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Merrill's English Texts

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SHAKESPEARE'S  
AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
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## EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text here presented has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the best editions. Where there was any disagreement we have adopted the readings which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these editions of the plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it.



*Orl.* FORBEAR, AND EAT NO MORE.

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to contain several lines of cursive script.

## GENERAL NOTICE

“AN attempt has been made in these editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of Shakespeare’s meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one’s own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespéare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the *English of Shakespeare*. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true:

*Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a.* The teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory.

“It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M. A., Late Professor of Pedagogy in the University of St. Andrews.

# INTRODUCTION

## LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

“Shakespeare was born, it is thought, April 23, 1564, the son of a comfortable burgess of Stratford-on-Avon. While he was still young, his father fell into poverty, and an interrupted education left the son an inferior scholar. He had ‘small Latin and less Greek.’ But by dint of genius and by living in a society in which all sorts of information were attainable, he became an accomplished man. The story told of his deer-stealing in Charlecote woods is without proof, but it is likely that his youth was wild and passionate. At nineteen he married Ann Hathaway, seven years older than himself, and was probably unhappy with her. For this reason or from poverty, or from the driving of the genius that led him to the stage, he left Stratford about 1586–1587, and went to London at the age of twenty-two; and, falling in with Marlowe, Greene, and the rest, he became an actor and a playwright, and may have lived their unrestrained and riotous life for some years.

“**His First Period.**—It is probable that before leaving Stratford he had sketched a part at least of his *Venus and Adonis*. It is full of the country sights and sounds, of the ways of birds and animals, such as he saw when wandering in Charlecote woods. Its rich and overladen poetry and its warm coloring made him, when it was published, in 1593, at once the favorite of men like Lord Southampton, and lifted him into fame. But before that date he had done work for the stage by touching up old plays and writing new ones. We seem to trace his ‘prentice hand’ in many dramas of the time, but the first he is usually thought to have retouched is *Titus Andronicus*, and, some time after, the First Part of *Henry VI*.

“*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, the first of his original plays, in which he

quizzed and excelled the Euphuists in wit, was followed by the rapid farce of *The Comedy of Errors*. Out of these frolics of intellect and action he passed into pure poetry in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and mingled into fantastic beauty the classic legend, the mediæval fairyland, and the clownish life of the English mechanic. Italian story then laid its charm upon him, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* preceded the southern glow of passion in *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he first reached tragic power. They complete, with *Love's Labour's Won*, afterwards recast as *All's Well That Ends Well*, the love plays of his early period. We may, perhaps, add to them the second act of an older play, *Edward III*. We should certainly read along with them, as belonging to the same passionate time, his *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem finally printed in 1594, one year later than the *Venus and Adonis*.

“The patriotic feeling of England, also represented in Marlowe and Peele, now seized on him, and he turned from love to begin his great series of historical plays with *Richard II*, 1593-1594. *Richard III* followed quickly. To introduce it and to complete the subject, he recast the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI* (written by some unknown authors), and ended his first period with *King John*—five plays in a little more than two years.

“**His Second Period, 1596-1602.**—In *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare reached entire mastery over his art. A mingled woof of tragic and comic threads is brought to its highest point of color when Portia and Shylock meet in court. Pure comedy followed in his retouch of the old *Taming of the Shrew*, and all the wit of the world, mixed with noble history, met next in the three comedies of *Falstaff*, the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The historical plays were then closed with *Henry V*, a splendid dramatic song to the glory of England.

“The Globe theater, in which he was one of the proprietors, was built in 1599. In the comedies he wrote for it, Shakespeare turned to write of love again, not to touch its deeper passion as before, but to play with it in all its lighter phases. The flashing dialogue of *Much Ado About Nothing* was followed by the far-off forest world of *As You Like It*, where ‘the time fleets carelessly,’ and



Rosalind's character is the play. Amid all its gracious lightness steals in a new element, and the melancholy of Jaques is the first touch we have of the older Shakespeare who had 'gained his experience, and whose experience had made him sad.' And yet it was but a touch; *Twelfth Night* shows no trace of it, though the play that followed, *All's Well That Ends Well*, again strikes a sadder note. We find this sadness fully grown in the later sonnets, which are said to have been finished about 1602. They were published in 1609.

"Shakespeare's life changed now, and his mind changed with it. He had grown wealthy during this period and famous, and was loved by society. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Essex, and of William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. The queen patronized him; all the best literary society was his own. He had rescued his father from poverty, bought the best house in Stratford and much land, and was a man of wealth and comfort. Suddenly all his life seems to have grown dark. His best friends fell into ruin, Essex perished on the scaffold, Southampton went to the Tower, Pembroke was banished from the Court; he may himself, as some have thought, have been concerned in the rising of Essex. Added to this, we may conjecture, from the imaginative pageantry of the sonnets, that he had unwisely loved, and been betrayed in his love by a dear friend. Disgust of his profession as an actor, and public and private ill weighed heavily on him, and in darkness of spirit, though still clinging to the business of the theater, he passed from comedy to write of the sterner side of the world, to tell the tragedy of mankind.

"**His Third Period, 1602-1608**, begins with the last days of Queen Elizabeth. It contains all the great tragedies, and opens with the fate of Hamlet, who felt, like the poet himself, that 'the time was out of joint.' Hamlet, the dreamer, may well represent Shakespeare as he stood aside from the crash that overwhelmed his friends, and thought on the changing world. The tragi-comedy of *Measure for Measure* was next written, and is tragic in thought throughout. *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida* (finished from an incomplete work of his youth), *Antony*

and *Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon* (only in part his own), were all written in these five years. The darker sins of men, the un pitying fate which slowly gathers round and falls on men, the avenging wrath of conscience, the cruelty and punishment of weakness, the treachery, lust, jealousy, ingratitude, madness of men, the follies of the great, and the fickleness of the mob are all, with a thousand other varying moods and passions, painted, and felt as his own while he painted them, during this stern time.

**“His Fourth Period, 1608-1613.**—As Shakespeare wrote of these things, he passed out of them, and his last days are full of the gentle and loving calm of one who has known sin and sorrow and fate but has risen above them into peaceful victory. Like his great contemporary, Bacon, he left the world and his own evil time behind him, and with the same quiet dignity sought the innocence and stillness of country life. The country breathes through all the dramas of this time. The flowers’ Perdita gathers in *The Winter’s Tale*, and the frolic of the sheep-shearing he may have seen in the Stratford meadows; the song of Fidele in *Cymbeline* is written by one who already feared no more the frown of the great, nor slander nor censure rash, and was looking forward to the time when men should say of him—

Quiet consummation have;  
And renownèd be thy grave!

“Shakespeare probably left London in 1609, and lived in the house he had bought at Stratford-on-Avon. He was reconciled, it is said, to his wife, and the plays he writes speak of domestic peace and forgiveness. The story of *Marina*, which he left unfinished, and which two later writers expanded into the play of *Pericles*, is the first of his closing series of dramas. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Fletcher, a great part of which is now, on doubtful grounds, I think, attributed to Shakespeare, and in which the poet sought the inspiration of Chaucer, would belong to this period. *Cymbeline*, *The Winter’s Tale*, and *The Tempest* bring his history up to 1612, and in the next year he closed his poetic life by writing, with Fletcher, *Henry VIII*. For three years he kept silence, and then,

on the 23d of April, 1616, the day he reached the age of fifty-two, as is supposed, he died.

“**His Work.**—We can only guess with regard to Shakespeare’s life; we can only guess with regard to his character. We have tried to find out what he was from his sonnets and from his plays, but every attempt seems to be a failure. We cannot lay our hand on anything and say for certain that it was spoken by Shakespeare out of his own character. The most personal thing in all his writings is one that has scarcely been noticed. It is the Epilogue to *The Tempest*; and if it be, as is most probable, the last thing he ever wrote, then its cry for forgiveness, its tale of inward sorrow, only to be relieved by prayer, give us some dim insight into how the silence of those three years was passed; while its declaration of his aim in writing, ‘which was to please,’—the true definition of an artist’s aim,—should make us cautious in our efforts to define his character from his works. Shakespeare made men and women whose dramatic action on each other, and towards a catastrophe, was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.

“No commentary on his writings, no guesses about his life or character, are worth much which do not rest on this canon as their foundation: What he did, thought, learned, and felt, he did, thought, learned, and felt as an artist. . . . Fully influenced, as we see in *Hamlet* he was, by the graver and more philosophic cast of thought of the later time of Elizabeth; passing on into the reign of James I, when pedantry took the place of gayety, and sensual the place of imaginative love in the drama, and artificial art the place of that art which itself is nature; he preserves to the last the natural passion, the simple tenderness, the sweetness, grace, and fire of the youthful Elizabethan poetry. *The Winter’s Tale* is as lovely a love story as *Romeo and Juliet*; *The Tempest* is more instinct with imagination than *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and as great in fancy; and yet there are fully twenty years between them. The only change is in the increase of power, and in a closer and graver grasp of human nature. Around him the whole tone and manner of the drama altered for the worse, but his work grew to the close in strength and beauty.”—STOPFORD BROOKE.

## THE PLAY: AS YOU LIKE IT

**Sources and Date of the Play.** — “Thomas Lodge, one of the most elegant and musical of the minor Elizabethan poets, though, like most of them, full of quaint conceits and pedantry, in 1590 published a novel, entitled *Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*. In the Dedication of his work to Lord Hunsdon, Lodge says, ‘Having with Captain Clark made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book, rough as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas.’ This is an affectedly humble and very inaccurate description of his story, which is polished to febleness and prolixity, and is highly ornate in diction. It is a romantic and pastoral love-story, partly taken from *The Coke’s Tale of Gamelyn*, attributed erroneously to Chaucer, and it contains several pieces of sweet lyrical poetry. Lodge’s volume became popular. It was reprinted in 1592, and again in 1598, and we have seen an edition of it dated 1616, long after Shakespeare had rendered the incidents familiar on the stage. Mr. Collier thinks that the re-publication in 1598 of so popular a work directed Shakespeare’s attention to it.

“It is certain that *As You Like It* was entered in the Stationers’ Registers on August 4, 1600, along with *Henry V* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Ben Jonson’s *Every Man in his Humour*. Some obstacle to the publication of the plays had arisen, for, opposite to the entry in the register, is written, ‘To be stayed.’ The ‘stay’ was soon removed from all but *As You Like It*, which continued unprinted until the publication of the folio in 1623. Perhaps Lodge had protested against the appropriation of his story, foreseeing that the play, if published, would ultimately supersede his novel, or Shakespeare may have been unwilling to let the world know how exactly he had copied its incidents and characters.

“All, it is true, but the mere outline and a few expressions, are

Shakespeare's own. He had added Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, and, like Lodge, had gone to *The Coke's Tale*; yet, the fable being the same as Lodge's, the heroine Rosalind, the scene the forest of Arden, the adventures of the banished brother and usurping king and the pastoral and love scenes the same as in the novel, the resemblance might have seemed to warrant a charge of plagiarism. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that what in Lodge are mere faint sketches appear in Shakespeare as finished pictures, instinct with life and beauty.

**The Spirit of the Play.** — "None of his other plays is more redolent of the true spirit of poetry, and of that love of nature essential to the poetic character. The latter is not manifested in the description of scenery 'for its own sake, or to show how well he could paint natural objects. He is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvelous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the filling up to the imagination. Thus, in *As You Like It*, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line: —

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the antique root furnishes the whole picture.<sup>1</sup> In the fourth act we have a somewhat more copious description of an old oak, but in this also the vigorous condensation and graphic boldness of the poet are no less conspicuous. The passage is suggested by Lodge. 'Saladin,' says the novelist, 'weary with wandering up and down, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruit as the forest did afford, and contenting himself with such drink as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast fell into a dead sleep.' Shakespeare dashes off the scene in a few masterly touches: —

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge: Notes of Lectures in 1818, taken by Mr. Collier.

Under an old 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.

“Along with the exquisite appreciation of woodland scenery and natural beauty in *As You Like It*, with glimpses of the old Robin Hood life, when men ‘fleeted the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world,’ we have the meditative and reflective spirit displayed in the delineation of Jaques and the Duke, and the philosophy of human life unfolded in action as well as in speeches replete with practical wisdom and sagacity. It would be superfluous to point to the forest scenes, in which this philosophy is seen blended with sportive satire and description, and in which the versification is melody itself. Rosalind and Orlando have both their prototypes in Lodge, but the former is destitute of the airy grace and arch raillery which distinguish the heroine of the play. The creation of Shakespeare is indeed one of his most felicitous female portraitures.

**Shakespeare on the Stage.** — “The character of Adam, the faithful aged retainer, is found both in *The Cokes's Tale of Gamelyn* and in Lodge's novel. Additional interest attaches to it in the drama, as Mr. Collier remarks, because it is supposed that the part was originally sustained on the stage by Shakespeare himself. There are two traditions on this point. Oldys had heard that one of Shakespeare's brothers, who lived to a great age, recollected seeing his brother Will personating a decrepit old man; he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak that he was forced to be supported and carried to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating. Capell gives the story as of an old man related to Shakespeare, who, being asked by some of his neighbors what he remembered about him, answered that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back, which answer was applied by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene (*As You Like It*, II, vii) the part of Adam. These are indistinct and doubtful reminiscences. One brother of the poet

(Gilbert) was living at Stratford in 1609, but the probability is that he predeceased his illustrious relative, as he is not mentioned in his will. Chettle, the contemporary of Shakespeare, and one well fitted to judge, states that the dramatist was 'excellent in the quality he professed' — that is, excellent as an actor, and in *As You Like It* we should have expected to find him personating Jaques or the Duke. The character of Adam, however, is drawn with great care and tenderness, and it could scarce fail to be a favorite with the author as well as with his audience." — CHAMBERS, *Edition of the Plays*.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS

“Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.” — JOHNSON.

“The sweet and sportive temper of Shakespeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years, and to the mastering force of serious thought. What he read we know but very imperfectly; yet in the last years of the century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in *The Merchant of Venice* and especially in *As You Like It*, the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that ‘The creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace.’ In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare’s youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. This play is referred with reasonable probability to the year 1600. Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave, injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnani-



mous Duke interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion." — HALLAM.

"Throughout the whole picture it seems to be the poet's design to show that to call forth the poetry which has its indwelling in nature and the human mind, nothing is wanted but to throw off all artificial constraint, and restore both to mind and to nature their original liberty. In the very progress of the piece, the dreamy carelessness of such an existence is sensibly expressed: it is even alluded to by Shakespeare in the title." — SCHLEGEL.

"Upon the whole, *As You Like It* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, as there is in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not 'coziers' catches' shouted in the night-time, 'without any mitigation or remorse of voice,' but the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando, in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind —

A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,  
A boar-spear in her hand,

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within — are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

"Shakespeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition — the historical plays — and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the courts and camps of England and the em-

battled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. 'Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten, as it were, the harmony.'" — DOWDEN, *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*.

#### ROSALIND AND CELIA; PHEBE AND AUDREY

"The first introduction of Rosalind is less striking than interesting; we see her a dependent, almost a captive, in the house of her usurping uncle; her genial spirits are subdued by her situation, and the remembrance of her banished father: her playfulness is under a temporary eclipse. . . . The sensibility and even pensiveness of her demeanor in the first instance, render her archness and gayety afterwards, more graceful and more fascinating. . . .

"Everything about Rosalind breathes of 'youth and youth's sweet prime.' She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is witty, voluble, sprightly. . . . The wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness — 'By this hand, it will not hurt a fly.' As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugment of her delicacy. Shakespeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their dress. . . . Rosalind has in truth 'no doublet and hose in her disposition,' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene

where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! . . .

“Celia is more quiet and retired; but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of her wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend by placing them in comparison . . . fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind. . . .

“Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. . . . We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe — the taunting speech to Silvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page’s costume.” — MRS. JAMESON, *Characteristics of Women*.

#### JAQUES

“Shakespeare, when he put into the Duke’s mouth the words ‘Sweet are the uses of adversity,’ knew something of deeper affliction than a life in the golden leisure of Arden. Of real melancholy there is none in the play; for the melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humor, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated; ‘it is a melancholy of mine 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.’ . . .

His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him ‘all the world’s a stage, and all the men and

women merely players;’ to him sentiment stands in place of passion; an æsthetic, amateurish experience of various modes of life stands in place of practical wisdom, and words in place of deeds. . . . Jaques, in his own way, supposes that he can dispense with realities. The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion — this is what alone interests Jaques. Shakespeare would say to us, ‘This egoistic, contemplative, unreal manner of treating life is only a delicate kind of foolery. Real knowledge of life can never be acquired by the curious seeker for experiences.’ But this Shakespeare says in his non-hortatory, undogmatic way.” — DOWDEN, *Shakspere, His Mind and Art*.

#### TOUCHSTONE

“Touchstone agrees substantially with Jaques in his views about court-fashions and social conventions, and says things quite as sharp; but he has the tone of genuine humor, and its good-nature never deserts him except when his legs do, as he takes that dispiriting journey into the forest of Arden. . . . The difference between his wit and Touchstone’s is subtly indicated throughout the play, and is one of Shakespeare’s most admirable studies in nature. Jaques marks the moment when the virtue of complete knowledge of the world passes into the vice of discontent. Touchstone expresses the gladness of being a member of this inevitable world, and of tolerating himself with the other fools. Thus all his strictures upon society have this superiority, that they cannot be suspected of hypocrisy and ill-will. . . .

“As his name indicates, he tests with a touch the metal of society, and shows dispassionately the color of spuriousness. His foolishness is his naturalness. He is a born simpleton in the sense of being unworldly, a fool ‘by heavenly compulsion.’ So he is continually in a state of organic contrast to conventionality.

“Touchstone is

Wise enough to play the fool;  
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit;

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time;  
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art.

“In these lines, Shakespeare provides us with the pass-key to the purpose of his court fools and clowns. In them the world's confidential moments speak, when it is off its guard or has no motive to dissimulate. And it is a benefit if men can discover their folly by having it wisely shown to them.” — WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*.

## SHAKESPEARE'S GRAMMAR AND VERSIFICATION

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes'; as a noun, 'the *backward* and abyss of time'; or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent'; or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after *I ought*, inserted after *I durst*; double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' etc.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all." — DR. ABBOTT'S *Shakespearian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming lines, and a con-

siderable number of prose lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labour's Lost* contains nearly 1100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *A Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables; this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines have usually ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable, followed by an accented one, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. *Pentameter* is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"Me-thought|you said|you nei|ther lend|nor bor|row."

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together; as—

"Pluck' the|young suck'|ing cubs'|from the'|she bear'."

(c) In such words as *yesterday*, *voluntary*, *honesty*, the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented; as—

"Bars' me|the right'|of vol'-|un-ta'|ry choos'|ing."

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only; as—

"Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark."

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

“He says|he does,|*be-ing* then|most flat|ter-ed.”

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the end of lines, as was the earlier custom.

In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fī-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), etc.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy). Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important that the student should have plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.



## PLAN OF STUDY

To attain the standard of "Perfect Possession," the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject.

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it again, with his mind on the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, etc.

With the help of the following outline, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

### 1. The plot and story of the play.

- (a) The general plot.
- (b) The special incidents.

### 2. The characters.

Ability to give a connected account of all that is done, and most that is said by each character in the play.

### 3. The influence and interplay of the characters upon one another.

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A.
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

### 4. Complete possession of the language.

- (a) Meanings of words.
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning.
- (c) Grammar.
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

### 5. Power to reproduce, or quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion.
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B.
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture.
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

**6. Power to locate.**

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion.
- (b) To cap a line.
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

AS YOU LIKE IT

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, }  
JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished duke.*

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

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

ADAM, }  
DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*

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, Foresters, and other attendants.*

SCENE — OLIVER'S HOUSE; DUKE FREDERICK'S COURT; and the  
FOREST OF ARDEN.

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## 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

10

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.

*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.

*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.

*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.

*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.

*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!

80

*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.

[*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?

90

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

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*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.

100



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

*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. 110

*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.

*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 honour, 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. 120  
130

*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 laboured 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. 140 150

*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 160

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 ROSALIND and CELIA*

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* 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.

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

*Celia.* 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 honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 20

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

*Celia.* 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 honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then? 30

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

*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.

*Celia.* 'T is true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

*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*

*Celia.* 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. 50

*Celia.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, 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.

*Celia.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come 60 for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour 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.

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

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom. 70

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

*Celia.* 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 honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had

sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Celia.* Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

80

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

*Celia.* My father's love is enough to honour 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.

*Celia.* 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.

90

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

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

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* Sport! of what colour?

100

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

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Celia.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

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

*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.

110

*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.

*Celia.* Well — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

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

*Celia.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

120

*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.

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*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.

*Celia.* Or I, I promise thee. 140

*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.

*Celia.* 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. 150

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Celia.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

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

*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. 160



*Celia.* 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?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: 170  
I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Celia.* 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. 180

*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 190  
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.

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

*Celia.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

201

*Celia.* 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.

*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. 210

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Celia.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Celia.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

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

220

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

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

*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 esteemed thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed 230

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU*

*Celia.* 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.

240

*Celia.*

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

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. —

250

Shall we go, coz?

Celia. 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  
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.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my  
tongue?

260

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

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. 270

*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?

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

But yet, indeed, the shorter 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 280  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
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: — 290

But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

## SCENE III

*A room in the palace*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

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

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

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

*Celia.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father.

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* Hem them away.

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

*Celia.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

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

*Celia.* 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 pos-

sible, 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.

*Celia.* 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. 30

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

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin: 40

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
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:

50

If their purgation did consist in words,

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,

60

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Celia.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, *Celia*; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Celia.* 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,

70

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

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 smoothness,



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: 80  
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
 Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

*Celia.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
 liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. — You, niece, provide  
 yourself:

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

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK and Lords

*Celia.* 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. 90

*Ros.* I have more cause.

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

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Celia.* 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, 11  
 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
 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?

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face; 110  
 The like do you: so shall we pass along  
 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. 120

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

*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?

*Celia.* 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?

*Celia.* He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me; 131  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,  
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 not 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.

10

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 every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

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 forkèd heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

1 *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 30  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
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 heav'd 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, 40  
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

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

1 *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, 50  
'T is 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;  
'T is 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 60  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contem-  
plation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and com-  
menting

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.

*1 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 cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *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.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

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

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. 33

*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 49  
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

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.

*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 livèd 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*

## SCENE IV

*The Forest of Arden*

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

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how merry 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!

*Celia.* 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.

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

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS*

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

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

*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?

30

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

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!  
 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.

40

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
 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 batler and the cow's  
 dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked;  
 and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of  
 her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her  
 them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for

50

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.

*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.

63

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

*Celia.* 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!

*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

70

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 succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
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 reckes to find the way to heaven  
 By doing deeds of hospitality.

80

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
 Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,  
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but  
 erewhile,  
 That little cares for buying any thing.

*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.

90

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

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold;  
 Go with me: if you like 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.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10  
*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 stanzos?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

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

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

*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.

SONG [*All together here*

Who doth ambition shun  
 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  
 But winter and rough weather.

40

*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,  
 Duedame, duedame, duedame:  
 Here shall he see  
 Gross fools as he,  
 An if he will come to me.

50



*Ami.* What 's that 'ducdame?'

*Jaq.* 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

60

*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 any thing 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 labour. 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]*

10

## 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.

*1 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*

*1 Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life  
is this

That your poor friends must woo your company!  
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,  
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:  
 'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,  
 And after one hour more 't will 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.

*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.

*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 gallèd 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,  
 Seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
 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,  
 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 embossèd 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,  
 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 neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not on 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 wronged 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.

100

*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,  
 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,  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,  
 And know what 't is to pity and be pitied, —  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

110

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command what help we have  
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

120

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed, 130  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye: and be blest for y<sup>r</sup> good  
comfort. [Exit

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* \*All the world 's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players: 140  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
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 honour, 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  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, 160  
 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 every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable  
 burthen,  
 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.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you 170  
 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:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: 180  
 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, etc.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's  
son,

190

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 seen 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-crownèd 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  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit 10

*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 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 humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 20

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sick-

ens 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. 30

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

*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. 40

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour 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. 50

*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.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come. 60

*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.

*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. 70

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: 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.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 80

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

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
 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.

90

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

*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.  
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find  
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

100

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

110

*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.

*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.

120

*Celia.* [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

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:

130

But, upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

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

140

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 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.

150

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

*Celia.* How now! back, friends! — Shepherd, go off a little. — Go with him, sirrah.

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

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

*Celia.* 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.

160

*Celia.* 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.

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

170

*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.

*Celia.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Celia.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

180

*Celia.* 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?

*Celia.* Is it possible?

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

*Celia.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

190

*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?

200

*Celia.* 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.

*Celia.* 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.

210

*Celia.* I' faith, coz, 't is he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Celia.* 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.

220

*Celia.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is 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?

*Celia.* 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 230 found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

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

*Celia.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Celia.* There he lay, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

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

*Celia.* Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 240

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

*Celia.* I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bringest me out of tune.

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

*Celia.* You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES*

*Ros.* 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 250

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion 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-favouredly. 260

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*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 goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

270

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

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit; I think 't was 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.* 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

280

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

*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.

290

[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?

*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. 300

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

*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 310 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?

*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 burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury; these Time am- 320 bles 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?

*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?

330

*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.

*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.

340

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

*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.

350

*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 fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

360

*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.

370

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

380

*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? 390

*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? 400

*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 something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; 410 now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my



suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour 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.

*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. 420

*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?

*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!

10

*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.

20

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

*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-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

30

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] A material fool!

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

*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! sluttishness 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. 40

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

*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; 't is 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 bless'd? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable 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. — 50 60

*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?

*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. 70

*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?

*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. 80

*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.

*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. 90

*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,  
Be gone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

100

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY  
*Sir Oli.* 'T is 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.

*Celia.* 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?

*Celia.* As good cause as one would desire; there-  
fore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

10

*Celia.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever  
the only colour.

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

*Celia.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of c a s t i t y is in them.

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

*Celia.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him. 20

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Celia.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his v e r i t y in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

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

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Celia.* 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a t a p s t e r; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father. 30

*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?

*Celia.* O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite t r a v e r s e, a t h w a r t the heart of his lover; as a p u i s n y 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? 40

*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.

*Celia.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd 50  
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.

*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:  
'T is 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!  
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:  
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  
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.* [*Advancing*] 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:  
'T is 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: 't is such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children:  
'T is 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 answers thee with frowning looks I 'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me? 70

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*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, 'T is 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. 80

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN*

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, —

'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 neighbourly? 90

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

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 100  
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  
erewhile?

*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;  
'T is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110  
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;  
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 't is well:  
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
 A little riper and more lusty red  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the dif-  
 ference

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:  
 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, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then 't is good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, 10  
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 mine 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 20  
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.

*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* 30

*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.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 40

*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.

*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?

50

*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.

*Orl.* What 's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes arm'd 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.

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

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour 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.

70

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

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

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his belov'd mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 80

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

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

*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 90  
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 100  
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.

*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.

110

*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.

*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. — 120  
What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Celia.* I cannot say the words.

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

*Celia.* 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.

*Ros.* Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, 130  
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.

*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.

*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 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

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

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. 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,





*I Lord.*  
'AY,' QUOTH JAQUES,  
'SWEEP ON, YOU FAT AND GREASY CITIZENS.'

let her never nurse her child herself, for she will 170  
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.

*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 180  
yours won me: 't is 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 190  
of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*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

*Celia.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose

plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

200

*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.

*Celia.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*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.

210

*Celia.* 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 horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 't is 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 burthen*  
 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!

*Celia.* 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:

[*Giving a letter*

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 tenour: 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-coloured hand: I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 't was 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, 't is 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 Ethiop 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,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? 40

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 aspéct!

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?

*Celia.* 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 purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

*Celia.* West of this place, down in the neighbour  
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;  
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 favour, 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?

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

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
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.

*Celia.* 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, 100  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! 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, 110  
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,  
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 't is  
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. 120

*Celia.* O, I have heard him speak of that same  
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived 'mongst 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.

*Celia.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescued?

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

*Oli.* 'T was I; but 't is 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; 150

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

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons

*Celia.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-  
mede!

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

*Celia.* There is more in it. — Cousin Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers. 160

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Celia.* We 'll lead you thither. —

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

*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 170  
of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

*Celia.* 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 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: 10  
by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM*

*Will.* Good ev'n, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good ev'n, William.

*Will.* And good ev'n to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good ev'n, 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.

30

*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.

40

*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 com- 50  
 mon is woman; which together is, abandon the so-  
 ciety 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.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit*

60

*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 perséver to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question,  
 the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sud-  
 den 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. 10

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: 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, 't is 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 30

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  
40 them.

*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?  
50

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*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 labour 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  
60 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.

*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

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study  
To seem despiteful 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 't is to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;  
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 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.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

100

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the  
howling of Irish wolves against the moon. — [*To* 110  
*SILVIUS*] I will help you if I can: — [*To PHEBE*] I  
would love you if I could. — To-morrow meet me  
all together. — [*To PHEBE*] I will marry you, if  
ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-mor-  
row: — [*To ORLANDO*] I will satisfy you if ever I  
satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:  
— [*To SILVIUS*] I will content you if what pleases  
you contents you, and you shall be married to-  
morrow. — [*To ORLANDO*] As you love Rosalind,

meet: — [*To SILVIUS*] as you love Phebe, meet: — 120  
and as I love no woman, I'll meet. — So fare you  
well: I have left you commands.

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

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt*

### 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*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentlemen.

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

*2 Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle. 10

*1 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?

*2 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: 20  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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, etc.

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, etc.

And therefore take the present time, 30  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In spring time, etc.

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

1 *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 40  
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 promisèd?

*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 will 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 favour.

*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,

Obscurèd 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.

40

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to  
my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flat-  
tered 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.

50

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

*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-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour 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. 60

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

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

*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 send him word again i 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 Re-proof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the Ccountercheck Quarrel- 80

some: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*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 Quarrelsome; 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 peacemaker; much virtue in If. 90 100

*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. 110

Good duke, receive thy daughter:  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither  
That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within her bosom is.

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

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

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

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosa-  
lind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true, 120  
Why then, — my love adieu!

*Ros.* [*To DUKE*] I 'll have no father, if you be not  
he: —

[*To ORLANDO*] I 'll have no husband, if you be not  
he: —

[*To PHEBE*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not  
she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
'T is 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. —

130

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND*] You and you no  
 cross shall part: —

[*To OLIVER and CELIA*] You and you are heart in  
 heart: —

[*To PHEBE*] You to his love must accord,  
 Or have a woman to your lord: —

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*] 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.

140

## SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessèd bond of board and bed!

'T is Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honourèd:

Honour, high honour, 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.* [*To SILVIUS*] I will not eat my word, now  
 thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

150

*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  
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 enterprise and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

160

*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 returnèd fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,

170

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, 180  
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  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —

[*To DUKE S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;  
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it: —

[*To ORLANDO*] You to a love that your true faith  
doth merit: —

[*To OLIVER*] You to your land, and love, and great  
allies: —

[*To SILVIUS*] You to a long and well-deservèd bed: — 190

[*To TOUCHSTONE*] And you to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage

Is but for two months victualled. — So, to your  
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*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*

## EPILOGUE

*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, 't is 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 I am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to  
10  
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 pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet  
20  
breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. *[Exeunt*



## NOTES

The following contractions are used in the notes: R. Ed. = Rugby Edition; Ch. Ed. = Chambers's Edition; Co. Ed. = Collins's Edition; Fr. = French; A. S. = Anglo-Saxon; Lat. = Latin; cf. = confer (compare).

### ACT I

#### SCENE I

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into Acts and Scenes.

Page 29. 1. **Upon this fashion.** After this fashion.

2. **Poor a thousand.** For this transposition of the indefinite article see Abbott, sect. 422.

4. **On his blessing.** As a condition of obtaining his blessing.

5. **He keeps at school.** At the university. Hamlet at thirty still goes to school at Wittenberg. (R. Ed.) — **Profit.** Proficiency.

12. **Manage.** The training and breaking in of a horse, from Fr. *manége*.

17. **Countenance.** Favor, regard, patronage.

18. **Hinds.** Servants or farm laborers. It is used still in the north of England for a farm bailiff.

Page 30. 20. **Mines my gentility.** Undermines the gentleness of my birth and so destroys it.

28. **What make you here?** What do you here? As in *Hamlet* (I, ii, 164): —

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

32. **Marry.** An exclamation, from the name of the Virgin Mary, used as an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon *mar*.

36. **Be naught awhile.** A proverbial curse, equivalent to 'a mischief on you.'

37. **Shall I keep your hogs, etc.** Referring to the story of the prodigal son. Cf. *Luke* xv, 11-32.

38. **What prodigal portion have I spent?** What portion have I prodigally spent?

Page 31. 50. Your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. The fact of your being the eldest born brings you nearer in descent to our father.

52. What, boy! Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes him by the throat.

56. I am no villain. No serf, or bondman; with a play on the other meaning.

62. For your father's remembrance. For the sake of your father's memory.

72. Allottery. Portion.

Page 32. 85. Grow upon. Encroach.

86. Physic your rankness. Stop this rank growth of your insolence. (R. Ed.)

103. Good leave. Ready permission.

Page 33. 109. Or have died to stay behind her. That is, if forced to stay behind her.

113. The forest of Arden. The scene is taken from Lodge's novel. The ancient forest of Ardennes gave its name to the department in the northeast of France, on the borders of Belgium.

116. Fleet the time. Make it pass swiftly. An instance of Shakespeare's habit of forming verbs from adjectives.

117. The golden world. The golden age.

125. Shall acquit him well. Will have to acquit himself well. Cf. V, i, 12, and Abbott, sect. 315.

131. Intendment. Intention, purpose.

Page 34. 137. By underhand means. Because of the obstinacy which he attributes to him.

141. Contriver. Plotter.

143. As lief. As gladly, as willingly.

145. Grace himself on thee. Get himself honor or reputation in the contest with thee.

152. Anatomize. Expose him, lay his faults bare.

156. His payment. His punishment.

160. Gamester. A young frolicsome fellow.

163. Full of noble device. Of noble conceptions and aims.

Page 35. 164. Enchantingly. As if under the influence of a charm or fascination.

167. Misprised. Treated with contempt, despised. (Fr. *mépriser*.)

168. Kindle. Incite. — Thither. To the wrestling match.

## SCENE II

6. Learn. The A. S. *laeran* meant to *teach*. (Co. Ed.)

11. So. Provided that.

14. **Tempered.** Composed. To *temper* is to blend together the ingredients of a compound.

18. **Nor none.** For the double negative see l. 27, 'nor no further in sport neither.'

Page 36. 20. **Render thee.** Give thee back, return thee.

28. **A pure blush.** That has no shame in it.

29. **Come off.** Get off, escape, as from a contest.

39. **Honest.** Virtuous. — **Ill-favouredly.** In an ugly manner.

45. **Flout.** Mock, scoff at.

Page 37. 49. **Natural.** An idiot.

53. **To reason.** To discourse, talk.

56. **Wit! whither wander you?** 'Wit, whither wilt?' was a proverbial expression.

Page 38. 84. **Taxation.** Satire, censure.

87. **Troth.** Faith.

92. **Will put on us.** Will pass off upon us.

100. **Colour.** Used for *kind, nature*.

104. **Destinies decree.** The folios have *destinies decrees*, one out of many instances in which by a printer's error an s has been added to a word.

105. **Laid on with a trowel.** Coarsely, clumsily.

Page 39. 108. **Amaze.** Confound, confuse. The word *amazement* was originally applied to denote the confusion of mind produced by any strong emotion, as in *Mark* xiv, 33: 'And began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy.'

122. **Proper.** Handsome. In this sense the parents of Moses saw that he was a *proper child*, *Hebrews* xi, 23.

131. **Dole.** Grief, lamentation. (Fr. *deuil*.)

Page 40. 141. **Broken music.** Some instruments, such as viols, violins, and flutes, were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a *consort*. If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a *consort* but *broken music*. The expression occurs in *Henry V* (V, ii, 244): 'Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken.'

150. **Entreated.** Prevailed upon by entreaty, persuaded.

153. **Successfully.** As if he would win. The adverb is similarly used for the adjective in *The Tempest* (III, i, 32): 'You look wearily.'

159. **Such odds in the man.** Such advantage on the side of the wrestler Charles.

Page 41. 183. **Might.** Used for *may*, as in *Hamlet* (I, i, 75).

186. **Me.** Used as a reflexive pronoun. (Abbott, sect. 223.) — **Much guilty.** *Much* by itself is not now commonly used with adjectives.

190. **Gracious.** Looked upon with favor.

Page 42. 193. **Only in the world, etc.** We should say, 'I only fill up a place in the world.'

205. **Working.** Operation, endeavor.

210. **You mean to mock me after.** Theobald conjectured 'An you;' Mason, 'If you.' But no change is absolutely necessary.

212. **Thy speed.** Thy good fortune. (A. S. *sped.*)

217. **Who should down.** For the ellipsis of the verb of motion before an adverb of direction see *Hamlet* (III, iii, 4):—

And he to England shall along with you.

219. **I am not yet well breathed.** Am not yet in full breath, have not got my wind. Cf. Fr. *mis en haleine*.

Page 43. 229. **Still.** Constantly.

236. **Calling.** Appellation, name.

240. **Known this young man his son.** That is, to be his son.

241. **Unto.** In addition to.

245. **Sticks me at heart.** Stabs me to the heart.

247. **Justly.** Exactly. Compare the use of *righteously* I, ii, 14.

Page 44. 249. **Out of suits with fortune.** Not wearing the livery of fortune, out of her service.

250. **Could give more.** Would willingly give more.

254. **A quintain.** The spelling of the folios is *quintine*. Hasted, in his *History of Kent* (ii, 224) says, 'On *Ofham green* there stands a Quintin, a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. . . . The cross-piece of it is broad at one end, and pierced full of holes; and a bag of sand is hung at the other and swings round, on being moved with any blow. The pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in his career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it made the best use of his swiftness, least he should have a sound blow on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swang round from the other end of the quintin. The great design of this sport was to try the agility both of horse and man, and to break the board, which whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport.'

259. **Have with you.** Come along.

267. **Condition.** Temper, frame of mind, disposition.

Page 45. 269. **Humorous.** Capricious.

282. **Argument,** Cause, occasion.

287. **In a better world.** In a better age or state of things.

290. **From the smoke into the smother.** Out of the frying-pan into the fire. Smother is the thick suffing smoke of a smouldering fire.

## SCENE III

Page 46. 11. For my child's father. My husband that is to be.

12. This working-day world. This common condition of things.

16. Coat. Used of a woman's garment.

Page 47. 26. On such a sudden. So suddenly.

31. Dearly. Excessively.

34. Doth he not deserve well? That is, to be hated. Rosalind takes the words in another sense.

40. Cousin. Used for *niece*.

Page 48. 51. Purgation. Exculpation; proof of innocence of an alleged fault or crime.

55. The likelihood. The probability of my being a traitor.

63. To think. As to think.

68. Remorse. Tender feeling, compassion; not compunction.

69. That time. At that time, then.

73. Juno's swans. It may be questioned whether for *Juno* we ought not to read *Venus*, to whom, and not to Juno, the swan was sacred.

Page 49. 95. Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one. No one would now think of writing, 'thou and I am,' but it is a construction of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the nearest subject.

Page 50. 100. Change. Change of condition, altered fortunes.

110. Umber. A brown color or pigment, said to be so called from Umbria, where it was first found.

114. Suit me. Dress myself.

115. Curtle-axe. A cutlass. A curtle-ax was not an ax at all, but a short sword. The word is formed from a diminutive of the Latin *cultellus*.

118. Swashing. Blustering, swaggering.

119. Mannish. Masculine.

Page 51. 127. Assay'd. Tried, endeavored.

## ACT II

## SCENE I

Page 52. 13. Which, like the toad, etc. These toadstones are hemispherical, elliptical, or oval, hollow within, of an apparently petrified bony substance, whitish-brown, or variegated with darker shades. The explanation of their origin is that they were the bony

embossed plates lining the palate or the jaws, and serving instead of teeth to a fossil fish, an arrangement observable in the recent representatives of the same species.

16. **Finds tongues in trees, etc.** In Sidney's *Arcadia*, published when Shakespeare was twenty-six years old, we have the same metaphor. (R. Ed.)

Page 53. 22. **It irks me.** It grieves me, vexes me.

23. **Burghers.** Citizens.

46. **The needless stream.** It already had enough.

Page 54. 50. **Of after past participles, before the agent,** is used where we now employ *by*. (Cf. Abbott, sect. 170.)

50. **Velvet.** The name for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth. (Co. Ed.)

67. **To cope him.** Encounter him.

68. **Matter.** Good stuff, sound sense.

### SCENE II

Page 55. 8. **Roynish.** Literally scurvy; from Fr. *rogneux*. Hence coarse, rough.

20. **Inquisition.** Inquiry. — **Quail.** Fail or slacken.

### SCENE III

Page 56. 3. **Memory.** Memorial.

7. **So fond to.** So foolish as to. For the omission of *as* cf. I, iii, 63. *Fond* is contracted from *foned* or *fonnyd*, from *fon*, a fool.

10. **Some kind of men.** Cf. *King Lear* (II, ii, 93): 'These kind of knaves I know.' (Abbott, sect. 412.)

14. **When what is comely Envenoms him that bears it.** Like the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules.

17. **Within this roof.** *Roof* is by a common figure of speech used for *house*.

Page 57. 26. **Practices.** Designs, plots.

27. **Place.** Dwelling-place, residence.

37. **A diverted blood.** Blood diverted from the course of nature, as Johnson explains it.

39. **The thrifty hire I saved.** The wages I saved by thrift. For examples of similar uses of the adjective cf. I, i, 34; II, vii, 131:—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

that is, evils which cause weakness. Grammarians call this use of the adjective proleptic, or anticipatory, attributing to the cause what belongs to the effect.

- Page 58. 58. Meed. Reward.  
 65. In lieu of. In return for.  
 74. Too late a week. *A week* is an adverbial phrase equivalent to *i' the week*; entirely too late.

## SCENE IV

- Page 59. 4. I could find in my heart. Am almost inclined.  
 6. Doublet and hose. Coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (*Costume in England*, p. 437), the name *doublet* was derived 'from the garment being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body; the skirts reaching a little below the girdle.' The same writer (p. 512) says of *hose*, 'This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses.'  
 12. I should bear no cross. A play upon the figurative expression in *Matthew* x, 38; a cross being upon the reverse of all the silver coins of Elizabeth.  
 Page 60. 30. Fantasy. The earlier form of the word *fancy*.  
 37. Wearing. Fatiguing, exhausting.  
 43. Searching of. In searching of, or a-searching of; *searching* being in reality a verbal noun.  
 47. A-night. At or by night.  
 48. Batler. *Batler*, the name of an instrument with which washers beat their clothes; a square piece of wood with a handle.  
 50. A peascod. The peascod is the husk or pod which contains the peas, but it here appears to be used for the plant itself.  
 Page 61. 56. Wiser. More wisely. For examples of adjectives used as adverbs cf. Abbott, sect. 1. — Ware. Aware.  
 60. Upon my fashion. After or according to my fashion.  
 79. The fleeces that I graze. *Fleeces* for *flocks*.  
 Page 62. 80. Churlish. Miserly, penurious. From A. S. *ceorl*, a clown, comes *churlish* in the sense of rough, rude, as in II, i, 7, and thence is derived the secondary meaning which it has in the present passage.  
 81. Recks. Cares.  
 83. Cote. A shepherd's hut, called a cottage in l. 93. — Bounds of feed. Limits within which he had the right of pasturage.  
 87. In my voice. So far as my vote is concerned, so far as I have authority to bid you welcome.  
 92. If it stand with. If it be consistent with.  
 100. Feeder. Servant.

## SCENE V

Page 63. 15. **Ragged.** Rugged, rough. So *Isaiah* ii, 21: 'To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks.'

Page 64. 26. **Dog-apes.** Baboons.

30. **Cover.** Lay the cloth for the banquet.

32. **To look you.** To look for you.

34. **Disputable.** Disputatious, fond of argument.

53. **Ducdame.** It is in vain that any meaning is sought for this jargon, as Jaques only intended to fill up a line with sounds that have no sense.

Page 65. 61. **His banquet.** The banquet was, strictly speaking, the wine and dessert after dinner, and it is here used in this sense, for Amiens says above, 'The duke will drink under this tree.'

## SCENE VI

2. **For food.** For want of food.

8. **Conceit.** Fancy, imagination. Cf. *Hamlet* (III, iv, 113):—

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

10. **Presently.** Immediately.

## SCENE VII

Page 66. 5. **Compact of jars.** Composed of discords. *Jar* as a substantive is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, in the general sense of *discord*.

6. **Discord in the spheres.** The old belief in the music of the spheres is frequently referred to by Shakespeare.

13. **A motley fool.** In Shakespeare's time the dress of the domestic fool, who formed an essential element in large households, was motley or parti-colored.

19. **Call me not fool, etc.** Referring, as Upton pointed out, to the proverbial saying, *Fortuna favet fatuis*. Ray, in his *Collection of English Proverbs*, has, 'Fortune favors fools, or fools have the best luck.'

20. **From his poke.** The pouch or pocket which he wore by his side.

Page 67. 23. **Wags.** Moves along.

32. **Sans intermission.** In a note on *The Tempest* (I, ii, 97) it is shown that the French preposition *sans* (from Lat. *sine*, as *certes* from *certe*) was actually adopted for a time as an English word.



39. **Dry as the remainder biscuit.** In the physiology of Shakespeare's time, a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory.

40. **Places.** Topics or subjects of discourse.

48. **As large a charter as the wind.** To blow where it listeth.

Page 68. 55. **Bob.** A rap, a jest.

57. **Squandering.** Random, without definite aim. To *squander* is to *scatter*.

63. **For a counter.** A worthless wager; a counter being a piece of metal of no value, used only for calculations.

67. **Headed evils.** Like tumors grown to a head.

75. **The city-woman.** The citizen's wife.

Page 69. 79. **Of basest function.** Holding the meanest office.

80. **Bravery.** Finery.

85. **Free.** Innocent.

86. **Taxing.** Censure.

90. **Of what kind should this cock come of?** For the repetition of the preposition see below, l. 138: 'Wherein we play in.' And *Coriolanus* (II, i, 14): 'In what enormity is Marcius poor in?'

94. **My vein.** My disposition or humor.

96. **Inland bred.** Bred in the interior of the country, in the heart of the population, and therefore in the center of refinement and culture, as opposed to those born in remote upland or outlying districts.

97. **Nurture.** Education, good breeding.

Page 70. 108. **Commandment.** Command.

113. **Knoll'd.** Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Carillonner. To chyme, or knowle, bells.' So also Palsgrave, 'I knolle a bell. *Je frappe du batant.*'

117. **My strong enforcement.** That which strongly supports my petition.

124. **Upon command.** In answer to your command, according to any order you may give; and so, at your pleasure.

Page 71. 138. **All the world's a stage.** '*Totus mundus agit histrionem,*' from a fragment of Petronius, is said to have been the motto on the Globe Theatre.

147. **Sighing like furnace.** As the furnace sends out smoke.

149. **Bearded like the pard.** With long pointed mustaches, bristling like a panther's or a leopard's feelers.

150. **Sudden.** Hasty.

155. **Saws.** Sayings, maxims.—**Modern.** Commonplace, of every-day occurrence. Cf. IV, i, 6; *Macbeth* (IV, iii, 63):—

Where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy.

Page 72. 157. **Pantaloon.** The word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage.

174. **Unkind.** Unnatural. This literal sense of the word appears to be the most prominent here.

Page 73. 186. **Though thou the waters warp.** The prominent idea of *warp* is that of turning or changing, from which is derived the idea of shrinking or contracting as wood does.

192. **Effigies.** Likeness.

193. **Limn'd.** Drawn and painted.

### ACT III

#### SCENE I

Page 74. 2. **The better part.** The greater part.

4. **Thou present.** Thou being present.

16. **Of such a nature.** Whose especial duty it is.

17. **Make an extent upon his house and lands.** 'Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent*; which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent*, from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt.'

18. **Expediently.** Speedily, expeditiously.

#### SCENE II

Page 75. 2. **Thrice-crownèd.** Ruling in heaven, on earth, and in the underworld, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate.

6. **Character.** Inscribe.

15. **Naught.** Bad, worthless. The old English forms of the word are the same as *no whit* and the negative of *aught*.

Page 76. 30. **May complain of good breeding.** That is, of the want of good breeding. Cf. II, iv, 69.

38. **All on one side.** Explanatory of *ill-roasted*.

44. **Parlous.** Perilous, dangerous.

47. **Mockable.** Liable to ridicule.

52. **Still.** Constantly.

53. **Fells.** The skins of sheep with the wool on.

Page 77. 55. **A mutton.** A sheep. Like *beef*, the word is now used only of the flesh of the slaughtered animal.

66. **Perpend.** Reflect, consider.

71. **God make incision in thee!** The reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting.

71. **Raw.** Untrained, untutored.

74. **Content with my harm.** Patient under my own misfortunes.

Page 78. 94. **It is the right butterwomen's rank to market.** Going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butterwomen going to market.

109. **False gallop.** The unnatural pace which a horse is taught to go; apparently the same as *canter* or *Canterbury gallop*, said to be so called from being the pace adopted by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury.

113. **Graff.** The old form of *graft*, from Fr. *greffer*.

Page 79. 114. **A medlar.** The top-shaped fruit, resembling a pear, of a large shrub, which grows in the hedges of England. Its fruit is harsh even when ripe. (Co. Ed.) For the pun upon *medlar* cf. *Timon of Athens* (IV, iii, 307-309).

124. **Civil sayings.** The sayings or maxims of civilization and refinement.

126. **Erring, Wandering;** not used here in a moral sense. Cf. *Hamlet* (I, i, 154): 'The extravagant and erring spirit.'

128. **Buckles in.** Encompasses.

132. **Sentence end.** For the omission of the mark of the possessive see Abbott, sect. 217.

135. **Quintessence.** The fifth essence, called also by the mediæval philosophers the spirit or soul of the world, 'whome we tearme the quinticense, because he doth not consist of the foure Elementes, but is a certaine fifth, a thing aboute them or beside them.'

136. **In little.** In miniature.

143. **Atalanta's better part.** This expression has given occasion to much discussion. Steevens was probably right in saying it was that for which she was most commended, but the question still remains what this was. In the story of Atalanta as told in Ovid (*Met.* x), where Shakespeare may have read it in Golding's translation, it is clearly her beauty and grace of form which attracted her suitors to compete in the race with her at the risk of being the victims of her cruelty. For instance, Hippomenes, looking on at first with a feeling of contempt, begins to think the prize worth competing for: —

And though that she  
Did flie as swift as Arrow from a Turkie bow; yet hee  
More woondred at her beautie, then at swiftnesse of her pace,  
Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace.

(Golding's trans. ed. 1603, fol. 128.)

Page 80. 148. Touches. Traits.

171. Seven of the nine days that a wonder usually lasts.

173. On a palm-tree. Those who desire that Shakespeare shall be infallible on all subjects, human and divine, explain the palm-tree in this passage as the goat willow, the branches of which are still carried and put up in churches on Palm Sunday. But as the forest of Arden is taken from Lodge's novel, it is more likely that the trees in it came from the same source.

173. Since Pythagoras' time. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is referred to again by Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* (IV, i, 131) and *Twelfth Night* (IV, ii, 54-60).

Page 81. 174. An Irish rat. The belief that rats were rhymed to death in Ireland is frequently alluded to in the dramatists. Malone quotes from Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, 'Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses eares of Midas, nor to bee driuen by a Poet's verses (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet this much curse I must send you.' The supposed effect of music upon these animals will be present to the recollection of everyone who has read Browning's 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

191. Good my complexion! Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing color.

193. One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. 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 ocean.

Page 82. 205. Stay. Wait for.

210. Sad brow. Serious countenance.

216. Wherein went he? How was he dressed?

221. Gargantua's mouth. Rabelais's giant, who swallowed five pilgrims at a gulp. (R. Ed.)

228. Atomies. The motes in the sunbeams.

Page 83. 239. The ground. The background of the picture.

240. Cry 'holla' to. Check, restrain, a term of horsemanship.

244. Without a burthen. 'The burden of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of a verse.'

Page 84. 270. Rings. References to the posies in rings are to be found in *Hamlet* (III, ii, 143) and *The Merchant of Venice* (V, i, 149). These mottoes were written on the inside of rings in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on the outside in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

271. Right painted cloth. Hangings for rooms were made of canvas with figures and mottoes or moral sentences. The scenes were frequently of scripture subjects.

277. **No breather.** No living being.

Page 85. 311. **A se'nnight.** Sevensnight, a week; an old mode of reckoning which still survives in provincial dialects. We retain it in *fortnight* = fourteen night.

Page 86. 337. **Purchase.** Acquire. — **Removed.** Remote, retired.

339. **Religious.** That is, a member of some religious order.

348. **They were all like one another as halfpence are.** No halfpence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582-83. Bacon refers to 'the late new halfpence' in the Dedication to the first edition of the *Essays*, which was published in 1597.

Page 87. 358. **Fancy-monger.** Love-monger, one who deals in love.

360. **The quotidian of love.** A quotidian fever is one which is continuous, as distinguished from an intermittent fever which comes in fits.

363. **There is followed by a plural.** (See Abbott, sect. 335.)

367. **A blue eye.** Not blue in the iris, but blue or livid in the eyelids, and especially beneath the eyes. A mark of sorrow.

368. **Unquestionable.** Averse to question or conversation.

371. **Your having.** Your possession. Cf. *Twelfth Night* (III, iv, 333): 'My having is not much.'

373. **Bonnet.** *Bonnet* was used in Shakespeare's time for a man's hat. See *The Merchant of Venice* (I, ii, 81): 'His bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.'

376. **Point-device.** Faultless, precise.

Page 88. 395. **A dark house and a whip.** The more humane treatment of lunatics is a growth of recent times.

Page 89. 416. **Wash your liver.** The liver, in ancient physiology, was regarded as the seat of the passions.

### SCENE III

1. **Audrey,** a corruption of *Etheldreda*, as *tawdry* laces derive their name from being sold at the fair of St. Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, which was held on October 17.

6. **Thy goats,** etc. It is necessary to observe that there is a pun intended on *goats* and *Goths*, and that this is further sustained by the word *capricious*, which is from the Italian *capriccioso*, humorous or fantastical, and this from *capra*, a goat.

Page 90. 9. **Ill-inhabited.** Ill-lodged.

14. **A great reckoning in a little room.** A large bill for a small company.

31. **Material.** Full of matter.

35. **Foul.** Ugly; of the complexion, as opposed to *fair*.

Page 91. 42. **Sir Oliver Martext.** *Sir* was given to those who had taken the bachelor's degree at a university, and corresponded to the Latin *Dominus*, which still exists in the Cambridge University lists in its abbreviated form *Ds*.

56. **Rascal.** A lean deer, one out of condition.

Page 92. 73. **God 'ild you.** God yield you, God reward you.

75. **A toy.** A trifling matter.

76. **Be covered.** Put on your hat. Touchstone assumes a patronizing air towards Jaques.

89. **But I were better.** That it were not better for me.

Page 93. 97. **O sweet Oliver.** A fragment of an old ballad referred to by Ben Jonson.

#### SCENE IV

8. **Something browner than Judas's.** Judas in the old tapestries is said to have been represented with a red beard.

14. **Holy bread.** The sacramental bread.

Page 94. 34. **Question.** Conversation.

36. **What. Why.** Cf. *Coriolanus* (III, iii, 83): 'What do you prate of service?'

40. **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.

41. **Puisny.** Inferior, unskilful; as a novice.

#### SCENE V

Page 95. 6. **But first begs pardon.** Without first begging pardon. See Edwards's *Life of Raleigh* (i, 704): 'The executioner then kneeled to him for the forgiveness of his office. Raleigh placed both his hands on the man's shoulders, and assured him that he forgave him with all his heart.'

7. **Dies and lives.** Mr. Arrowsmith has shown (Notes and Queries, 1st Series, vii, 542) that 'This *hysteron proteron* is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as *live and die*, i. e., subsist from the cradle to the grave.'

Page 96. 23. **Cicatrice.** Properly, the scar of a wound; here, a mark, or indentation. — **Capable impressure.** Sensible impression.

Page 97. 39. **Without candle.** Without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by. (R. Ed.)

43. **Of nature's sale-work.** Of what nature makes for general sale and not according to order or pattern. The modern phrase is

*ready-made goods.* — 'Od's my little life. A very diminutive oath. 'Od's is of course for *God's*.

47. **Bugle.** Black, as beads of black glass which are called bugles.

48. **Entame.** Subduc, render tame. — **To your worship.** To worship you.

Page 98. 79. **Abused.** Deceived.

81. **Dead shepherd.** Christopher Marlowe, slain in a brawl by Francis Archer, June 1, 1593, is the shepherd, and the verse is from his *Hero and Leander*, first published in 1598: —

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Page 99. 108. **Carlot.** Clown, rustic; a diminutive of *carle*, or *churl*.

110. **Peevish.** Petulant.

Page 100. 123. **Constant.** Uniform. — **Mingled damask.** Red and white, like the color of damask roses.

125. **In parcels.** Piecemeal, in detail.

129. **What had he to do to chide.** What business had he to chide.

131. **I am remember'd.** I remember.

136. **Straight.** Immediately. As in *Hamlet* (V, i, 4): 'And therefore make her grave straight.'

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

Page 101. 7. **Modern.** Cf. note on II, vii, 155. — **Censure.** Opinion, criticism. Cf. *Hamlet* (I, iii, 67): —

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgement.

14. **Nice.** Foolish, trifling.

16. **Simples.** The single ingredients of a compound mixture. Generally applied to herbs.

19. **Humorous.** Fanciful.

Page 102. 31. **Look you lisp,** etc. See Overbury's *Characters*, where 'An Affectate Traveller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lispings.' Rosalind's satire is not yet without point.

32. **Disable.** Depreciate, disparage.

45. **Clapped him o' the shoulder.** Arrested him, like a sergeant. Rosalind hints that Cupid's power over Orlando was merely superficial.

Page 103. 57. Beholding. Beholden. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, (III, ii, 68).

63. Leer. Mien, look.

70. Gravelled. Puzzled, at a standstill. Run down to the sediment. (R. Ed.) Cf. Bacon, *Advancement of Learning* (i, 7, sect. 8): 'But when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance.'

72. When they are out. When they are at a loss, having forgotten their part.

Page 104. 81. Ranker. Greater.

101. Chroniclers. The report of the chroniclers or historians is compared to the finding of a coroner's jury. Hammer read *coroners*, justifying his emendation by what follows; for *found* is the technical word used with regard to the verdict of a coroner's jury, which is still called their *finding*.

Page 106. 147. New-fangled. Changeable, fond of novelty and new fashions.

150. A hyen. A hyena.

156. Make the doors. Shut the doors.

169. Make her fault . . . occasion. Represent that her fault was occasioned, or caused, by her husband.

Page 107. 174. Lack. Do without.

Page 108. 204. The bay of Portugal. 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 of 1,400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable.

208. Spleen. A sudden impulse of passion, whether of love or hatred.

213. A shadow. A shady place.

### SCENE III

Page 110. 17. As rare as phoenix, which, according to Seneca (Epist. 42), was born only once in five hundred years. Cf. Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors* (B. 3, c, 12): 'That there is but one Phoenix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another is a conceit, not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity.'

Page 111. 50. Eyne. A poetical form of the plural, generally used for the sake of the rhyme.

53. Aspéct. An astrological term used to denote the favorable or unfavorable appearance of the planets.

Page 112. 75. Fair ones. Shakespeare seems to have for-



gotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present. Perhaps we should read *fair one*.

76. **Purlieus.** The skirts or borders of a forest; originally a part of the forest itself. A technical term.

78. **The neighbour bottom.** The neighboring dell or dale.

93. **Napkin.** Handkerchief. See *Othello* (III, iii, 290), where Emilia says: 'I am glad I have found this napkin.'

Page 113. 114. **With udders all drawn dry.** Fierce with hunger; sucked dry by her cubs, and therefore hungry.

Page 114. 131. **Hurtling.** Din, tumult, noise of a conflict. An imitative word.

Page 115. 163. **Be of good cheer.** Be cheerful, cheer up! *Cheer*, from Fr. *chère*, was originally the countenance.

## ACT V

## SCENE I

Page 117. 12. **We shall be flouting.** We must have our joke. For *shall* in this sense cf. I, i, 125.

14. **God ye good even.** God give you good even.

Page 119. 56. **Bastinado.** A banging, or beating with a cudgel.—**Bandy with thee.** Contend with thee.

61. **God rest you merry.** This salutation at taking leave occurs in the shorter form in *Romeo and Juliet* (I, ii, 62): 'Ye say honestly: rest you merry!'

## SCENE II

Page 120. 11. **Estate.** Settle as an estate.

29. **I know where you are.** I know what you mean, what you are hinting at.

31. **Thrasonical.** Boastful; from *Thraso*, the boaster in the *Eunuchus* of Terence. The 'brag' is the celebrated dispatch of Cæsar to the Senate after his defeat of Pharnaces near Zela in Pontus.

Page 121. 39. **Incontinent.** Immediately.

54. **Of good conceit.** Of good intelligence or mental capacity.

62. **Conversed.** Been conversant, associated.

63. **Damnable.** Worthy of condemnation.

64. **Gesture.** Carriage, bearing.

Page 122. 71. **Which I tender dearly, etc.** By 5 Elizabeth, ch. 16, 'An Act agaynst Conjuracons, Inchantmentes, and Witche-

craftes,' it was enacted that all persons using witchcraft, etc., whereby death ensued. should be put to death without benefit of clergy.

## SCENE III

Page 124. 4. Dishonest. Unvirtuous or immodest.

5. To be a woman of the world. That is, to be married. Beatrice says in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II, i, 282), 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!'

11. Shall we clap into 't roundly. Shall we set about it directly?

Page 125. 35. No great matter in the ditty. No great sense or meaning in the words of the song.

## SCENE IV

Page 126. 4. As those that fear they hope, etc. Those who are so diffident that they even hope fearfully, and are only certain that they fear.

Page 127. 27. Lively. Lifelike. — Touches. Traits.

35. Toward. At hand or coming on.

43. Let him put me to my purgation. Let him give me an opportunity of proving the truth of what I have said.

44. A measure. A stately dance, suited to the court.

48. Ta'en up. Made up.

Page 128. 56. Copulatives. Those who desire to be joined in marriage.

57. Blood. Passion.

62. Swift. Quick-witted.

64. The fool's bolt, which, according to the proverb, is soon shot.

65. Such dulcet diseases. Those who wish to make sense of Touchstone's nonsense would read *discourses*, or *phrases*, or *discords*, instead of *diseases*.

68. Seven times removed. Reckoning backwards from the lie direct.

69. More seeming. More seemly, more becomingly.

75. Quip. A smart jest. Milton has preserved the word in 'L'Allegro,' 27:—

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles.

76. Disabled. Disparaged.

80. Countercheck. A rebuff, a check. The figure is from the game of chess.

Page 129. 90. We quarrel in print, by the book. The particular work which Shakespeare seems to have had in view was a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1595, in two books: the

first treating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger; the second, of Honor and Honorable Quarrels.

91. **Books for good manners.** Like 'the card or calendar of gentry,' to which Osric compares Laertes (*Hamlet*, V, ii, 111), evidently in allusion to the title of some such book.

106. **A stalking-horse.** Either a real horse or the figure of a horse, used by sportsmen to get near their game.

107. **Presentation.** Semblance.

Page 130. 110. **Atone together.** Are reconciled or made one. As in *Coriolanus* (IV, vi, 72):—

He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violentest contrariety.

See in *Acts* vii, 26, 2 *Macc.* i, 5, the phrases *to set at one* in the sense of *to reconcile*, and *to be at one* in the sense of *to be reconciled*, from which *atone* is derived.

Page 131. 130. **If truth holds true contents.** If there be any truth in truth. This appears to be the only sense of which the poor phrase is capable.

Page 132. 156. **Address'd.** Equipped, prepared. Cf. 2 *Henry IV* (IV, iv, 5):—

Our navy is address'd, our power collected.

157. **In his own conduct.** Under his own guidance, led by himself.

167. **Offer'st fairly.** Contributest fairly, makest a handsome present.

168. **To the other.** That is, Orlando, by his marriage with Rosalind.

172. **After.** Afterwards. — **Every.** Everyone.

173. **Shrewd.** Bad, evil.

Page 133. 180. **By your patience.** By your leave, with your permission.

182. **Pompous.** Attended with pomp and ceremony.

184. **Convertites.** Converts.

187. **Deserves.** The singular verb often follows two substantives which represent one idea.

## EPILOGUE

Page 134. 4. **No bush.** A bush or tuft of ivy was the usual sign of a vintner.

17. **If I were a woman.** Men or boys, in Shakespeare's time, acted the parts of the women in the play. The actor is here speaking in his own person.

19. **Lik'd.** Pleased. — **Defied.** Slighted, disliked.

# QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

BY GERALD ABBOT SEABURY

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## PRELIMINARY STUDY

- I. Sources of the play.
- II. Date.
  - (1) By external evidence.
    - (a) Registration.
  - (2) Partly by internal evidence.
    - (a) Reference to other works.
    - (b) Reference to contemporary events, etc.
  - (3) Wholly by internal evidence.
    - (a) Quality of blank verse.
    - (b) Proportion of blank verse and rhyme.
    - (c) Proportion of feminine or of weak endings.
- III. The Elizabethan theaters.
- IV. The Shakespeare country.

## STUDY OF AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT I

## SCENE I

1. Sum up Orlando's grievances. What impression do they convey of Oliver's character?
2. What is the underlying reason for Oliver's hatred of Orlando?
3. What historical interest attaches to the part of Adam?
4. Note that Orlando's second brother is named Jaques. Avoid confusing him with 'the melancholy Jaques.'
5. In what light does Charles the wrestler appear here?
6. What phrases (ll. 114-119) strike the keynote of this comedy and mark the tune of its leisurely action?

## SCENE II

1. In this and in the following scene, point out what characteristics of Rosalind and Celia are revealed by their dialogues. —
2. Beginning with this scene, note how everything that Rosalind says of women in general applies to herself in particular.
3. What is the significance of Touchstone's name? Compare him with other Shakespearean Fools.
4. What is the allusion in Celia's speech (l. 87)?
5. How does Duke Frederick unwittingly cause Rosalind's first interest in Orlando? What means are used, throughout this play, to increase and decrease sympathy with each of the characters?
6. What effect is produced on Rosalind by Orlando's reply (ll. 185-195)?
7. Comment on Rosalind's action in giving the chain to Orlando. Was it 'after the fashion of these times'? How does Touchstone afterward make a jest of it?
8. L. 208. Why is the remainder of this scene in blank verse?
9. Is Shakespeare's treatment of 'love at first sight' merely a convenient theory for play writing, or was it a belief with him? Cf. other instances in all his plays, from *Romeo and Juliet* to *The Tempest*.

## SCENE III

1. What side of Rosalind's nature is shown here?
2. Is Duke Frederick malicious toward Rosalind, or secretly zealous for his daughter? Is Rosalind actually 'detained by her

usurping uncle' or merely allowed to remain at court on sufferance? In the light of your answer, explain his later actions.

3. Compare Rosalind's affection for Celia with Celia's for her, and account for the difference.

4. Compare Rosalind and Celia with Beatrice and Hero (*Much Ado About Nothing*).

5. Point out the analogy between Rosalind's speech (ll. 113-121) and Portia's (*Merchant of Venice* III, iv, 60).

6. L. 113. In what other plays does Shakespeare make use of this expedient? Give reasons for the repetition.

7. What has been accomplished by Act I? Show how every action that branches out in later acts — with the exception of the Silvius-Phebe and the Touchstone-Audrey episodes — is rooted here.

8. Comment on the use of prose and verse throughout the play. Give reasons for the suitability of each, where each occurs.

## ACT II

### SCENE I

1. What is the effect of this scene, in contrast with the preceding ones?

2. How is the eulogy of the forest life a probable echo of Shakespeare's own mood when he wrote this comedy? What circumstances in his career at this time lead us to form such conjecture?

3. What is the purpose in referring at some length to the absent Jaques (ll. 26 f.) before he enters into the action? What impression of him do these lines convey?

4. What common belief is expressed in ll. 46-49?

5. Select examples of (1) antithesis, (2) synecdoche, (3) simile, (4) apostrophe, (5) metaphor, (6) irony.

6. Study the versification; choose five lines, not in regular iambic pentameter, and specify wherein each differs, scanning to prove your point.

### SCENE III

1. What 'qualities of birth and breeding' does Orlando show here? Add to your previous estimate of him.

2. What does Orlando mean by 'a diverted blood'?

### SCENE IV

1. Consider this scene and Scene v as a continuation of Scene i, and give reasons why the sequence is interrupted by Scene iii.

2. State the intervals of time between each act and scene of this play.

3. Explain 'the wooing of a peascod' (l. 50). Is Touchstone's account of himself as a lover (ll. 45-55) to be taken seriously? Why, then, does he say this fashion of loving 'grows something stale' with him? Criticise his later conduct with Audrey. How does Jaques regard it (III, iii)?

4. Why does Rosalind abandon the idea of seeking her father in the forest (cf. III, iv, 29-32)?

#### SCENE V

1. How do Jaques's speeches here and in Scene vii interpret his nature? Is his 'melancholy' real or assumed?

2. Give two meanings of 'live i' the sun,' as used here. Illustrate, if you can, by examples of the same phrase in other plays.

3. How is the sylvan atmosphere created by this scene and by Scene i?

4. What action is understood to accompany the words: 'to call fools into a circle' (l. 58)?

5. Note that Scenes i, v, and vii may be supposed to take place in the same part of the forest, while Scenes iv and vi are laid in a different part.

6. Account for the multiplicity of scenes in this play, and explain briefly why they were feasible in Shakespeare's time. What effect did the poverty of stage settings have on dramatic poetry?

7. Point out examples of description.

#### SCENE VII

1. How do the First Lord's words to the duke and the duke's reply hint at their attitude toward Jaques?

2. What other references are there in Shakespeare to 'music in the spheres' (l. 6)?

3. Explain in your own words why Jaques wishes he were a motley fool. In this respect, does he seem to be a mouthpiece for Shakespeare himself?

4. Which of the various readings of ll. 53-57 seems clearest to you? Why? Define the metonymy.

5. Recast Jaques's speech in ll. 70-87 in your own words, giving the full meaning.

6. Ll. 136-139. Quote similar passages in other plays of Shakespeare.

7. How does the song form a very appropriate ending for this scene?

8. Cite instances of rhymed endings of acts or scenes. Compare their number in this play with like examples in other plays.

## ACT III

## SCENE I

1. Why does Duke Frederick claim to be merciful to Oliver, while he threatens him with punishment for an offense similar to his own? Does this show the dawn of his later repentance?

## SCENE II

1. Comment on Touchstone's treatment of Corin.
2. Can you recall other references to the posies in rings (l. 270)?
3. Account for Orlando's and Jaques's mutual dislike.
4. Does Orlando half recognize Rosalind in the guise of a youth? (Cf. V, iv, 28-29.)
5. Why is this poetical love scene in prose?

## SCENE III

1. In what light is Jaques shown here?
2. Contrast Audrey with Phebe.
3. Give examples of words that are used in a different sense from their present usage.

## SCENE V

1. Is the love episode of Silvius and Phebe a satire on the academic, literary love of the Elizabethan pastorals? What part has it in this play, i. e., what does it contribute to the character of Rosalind?

2. Enumerate the various forms of love portrayed in this comedy.

## ACT IV

## SCENE I

1. Why does Jaques wish to be better acquainted with Rosalind? What is the effect of her gentle ridicule? The point of her pretending not to notice Orlando until after Jaques is gone?

2. Compare this love scene with the previous one between Rosalind and Orlando, in respect of the unfolding of the plot. Note how the playful game begins to grow more earnest. By what slight degrees does it work up to a climax?

3. Does Rosalind feel any real doubt of Orlando's love? What final proof does he give her?



## SCENE III

1. Why does Rosalind chide Silvius so severely?
2. What is the significance of Oliver's tribute to Orlando (ll. 128-129)? How does it compare with praises of him spoken by other persons?
3. Is Oliver's repentance wholly unexpected? Explain your answer.
4. What is the climax of the play?
5. Note how Oliver joins in the love game. Does he guess instantly the identity of Rosalind, or has he been previously informed by Orlando, of the true situation?

## ACT V

## SCENE II

1. Show how the love of Oliver and Celia is not merely an after-thought in Shakespeare's mind, but has a purpose in the play.
2. Why does Oliver ask Orlando's 'consent' (l. 9)?
3. What significance is there in the way Oliver and Rosalind greet each other (ll. 17-24)? Is this intended as a clue for Orlando?
4. What are Orlando's and Rosalind's opinions of this 'sudden wooing'?
5. Explain 'wear thy heart in a scarf.' Is this quip meant to be spoken seriously?
6. What meaning has *observance* in l. 96? In l. 98?
7. Is the introduction of the magician element out of keeping? Why?

## SCENE IV

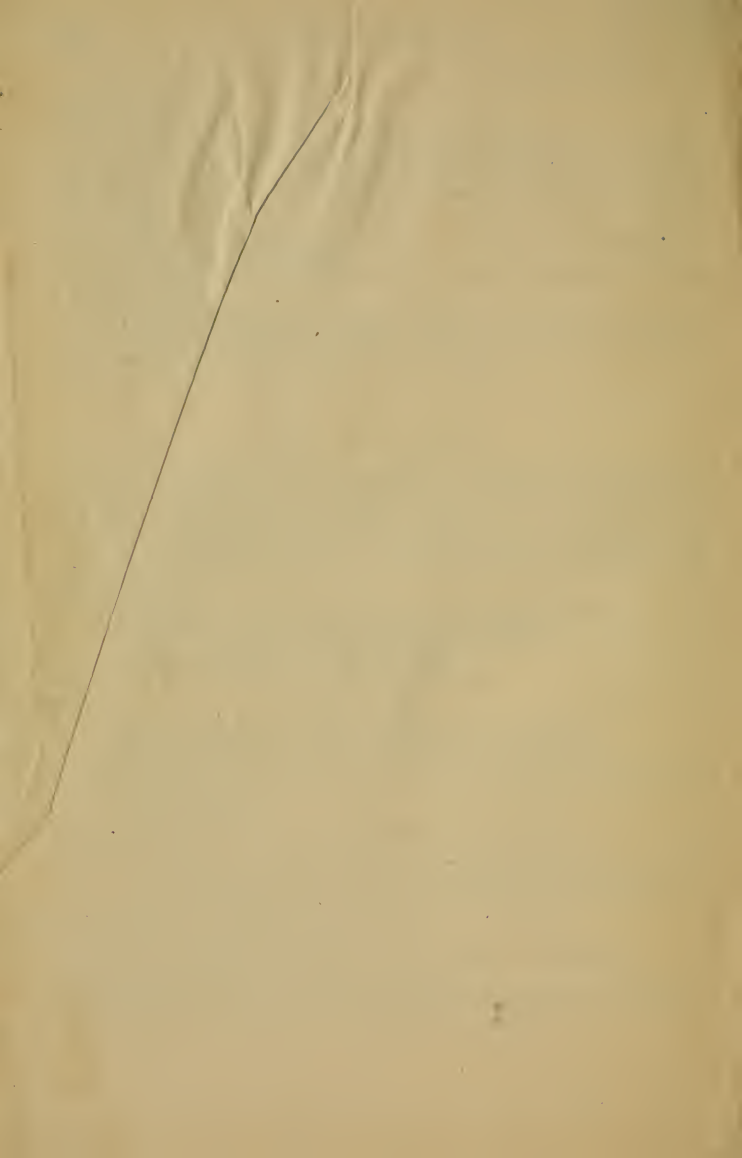
1. Comment further on the failure — real or pretended — of both the duke and Orlando to recognize Rosalind. Show how Rosalind 'makes all this matter even.'
2. Discuss Touchstone as a courtier. Cite passages in other plays wherein Shakespeare satirizes courtiers and duellists.
3. Does Touchstone use fine phrases without understanding them? Why *diseases*, l. 65? Is this misuse of the word intentional?
4. Explain 'a stalking-horse' (l. 106), and name other Elizabethan sports and customs mentioned in this play.
5. Notice the masque of Hymen. What was the origin of the masque? Its purpose and effect here? Where else used by Shakespeare?

6. How does the conversion of Duke Frederick bind all the action into unity?
7. Explain l. 169. What promise is made here?
8. Comment on the duke's intention of returning to a 'life of painted pomp,' after the happiness and security of the forest life.
9. How are Jaques's farewell speeches consistent with his whole philosophy?
10. Who usually spoke the Epilogue? What is the appropriateness in giving it to Rosalind?
11. To what does Rosalind refer in saying 'my way is to conjure you' (l. 10)?
12. Explain 'if I were a woman' (l. 17).
13. In the Epilogue and in other passages throughout the play, note fragments of Shakespeare's own criticism.

## GENERAL TOPICS

1. To what class of Shakespearean plays does *As You Like It* belong? Give its date. *Comedy 1596-1602 1600*
2. What of the play is borrowed, and from whom? *Rosalind*
3. Why is the play called *As You Like It*? *I change you*
4. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions these lines were uttered: —
  - (a) Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
  - (b) For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
  - (c) Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.
  - (d) He that wants money, means, and content is without three  
good friends.
  - (e) Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
  - (f) 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.
5. Contrast the characters of Rosalind and Celia.
6. Give your estimate of the duke.
7. Contrast Corin with Silvius, and Audrey with Phebe.
8. Write out your estimate of Orlando.
9. Select from the play five rare similes and as many metaphors.
10. Give your estimate of the play as a whole.







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