As you Like it.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam,* it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Jaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing 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 mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

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

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

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

Oli. What mar you then sir?

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

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

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

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

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

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your comming before me is neerer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy. (this,

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

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

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

Oli, Let me goe I say.

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

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

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

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis.*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

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

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

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

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

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

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving

Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

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

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that [hee] would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

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

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

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

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell the *Charles,* it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriver against mee his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as liefe thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous devise, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever hee goe alone again, Ile never wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

[ ] Farewell good *Charles.* Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devise, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

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

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

Cel. Heerein I see thou lov'st mee not with the full waight thta I love thee; if my Unckle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, 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 temper'd, as mine is to thee.

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

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

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

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

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mocke the good houswife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may hanceforth bee bestowed equally.

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

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

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

Enter Clowne.

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

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

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

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

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

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

Ros. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisedome.

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

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

Clo. By my knaverie (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes,

Cel. Which he vvill put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

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

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-jour Monsieur le Beu,* what's the newes?

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

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I aunfwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

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

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrastling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.*Alas.

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

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

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

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

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give us leave.

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

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

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

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

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

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

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

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

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injurie, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fil up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it emptie.

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

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.
Ros. Fare you well: praie heaven I be deceiv'd in you.
Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.
Duk. You shall trie but one fall.
Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightilie perswaded him from a first.
Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you shold not have mockt me before: but come your waies.
Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge. *Wrastle.*
Ros. Oh excellent yong man.
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. *Shout.*
Duk. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.
Duk. How do'st thou *Charles?*
Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.
Duk. Beare him awaie.
What is thy name yong man?
Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys.*
Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.
Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredericke.*
Ros. My Father lov'd Sir*Roland* as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should have given him teares unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserv'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in love;
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie.
Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?
Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a meere livelesse blocke.
Ros. He cals us back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wrastled well, and overthrowne
More then your enemies.
Cel. Will you goe Coze?
Ros. Have with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Orl. What passion hangs these waights upõ my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando!* thou art overthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leave this place; Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceive, then I to speake of.
Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?
Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loves
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heavenly *Rosaline.* *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline: Cupid* have mercie,
Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid up, when the
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
without any.
Cel. But is all this for your Father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
how full of briers is this working day world.
Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne upon thee
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty-coates will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.
Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe.
Cel. O, a good wish upon you: you will trie in time
in

in despight of a fall: but turning these jests out of service,
let us talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Rowlands yongest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father deerelie.

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

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

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

Enter Duke with Lords.

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

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

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

Ros. Me Uncle.

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

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

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

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me aTraitor;
Tell me whereon the likekihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art they Fathers daughter, there's enough.

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

Cel. Deere Soveraigne heare me speake.

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

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

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

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

Duk. You are a foole: you Niece provide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.
Exit Duke, &c.
Cel. O my poore *Rosaline,* whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therfore devise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with us,
And doe not seeke to take your [change] upon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.
Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?
Cel. To seeke my Uncle in the Forrest of *Arden.*
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell forth so farre?
Beautie provoketh theeves sooner then gold.
Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards have,
That doe outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. Ile have no worse a name then *Joves* own Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed.*
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia,* but *Aliena.*
Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travaile?
Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.
Duk.Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
Mre free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam,*
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the uses of adversitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.
Du.Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill us venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.
*1.Lord.*Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more usurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens,* and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Under an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heav'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Jaques,*
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
Du.Sen. But what said *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1.Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poor Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too [must]: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never staies to greet him: I quoth *Jaques,*
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
D.Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2.Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1.Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their Mistris.
2.Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hisperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles,*
And she beleeves where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.
Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quaile,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

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

He will have other meanes to cut you off,
I overheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
[*Ad.*] Why whether *Adam* would'st thou have me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou have me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enfore
A theevish living on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saved under your Father,
Which I did store to be my softer Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
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 looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with unbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the service of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And having that do choake their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light upon some setled low content.
Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seaventie yeeres, thil now almost fourescore
Here lived I, but now live here no more
At seventeene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourscore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters Debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

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

Ros. O *Jupiter,* how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*

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

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

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden.*

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

Enter Corin and Silvius.

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

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

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

Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin,* being old, thou canst not guesse,
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 thinke did never man love so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exit.*

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of [they would], I have by hard adventure found mine owne.

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

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

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

Ros. Jove, Jove, this Shepherds passion,
Is much upon my fashion.

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

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

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

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

Cor. Who cals?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace

Ros. Peace I say; good even to [your] friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with travaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeve her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Amyens, Jaques, & others.
Song.
Under the greene wood tree,
who loves to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Jaques*
Jaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you'em stanzo's?
Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Jaques.*
Laq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Wil you sing?
Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ile thanke

---

you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
me thinkes I have given him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.

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

Jaq. And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether heere,*
Who doth ambition shunne,
and loves to live I'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see, &c.

Jaq. Ile give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Invention.

Amy. And Ile sing it.

[*Amy.*] Thus it goes.

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

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

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

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

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

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

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du.Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.
1.Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Du.Sen. If he compact of jarres, grow Musicall,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

1.Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Du.Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.
Jaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole I'th'Forest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world☺
As I do live by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good tearmes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.
Du.Sen. What foole is this?
Jaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They have the gift to know it: and in his [braiue],
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my onely suite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.

Invest me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Du.Sen. Most mischeevous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.
Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his braverie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd him selfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Unclaim'd of [any. man But] who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.
Jaq. Why I have eate none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kinde shold this Cocke come of?
*Du.Sen.*Art thou thus boledn'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?
Orl. You touch't my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.
*Jaq.*And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.
Du.Sen. What would you have?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Move us to gentlenesse.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table
Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin savage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
Tht in this desart inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If every beene where bels have knoll'd to Church:
If ever sate at any good mans feast:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

Du,Sen. True is it, that we have seene better dayes,
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take upon command, what helpe we have
That to your wanting may be ministred.
Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And give it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake evils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
And we will nothing waste till you returne.
Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.
Du Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie:
This wide and universall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.
Ja. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Unwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jelous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Justice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slippeer'd Pantaloone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable bur-
then, and let him feede.
Orl. I thanke you most for him.
Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.
Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Give us some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

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

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand, *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.
Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee,
Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.
Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my love,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare above
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That everie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest every where.
Run, run *Orlando,* carve on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive shee. *Esit.*

Enter Corin & Clowne.
Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr *Touchstone?*
Clo.

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

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

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

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

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

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

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

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

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

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

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

Car. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have us kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Civet.

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

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

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

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

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the divell himselfe will have no shepheards, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

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

Enter Rosalind.

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

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

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalined:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde,
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde loves pricke, & Rosalinde,

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect yourselfe with them?

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

Clo. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

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

Clo. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

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

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

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Majestie:*
Attalanta's *better part,*
sad Lucrecia's *Modestie.*
Thus Rosalinde *of manie parts,*
by Heavenly Synode was devis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches deerest pris'd.
Heaven would that shee these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of Love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and never cri'de, have patience good people.

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

Clo. Come Shepheard, let us make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage; yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

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

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare [ye] verses.

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

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

Ros. I was seven of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was never so berim'd since *Pythagors* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

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

Ros. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

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

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando?

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

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

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

Col. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolve the propositions of a Lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and rellish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ros. It may vvel be cal'd Joves tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

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

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

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnished like a Hunter.

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

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

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

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Love-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalinde is your loves name? *Orl.* Yes, Just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of prety answers: have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond thē out of rings

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

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

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

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

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

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

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

Jaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

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

Jaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

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

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky[.] and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear For-

Orl. *Verie* wel, what would you? (rester,

Ros. I pray you, what i'st a'clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

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

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard that it seemes the length of seven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

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

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

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

Orl. Are you native of this place?

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

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

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

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall evils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

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

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

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

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

Ros. There is none of my Unckles markes 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 markes?

Ros. A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eie 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 you having [in] beard, is a yonger brothers revennew) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoo unti'de, and everie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your selfe, then seeming the Lover of any other. (I Love,

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeve

Ros. Me beleeve it? You may assoone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women 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 sweare 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 rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

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

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Mistris: and I set him everie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for everie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I drave my Sutor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madnes, [wc] was to forsweare the ful stream of [ye]world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take upon mee to wash your Liver as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal 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 everie day to my Coat, and woe me.

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

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

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

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

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.

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

Aud. Yur features, Lord warrant us: what features?

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

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Jove in a thatch'd house.

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

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

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne,

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

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou dids't feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

Jaq. A material foole.

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

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

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

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

Jaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch us heere under this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to give the woman?

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

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

Jaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile give her.

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

Jaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

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

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

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

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

[*Ol,*] Come sweete *Audrey,*
We must be married, or we must live in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr. *Oliver:* Not O sweet *Oliver,*O brave *Oliver* leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knave of then all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Never talke to me, I wil weepe.

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

Ros. But have I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour.

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

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

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessenut was ever the onely colour:

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

Cel.

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

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

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

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

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him sweare downright he was.

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

Ros, I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke we of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O that's a brave man, hee writes brave verses, speakes brave words, sweares brave oathes, and breakes them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny Tilter, [yt] spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true Love,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let us remove,
The sight of Lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
Ile prove a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

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

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it: Leane upon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palme some moment keepes: 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 doe hurt.
Sil. O deere *Phebe,*
If ever (as that ever may be neere)
You meet in some fresh cheeke the powre of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Loves keene arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.
Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Must you be therefore prowd and pittilesse?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-worke? ‘ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
‘Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. ‘Tis such fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-favourd children:
‘Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you shee sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your self, downe on your knees
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good mans love;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, [fareyouwell].
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.
Ros. Hees falne in love with your foulnesse, & shee’ll
Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you so upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I beare you.
Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with mee,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
‘Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*
Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*
Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius?*
Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius.*
Sil. Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in love,
By giving love your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were covetousnesse:
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
But since that thou canst talke of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harvest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile live upon. (while?
Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-
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. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Silvius,* had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more cause to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He saide mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marvell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittane:
Ile write to him, a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius?*
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Silvius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

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

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I doe love it better then laughing.

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

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

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my travells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

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

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

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

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

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

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Travellor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your nativitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you serve me such another tricke, never come in my sight more.

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

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

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind.*

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

Orl. Of a Snaile?

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

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: [wc] such as you are faine to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

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

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind.*

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

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

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

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

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

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

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

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

Orl. What, of my suite?

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

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

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

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attourney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a love cause: *Troilous* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander,* he would have liv'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

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

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

Orl. Then love me *Rosalind.*

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

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

Orl. Pray thee marrie us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando,* have to wife this *Rosalind.*

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

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

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

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

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

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

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

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

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

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

Orl. O but she is wise.

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

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't?

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

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

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unlesse you take her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde,* I wil leave thee.

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

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

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

Orl. I, sweet *Rosaline.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalinde,* that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

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

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

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your loveprate:

prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over
your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done
to her owne nest.

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

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

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

*Cel.*And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you
no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

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

Musicke, Song.

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

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

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

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

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix: ‘ods my will,
Her love is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne device.
Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.
Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn’d into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswives hand, but that’s no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.
Sil. Sure it is hers.
Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?
Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.
Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn’d?*
That a maidens heart hath burn’d.
Can a vvoman raile thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War’st thou with a womans heart?
Did you ever heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorne of your bright eine
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your praiers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knowes this Love in me:
And by him seale up thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love denie,
And then Ile studie how to die.
*Sil.*Call you this chiding?
*Cel.*Alas poore Shepheard.
Ros. Doe you pitty him? No, he deseerves no pitty: wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be endur’d. Well, goe 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, unlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit Sil.*

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind,*
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke vvhat object did present it selfe
Under an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-gowne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening ofhis mouth: but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando,* it unlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with udders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnaturall
That liv'd amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.
Ros. But to *Orlando:* did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler even then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battell to the Lyonesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescu'd"
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was since my conversion
So [sweeetly] 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,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh aray, and entertainement,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting upon *Rosalinde.*
Briefe, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in this bloud, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind.*

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

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

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

Oli. Looke, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

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

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

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

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

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

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

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

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

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

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Audrey.*

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

Will. And good ev'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William?*

Will. William, sir.

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

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

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

Will.'Faith sir, so,so.

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

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

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

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

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

Will. Which he sir?

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

Aud. Do good *William.*

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

Enter Corin.

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

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

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & 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 graunt? And will you persever to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate upon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

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 looke you,
Heere comes my *Rosalinde.*

Ros. God save you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

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

Orl. It is my arme.

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

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

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

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but thy sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, have they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

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

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turne for *Rosalind?*

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, tht I can do strange things: I have since I was three yeare old converst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena,*shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
and withut any danger.
Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?
Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best a-
ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor-
row, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.
Enter Silvius & Phbve.
Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.
Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not if I have: it is my studie
To seeme despightfull and ungentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke upon him, love him: he worships you.
Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love
Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for *Phebe.*
*Phe.*And I for *Ganimed.*
Orl. And I for *Rosalind.*
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for *Phebe.*
Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*
Orl. And I for *Rosalind.*
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and observance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all observance:
And so am I for *Phebe.*
*Phe.*And so am I for *Ganimed.*
Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind.*
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to love you.
Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.
Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you
if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet
me altogether: I wil marrie you, if ever I marrie Wo-
man, and Ile be marrie to morrow: I will satisfie you,
if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor-
row. I will content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you love
Rosalind meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no
woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I have left you com-
mands.
Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.
Phe. Nor I.
Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.
Clo. To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow
we will be married.
Aud. I do desire it, with all my hearts and I hope it is
no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of [ye]world?

Heere come two of the bansh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1.Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

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

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

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

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

Song.

It was a Lover, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne field did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time,
When Birds do sing,hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &C.

Betweene the acres of the Rie
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This Carrol they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, & c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet [ye] note was very untunable

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

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

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlan-
do, Oliver, Celia.

Du.Sen. Dost thou beleeve *Orlando,* that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeve, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our [cōpact] is urg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde,* You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

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

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

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

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

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

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

Phe. So is the bargaine.

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

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

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours *Orlando,* to receive his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe,* that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word *Silvius,* that you'l marrie heer
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

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

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

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

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

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

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

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

Jaq. And how was that tane up?

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

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

DuSe. I like him very well.

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

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

Clo. –According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause?

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

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

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:

nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted.

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

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

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

Du. Se. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Musicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made eaven
attone together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightst joyne his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Song.

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

Du.Se. O my Deere Neece welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome, in no less degree.

Phe.

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

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland,*
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that everie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

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

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

2.Bro. He hath.

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

Du.Se. Stay, *Jaques,* stay.

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

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

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes: and good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

F I N I S .