that these same events happened in the year 1303 at Verona, where the home of the Capulets and the tomb of Juliet are still shown. But what does it all matter? Shakespeare says that Romeo and Juliet lived, loved, and died; is their story less tragic because

we are not sure that it was Verona whose streets echoed at night with the sword strokes of the brawling Montagues and Capulets? We are willing enough to accept the observation of Boswell that the story is perhaps traceable to that of Pyramus and Thisbe. "We have here," he says, "the outline of the modern narrative; the repugnance of the parents on either side; the meeting of the lovers at the tomb, and Pyramus, like Romeo, drawn to self-destruction by a false opinion of the death of his mistress." And, in dismissing the play of "Romeo and Juliet," we must not neglect to say that, in great likelihood the events of the celebrated story never happened at all; but were, originally, a tradition, perhaps a myth, whose origin is lost in pre-historic mists. Where Shakespeare got his facts, and whether the characters ever lived, are not matters of vital interest. The great facts are that his play has the breath of life in it, and that he deemed the making of plots unnecessary, the mind of his age having already put the seal of its approval on certain dramatic groups of incidents which display the elemental nature of human passion.

In history, too, and especially in English history, Shakespeare saw the flash of human feeling; and into the sluggish veins of old chronicles, he put real blood. Here, too, he availed himself of tastes already formed. The English people, full of the pride of youth and growing achievement, loved the stories of their kings and nobles, saw in them the use or the abuse of that power the possession of which was to each loyal citizen the summit of human glory and responsibility. In the dearth of newspapers, libraries and schools, the unlettered though intelligent Englishman found in the stage most of the history he knew. On the rude platform that projected into the dirty, often muddy, pit, he saw the strutting lords of former days relive in a few hours the tragedy of their lives; for his sake these great people, from Lear to Henry VIII., revisited the glimpses of the rush lights, and consented to repeat their several histories. Thirteen of the thirty-seven plays were taken, with more or less accuracy, from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England and Scotland*. The list is as follows: "King Lear," "Cymbeline," "Macbeth," "King John," "Richard II.," the two parts of "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," the three parts of "Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII."

This Holinshed, of whom nothing is known except that in his will he describes himself as "Raphael Hollynshed of Bromecote (Bramcote) in the County of Warr (wick)," published his big book in 1577, when Shakespeare was yet a schoolboy. It was not a great history. There was no effort to sift out facts from tradition; the writer took, apparently, all the material he could find on his subject; and if much of it was fiction, he considered it none the worse on that account. Some of his material was taken from the *Historia Britonum*, a work of many pleasant fictions, but of no value his-

torically; and some was taken from observations made by Roman writers — observations made too long before, and at too great a distance, to be of much historical value.

Holinshed's method may well be understood from his account of Macbeth, the king of Scotland whom Shakespeare made the central figure in the most dramatic of all dramas. It is said that only "a few meagre facts recorded by Marianus Scottus, Tighernac, the Ulster Annals, and the Saxon Chronicle embrace nearly all that we know about the real Macbeth; but Holinshed presented to the reader a circumstantial romance composed by Hector Boece." The real Macbeth was not considered a tyrant north of Edinburgh, though in the "Anglicized region" in the south of Scotland, Malcolm was the favorite. "Three of the stories commonly associated with Macbeth — the weird sisters' predictions, Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, and his death at the hands of a foe not born of woman — were first narrated by Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of St. Serf, who finished his *Cronykil of Scotland* about 1424." According to this priest, Macbeth saw the weird sisters in a dream, and was slain by a nameless "knycht." Boece changed this, making the three women apparitions, and said that the slayer of Macbeth was Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Banquo and Fleance were also, no doubt, his inventions. Lady Macbeth, who played so vital a part in Shakespeare's drama, is mentioned but once in her own time, this mention being made in a charter, and for a deed of charity, thus: "Macbeth filius finlach . . . gruoeh filia bodhe rex et regina Scotorum gave Kyrkenes to the Culdees of St. Serf's monastery on Loch Leven: free of all obligations save the duty of praying for the donors." What scanty justice, then, to Macbeth and his queen by historian and poet! In the great hall of Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, is a portrait of the old king — fictitious, no doubt; but if it bears any resemblance to the original, it is hard to believe that he deserves his tragic eminence.

"Holinshed," then, is not history. But in Elizabeth's time, historical conscientiousness was but feeble: indeed, Shakespeare, the dramatist, who attempted only to hold the mirror up to the soul of man, is perhaps little less accurate in the collation of his facts than the historians. Holinshed seems, often, to have much the same motive of entertainment as the great poet who is so heavily indebted to him; for the touch of the marvelous, even of the mythical, enlivens many a page that would otherwise be dull. He speaks of this land of England as one "whereof Dis otherwise called Samothes, one of the sonnes of Japhet was the Saturne or originall beginner, and of him thenceforth for a long time called Samothea." And, "Albion, the sonne of Neptune . . . inuaded the same by force of armes, brought it to his subiection in the 29. yeare after his grand-fathers decease and finallie changed the name thereof into Albion,

whereby the former denomination after Samothed did grow out of mind and fall unto vtter forgetfulness." And again he says, "But to go forward, albeit that Albion and his power were thus discomfited and slaine, yet the name that he gaue unto this Iland died not, but still remained vnto the time of Brute (Brutus, the son of Aeneas), who arriuing heere in the 1116 year before Christ, and 2850. after the creation of the world, not onlie changed it into Britaine (after it had been called Albion, by the space of about 600. yeares) but to declare his souereigntie over the rest of the Ilands."

After reading this we are prepared for the discussion of such questions as, "Whether It Be Likelie That Any Giants Were, and Whether They Inhabited in this Ile or Not." There were, of course; and Shakespeare was the greatest of them.

The age of stories, and Shakespeare's use of them to satisfy the craving of man's mind for entertainment—these are our themes. We have seen that he took "Romeo and Juliet" from a story whose roots are hidden deep in antiquity, and that for his historical English plays he used Holinshed's Chronicles; let us now show what use he made of a story that came down to him from the greatest English poet before his time.

In Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" appears a story called "The Tale of Gamelyn." Near the end of the sixteenth century a man named Thomas Lodge took this story, added to it, and made of it a novel which he called "Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie." And a long, stupid piece of work it is, measured from modern standards, although it was admired enough by the author's contemporaries. In the introduction "To the Gentlemen Readers" the author says that he is a soldier and a sailor who "giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, where euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous passion countercheckt with a storm. (The best sentence in the book, by the way.) *If you like it*, so; and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you bee mine in fauour." In pursuance of this plan of taking old and well-known tales instead of constructing new groups of events, Shakespeare took much of his "As You Like It" from this novel; and it is plain where he got the title.

But "Rosalynde" and "As You Like It" are two very different pieces of work. One was "for an age, the other for all time." Shakespeare fully proved his right to make grist of all that came to his mill, for the play breathes the breath of life, while the novel is a tedious narrative which is incomparably inferior to the best fiction of later days.

It is possible that another play comes in between "Rosalynde" and "As You Like It." Furness explains certain "trivial blemishes" which appear in the play by saying that they are "outcroppings of the original play, which Shakespeare remodelled." Ulti-

mately it matters little about this. The vital fact is that Shakespeare obtained certain events from sources not his own, that he added the enlivening characters, Jaques, the clown and Audrey, and that he translated all from death into life.

This "Rosalynde," though dull in itself, is interesting enough when studied for the sake of comparison with "As You Like It." Shakespeare lets his characters walk and talk before us, and we get their personality from themselves; but in the novel the author, with his overwrought descriptions, his classical allusions, his Euphuisms, obtrudes between the reader and the characters. Consider this for example:—

"Saladine (Oliver of the play) hauing thus set vp the Scedule, and handg about his Fathers hearse many passionate Poems, that *France* might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, he clad himselfe and his Brothers all in black, & in such sable sutes discoursed his grieffe; but as the Hiena when she mournes is then most guilefull, so Saladine vnder this shew of grieffe shadowed a heart full of contented thoughtes: the Tyger though hee hide his clawes, will at last discouer his rapine: the Lions lookes are not the mappes of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his course: nourture and art may doo much, but that *Natura Naturaus* which by propogation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse. *Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.*"

Consider again the description of Rosalynde:—

"The blush that gloried Luna when she kist the shepheard on the hills of *Latmos* was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the siluer hue of Rosalyndes countenance; her eyes were like those lampes that make the welthie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling sauour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glisten of mettall as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starr in brightnessse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight; for in her haire it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gase vpon their excellence: what should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection."

And how much better is the play than the novel in the scene in which the hero yields to love at first sight:—

"With that Rosader (Orlando) vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glistened there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing

to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beautie so inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himself, he stooed and fed his lookes on the fauour of Rosalynds face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of Aurora at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious."

The characters are continually airing their knowledge of the classics. Thus does Rosalynde talk to herself:—

"Ah Rosalynde, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee vnhappy: for when Fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie; shee seekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fonde girl, he is an vnruely guest to harbour; for cutting in by intreats he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent: she is a Syren, stop thine eares at her melodie; and a Basiliscke, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the Countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnes where thy flockes feede Diana haunts: bee as her Nymphes, chaste, and enemie to Loue: for there is no greater honour to a Maide, than to accompt of fancie, as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonny wench was not tourned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine: but for her chastitie her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steps Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court: whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it woulde bee renewed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies: least louing in hast thou repent thee at leisure. Ah but yet Rosalynde, it is Rosader that courts thee; one, who as he is beautifull, so is he vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therefore Rosalynde stoope to Loue, least beeing either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wrothe, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine."

How different from the Rosalind of the play, who says with girlish impetuousness and simplicity,—

"O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!"

And then dolefully,—

"But it cannot be sounded: my love hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal."

And how different too from her feminine outburst of questions

when she learns that Orlando is in the forest—questions to be answered all in one breath,—

“Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.”

It would be easy to multiply quotations to show the difference in the quality of the novel and that of the play. In the one, always a slow narrative full of classical allusions, Latin quotations, Euphuisms; in the other always freshness, variety, spontaneity, and the enthusiasm of young blood. Let no discredit be cast upon the great poet for taking stories ready at hand; for he took no story that he did not improve, and what is really Shakespeare is that which he did not take.

In bidding good-bye to this brief and incomplete account of the origin of Shakespeare's stories, we must not neglect to note a difference between his times and ours. In his day there were few schools for the common people, few books, and no magazines, no newspapers, no lectures. The theater, in a great measure, took the place of these. Nowadays people go to the playhouse to relieve themselves of the care of the day: then they went not only for relaxation and amusement, but also for instruction. Hence a difference between our plays and theirs is manifest. We find no historic plays on our stage to match those of Shakespeare's time; no “Washington” to match his “Henry V.” We get from histories and biographies our conception of our dead heroes; and when we want truly literary views of social life, we have the modern novel at hand. The drain business life makes upon the nervous population of to-day, and the consequent desire for light entertainment, has robbed us of the literary play, which no longer brings a sufficient money reward to make its production profitable. How fortunate are we that in those ancient days there was a demand for all that made plays instructive and literary, as well as entertaining! Finally, let us return to the thought stated in the outset—that the human mind demands entertainment and instruction. In Shakespeare's time conditions were such that there was a demand for plays that expressed the life of the time—its patriotism, its vigor, its eagerness to learn. If the great bard, in supplying this demand, took the history of his own land, the history of the ancients that was newly acquired by his contemporaries, and even world-old tales of love and all the brood of passions that stir the human heart was it not the part of wisdom?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the ban-
JAQUES, } ished duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, } sons of Sir Rowland de
JAQUES, } Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house: Duke Frederick's court: and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their

feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 23

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

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 poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 34

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 48

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 60

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 70

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 have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. 80

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

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

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]* 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is. 90

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands

and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 101

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 113

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 128

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 147

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so

long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about.
[Exit.

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

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

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

12

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

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

21

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport

neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 31

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 40

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger? 55

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 63

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 74

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed. 89

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,— 100

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

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

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,— 111

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

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 123

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 137

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO
CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 146

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 159

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 169

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard

thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 182

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you?

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

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

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 192

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

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

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. 198

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? 211

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son' to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father. 220

[Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him: 230
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love
 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
 Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
 Shall we go, coz?

Cel.

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
 Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up ²⁴⁰
 Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my for-
 tunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
 Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
 More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
 tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee. ²⁵⁰

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
 To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
 High commendation, true applause and love,
 Yet such is now the duke's condition
 That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous : what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling? 260

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners ;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues 270
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

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

[Exit Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :
But heavenly Rosalind ! *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid have
mercy ! not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 28

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly: yet I hate not Orlando.

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

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 40
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words, 50
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor : 60
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
 I was too young that time to value her ;
 But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I ; we still have slept together, 70
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
 ness,
 Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom 80
 Which I have passed upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-
 self :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 90
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; 100
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along 110
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and— in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 120

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

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

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 130
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in everything.
 I would not change it.

10

Ami. Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a sty.

20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

30

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

40

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
 'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company': anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him: 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up

50

60

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It can not be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed-untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard,
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

And let not search and inquisition quail 20
 To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
 Of him I was about to call his father —
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

60

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

70

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA,
and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the

weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse. 11

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

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

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! 20

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! 30
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved:
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, ⁴¹
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love
 I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for
 coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing
 of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt
 hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peas-
 cod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giv-
 ing her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these
 for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange
 capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in
 love mortal in folly. ⁵²

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till
 I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with
 me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
 If he for gold will give us any food:
 I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

⁶¹

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor.

Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

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

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her 70
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing 80
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 flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it. 90

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me: if you like upon report
 The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more. 9

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself. 20

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank

you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 33

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 40

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: 50

Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'duc dame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast :
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence :
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ? 10
What, you look merrily !

Jaq. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
' Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. ' No, sir,' quoth he,
' Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune ' :
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, ' It is ten o'clock :
Thus we may see,' quoth he, ' how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
 And I did laugh sans intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

30

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

40

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
 Provided that you weed your better judgements
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 [Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,

50

The wise man's folly is anatomized
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley : give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
 That can therein tax any private party ?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb ?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbor ?
 Or what is he of basest function
 That says his bravery is not of my cost, 80
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
 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 himself ; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must
die. 101

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, 150
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: ¹⁸⁰
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of
 doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree

9

The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in that respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

21

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

31

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. ⁴²

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. ⁵⁵

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. ⁶⁵

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 73

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind, 80
 No jewel is like Rosalind.
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.
 All the pictures fairest lined
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind
 But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market. 90

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:
 If a hart do lack a hind,
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,

So be sure will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lined,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
 Then to cart with Rosalind. 100
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them?

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

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. 112

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

Cel. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
 For it is unpeopled? No ;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show : 120
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age ;

Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write,
 Teaching all that read to know 130
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide-enlarged:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty. 140
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised,
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah. 151

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

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

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 161

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color? 171

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping! 182

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of

discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

193

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

Cel. It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

201

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

210

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn. 221

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

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

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 231

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 240

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just. 250

Jaq. I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 260

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. 270

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 281

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper? 290

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal? 300

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there,

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

310

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

321

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

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

330

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancymonger, I would give him some

good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 342

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. 360

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give 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 swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? 370

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? 371

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion some thing and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't. 393

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go? 401

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister,
will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 8

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

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

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 20

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for

honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 30

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting. 40

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods;' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 56

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? 60

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? 69

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 78

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
 O brave Oliver,
 Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
 Begone, I say, 90
 I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of
 them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider
 that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore
 weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his
 kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color. 10

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the
 only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch
 of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips o. Diana: a
 nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously: the
 very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him. 20

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father. 31

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 42

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

50

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

10

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
 Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee : 20
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever,— as that ever may be near,—
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
 Come not thou near me : and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? Who might be your
 mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty,—
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed —
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ? 40
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
 That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she an-
 swers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter
 words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you. 70

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, ⁸⁰
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness. ⁹⁰

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

110

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red

120

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:

130

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter 's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

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

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

9

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason

to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 22

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 37

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 44

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him. 52

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. 61

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied? 71

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

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? 80

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

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 97

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

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so. 109

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando —'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us. 120

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

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her. 130

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 142

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

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

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 150

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

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 160

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 174

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 186

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horn upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? 10
 His leather skin and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home;
[The rest shall bear this burden.
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
 It was a crest ere thou wast born:
 Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it:
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
 and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain,
 he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to
 sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
 My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
 I know not the contents; but, as I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action
 Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
 It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
 Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Ods my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device. 20

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

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-color'd hand: I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
 She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say she never did invent this letter:
 This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

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

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move !
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 60
Of me and all that I can make :
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!

Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieu of this forest stands 75
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself; 80
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 years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than 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, 90
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand 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 young Orlando parted from you
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, 100
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And mark what object did present itself :
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself, 110
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush : under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
 And he did render him the most unnatural 121
 That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

130

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was 't you he rescued ?

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

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 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 us two
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
 As how I came into that desert place : —
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love ;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up 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 give this napkin
 Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

140

150

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 161

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think 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. 171

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 9

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William? 20

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 28

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir. 38

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 56

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 12

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow : thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 20

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 38

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. 47

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I

know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger. 63

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, ⁷⁰
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so I am for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

80

Ros. And I for no woman.

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

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

90

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Why do you speak too, ' Why blame you me to
love you ? ' 100

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of
Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you,
if I can : [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-mor-
row meet me all together [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if
ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [*To*
[*Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you
shall be married to-morrow : [*To Sil.*] I will content you,
if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married

to-morrow. [*To Or.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. ¹¹²

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice? ¹²

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

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

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

20

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

30

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir : we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you ; and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged :
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

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

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

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

Phe. That would I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

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

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter : 20

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

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me : and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter :

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 41

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow. 51

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. 63

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed: — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 79

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

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books 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 Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrel-

some; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. 99

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord! he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together.
 Good duke, receive thy daughter:
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither,
 That thou mightst join her hand with his 110
 Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Ors.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
 Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

120

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here 's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :

You and you are heart in heart :

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord ;

130

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock then be honored :

140

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two :
 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 150
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here and put him to the sword :
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
 Where meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprize and from the world ;
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again 160
 That were with him exiled. This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot :
 And after, every of this happy number
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 170
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites 180
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voy-
age

Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 190

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]

ÉPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis
true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine
they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better
by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,
that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with
you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like

a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene is laid in France at no very definite time and place; the architecture, such as is necessary, is therefore not a matter of vital importance. In this scene, let us suppose that a low tower and a steep roof appear in the background, rising above a row of dense trees that fill the view to the left and back. In the distance at the right is a prospect of fields and hills.

Orlando is dressed in a shabby blue doublet, with ragged lace at the wrists; trunk hose, which cover the legs to the thigh; low shoes, turning up in a point; and a cap, from beneath which his long locks fall gracefully about his neck. Adam wears the dress of a laborer, stockings and blouse, perhaps; and is hatless. Dennis wears the more elaborate costume of a house servant, while Charles, in addition to hose, shoes and hat, wears only a loose shirt with short sleeves, his brawny arms being bare. Oliver is dressed like Orlando, but his garments are new and gaudy, and the lace at his wrists is new and unsoiled.

2. "Poor a thousand crowns," a poor thousand crowns.
3. "On his blessing." That is, the father would not give Oliver his blessing unless Oliver promised to "breed" (rear) Orlando well.
6. "Profit," proficiency, excellence in scholarship.
7. "Stays," keeps, detains.
16. "Countenance," favor.
17. "Hinds," servants.
18. "Mines," undermines.
27. "What make you here?" what are you doing here? Notice how Orlando turns the word, and gives it another meaning.
30. "Marry," a mild oath upon the name of the Virgin Mary. A critic says it makes a poor pun upon "mar."
33. "Be naught awhile," another mild oath, explained as equivalent to "a mischief on you!"
35. Explain "prodigal."
47. "Your coming before me *etc.*," your being born before me makes you the heir of the reverence that was once our father's.
49. With what action does Oliver accompany his words, "What, boy"? Describe the action that follows for a few speeches.

52 and 53. Commentators say that the word "villain" is used in two senses. What are they?

67. "Such exercises." Orlando means fencing, tilts, hunting, and other sports in which gentlemen of old engaged.

68. "Allottery," portion.

81. "Grow upon," annoy.

82. "Physic your rankness," cure your insolence.

109. "Forest of Arden." Shakespeare took the story of the play from a contemporary novel, Lodge's "Rosalynde," the scene of which is laid mainly in the Forest of Ardennes, in north-eastern France. There was also a Forest of Arden in the poet's own county, Warwickshire. It is worthy of remark, too, that his mother's maiden name was Mary Arden.

113. "The golden world," the golden age.

121. "Shall acquit him well," will have to do his best.

123. "Foil," defeat.

125. "Withal," with it.

126. "Intendment," intention.

131. Why should Oliver say that he had used "underhand means" to dissuade Orlando?

133. "It," a pronoun used familiarly or contemptuously; here, the latter.

146. "Anatomize," analyze, lay bare.

153. "Gamester," a frolicsome fellow.

156. "Full of noble device," explained as "full of noble conceptions and aims."

159. "Misprised," undervalued.

161. "Kindle." What is the force of this word? Compare "Macbeth," Act I, Scene III, line 121:

"That trusted home

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown."

Questions on the Scene. 1. In what ways is this scene a good introduction to the play? 2. What reasons can you give to show who is the villain and who is the hero? 4. What speech of the villain is the most villainous? 5. What does the speech of Charles concerning the banished duke being in the Forest of Arden lead you to expect as to the general tone and spirit of the play? 6. Does the fact that the costumes are of an ancient date make your interest in the play greater or less? 7. Does the fact that human nature seems the same as now make your interest in the play greater or less? 8. What does the scene reveal concerning the disposition of estates in countries where there is a titled nobility? 9. Shakespeare is said to have played the part of Adam; is it a difficult one? 10. What in the scene arouses your interest for a future scene? 11. What contrasts in character, physical strength, loyalty, and worldly condition do you find in the scene? 12. It often happens in this

play that before a character enters, a warning or cue is given; what are the instances in this scene? 13. Is your pleasure in the scene greater or less because of the fact that it is prose rather than poetry?

Scene II.

Description of Scene. A lawn before the duke's palace. At the left one sees one side of the palace, the wall being broken by three or four windows. Above, is a balcony of curved and twisted iron, upon which opens a window that is broad and low, and hung with curtains that are pulled to either side. In the background, near the middle of the stage, are two or three large trees. To the right, in the distance, is a grove, which half hides a little church.

Celia and Rosalind are dressed in elaborately figured gowns, with trimmings of fur. On their heads are long conical caps, about two feet high, from the top of which hang long kerchiefs, reaching almost or quite to the ground. Touchstone wears the conventional dress of the court jester, including the cap and bells; and in his hand he carries his bauble. Le Beau, the duke and lords, are attired in the fashion of Oliver in the first scene, but much more elaborately; and the duke himself, by virtue of his rank, wears shoes with points a foot or two long, and curving up. Orlando and Charles are rather unattired than attired, wearing the meager garments of athletes.

1. "Coz," cousin.
5. "Learn," teach.
8. "So," provided that.
11. "Tempered," composed.
29. "Housewife Fortune." Fortune is represented with a wheel "to signify to you," as Fluellen, the Welshman in "Henry V.," says, "which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation." "Housewife" is used contemptuously for *hussy*, a worthless woman.
33. "Bountiful blind woman." Fortune is represented with a bandage about her eyes.
36. "Honest," virtuous.
37. "Ill-favoredly," ill-favored.
38. "Nay, now thou goest *etc.*" Explain.
41. "When nature *etc.*" This speech also needs explanation, as do several of the witty speeches that follow.
43. "Flout," mock.
46. "Natural," idiot.
52. "Whetstone of the wits." WRIGHT explains this as an allusion to an arithmetic by Robert Recorde; it was called "The Whetstone of Witte."

61. "Naught," bad.

79. "Taxation," impudence.

94. "Color," kind.

99. "Laid on with a trowel." A trowel is not an instrument for delicate, but rather for coarse, work; hence to lay on with a trowel was to do a thing clumsily, coarsely; according to Celia, Touchstone's wit is clumsy. This is but one explanation of this doubtful passage. One critic supposes it to be a hit at Ben Jonson, who, in his early manhood, was a mason.

100. Explain the play on the word "rank."

102. "Amaze," confuse; the wit of the ladies is too much for Le Beau.

114 and 115. These lines have caused much discussion, partly because of the pun, and partly because the speeches are supposed to be improperly distributed. One explanation is that the words, "Be it known unto all men by these presents," belong to Touchstone. After Le Beau has mentioned the three young men, Rosalind suggests that they have "bills (pikes) on their necks," which is to say, in our phrase, on their shoulders. Le Beau, further, has used the word "presence," and Touchstone plays on both "bills" and "presence;" for a "bill" was also a legal document containing the words, "Be it known unto all men by these presents." The matter is not of vital importance.

122. "Dole," grief.

132. "Broken music." Another expression that has been the cause of ingenious speculation. It probably means nothing more than,—the music of rib-breaking.

171. "Misprised," undervalued.

177. "Gracious," favored.

192. "Working," endeavor. Paraphrase the speech, making it an answer to Charles's question.

198. "Come your ways," come on.

199. Why "Hercules"? "Speed" has the sense of protector, or helper.

206. "Well breathed," well started.

216. "Still," constantly.

223. "Calling," name, appellation.

228. "Unto," in addition to.

232. "Sticks me at heart," sticks, or stabs, me to the heart.

234. "Justly," "exactly." WRIGHT.

236. "Out of suits with fortune." There are several explanations of this expression. Steevens says, "It means, I believe, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery."

241. "Quintain." This was an instrument for the sport of youths in ancient times. There was an upright post, on the top of which was a crosspiece. On one end of the crosspiece was a broad, flat

board, and on the other a bag of sand. A man would ride at the bag and attempt to hit it with his lance; and much skill and speed was necessary to get away without being hit in the back by the bag of sand as it swung around.

254. "Condition," temper.

255. "That he *etc.*" Scan.

256. "Humorous," full of whims, capricious.

257. "Conceive," imagine.

262. "Lesser," smaller.

269. "Argument," reason.

274. "In a better world," in better times.

276. "Rest," remain.

277. "From the smoke into the smother." Explain.

Questions on the Scene. 1. What events in the scene help the story along? 2. Compare and contrast the feelings of Rosalind and Celia at the beginning and at the end of the scene. 3. Touchstone enters, perhaps, on the trot; he is singing, and his bells are jingling merrily. He circles about the two young women, and probably makes some impudent gesture or other. What new does he bring into the play? 4. Do you regard the banter of the two young women and Touchstone as fine examples of wit? What is the best part of it? 5. When Le Beau enters, the clown steals around behind him, runs his fingers lightly over the other's fine doublet, fingers the lace at his wrist, and looks at all critically; then makes a grimace, or holds his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing. Why? 6. Does Rosalind pronounce the words, "Is yonder the man?" with indifferent curiosity or with eagerness? Explain. 7. Do you fancy that there is anything unusual in Orlando's manner as he confronts the young women for the first time? 8. What are Rosalind's looks and actions when Celia pronounces the speech beginning, "Young gentleman"? 9. When Rosalind entreats Orlando to withdraw from the contest, does she really mean it? 10. When Orlando makes the speech beginning, "I beseech you," what are Rosalind's looks and actions? What part of the speech affects her most deeply? 11. What effect does Charles's speech beginning, "No, I warrant your grace," have on your feeling toward him after the wrestling match? 12. What effect does the following speech of Orlando have on your feeling toward him after the wrestling match? 13. When you consider the result of the wrestling, what do you think should be the physical appearance of Orlando? 14. Is there anything in the scene to indicate the physical appearance of Rosalind? 15. The wrestling is usually difficult to arrange, for actors are not generally skilled in the sport. FURNESS says that in a presentation of the play in Munich, the wrestlers stood behind a barrier, only the upper parts of their bodies showing; thus their lack of skill was not observed by the audience. Another way in which to accomplish the same result,

would be to have the people on the stage stand about the contestants and screen them from the view of the audience, who would get only glimpses of brawny arms and bodies while the struggle proceeds. Which way do you think the better? 16. What effect on your feeling for Orlando has the duke's dislike for the young man's father? 17. What effect has this same circumstance on the feeling of Orlando and Rosalind for each other? 18. Consider Rosalind's, "Had I known *etc.*", and reconsider question 9. 19. Can you find the keynote of the play in Celia's speech beginning, "Gentle cousin"? 20. As Rosalind says, "Shall we go, coz?" she exhibits a playful and laughing reluctance. Explain. 21. If, when Rosalind and Celia start away, and Orlando's back is turned for an instant, Rosalind should throw a half playful and half serious kiss at him, would she appear too bold and unmaidenly? 22. When Rosalind says, "He calls us back," what are her looks, tone, manner? 23. When Celia says, "Will you go, coz?" she speaks impatiently; even takes Rosalind by the arm, and appears quite shocked. Why? 24. Orlando says that something weaker than Charles has overthrown him. What qualities of this "something weaker" have been the cause of his overthrow? 25. When Le Beau gives Orlando the warning, Orlando quickly changes the subject. Do you detect the humor in this? Do you not fancy that he is casting anxious glances in a certain direction? 26. Dandies are not usually held in the highest esteem; has Le Beau any admirable qualities? 27. Why has Shakespeare contrived to have these lovers meet in the forest, where rank is of small importance? 28. Why does the poet change, in this scene, from prose to poetry? 29. It has been said that this is the scene in which Shakespeare must have determined whether the play was to be a comedy or a tragedy. Explain. Incidentally it will be necessary to explain the difference between comedy and tragedy.

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. A room in the palace. The walls are wainscoted to half their height in paneled woods, the main device of which is the lily of France. In the center, at the rear, is a large triple window, the central part of which is open; and outside may be seen the railing of a balcony, and beyond this the deep foliage of evergreens. At the right and rear is a large canopied bed; on the tail piece of it are carved the arms of a family of the French nobility. Near the center, in front, stands a large table, with sides and legs fancifully carved. Rosalind sits at it, her chin propped disconsolately in her hands; gazing fixedly at nothing. Celia sits a little to her left, working at embroidery, which is supported before her in a frame. When she speaks, Rosalind starts.

1. Why "Cupid have mercy"?

11. "My child's father," the man I am to marry. It has been conjectured that there is an error in the printing, and that Shakespeare wrote it "my father's child."

18. "Hem," cough.

30. "Chase," sequence of argument.

31. "Dearly," greatly; merely a superlative.

34. This line contains a difficulty. Perhaps the "not" was inserted by mistake. FURNESS quotes Malone,—“Celia answers Rosalind (who had desired her ‘*not to hate* Orlando, for her sake’) as if she had said ‘*love* him, for my sake:’ to which the former replies, ‘Why should I *not* (*i. e.* love him)?’”

39. "Cousin," often used loosely to mean relative.

50. "Purgation," proof of innocence. FURNESS calls attention to the fact that purgation "demanded not alone oaths, but ordeals by fire, or water, or combat."

54. "Likelihood," probability.

67. "Remorse," pity.

72. "Juno's swans." It was Venus that was drawn by swans. Shakespeare made a mistake.

75. Scan, remembering that in Shakespeare's time some words were not pronounced with the same number of syllables as now.

78. "Show," appear.

84. "Provide," prepare.

99. "Change," that is, of fortune.

109. "Umber," a brown pigment, so called because it is said to have come from Umbria.

111. "Stir," excite.

113. "Suit," dress.

114. "Curtle-axe," cutlass.

117. "Swashing," swaggering, bragging.

125. "Aliena." The word is accented on the second syllable.

126. "Assay'd," tried.

130. "Woo," gain, win.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Is the scene important from the standpoint of plot? 2. How does the mood of the two young women contrast with that of the previous scene? 3. What is the best retort that Rosalind makes to Celia (before the entrance of the duke)? 4. Where is the humor of Rosalind's speech, "The duke my father loved his father dearly"? Is the humor better if Rosalind is conscious, or unconscious, of it? 5. What is the manner of the duke as he enters? 6. How does the tone of the scene change at his entrance? 7. Do you take the duke to be a strong or a weak man? 8. Does Rosalind meet the situation courageously? 9. How many reasons has she now to be unhappy? 10. What were the duke's reasons for banishing her? 11. There is a marked change in the manner of the two young women when the duke departs; what is

it? 12. What is there in the scene that makes you think even better of Celia than you thought before? 13. Do you detect a difficulty ahead of the actress that takes the part of Rosalind? 14. Some critics have pointed out an improbability in this scene. Have you detected it? And if so, does it detract from your pleasure in the play?

Questions on the Act. 1. What main division of the plot appears in the act? 2. In what way do the scenes contrast? 3. What is the theme of the play? 4. How do the characters of Rosalind and Celia contrast? 5. It has been said that the play makes a poor effect on the stage unless the woman who takes the part of Rosalind have great dramatic talent. Why? 6. In what way is the interest held over to the next act?

ACT II.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. Let us suppose that the scene is laid on a hillside. Beginning at the front and the right, the slope rises backwards and to the left. Trees and rocks stand so thickly as to shut off all view beyond, except that at the right a deep and narrow glen is faintly suggested in the darkness of the wood.

After making his first speech, the duke reclines upon a great rock and listens to his friend's account of the vagaries of Jaques.

1. Scan. What word requires change of accent?
3. What word in the line is particularly effective?
5. "The penalty of Adam." This is doubtless "the seasons' difference," for in the Garden of Eden, before the fall, there was not, it is supposed, any unseasonable change of weather.
7. There are two cases of alliteration in this line.
14. "Jewel." Much has been said about the toadstone. It will be sufficient to quote FURNESS'S quotation from Edward Fenton's *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, "that there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is commonly found in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons."
15. "Haunt;" the duke means that the public does not haunt him and his friends there in the forest.
- 16 and 17. Find the alliteration in these two lines.
22. "Irks," grieves. Is "fools" used in its ordinary sense here?
23. "Burghers," citizens. What is the sense of "desert"?
24. "Confines," boundaries, domains. "Forked heads." What are these?

26. Should "Jaques" be pronounced in one or in two syllables?

30. Why is "steal" a better word than merely *go* or *pass*?

32. Can you see any reason for the fact that this line is pleasing to the ear? For it must be remembered that one difference between prose and poetry, is that the latter *sounds* better.

41. Scan.

44. "Moralize," moralize upon, draw a moral from.

46. What word in the line is particularly well selected?

50. And in this line?

55. What is the force of "fat and greasy"?

58. "Invectively," bitterly.

67. "Cope," meet, encounter.

68. "Matter," ideas.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Is the purpose of the scene to introduce characters or to tell an essential part of the story? 2. What manner of man was Jaques? 3. Why was he sorry for the wounded deer? 4. Compare the speeches of the First Lord in this scene with the speech of Le Beau, Act I, Scene II, line 251. What difference of feeling is there toward the two dukes? 5. Do you think the banished duke was a mild or a severe ruler before his banishment? 6. In the speech beginning in line 25, show that Shakespeare selected well the incident suited to his purpose. 7. What makes a scene dramatic? Is this scene particularly so? 8. What qualities has the scene that make it attractive?

Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. The same as that of Act I, Scene III,—the deserted room of Celia, about which the duke looks sadly.

3. "Are of consent and sufferance," have consented to this, and suffered it.

7. What well selected word has the line?

8. "Roynish," from the French word, *rogneux*, scurvy. It is a term of strong disapproval; troublesome, unruly.

13. Scan this line, making three syllables of "wrestler."

20. "Inquisition," inquiry. Why is "quai" a better word than *fail* would be?

Questions on the Scene. 1. See the first question on the previous scene. How would you answer it in the present case? 2. What contrast can you now make between the two dukes?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. The same as the first scene of the play.

3. "Memory," memorial.

4. "Make you," do you.
7. "Fond," foolish.
8. What is the "bonny priser"? "Humorous," full of whims, capricious.
- 12 and 13. There is a paradox in these lines; explain.
26. "Practices," plots, evil designs.
27. ". . . place . . . butchery." These words are evidently contrasted; what do they mean?
28. What quality of good writing is gained by cutting this line up into short sentences?
32. What figure has Shakespeare used in this line to make the *sound* forcible?
37. "Blood," relationship; "diverted," become hostile.
58. "Meed," reward.
65. "In lieu of," in return for.
66. "Come thy ways," come on.

Questions on the Scene. 1. What events in the scene help the story along? 2. What are the bonds of union between Orlando and the old servant? 3. Contrast the voices and the manner of Orlando and Adam. 4. What evidence of good moral character does the scene show in the case of Orlando? 5. What contrast is shown in this respect between him and his brother? 6. Did Adam tell the truth about his physical condition? 7. Show where the actor who takes the part of Adam must make his action contradict his words. 8. Which of the two actors has the more difficult part? 9. There are four lines in the scene that seem inferior to the rest as poetry, perhaps because the meter is too mechanical. Find them.

Scene IV.

Suggestion of Scene. The Forest of Arden. Near the right and the front there is a great tree, gnarled and twisted; it stands in the edge of a little bank or ledge which falls about three feet, the ground on the right of the tree thus being lower than the main part of the stage on the left. In the background there is a wealth of tree and shrub; and in the distance one can see a thatched roof and the wall of a sheep fold.

As the curtain rises upon the scene, Rosalind and Touchstone enter almost carrying Celia between them; they stagger with weariness, and sink down upon the roots of the great tree at the right, thus being screened from Corin and Silvius, who enter from the left, and converse together without being aware of the presence of anybody else. When Rosalind speaks to Corin, she rises, steps forward, swaggers, putting on mannish flourishes.

6. "Weaker vessel;" an allusion to the first epistle of Peter,

in which is the expression, "giving honor unto thy wife, as unto the weaker vessel." What figure is in "doublet and hose *etc.*"?

10. "Bear no cross." This is a play upon the common biblical expression and upon the fact that in old times a penny had a cross stamped on it so that it might be broken in four pieces.

35. "Wearing;" compare our phrase *wear out*, meaning to tire out.

41. "Searching of," searching for.

46. "Batlet," a little bat or club that was used to beat clothes in the wash tub. "Chopt," chapped.

47. "Peascod." FURNESS gives interesting information from different sources in regard to this word. It seems that in olden times a lover, if he saw a peascod upon the vine, would snatch it off suddenly, and if the peas did not spill, the omen was good, and he would present his capture to his lady love. It is said further that the kitchen maid, when she finds nine peas in a pod, lays them on the lintel of the kitchen door; and the first man who enters is to be her husband.

51. "As all is mortal *etc.*" This passage is not understood, and it seems useless to try to explain it.

53 and 54. FURNESS says,—“It seems almost needless to point out that Rosalind means *aware*, and Touchstone means *cautious*.”

57 "Upon my fashion," after my fashion.

74. What figure in "fleeces"?

76. "Recks," cares.

78. "Cote," shepherd's hut. "Bound of feed," limits of his pasturage rights.

82. "My" is the emphatic word; the shepherd means that so far as *his* authority goes they are welcome.

83. "What is he?" where we would say, Who is he? The inquiry is for his rank rather than for his identity.

94. "Feeder," servant.

Questions on the Scene. 1. What events advance the story? 2. Compare the manner and the voices of Rosalind, Celia and Touchstone. 3. How is the audience likely to be affected by seeing a person dressed like a man but acting like a woman? 4. Does it appear in the scene whether Rosalind was the proper one of the two young women to don man's apparel? 5. Where is there a decided change in Rosalind's manner? 6. Has this scene a greater or a less degree of action than the preceding? 7. Rosalinds are usually dressed in a more or less feminine manner; is this right or wrong? 8. Upon which of the three wanderers does the responsibility of their welfare mainly rest? 9. What incident in the scene causes Rosalind to think of a part of her own history? 10. What expectation aroused in Act I, Scene III, should be satisfied here, and is not? 11. What are the symptoms of love as set forth

in the scene? 12. Point out how Touchstone makes fun of lovers. 13. Explain the witty sallies of Rosalind and Touchstone. 14. What new is found here that makes the play a pastoral? 15. What is the effect of the short lines in the speech beginning in line 30?

Scene V.

Suggestion of Scene. The same as the preceding, as managers of theaters repeat the scenes in Shakespeare's plays as often as they can; otherwise the expense of production would be greatly increased and the time of presentation greatly lengthened.

As the previous scene ends, a song and the sound of footsteps in the leaves on the ground are heard, and Amiens, Jaques and others enter.

23. "Dog-apes," baboons.

27. "Cover," lay the cloth for the meal.

31. "Disputable," fond of disputing, arguing.

42. "In despite of my invention;" in spite of the fact that I have but little invention, imagination. Jaques means that it takes but little ability to write as good a song as that sung by Amiens. What do you think about it?

50. "Ducdame." The commentators have expended much ingenuity in attempting to explain this. Johnson reads it, *Duc ad me*, bring him to me. But this is Latin, not Greek as Jaques say. It is probably best to consider it mere meaningless sound to fit the meter.

57. "Firstborn of Egypt," a proverbial expression for people of rank, according to Johnson.

58. "Banquet." WRIGHT says that the banquet was, strictly speaking, the wine and dessert after dinner.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Some scenes in a play are what we may call vital or essential, and some are introductory to the vital or essential scenes; which is this? 2. What evidence does the scene afford that Jaques is "melancholy"? 3. How does the scene contrast with the one before it? 4. How do Jaques and Amiens contrast? 5. Does the scene derive its interest from its dramatic force, or from something else? 6. Does pastoral life seem to be in favor with all persons in the scene? 7. What effect would such a life as that described in Amiens' song have on people? 8. What foible has Amiens in common with other musicians?

Scene VI.

Suggestion of Scene. The same scene continues. Orlando and Adam, the former supporting the latter, enter on one side as the others go out on the opposite side.

5. "Comfort," equivalent to *be comforted*.

7. "Conceit," imagination.

Questions on the Scene. 1. See the first question on the previous scene, and answer the same question here. 2. How did Adam misjudge himself in a former scene? 3. How does the scene contrast with the previous one?

Scene VII.

Suggestion of Scene. The same scene continues. As Orlando goes away with Adam, there come servants with a table set for the duke and his men, who enter a moment later.

2. What is the emphatic word?

5. "Compact of jars," made up of discords.

6. "Discord in the spheres;" an allusion to the old belief in the music of the spheres.

13. "Motley," parti-colored, the dress of the jester.

19. Notice in this line one of Shakespeare's means of jesting; it is to ignore the essential part of a speech, and reply to some part of it to which an answer was not expected. Jaques has said, "Good morrow, fool," and the fool should reply to the salutation; but, instead, he takes up the word "fool" and replies to that.

20. "Dial," a portable sundial. "Poke," pouch or pocket.

21. Explain "lack-luster."

23. "Wags," moves.

30. "Crow," "laugh merrily." WRIGHT. "Chanticleer," the cock.

32. "Sans," the French preposition, without.

34. "Wear," dress.

39. "Dry as the remainder biscuit." "In the physiology of Shakespeare's time a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory." WRIGHT.

41. Scan.

42. "Mangled forms." Such a use as Touchstone makes of the cross on a penny in the fourth scene is probably the kind of saying that Jaques has in mind.

44. "Thou shalt have one." Does the duke mean that Jaques is a fool?

50. Scan.

55. The words "Not to" were inserted by a critic because he thought they had been omitted by mistake. "Bob," a jest.

56. "Anatomized," analyzed, laid bare.

57. "Squandering," scattering, random. "Glances," "side hits." WRIGHT.

63. "Counter," a piece of metal used for calculating; it is used

here in the sense of wager, for counters had the appearance of money.

66. "The brutish sting," "the impulse of the animal nature."
WRIGHT.

67. "Headed evils," sores grown to a head.

71. "Tax," cry out on, censure. "Party," person. The word is no longer used in this sense except in legal documents.

73. "Wearer's very means," that is, the means of the person who dresses extravagantly; for Jaques is here talking of the display of pride.

75. "City-woman," the woman who lives in the city.

76. "The cost *etc.*" An allusion to extravagant dressing—that so extravagant that only princes can pay the bill.

79. "Of basest function," of lowest office.

80. "Bravery," finery. This speech may be interpreted thus,—When I cry out on pride as displayed in fine dressing, some low fellow may say, 'Well, you didn't pay for my clothes,' being thus impertinent because he thinks I am criticizing him. But in reality he admits that the criticism is just; by being offended he shows that "the shoe fits."

90. "Cock." Perhaps Jaques calls Orlando a cock because he makes so much noise.

94. "Vein," disposition.

96. "Inland bred," as distinguished from being *uplandish bred*, that is, bred in the uplands or highlands, where there was little social refinement. In this connection the word *outlandish*, meaning foreign, is interesting.

97. "Nurture," culture, refinement.

100. "An," if. The pronunciation of English has changed somewhat since the time of Shakespeare; his English would sound to us like the Irish pronunciation. Thus Shakespeare said *tay* for *tea*. In this line, you can, by pronouncing a certain word the Irish way, see that Jaques probably intended to make a pun.

102 and 103. What is noteworthy about the rhetoric here?

111. Why should the forest be "melancholy" to Orlando?

125. "Upon command," "in answer to your command."

WRIGHT.

144. "Mewling," mewing, like a cat.

148. "Sighing like furnace." A sigh, on a frosty day, is quite visible; hence the comparison.

150. "Pard," leopard.

156. "Saws," wise sayings. Mr. W. D. Howells has written a novel called "A Modern Instance." The title is a literary allusion.

160. "Hose," breeches.

166. "Sans," the French preposition, without.

175. "Unkind," unnatural. See note on "milk of human kindness," "Macbeth," Act I, Scene V, line 16, of this series.

182. "Heigh-ho." FURNESS quotes White as saying that the pronunciation is *hay-ho*. The "Holly" was an emblem of mirth.

186. "Benefits forgot." Woolcott Balestier wrote a book which he called "Benefits Forgot." Thus there are at least two American books that took their titles from this scene.

187. "Warp." There has been much comment on this word. One critic thinks it means the warping of a frozen pond, for it is often observed that such a surface is concave. Another critic thinks it means simply *freeze*. Either interpretation is good; and there are others.

193. "Effgies," likeness.

194. "Limn'd," drawn.

Questions on the Scene. 1. See the first questions on the two previous scenes, and answer the same question here. 2. As the scene proceeds, we hear the duke and a lord talking, but we perceive at once that we have not heard the beginning of the conversation; what effect has this upon us? 3. How does this scene compare with the preceding ones as to dramatic force? 4. Would you call it intensely dramatic? 5. What charm has it other than dramatic force? 6. What different effects have the entrance of Jaques and of Orlando? Which is the more dramatic? 7. How does Orlando keep up his heroic character? 8. Why, at a certain place, does Orlando change his manner very markedly? 9. What speech in the scene is the greatest tax on the powers of the actor? 10. Compare Orlando's and Jaques's reasons for being melancholy. 11. Against what things does Jaques direct his raillery? 12. Dowden says that "Jaques sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure." Explain. 13. Victor Hugo says of Jaques, "It is not against society that he has a grievance, but against existence." Explain. 14. Dowden, again, says that Jaques's melancholy is "but sentimental, a self-indulgent humor." Explain. 15. Do you think that Shakespeare could have put his own feelings into the mouth of Jaques? 16. With what person in the scene does Jaques contrast most strongly? 17. Could Jaques be a hero? 18. Concerning the speech beginning in line 12, a critic says, "It is plain that he (Touchstone) has been mocking Jaques; and, as usual, the mocked thinks himself the mocker." Can you explain this? 19. Go through the speech beginning in line 139 and select the best of the descriptive words and phrases, explaining why they are good. 20. Find a place in the scene similar to its beginning, where the audience does not hear all the conversation. 21. What two speeches are most suitable to commit to memory? 22. Have you ever heard quotations from this scene?

Questions on the Act. 1. What main division of the plot appears

in the scene? 2. The playwright must carefully observe the unity of his play; that is, all incidents and all thoughts must suit the general plan. Prove that Shakespeare has not erred in this respect in this act. 3. How many love stories have been begun in the play? 4. Point out all the particulars that make the play pastoral, idyllic. 5. It has been said that the play contains a fool and a philosopher. Explain. 6. A play gains strength, naturalness, and interest from having a great variety of characters. Show that Shakespeare has such a variety in this play. 7. Which of the two acts that you have read holds the interest over more strongly to the one that follows it?

ACT III.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. A room in the palace; in the rear and center in a great triple window with a window seat. Outside one can see the tops of great trees and the distant prospect. At one side is a great chest or strong box; at the other a table with chairs about it and large record books upon it. On the same side, against the wall, is a single throne chair, with a canopy over it.

Throughout the scene the duke rests fitfully in the window seat, looking out the window, as if searching with his eyes the path of his wandering daughter. What he says to Oliver is said without violence, but it is none the less forcible.

3. "Argument," subject.

17. "Extent," a legal document to compel the payment of a debt.

Questions on the Scene. 1. How is punishment, or at least penitence, foreshadowed in this scene? 2. The duke censures Oliver for not loving his brother; is there not a very pertinent observation to be made upon the matter?

Scene II.

Suggestion of the Scene. A quiet nook between the hills, in the forest. The ground rises at the left, and the trees grow thickly there. To the right of the center is a great tree with low swinging branches. Beyond it one catches glimpses of the brook that "brawls along the wood" as its ripples flash in a beam of sunlight that comes down through the trees. In the distance one hears the tinkle of sheep bells.

2. "Thrice-crowned;" an allusion to the fact that Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana were sometimes supposed to be the same goddess. Orlando addresses, of course, the moon.

4. Who is the 'huntress'?
6. "Character," write.
10. "Unexpressive," inexpressible, not to be described.
15. "Naught," worthless.
28. "May complain of good breeding," may complain of the *lack* of good breeding; an idiom of the poet's time.
30. "Natural philosopher," as opposed to a metaphysician. The shepherd could reason about the affairs of nature, but he did not attempt to see the underlying causes of phenomena. A critic suggests that the word *natural* was a common name for a fool. Touchstone may have intended a quibble on the word.
36. "All on one side;" "explanatory of 'ill-roasted' and not of 'damned.'" WRIGHT.
41. "Parlous," dangerous.
49. "Instance," give an instance, an example.
50. "Still," constantly.
51. "Fells," the skin of the sheep with the wool on.
62. "Worms-méat." "It is not impossible that this expression may have struck Shakespeare in a book which he evidently read, the treatise of "Vincentio Saviolo, in which a printer's device is found with the motto: 'O WORMS MEATE. O FROATH: O VANITIE. WHY ART THOV SO INSOLENT?'" WRIGHT.
64. "Perpend," consider.
65. "Flux of a cat," that is, civet, which is found in a gland of a cat called a civet. It has a strong odor, which is offensive unless the substance is diluted with some other substance, when it becomes a delicate perfume.
68. "Incision." FURNESS quotes Heath,—“That is, God give thee a better understanding; thou art very raw and simple as yet. The expression probably alludes to the common proverbial saying, concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the simples.” WRIGHT says,—“The reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting.”
71. "Content with my harm," "Patient under my own misfortunes." WRIGHT.
80. "Ind," India. The line evidently means,—From eastern to western India.
84. "Lined," drawn.
89. "Right butter women's rank to market." Much has been said in explanation of this expression. Touchstone probably means that the verses Rosalind reads jog along as mechanically as the country women who go along at a jog-trot, carrying their butter to market.
95. "Cat will after kind;" an allusion to an old proverb.
109. "Graff," graft.
110. "Medlar." There is a pun here on *medler*. FURNESS quotes

Beisly,—“The *Mespilus germanica*, a tree, the fruit of which is small, and in shape like an apple, but flat at the top, and only fit to be eaten when mellow or rotten.”

112. “Right,” true.

118. “For,” because.

120. “Civil;” used as opposed to “unpeopled” and “desert”—civilized.

122. “Erring,” “wandering.” WRIGHT.

131. “Quintessence.” The mediæval philosophers believed that all things were composed of four essences—earth, fire, air and water; but there was a fifth essence, or quintessence, which was the spirit of things.

137. “Helen’s,” the woman whose fatal beauty caused the war about Troy. Orlando did not want his Rosalind to have Helen’s heart, because that was false.

138. “Cleopatra,” the beautiful queen of Egypt who was the ruin of Mark Antony. Shakespeare wrote a play called “Antony and Cleopatra.”

139. “Atalanta’s better part.” Atalanta was a maiden who challenged her suitors to run her a race; see the classical dictionary. What her “better part” was, nobody has ever been able to explain certainly.

140. “Lucretia’s,” a Roman matron renowned for her chastity.

142. “Synod,” a church council.

144. “Touches,” features, traits.

153. “Scrip,” the bag or pouch carried by a shepherd; the “scrippage” was the contents of the scrip.

163. “Should be,” was.

164. “Nine days *etc.*” This is an allusion to the old saying,—“a nine day’s wonder.”

165. “Palm tree.” There are no palm trees in France; Shakespeare was careless about such details; perhaps he copied the error from Lodge’s novel, from which he got most of the story of the play.

166. “Pythagoras.” This ancient philosopher taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, that is, that a soul goes from one body to another as the centuries go by, never dying, but always living anew. Rosalind says that her soul was once in an Irish rat. It is said that rats were rined to death in Ireland in former times. Perhaps there is some kinship between this story and that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

168. “Trow,” know.

173. “Friends to meet *etc.*” WRIGHT quotes an old proverb,—“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”

178. “Petitionary,” entreating.

181. “Out of all hooping,” beyond all expression of wonder.

183. "Good my complexion!" Much has been conjectured about this. WRIGHT says,—“Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing color.”

184. "Caparisoned," dressed. "Doublet and hose;" see note on "weaker vessel," Act II, Scene IV, line 6.

185. "One inch of delay *etc.*" There have been many attempts to explain, and some to amend, this, but none entirely satisfactory. WRIGHT's interpretation is,—“If you delay the least to satisfy my curiosity I shall ask you in the interval so many more questions that to answer them will be like embarking on a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown sea.”

196. "Stay," wait for.

200. "Sad brow," serious expression.

207. "Wherein went he?" how was he clothed?

211. "Gargantua's mouth." Gargantua was the giant in a work of Rabelais.

218. "Atomies," as Milton says, "the gay notes that people the sunbeams." "Resolve," solve.

220. "Observance," attention.

222. "Jove's tree." The oak was sacred to Jove.

230. "Holla," a word used to check a horse.

231. "Furnished," clothed.

232. There is a pun in this line.

233. "Burden," under-song. "Thou bringest me out," you put me out.

238. "Slink." What does "slink" express that *pass* would not?

247. "Moe," more. *Moe* was used only with the plural, *more* with both singular and plural.

257. "Conned them out of rings," learned them out of rings. It was formerly the custom to engrave short verses in rings.

259. "Right painted cloth." The allusion is to the old custom of ornamenting the unplastered walls of rooms with painted canvas; in addition to the pictures there were often mottoes.

264. "Breather," living person.

269. "Troth," truth.

279. "I will speak to him *etc.*" Fancy the mannish swagger that Rosalind puts on here.

293. "Withal," with.

298. "Se'nnight," seven nights, a week.

318. "Cony," rabbit.

319. "Kindled," brought forth, born.

321. "Purchase," acquire.

324. "Inland," see note on Act II, Scene VII, line 96.

335. "Physic," medicine.

340. "Fancy-monger," love-monger.

341. "Quotidian," fever that is continuous rather than intermittent.

349. "Blue eye," that is, with blue circles about the eyes. Blue eyes, that is, eyes with the blue iris, were called grey eyes in Shakespeare's time.

350. "Unquestionable," unwilling to be questioned.

352. "Having," possession.

354. "Bonnet;" the word was formerly used to mean a hat. "Unbanded," without a band.

357. "Point-device," exact, faultless.

380. "Moonish," changeable.

391. "Liver." In old times the liver was supposed to be the seat of love, of courage, and perhaps also of other passions. Hamlet speaks of himself as being "pigeon-liver'd," meaning that his liver is white, as the cowardly pigeon's was supposed to be.

The acting of this scene is particularly difficult, for reasons that will appear in studying the questions that follow. A hint is here given from the works of Richard Grant White; it concerns the end of the scene.

"Now here most Rosalinds go shyly off with Celia and leave Orlando to come dangling after them; but when I read the passage I see Ganymede jauntily slip his arm into Orlando's, and lead him off, laughingly lecturing him about his name; then turn his head over his shoulder, and say, 'Come, sister!' leaving Celia astounded at the boundless 'cheek' of her enamored cousin."

Questions on the Scene. 1. Would it be correct to say that the poem that Orlando reads is the keynote of the scene? 2. Show in what way the manner and the dress of Corin and Touchstone differ. 3. Touchstone intimates that his remarks about the shepherd's life are philosophy; is it true? 4. In Touchstone's speech beginning, "Why, if thou never wast *etc.*," the wit consists in an intentional mistake in logic; what is the mistake? 5. Does Corin take all this conversation seriously or otherwise? 6. If the theme of the scene is love, why all this foolery between the shepherd and the jester? 7. Rosalind enters reading a paper; does this suggest any other event in the scene? 8. When Touchstone recites his poem, he 'singsongs,' and keeps time with his bauble; why? 9. With what expression does Rosalind regard Touchstone as he recites his lines? 10. Celia reads the poem she has found; indicate the different manner in which Rosalind, Touchstone and Corin listen to it. 11. After Celia has finished, Rosalind intimates that the poem is "tedious." Does she truly think so? 12. Later on, Rosalind pretends not to like the verses; why does she do so? 13. Rosalind asks, "Nay, but who is it?" Is it possible that she does not know? 14. If she does know, why does she ask so persistently? 15. In this portion of the scene is she serious or gay, patient or im-

patient, active or quiet? Does she speak slowly or rapidly, with much expression or little? Is she stupid or animated? 16. In this portion of the scene is Rosalind in her masculine or her feminine character? Explain fully. 17. Why does Celia so long delay her answer? 18. In the speech beginning, "Alas the day!" wherein consists the humor? 19. Celia says, "Cry 'holla' to thy tongue." What does this indicate as to Rosalind's manner throughout the scene? 20. As she says, "O ominous!" how does Rosalind's manner change? 21. As Orlando and Jaques enter, Rosalind and Celia hide behind the big tree, from which they peep out occasionally. Celia has a hard time to keep Rosalind from betraying their hiding place. At what speeches of the two men would Rosalind be likely to be most in danger of making such betrayal? 22. How much is Orlando affected by Jaques's melancholy? 23. Someone has described Jaques as affected and churlish; explain. 24. After Orlando has said, "He is drowned *etc.*," there follow two speeches that explain the joke; do you regard this a blemish or a beauty in the scene? 25. Where, hereabouts, and how, does Rosalind's manner suddenly change? 26. Why is the speech beginning "Then there is no true lover in the forest," particularly adroit? 27. Does Orlando suspect the identity of the young man he has met? 28. If not, then is his love for Rosalind nourished by his acquaintance with the young man? 29. Something in the speech beginning, "I have been told *etc.*," shows the nimbleness of Rosalind's wit; what? 30. In Rosalind's speech beginning, "No, I will not cast *etc.*," there is the same adroitness suggested in question 26; explain. 31. Why does Rosalind pretend not to believe that Orlando is in love? 32. Does the speech beginning, "A lean cheek *etc.*," give the true symptoms of love? 33. The scene is full of pretence on Rosalind's part; is this a masculine or a feminine foible? 34. Shakespeare's plays often throw side lights on the manners and customs of his time; do you not find such a light thrown on the way of treating a certain disease in that former day? 35. In Rosalind's jesting in this scene, do you detect the shadow of the sorrow of her and her father's banishment? Should the actress indicate such an underlying sadness? 36. Has Rosalind's quickness of retort any sting in it? 37. Where in the scene does Rosalind appear most womanly, where most mannish?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene does not change. Celia has no sooner followed her cousin and Orlando, very much shocked at the former's conduct, than Touchstone enters, holding Audrey's hand, and almost dragging her, so stupidly and sleepily does she drag behind. He speaks to her in a long-drawn tone, modulating his voice from high to low in key, as one does to a child.

6. "Ovid," a celebrated Roman poet; he was banished from Rome to live among a Gothic tribe on the banks of the Euxine Sea.

7. "Knowledge ill-inhabited," knowledge ill-lodged. Jaques thinks classical learning, such as the allusion to Ovid, quite misplaced in the mind of a fool.

11. "Great reckoning." FURNESS quotes Moberly,—“To have one's poetry not understood is worse than the bill (reckoning) of a first-class hotel in a pot-house.”

14. "Honest," virtuous.

28. "Material," full of matter, thought.

31. "Foul," homely.

37. "Sir Oliver Martext." The title of Sir was given to those who had taken a bachelor's degree at the university.

43. "Stagger," hesitate.

51. "Rascal," a deer in poor bodily condition.

66. "God 'ild you," God yield, or reward, you.

67. "Toy," a trifle.

68. "Be covered." Jaques, on approaching, has removed his hat out of deference to Audrey; and Touchstone, pretending to think the honor intended for himself, puts on a very grand look, and says, "Be covered," that is, put on your hat.

69. "Motley," see note on Act II, Scene VII, line 13.

70. "Bow," yoke.

71. "Bells;" the tamed falcon was made to wear bells.

86. "O sweet Oliver," a fragment from an old ballad.

93. "Flout," mock, make fun of.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Audrey's whole bearing is one of open-mouthed stupidity; with whom in the play does she offer the strongest contrast? 2. Touchstone is described by a critic as "the Hamlet of motley." If you have read "Hamlet," determine the meaning of the expression. 3. What disparity does Jaques find between the two lovers? 4. Why does Touchstone apologize for his prospective bride? 5. Is Touchstone in earnest when he says "it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife"?

Scene IV.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene remains the same. The two young women enter rapidly, Celia pursuing Rosalind and endeavoring to console her. Rosalind turns hither and thither, endeavoring to keep back her tears.

8. "Judas's." The beard of Judas is usually represented as red; from this it may be seen what the "dissembling color" is.

14. "Holy bread," bread used in the sacrament.

15. "Cast," cast off. "Diana," the beautiful goddess of the

chase. She was also the goddess of chastity, which is the point here.

16. "Sisterhood," that is, of nuns.

24. "Covered goblet;" "which having a convex top is more hollow than a goblet without a cover." WRIGHT.

29. "Tapster," a drawer of beer.

30. "Reckonings," bills, amounts of beer drunk.

39. "Quite traverse," "like an unskilful tilter, who breaks his staff across instead of striking it full against his adversary's shield and so splitting it lengthwise." WRIGHT.

40. "Puisny," unskilful.

48. "Pageant," an old kind of play.

49. "The pale complexion of true love." "Sighing, a common malady of lovers, was supposed to take the blood from the heart." WRIGHT.

Questions on the Scene. 1. What contrast do you find in Rosalind's state of mind in this scene and in Scene II? Note that Shakespeare makes his heroine a young woman of "infinite variety." 2. Does Rosalind seem to have sought the duke, her father, as she said she was going to do? 3. Why does Rosalind yield readily to the invitation brought by Corin?

Scene V.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene remains the same. The two lovers come in rapidly, Phebe swinging herself from side to side as if to push Silvius away with her elbows; and he pursues her pleading in the most woe-begone fashion. Mr. Joseph Jefferson says that a love scene, if properly acted, is a most amusing sight to observers, however serious it may be to the two lovers. Such is the case here.

13. "Atomies;" see note on Act III, Scene II, line 218.

23. "Cicatrice," usually a scar; but here the meaning evidently is only a slight mark or impression. "Capable impressure," impression that can be seen.

29. "Fancy," love.

39. "Without candle;" that is, beauty that is not bright.

43. "Of nature's sale-work," what nature makes for sale, not for the love of good workmanship. "'Od's my little life," a mild oath.

47. "Bugle," "black, as beads of black glass which are called bugles." WRIGHT.

50. "Foggy south;" fog and rain come from the south in England.

60. "Sell," that is, yourself; marry. "Not for all markets," it isn't every one that would have you.

66. "Foulness," ugliness.

78. "Abused in sight," deceived.

80. "Dead shepherd." Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary of Shakespeare, and the author of several remarkable plays, is the shepherd, or poet, meant. The following line is quoted from his "Hero and Leander." "Saw," wise saying.

88. "Exterminated," exterminated.

94. "Erst," at first, once.

106. "Bounds," boundaries, grounds.

107. "Carlot," clown, countryman.

122. "Mingled damask," white and red.

124. "Parcels," detail.

135. "Straight," immediately.

137. "Passing," exceedingly.

Questions on the Scene. 1. What words of Phebe's early in the scene show her to be a spiteful young woman? 2. Rosalind comes from behind the tree, clears her throat noisily, leans against the big rock, folds her arms and speaks commandingly, first to one and then to the other of the lovers. What effect has all this strut on the audience? For it must be remembered that Shakespeare was always seeking some dramatic effect. 3. If you were to play the part of Phebe, how would you express your utter astonishment at the unexpected meeting with so handsome a youth in the almost uninhabited forest? 4. What feelings does Rosalind's long speech engender in the minds of Phebe and Silvius? 5. What does Silvius find in Phebe to be enamored of? 6. When Rosalind says, "Why look you so upon me?" Phebe, perhaps, looks down, fingers her skirt nervously, and then looks up ruefully. What qualities in Rosalind have brought about a certain change in her? 7. Is or is not "love at first sight" the rule in this play? 8. Is there anything in the scene to prove that "love is blind"? 9. What is there in the scene to verify the old saying that love and pity are akin? 10. Do you find anything in Silvius's speech beginning, "So holy *etc.*" that seems a bit unmanly? 11. After Rosalind goes away, Phebe makes a long speech, during which she frequently looks over her shoulder in the direction of the departed one. Explain her conflicting emotions. 12. Wherein does the humor of this speech consist? 13. If Silvius and Phebe eventually marry, can you conjecture which one will rule the house? 14. What further evidence of Phebe's spiteful nature is found near the end of the scene?

Questions on the Act. 1. What steps in the story does the act set forth? 2. What new love theme is begun? 3. Can you anticipate the end of the story? 4. Show that the general theme of the story appears even more plainly than before. 5. In the case of the wooing of Silvius, do you think that anticipation may be more, or less, pleasant than realization? 6. What anticipation have you in the case of Orlando and Rosalind?

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. The entire act is in the forest, and one scene is enough for the whole. Let us fancy that the foreground is bare save for one or two trees. At the rear of the stage, is the representation of a rocky cliff, extending the entire length of the stage, from left to right. Jagged rocks jut out, partly concealed by the vines and low evergreens that grow over them. A path leads down from the unseen summit. It is very precipitous, and the observer does not suspect its presence until he sees some one coming down the almost perpendicular side of the cliff.

6. "Censure," judgment.

14. "Nice." What does this word mean here? Is this the correct meaning? How is the word usually misused at the present time?

17. "Simples." The word is used figuratively here; simples are herbs that are compounded to make a mixture for medicinal purposes.

18. "Humorous," full of whims.

28. "An," if.

31. "Disable," disparage.

43. "Clapped him o' the shoulder," put him under arrest.

50. "Jointure," an estate settled on a wife.

54. "Beholding," beholden, indebted.

56. "Prevents," anticipates.

61. "Leer," cheek, complexion.

67. "Gravelled," puzzled.

87. "Videlicet," Latin for, *that is*.

88. "Troilus." It would be well to look up the story of Troilus in the classical dictionary, and see whether Rosalind was right about the fate of Troilus. Also, look up "Leander," a little further on.

95. "Found." This word is used in the technical sense which it has when used by a coroner and his jury.

125. "Goes before the priest," goes faster than the priest. Rosalind means that she takes Orlando before Celia, the priest; asks her whether she will.

137. "New-fangled," changeable.

139. "Diana in the fountain." The image of Diana in a fountain was common in the poet's time.

141. "Hyen," hyena.

152. "Wit, whither wilt?" "An expression of not uncommon occurrence, the origin of which is unknown. It appears to have been used to check anyone who was talking too fast." WRIGHT.

161. "Go your ways," go on.

170. "Pathetical." The word is defined in several ways. Perhaps it is nothing more than an intensive. One commentator says, "affection-moving."

184. "Bay of Portugal," WRIGHT says,—“It (the expression) is, however, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable.”

188. "Spleen," caprice.

Questions on the Scene. 1. After many questions about the nature of the melancholy of Jaques, we have his own answer. Is it a good answer? Does he say what is the essential characteristic of his melancholy? 2. How much effect does the melancholy of Jaques have on Rosalind? 3. Does not Rosalind show Jaques that he is a cynic? 4. A critic already quoted said that the cause of the melancholy of Jaques was egotism. Is this statement anything like our understanding of Rosalind's judgment, that cynicism was his malady? 5. Have you ever known such a person as Rosalind describes in the first part of the speech beginning with the words, "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller"? 6. Which of the two, Rosalind or Orlando, is the more anxious to keep up the pretence of their being lovers? 7. Are Orlando and Rosalind in precisely the same mood about this pretence? If she is active, what is he? 8. It is said that a wedding is the bride's show; what that concerns Rosalind's view of the mock wedding is corroborative of this? 9. Does the scene make dimmer or brighter the heroic luster of Orlando? 10. From Celia's complaint that Rosalind has simply misused their sex, what do you infer about the latter's actions in the scene? 11. *Has Rosalind misused her sex?* Does she seem too bold? 12. Show the variety of emotions through which Rosalind passes during the scene, and account for the difficulty of the acting. 13. Explain any details of the scene that account for the dramatic strength. 14. Have you found any words in the scene that you have heard quoted?

Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. As Rosalind and Celia go away, we hear high up on the cliff the voices of hunters, and the sound of a bugle. In a moment the foremost of the party appears, and then the others, winding down over the rocks and among the low trees that grow profusely on the precipitous sides of the cliff. The last of the hunters carries a deer over his shoulder.

1. "Killed the deer?" FURNESS quotes Flower,—“On the occasion of the first representation of *As You Like It* in the Me-

morial Theater (a theater built at Stratford-on-Avon in memory of the poet), April 30th, 1879, a fallow deer was carried on the stage by the foresters (in this scene) which had been that morning shot by H. S. Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Park, out of the herd descended from that upon which Shakespeare is said to have made a raid in his youth. The deer is now stuffed, and carried on whenever the play is acted at Stratford."

12. "The rest shall bear this burden," has been much discussed, as in the first folio it was printed as a part of the song. It is, however, merely a direction to the singers to sing the "burden," in answer to the first part sung only by the foresters. The burden is probably "Then sing him home."

14. "Crest." A pun, probably. A crest is a coat of arms; the horn is also the crest of the deer.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Referring to the previous scene and looking on to the next one, what seems to be the purpose of this scene—that is, Scene II? 2. Has it a mechanical or a dramatic purpose? Or both?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene remains the same. Rosalind enters anxiously, and Celia sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

2. "Here much Orlando;" an idiom meaning that the speaker does not see much of Orlando. It is ironical, of course.

17. "As rare as phœnix." The phœnix was said to have been born once in five hundred years. Sir John Mandeville gave an interesting account of it. "'Ods my will!" A mild oath.

23. "Turned into *etc.*" That is, you are suffering from the very worst form of love.

25. "Freestone-color'd," "of the color of Bath brick, a common article of domestic use." WRIGHT.

35. "Ethiope," an inhabitant of Ethiopia, where all the people were black.

48. "Vengeance," mischief.

50. "Eyné," eyes.

53. "Aspect," "an astrological term used to denote the favorable appearance of the planets." WRIGHT.

59. "Kind," nature.

70. "Tame snake," an expression formerly used to mean a poor worthless fellow.

75. "Purlieus," the edge or boundary of a forest.

77. "Bottom," dale, valley, perhaps traversed by a stream.

78. "Osiers," willows.

85. "Favor," looks. "Bestows," bears.

86. "Ripe," grown-up.

92. "Napkin," handkerchief.

108. "Nimble in threats," making quick threatening motions with its head.

111. "Indented glides;" a description of the sinuous motion of the snake.

121. "Render," describe.

130. "Hurling," noise.

139. "Recountments," narratives.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Considering that Silvius has said that he would gladly undertake to take a saucy letter to Ganymede, how does he now show that he is not a man of pride and honor? 2. In the portion of the scene where Rosalind reads the letter to Silvius, wherein does the humor consist? 3. Wherein does the pathos consist? 4. What is the dramatic effect of the entrance of Oliver? 5. What are Rosalind's feelings and action when she says, "I am: what must we understand by this?" 6. There were never lions in France. Can you excuse Shakespeare for using one in the play? 7. Find a place where "you" is emphasized in three successive lines; what emotion does this emphasis indicate? 8. Where in the scene is an evidence that the end of the play is near? 9. What new food has Rosalind's love for Orlando to feed upon? 10. Where does Rosalind for a moment wholly forget her doublet and hose? 11. Wherein does the humor consist in what is said about counterfeiting? 12. Is Rosalind's "variety" greater or less than in previous scenes? 13. What incidents are well selected for their purpose in the play? 14. Is the scene more or less dramatic than the previous one?

Questions on the Act. 1. Summarize the events of the act. 2. Can you tell positively whether the play is to turn out a comedy or a tragedy? 3. What comment can now be made on the degree of Orlando's heroism?

ACT V.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. The forest, as ever; a low hill, formed mainly of jutting rock, occupies the right foreground, and from it a spring of pure water gushes, to flow down through the wood. The rest of the foreground is filled with trees, while farther away is a cottage, and in the distance are the purple hills.

Touchstone's treatment of William is very amusing. As the former begins his last long speech he takes William by the hand and begins to jerk him to and fro, to William's fear and utter consternation. The poor fellow is finally cast into outer darkness.

12. "Flouting," joking. "Hold," restrain ourselves.

14. "God ye good even," God give you good even.

42. "Ipse," the Latin word for *he*.

53. "Bastinado," cudgel. "Bandy," contend with.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Touchstone says something about a heathen philosopher opening his mouth; what, in his immediate surroundings, suggested open mouths to Touchstone? 2. What is the purpose of this speech about the heathen philosopher, and the one that follows about the figure in rhetoric? 3. In this scene is found the climax of rural stupidity; explain. 4. Do you see any further reason than mere jealousy for Touchstone's treatment of his rival?

Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. The previous scene continues. As Touchstone and Audrey, followed by Silvius, trip away, Orlando and Oliver come in from the opposite side of the stage.

4. "Persever." Accent the word on the second syllable.

17. "Brother." Why does Rosalind call Oliver brother?

28. "Where you are," what you mean.

30. "Thrasonical," "boastful; from Thraso the boaster in the Eunuchus of Terence." WRIGHT. "Brag." Cæsar's dispatch was "Veni, vidi, vici." It was sent after his defeat of Pharnaces in Pontus.

36. "Incontinent," immediately.

50. "Good conceit," good mind.

54. "To grace me," to give me credit.

57. "Damnable;" an allusion to the fact that in the poet's time, the use of magic was punishable by law.

87. "Fantasy," fancy.

89. "Observance," that is, of all wishes of the loved one.

102. "Like the howling of Irish wolves," "dismal and monotonous." WRIGHT.

Questions on the Scene. 1. In what mood is Orlando in the beginning of the scene, and what circumstance increases the intensity of the mood by contrast? 2. What occurs to change this mood? 3. Is Rosalind in the same mood? 4. What, according to Rosalind, is the psychological process of falling in love? 5. Is it the comic or the tragic element that predominates in the manner of Orlando, when he says, "I can live no longer by thinking"? 6. Where is the end of the play strongly suggested? 7. Show how, after the entrance of Silvius and Phebe, the various moods of the different persons are reflected in their manner. 8. What emotion is strongly aroused by this scene?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene is the same. The two lovers enter light of foot and heart; at least Touchstone does, and Audrey as much so as possible. The meeting with the two pages is perhaps not as welcome all around as they would have it appear, but they make the best of it, and proceed to the business of the moment—a song.

4. "A woman of the world," a married woman.

10. "Clap into't roundly," go at it at once.

Song. This song was not written by Shakespeare; he took it from a book of popular airs, and, it seems, changed the order of the stanzas to make it seem as bad as possible.

16. "With a hey, *etc.*" The line is a mere burden, a succession of meaningless sounds.

18. "Ring time," the time for giving the marriage ring.

34. "Matter," thought. Wherein does the joke consist in this speech?

Questions on the Scene. 1. Is the purpose of the scene dramatic or constructive? 2. There is something in the scene that suggests a question on Scene V of Act II; what is it? 3. Is Touchstone's judgment about the song correct? 4. Perhaps the song is intended to be used as ridicule of certain persons in the play; if so, whom?

Scene IV.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene continues, and becomes very brilliant as it progresses. The movements of the different characters may be easily fancied.

4. "Fear they hope," fear they have no certain grounds for believing that they will get what they wish.

5. Scan.

25. "To make these doubts all even;" the expression has the sense of,—to make these uncertainties certain, to fulfil these promises.

27. "Touches," traits, similarities. "Favor," appearance.

32. "Desperate studies," magical studies; desperate because the magician was in danger both from God and man.

35. "Toward," at hand.

43. "Purgation," test. "Measure," a stately dance.

45. "Undone three tailors." How, do you suppose?

47. "Ta'en up," made up.

53. "God 'ild you," God yield or reward you.

54. "Copulatives," "those who desire to be joined in marriage."

WRIGHT.

56. "Blood," passion, as anger. "Ill-favored," ugly.

61. "Swift," quick-witted.

62. "Bolt," arrow. There was a proverb which said that a fool's bolt was soon shot. "Dulcet diseases;" these words do not seem to mean anything.

67. "Seeming," seemly.

72. "Quip," a jest.

73. "Disabled," disparaged.

77. "Countercheck," check, rebuke.

87. "We quarrel in print, by the book." Attention has been called to the fact that Shakespeare must have had in mind a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo, in which directions are given for the use of the rapier and the dagger, for the proper methods of quarreling, of giving the lie, *etc.* Such were the outward flourishes of chivalry.

102. "Stalking-horse," a horse, or the figure of a horse, under the protection of which the hunter could get near his game.

103. "Presentation," semblance.

"Hymen" was the god of marriage. It has been observed that it would be a little more logical if Rosalind had dressed one of the foresters as Hymen instead of having Hymen himself appear, since that makes her a true magician.

This play was written at the time when masques were very popular; and the poet here gives us a touch of this form of entertainment, which differed from the play in this, among other respects, that the masque had much more elaborate scenery and display. Hymen and Rosalind appear, therefore, as if by magic, and are showily arrayed, and perhaps attended by loves.

106. "Atone together," become reconciled.

114. "If truth *etc.*," "if there be any truth in truth." WRIGHT.

146. "Fancy," love.

152. "Address'd," prepared.

153. "Conduct," guidance.

163. "Offer'st fairly," givest good gifts.

168. Supply *one* after "every."

169. "Shrewd," evil.

180. "Convertites," converts.

197. "Good wine needs no bush." The wine-sellers formerly hung an ivy bush over their doors as a sign of their business.

201. "Insinuate with you," "ingratiate myself with you."

WRIGHT.

Questions on the Scene. 1. Show that Touchstone was a philosopher. 2. What class of persons does he ridicule? 3. At one place in the scene, Audrey nods; her mouth falls open a bit, and we hear, as she sways sleepily, just the suggestion of a snore. Where is the place? 4. Can you form a picture of how Hymen is dressed? 5. What person is most dissatisfied with the outcome of the events pictured in the play? 6. What person got more than was deserved?

7. Show that the ends of justice are satisfied. 8. For what one of the newly married is disaster prophesied? 9. If you have read "Merchant of Venice," do you find any resemblance, and particularly in this scene, between Portia and Rosalind? 10. What differences have you discovered between Audrey and Phebe? 11. Rosalind has not seemed to recognize her father until now; why?

Questions on the Act. 1. How many threads of story are there, and how are they brought together at last? 2. Are there any loose threads? 3. Rosalind seems happy at the close of the play. Have her misfortunes ever soured her? That is, has she ever been bitter against her hard lot? Has she ever been gay outwardly, while evidently concealing consuming sorrow? 4. Finally, is Jaques soured against the world? Has he any deep grievance against it? What is the secret of his melancholy?

Questions on the Play. 1. What do you take to be the significance of the title of the play? 2. What is Rosalind's most difficult scene as regards the acting? 3. It has been said that when the people of this drama are called back to the court and the city, it will seem more like a punishment than a reward. Explain. 4. Does the interest of the play arise more from the events or from the characters and the sentiments? 5. How and where do mirth and melancholy contrast in the play? 6. Can you conjecture anything concerning the mental condition of the poet when he wrote this play? 7. A critic has said that the play teaches, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Can you prove this? If the moral is there, did Shakespeare intend to put it there? 8. What is the contrast between the court life and the life of the forest? 9. Dowden says that to understand the spirit of the play we must know that it was written between the histories and the great series of tragedies. What is the significance of this? 10. Of the two plays, "Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It," which has a strong tragic interest? 11. Miss Helen Faucet, one of the greatest actors of Shakespeare's plays, said she never reread this play without finding something new in it. What effect does this have on your opinion of Shakespeare? 12. She said further that in the very acting of the play she always learned something new. Why? 13. If you have read "Romeo and Juliet," contrast it with this as a love play. 14. Who is the stronger attraction—Rosalind or Juliet? 15. Why is the play a comedy? 16. The passion of love is evidently the theme or motive of the play; show from each scene that the poet observed the principle of unity. 17. The common objection to Mrs. Siddons's Rosalind was that it was only "the smile of tragedy." Explain. 18. Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind is said to be a "creation." Explain. 19. We have described Orlando as heroic. But Ruskin says that Henry V. is the only hero in all Shakespeare's works. Why, do you think, would not Ruskin call Orlando heroic? 20. One of

Miss Wilkins's New England characters says that all the courting is not on one side. How does this remark apply to this play? 21. Which are more real—the characters or the events? 22. What lines from the play are familiar quotations? 23. How *do* you like it?



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