

As you like it.

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orlando.*

*AS* I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me 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 speake more properly) stayes 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 me, his countenance seemes to take from me: he lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lyes, 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 mutiny 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 apart *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now Sir, what make you heare?

*Orla.* Nothing, I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What marre you then sir?

*Orla.* Marry sir, I am helping you to marre that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

*Orla.* 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?

*Orla.* I, better then him I am before knowes me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood 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 blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

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

*Oli.* What Boy. (this,

*Orla.* Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

*Orla.* I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of sir Rowland de Boyes, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that sayes 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 Master be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me goe I say.

*Orl.* I will not till I please: you shall heare me: 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 me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou doe? 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.

*Orla.* I will no further offend you, then becomes me 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 old 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 neither: 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.*

*Char.* Good morrow to your worship.

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

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

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Lords

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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 be banished with her Father?

*Cha.* O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that [he] 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 carelessly 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 he 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 he 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 find I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to dissuade 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 me his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as lief 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 mightily grace himselfe on thee, he 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 he 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 he goe alone again, Ile never wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

*Oli.* 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 he'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.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.*

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

*Ros.* Deere *Celia*; 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 that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously 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 child, but I, nor none is like to have; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honour I will, and when I breake that oath, let me 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 be bestowed equally.

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

*Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest. and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill favouredly.

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

*Enter Clowne.*

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

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

*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 honour, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* Where learned you that oath foole?

*Clo.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour 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 wisdom.

*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 knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworne: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had any; 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'll be whipt for taxation one of these dayes.

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

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

*Enter le Beau.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of newes,

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

*Ros.* Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

*Cel.* All the better: we shalbe the more marketable.

*Boon-jour Monsieur le Beau*, what the newes?

*Le Beau.* Faire Princesse, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport: of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour Madame? How shall I anfwere 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 Beau.* 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 Beau.* I will 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 Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons.

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

*Le Beau.* 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 Beau.* 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 lye, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole over them, that all the behol-

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ders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas.

*Clo.* But what is the sport Mounsieur, 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 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 Cosin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

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

*Du.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitty of the challengers yourh, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

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

*Duk.* Doe so: Ile not be by.

*Le Beu.* Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.

*Orla.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*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 doe, to try with him the strength of my youth.

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

*Ros.* Doe yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not goe forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guilty to deny so faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes goe with me to my triall; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was 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 injury, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

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

*Cel.*

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*Cel.* And mine to eeke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray 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?

*Orla.* Ready sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duk.* You shall try but one fall.

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

*Orla.* You meane to mocke me after: you shold not have mockt me before: but come your wayes.

*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 eye, I can tell who should downe. *Shout.*

*Duk.* No more, no more.

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

*Duk.* How do'st thou *Charles*?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speake my Lord.

*Duk.* Beare him away.

What is thy name yong man?

*Orla.* *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boyes*.

*Duk.* I would thou hadst beene sonne to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed, 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 doe 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 mind, 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  
Stickes 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 happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune  
That could give more, but that her hand lackes meane.  
Shall we goe *Coze*?

*Cel.* I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

*Orla.* 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 calls us backe: 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.*

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

*Enter Le Beau.*

O poore *Orlando*! thou art overthrowne  
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.  
*Le Beau.* Good Sir, I doe 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 indeed  
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 Beau.* 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 heere detain'd by her usurping Uncle  
To keepe his daughter company, 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 sodainely 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: fareyouwell.  
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,  
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.  
But heavenly *Rosaline*. *Exit*

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*Scena Tertia..*

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*Enter Celia, and Rosaline.*

*Cel.* Why [Cosn], why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* have mercy,  
Not a word?

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

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

*Ros.* Then there were two 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 foolery, 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 try in time  
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in despite 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 deerely.

*Cel* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Sonne deerely? 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 nor 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 doe you love him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

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

*Ros.* Me Unckle!

*Duk.* You Cosen,

Within these ten dayes if that thou beest found  
So neere our publike Court as twenty 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 a Traitor;  
Tell me whereon the likeihood depends?

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

*Ros.* So was I when your highnesse tooke 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 poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Deere Sovereigne 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 very silence, and her patience,  
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:  
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seeme more vertu-  
When she is gone: then open not thy lips (ous  
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 company.

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*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 dye.

*Exit Duke, &c.*

*Cel.* O my poore *Rosaline*, whither wilt thou goe?  
Wilt thou change father? 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* lackes 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:  
Therefore devise with me how we may flye  
Whether to goe, and what to beare with us,  
And doe not seeke to take your charge 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, whither 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 for 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 curtellax 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 many 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 *Ganymed*.  
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 liberty, and not to banishment.

*Exeunt.*

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*Actu. Secundus. Scoena Prima.*

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

*Duk.Sen.* Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile:  
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then

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Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods  
Mre free from perill then the envious Court?  
Heere feele we not the penalty 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 adversity  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
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.

*Duk.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 gourd.

*1.Lord.* Indeed my Lord  
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,  
And in that kinde swears you doe more usurpe  
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:  
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,  
Did steale behind him as he lay along  
Under an oake, whose anticke root 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 animall 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 hairy foole,  
Much marked of the melancholly *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 much: then being alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;  
'Tis right quoth he, thus misery doth part  
The Fluxe of company: anon a carelesse Heard  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stayes to greet him: I quoth *Jaques*,  
Sweepe on you fat and greazy 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 the Country, City, Court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse  
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*Du.Sen.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2.Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing Deere.

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*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.*

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*Scoena 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.Lord.* 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.Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clowne, 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 synowy *Charles*,  
And she beleeves where ever they are gone  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duk.* Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,  
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,  
Ile make him find him: doe this sodainly;  
And let not search and inquisition quaille,  
To bring againe these foolish runawayes.     *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Orlando, and Adam.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Ad.* What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,  
Oh my sweet master, O you memory  
Of old Sir *Rowland*? why, what make you here?  
Why are you vetuous? Why doe people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not Master, to some kind of men,  
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?

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Ad.* O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe  
The enemy 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

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He will have other meanes to cut you off,

I overheard him: and his practises:

This is no place, this house is but a butchery;

Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

*Orl.* Why whither *Adam* would'st thou have me goe?

*Ada.* No matter whither, for you come not here.

*Orl.* What, would'st thou have me goe and beg my

Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce (food,

A theevish living on the common rode?

This I must doe, or know not what to doe:

Yet this I will not doe, doe how I can,

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

*Ada.* But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my softer Nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lye 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 blood,

Nor did not with unbashfull forehead wooe,

The meanes of weaknesse and debility,

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly; let me goe with you,

Ile doe the service of a younger man

In all your businesse and necessities.

*Orl.* Oh good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweate for duty, not for meede:

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweate, but for promotion,

And having that doe 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 yeeld,

In lieu of all thy paines and husbandry,

But come thy wayes, wee le goe along together,

And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,

Wee le light upon some settled low content.

*Ada.* Master goe on, and I will follow thee

To the last gaspe with truth and loyalty,

From seventy yeeres, thil now almost fourescore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke

But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,

Yet fortune cannot recompence me better

Then to dye well, and not my Masters Debter. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*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 weary.

*Ros.* I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

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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 can 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 doe 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 ere 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 runne into,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not sate as I doe now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd.  
Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*. [ *Exeunt.* ]

*Ros.* Alas poore Shepheard! searching of their wound,  
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 nights to *Jane Smile*, and I remember the kis-  
sing of her batlet, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty  
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: we 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 ne're 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  
me.

*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 cal's?

*Clo.* Your betters Sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* Peace I say; good even to you friend.

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

*Ros.* I prethee Shepherd, 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 relevee her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little wreakes to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.  
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 voyce 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 honesty,  
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:  
Goe with me, if you like upon report,  
The soile, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,  
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

---

*Enter Amyens, Jaques, and others.*

Song.

*Under the greene wood tree,  
who loves to lye with mee,  
And turne his merry Note,  
unto the sweet Birds throte:  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Heere shall he see no enemy,  
But Winter and rough Weather.*

*Jaq.* More, more, I prethee 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 prethee more.

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

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me,  
I doe desire you to sing:

Come, more, another stanza: Call you'em stanza's?

*Amy.* What you will Monsieur *Jaques*.

*Laq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owne me  
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

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Scoena Septima.

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*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 wooe 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 food, 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 waggess:  
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,  
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,  
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,  
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,  
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare  
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,  
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,  
That Fooles should be so deepe 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 young, and faire,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his braine,  
Which is as dry 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.

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Invest me in my motley: Give me leave  
To speake my minde, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foule body 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 partie:  
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 Cittie woman beares  
The cost of Princes on unworthie shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,  
When such a one as she, 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 himselfe: if he be free,  
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies  
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more.

*Jaq.* Why I have eate none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessitie be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

*Du.Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?

*Orl.* You touch't my veine at first, the thornie point  
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew  
Of smooth civilitie: 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, & welcome to our table

*Orl.* Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,  
I thought that all things had beene 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.

R

*Duke*

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*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 eyes  
Of drops, that sacred pittie 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 forbear 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 wearie 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, meere Players;  
They have their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,  
And one man in his time plaies 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 oathes, 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 Pantalooone,  
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 treble 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 burthen,  
and let him feede.

*Orl.* I thanke you most for him.

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

*Du. Sen.* Welcome, fall too: I will 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.*

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*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 witness,  
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 Master is:  
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand,   *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.*

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*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*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Hang there my verse, in witness 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 barks my thoughts Ile charracter,  
That every eye, which in this Forrest looks,  
Shall see thy vertue witness every where.  
Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,  
The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive she.   *Esit.*

*Enter Corin & Clowne.*

*Co.* And how like you this shepherds life Mr *Touchstone*?  
*Clo.*

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*Clo.* Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life(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 good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:  
Was't 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 Countrey is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly if Courtiers were shepherds.

*Clo.* Instance, briefly: come, instance.

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

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

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

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

*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, and 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 Bel-weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth

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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 Mistresses 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 minde,  
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 Rosalinde:  
If the Cat will after kinde,  
so be sure will Rosalinde:  
Wintred garments must be linde,  
so must slender Rosalinde:  
They that reap must sheafe and binde,  
then to cart with Rosalinde.  
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,  
such a nut is Rosalinde,  
He that sweetest rose will finde,  
must finde 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 fruit.

*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 every 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 every sentence end;  
Will I Rosalinda write,  
teaching all that reade, to know  
The quintessence of every sprite,  
heaven would in little show.  
Therefore heaven Nature [*chang'd*],  
that one body should be fill'd  
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,  
nature presently distill'd

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,  
 Cleopatra's Majesty:  
 Attalanta's better part,  
 sad Lucrecia's Modestie.  
 Thus Rosalinde of many parts,  
 by Heavenly Synode was devis'd,  
 Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 to have the touches deerest pris'd.  
 Heaven would that she 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 cride, [have your parishiones 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 retreat, 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 the 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 dayes 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 be remoov'd with Earth-quakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

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

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe 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 quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of 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 young *Orlando*, that tript up the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

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*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 and 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 remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.

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

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this 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 relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

*Ros.* It may well be cal'd Joves tree, when it droppes forth such 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 well 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 neere?

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

*Jaq.* I thanke you for your companie, but good faith I had as lief 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 with 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 the 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 will chide no breather in the world but my selfe  
against



against whom I know no 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 shall 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 Melanchollie.

*Ros.* I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky[.] and under that habit play the knave with him, do you heare 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 every minute, and groaning every houre would 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 tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

*Orl.* I prethee, whom 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 withall?

*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 heave tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

*Orl.* Whom doth he gallop withal?

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

*Orl.* Whom staies it still 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 pretty 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 Connie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, than 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 fell in love. I have heard him read many Lecturs against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall,

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall evils,

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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 will 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 *Rosalind* on their [borkes]; hangs Odes upon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) deifying the name of *Rosalind*. 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 tell 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 cheek, which you have not: a blew eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply you having no beard, is a younger brothers revennew) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shooe unti'de, and every 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 as soone 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 speake?

*Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

*Ros.* Love is meerely a madnesse, and I tell you, deserves as well 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 every day to wooe 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, which was to forswear the full streame of the world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your Liver as cleare as a sound sheeps heart, that there shall not be one spot of Love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my Coat, and wooe me.

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*Orlan.* Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell mee where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Will you goe?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

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

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.*

*Clo.* Come apace good *Audrie*, I will fetch up your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrie* 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 had made thee poetically.

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

*Clo.* No truly: 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 mee 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 didst'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 materiall 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; slut-tishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I have beene 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.* Well, 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:

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No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras-  
call: 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 home more precious then to  
want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

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

*Ol.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Clo.* I will not take her on guift of any man.

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

*Jaq.* Proceed, proceede: Ile give her.

*Clo.* Good even good M. what ye cal't: how doe you  
Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last com-  
panie, 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 Falkon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pige-  
ons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

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

*Clo.* I am not in the minde, but I were better to be mar-  
ried of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me  
well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse  
for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Goe thou with me,  
And let me counsell thee.

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

*Ol.* 'Tis no matter; ne're a fantastical knave of them  
all shall flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Rosalind & Celia.*

*Ros.* Never talke to me, I will 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 Chessnut was ever the onely colour:

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

*Cel.*

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

*Rosa.* But why did he sweare he 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 do 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 downeright 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 forest 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, he 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, that spurres 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 Shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turffe,  
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.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*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 bitterness; 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 flie thee, for I would not injure thee:  
Thou tellst me there is murther in mine eye,  
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

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That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
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 murderers:  
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scarre of it: Leane but 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, pittie me not,  
As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

*Ros.* And why I pray you? who might bee 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 proud and pittillesse?  
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?  
I see no more in you then in the ordinarie  
Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,  
I thinke she meanes to tangle mine eyes 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 she sees her selfe more proper  
Then any of her lineaments can show her:  
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees  
And thanke 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, fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yeere 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 answers 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 me,  
For I am falsder 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

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Come Sister: Shepherdesse, looke on him better  
And be not proud, though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

*Phe.* Deed Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*.

*Phe.* Hah: what sayst thou *Silvius*?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

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

*Sil.* Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be:

If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in love,  
By giving love your sorrow, and my grieffe  
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 aske for him,  
'Tis but a peevisch boy, yet hee 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 pretty,  
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 cheek: '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  
I 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 blacke, 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 quittance:  
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.*

*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 Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicke: 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 sadness.

*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*.

[*Orl.*] Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

*Ros.* Farewell Mounsier Travellor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrey: be out of love with your nativitie, & 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? he 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 tardy, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

*Orl.* Of a Snail?

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

*Orl.* What's that?

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

*Orl.* Vertue

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

*Ros.* And I am your *Rosalind*.

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

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

*Orl.* I would kisse before I spoke.

[*Orl.*] 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 bee 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 doe die.

*Ros.* No faith, die by Attourney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not any man dyed in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a love cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet hee did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not beene 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 Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Sestos. But these are all lies, men have dyed 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 kil 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, Fridayes and Saterdayes, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* I, and twentie such.

*Orl.* What sayest 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 marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

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

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

*Orl.* I will.

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*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 certainly 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 woove, 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, and I will 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 she 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 *Rosalind* I will leave thee.

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

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

*Ros.* I, goe your wayes, goe your wayes: I knew what you would prove, my friends told me 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 keepe 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 love-prate:

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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 be 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 be 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.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*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 hornes upon his head, for a branch of victorie; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

*Lord.* Yes Sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be 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.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

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

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled braine,

*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,

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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 did 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 extremitie 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 boisterous and a cruell stile,  
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,  
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine  
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Then in their countenance: will 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 writes.

Read. *Art thou god, to shepheard turn'd?*  
*That a maidens heart hath burn'd.*  
Can a woman raile thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* Read. *Why, thy godhead laid 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 prayers 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 pittie him? No, he deserves no pittie:  
wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an in-  
strument, and play false strings upon thee? not to be en-  
dur'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.* know)

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

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A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottome  
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame  
Left on your right hand, bring 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.

[*Orl.*] *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*,  
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?

[*Orl.*] Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you tell it.

*Oli.* When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,  
He left a promise to returne againe  
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,  
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,  
And marke what 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 threates approach'd  
The opening of his mouth: but sodainely  
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 cowering 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 battle to the Lyonnesse:  
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was't you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft 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 sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by:

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When from the first to last betwixt us two,  
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that Desert place.  
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brothers love,  
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,  
There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme  
The Lyonesse 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 storie, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Died in this bloud, unto the Shepherd 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 answer 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.*

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*Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Clowne and Awdrie.*

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

*Awd.* Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen 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 me 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

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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 be cover'd. How olde are you Friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty 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 pow'r'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 policy: 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*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter Orlando & Oliver.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

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And loving woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Ol.* Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with me, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my 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 overcame. 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 verie 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 eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavinesse. by how much I shall thinke my brother 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 Gentlemen 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 doe I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to doe your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, tht I can doe strange things: I have since I was three yeare old conversed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so neere the heart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in to 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 without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though  
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best a-  
ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor-  
row, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

*Enter Silvius & Phebe.*

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, duty, and observance,  
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, 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 alto-  
gether: I wil marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and  
Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I  
satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will  
content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you  
shall 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 well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* Ile not faile, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

*Clo.* To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow  
we will be married.

*Au.* I do desire it, with all my hearts and I hope it is no  
dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world?

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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 gip-  
sies 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 pretty Country folks would ly,  
In spring time, &c.*

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

*Clo.* Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no  
great matter in the ditty, yet the 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.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlando,  
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 compact is urg'd:  
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,

You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere? (hir.

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

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

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

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

*Phe.* That will I, should I dy the houre after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepherd.

*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.

S

*Ros.*

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*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'll marry me,  
 Or else refusing me, to wed this shepheard:  
 Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marry her  
 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 uncle,  
 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  
 very 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 Mot-  
 ley-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 pur-  
 gation, I hav trod a measure, I have flattered a Lady, I  
 have bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine  
 enemy, 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.

*Du.Se.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God 'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse  
 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to  
 sweare, and to forswear, 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 honesty dwels like a mi-  
 ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-  
 ster.

*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  
 body 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 the lie circumstantiall, and the lie direct.

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

*Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

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

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

*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 [adiev].

*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 heart in heart:  
You, to his love must accord,  
Or have a Woman to your Lord.  
You and you, are sure together  
As the Winter to fowle Weather:  
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,  
Feede your 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 every Towne.*

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

*Phe.*

*Phe.* I will 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 every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,  
Addrest a mighty 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 were well begun, and well 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 dignity,  
And fall into our Rusticke Revelry:  
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.

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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: we will begin these rights,  
As we do trust, they'll end in true delights. *Exit*

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the Lady 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: & good plaies prove  
the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case  
am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can-  
not 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. *Exeunt.*

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FINIS.

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