

'We still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.'

"Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Silvius, Shakespeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe,—the taunting speech to Silvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume."

A peculiar interest attaches to the subordinate but fine character of Adam, arising from a tradition, current in the last century, that Shakespeare had himself personated the part on the stage. The story is neither more nor less authentic than much of the little that has come down to us of Shakespeare's personal history.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

### PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

DUKE, <i>living in banishment.</i>	SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, <i>a vicar.</i>
FREDERICK, <i>his brother, and usurper of his dominions.</i>	CORIN, } <i>shepherds.</i>
AMIENS, } <i>lords attending on the banished Duke.</i>	SILVIUS, }
JAQUES, }	WILLIAM, <i>a country fellow, in love with Audrey.</i>
LE BEAU, <i>a courtier attending upon Frederick.</i>	<i>A person representing Hymen.</i>
CHARLES, <i>wrestler to Frederick.</i>	ROSALIND, <i>daughter to the banished Duke.</i>
OLIVER, }	CELIA, <i>daughter to Frederick.</i>
JAQUES, } <i>sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.</i>	PHEBE, <i>a shepherdess.</i>
ORLANDO, }	AUDREY, <i>a country wench.</i>
ADAM, }	
DENNIS, } <i>servants to Oliver.</i>	
TOUCHSTONE, <i>a clown.</i>	Lords, pages and attendants, etc.

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

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orlando.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: he bequeathed me by will but poor a<sup>1</sup> thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charg'd my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit;<sup>2</sup> for my part,

<sup>1</sup> This transposition of the indefinite article occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> Proficiency.



he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,<sup>1</sup> and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance<sup>2</sup> seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,<sup>3</sup> bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines<sup>4</sup> my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oliver.* Now, sir! what make you here?<sup>5</sup>

*Orlando.* Nothing; I am not taught to make anything.

*Oliver.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orlando.* Marry,<sup>6</sup> sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made—a poor unworthy brother of yours—with idleness.

*Oliver.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.<sup>7</sup>

*Orlando.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion<sup>8</sup> have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

<sup>1</sup> The training of a horse.

<sup>2</sup> Treatment.

<sup>3</sup> Farm laborers.

<sup>4</sup> Undermines.

<sup>5</sup> "What make," etc., i.e., what are you doing here?

<sup>6</sup> A petty oath from the name of the Virgin Mary.

<sup>7</sup> "Be naught awhile," used as a malediction; as, "Efface yourself!"

"Plague on you!" or the like.

<sup>8</sup> See Luke xv. 11-32.

*Oliver.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orlando.* O sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oliver.* Know you before whom, sir?

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

*Oliver.* What, boy!

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

*Oliver.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orlando.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oliver.* Let me go, I say.

*Orlando.* I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education; you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery<sup>1</sup> my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Portion.



*Oliver.* Get you with him, you old dog!

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke<sup>1</sup> such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

*Oliver.* Is it even so? begin you to grow<sup>2</sup> upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Dennis.* Calls your worship?

*Oliver.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

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

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

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Charles.* Good morrow to your worship.

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

*Charles.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oliver.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

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

*Oliver.* Where will the old Duke live?

<sup>1</sup> Spoken.

<sup>2</sup> Encroach.

*Charles.* They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood<sup>1</sup> of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,<sup>2</sup> as they did in the golden world.<sup>3</sup>

*Oliver.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

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

*Oliver.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight

<sup>1</sup> Robin Hood, "the English balladsinger's joy," was the ideal yeoman of the people of England, as Arthur was the ideal knight of the upper classes. He figures in the ballads as an outlaw, "robbing the rich to endow the poor; a great sportsman; the incomparable archer; the lover of the greenwood and of a free life; brave, adventurous, jovial, open-handed, and a protector of women."

<sup>2</sup> "Fleet the time carelessly," i.e., void of care, cause the time to pass swiftly.

<sup>3</sup> "The golden world," i.e., the golden age fabled by the ancient poets.



disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice<sup>1</sup> against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize<sup>2</sup> him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

*Oliver.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester.<sup>3</sup> I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul—yet I know not why—hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device,<sup>4</sup> of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized.<sup>5</sup> But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither,<sup>6</sup> which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Celia.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Rosalind.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn<sup>7</sup> me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> Plot.

<sup>2</sup> Expose.

<sup>3</sup> Sporting youth.

<sup>4</sup> Aims.

<sup>5</sup> Undervalued.

<sup>6</sup> "Kindle," etc., i.e., excite him to take part in this contest.

<sup>7</sup> Teach.

*Celia.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd<sup>1</sup> as mine is to thee.

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

*Celia.* You know my father hath no child but I,<sup>2</sup> nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

*Celia.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport, neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

*Rosalind.* What shall be our sport then?

*Celia.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune<sup>3</sup> from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Composed.

<sup>2</sup> Me.

<sup>3</sup> The goddess of fortune of classical mythology is represented with a horn of plenty at her side. She is blindfolded, and generally holds a wheel, a symbol of inconstancy, in her hand.



*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

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

*Rosalind.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural<sup>1</sup> the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

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

*Touchstone.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Celia.* Were you made the messenger ?

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

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

*Touchstone.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught.<sup>2</sup> Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

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

*Rosalind.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touchstone.* Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Celia.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Bad.

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

*Celia.* My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipp'd for taxation<sup>1</sup> one of these days.

*Touchstone.* The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

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

*Rosalind.* With his mouth full of news.

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

*Rosalind.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Celia.* All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.—

*Enter LE BEAU.*

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

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

*Celia.* Sport ! of what color ?<sup>2</sup>

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

*Rosalind.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touchstone.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Celia.* Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

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

*Rosalind.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze<sup>3</sup> me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Rosalind.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Slander.

<sup>2</sup> Kind.

<sup>3</sup> Bewilder.



*Le Beau.* Three proper<sup>1</sup> young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Rosalind.* With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole<sup>2</sup> over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Rosalind.* Alas!

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

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touchstone.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Celia.* Or I, I promise thee.

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

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

*Celia.* Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

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

*Rosalind.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

<sup>1</sup> Fine-looking.

<sup>2</sup> Lamentation.

*Celia.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.<sup>1</sup>

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin!<sup>2</sup> are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Rosalind.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

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

*Celia.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

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

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

*Rosalind.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

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

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

*Rosalind.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orlando.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious;<sup>3</sup> if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have

<sup>1</sup> As if he would win.

<sup>2</sup> "Cousin," in Shakespeare's time, was used indifferently for all degrees of kindred beyond the first.

<sup>3</sup> Favored.



none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

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

*Rosalind.* Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

*Celia.* Your heart's desires be with you!

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

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

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

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

*Orlando.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.

*Rosalind.* Now Hercules<sup>1</sup> be thy speed,<sup>2</sup> young man!

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

*Rosalind.* O excellent young man!

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

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orlando.* Yes, I beseech your grace. I am not yet well breath'd.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

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

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

*Orlando.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else!  
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

<sup>1</sup> A mythological hero of antiquity, celebrated for his feats of strength.

<sup>2</sup> "Be thy speed," i.e., speed you; help you.

But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst 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 hadst told me of another father.

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

*Celia.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

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

*Rosalind.* My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.  
Had I before known this young man his son,<sup>1</sup>  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Celia.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him.  
My father's rough and envious<sup>2</sup> disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd.  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Rosalind.* Gentleman,  
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,<sup>3</sup>  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—  
Shall we go, coz?

*Celia.* Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orlando.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain,<sup>4</sup> a mere lifeless block.

*Rosalind.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

<sup>1</sup> "His son," i.e., to be his son.      <sup>2</sup> Malicious.

<sup>3</sup> "Out of suits with fortune," i.e., in misfortune.

<sup>4</sup> A quintain was a post with a crossbeam—afterwards the image of a



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

*Celia.* Will you go, coz?

*Rosalind.* Have with you.<sup>1</sup>—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orlando.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Reënter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause and love,  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition<sup>2</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous;<sup>3</sup> what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orlando.* I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;  
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter.  
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you that of late this Duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
man—set in a pivot, and used as a target in military exercises. If the lance  
of the horseman when tilting was awkwardly aimed, it might cause the figure  
to turn and give the assailant a stroke with its projecting arm, thus dis-  
gracing him.

<sup>1</sup> "Have with you," i.e., I'll be with you. A common idiom.

<sup>2</sup> Disposition.

<sup>3</sup> Capricious.

Grounded upon no other argument<sup>1</sup>  
But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
And pity her for her good father's sake;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady.  
Will suddenly<sup>2</sup> break forth. Sir, fare you well.  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,<sup>3</sup>  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orlando.* I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;<sup>4</sup>  
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother;—  
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

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

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

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

*Rosalind.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one  
should be lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any.

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

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

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

*Rosalind.* I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in  
my heart.

*Celia.* Hem<sup>5</sup> them away.

<sup>1</sup> Reason.

<sup>2</sup> Speedily; quickly.

<sup>3</sup> Le Beau means to say, "When things are in a better state than now."

<sup>4</sup> "From the smoke," etc., i.e., from bad to worse.

<sup>5</sup> Cough.



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

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

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

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

*Rosalind.* The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Celia.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase<sup>1</sup> I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; <sup>2</sup> yet I hate not Orlando.

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

*Celia.* Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

*Rosalind.* Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

*Celia.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

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

*Rosalind.* Me,<sup>3</sup> uncle ?

*Duke F.* You, cousin.

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

*Rosalind.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;  
If that I do not dream or be not frantic, —

<sup>1</sup> " This kind of chase," i.e., this line of reasoning.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare uses " dear " of " whatever touches us nearly, either in love or hate, joy or sorrow."

<sup>3</sup> I.

As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors ;

If their purgation<sup>1</sup> did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself.  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Rosalind.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

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

*Rosalind.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

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

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Celia.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

*Celia.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;

It was your pleasure and your own remorse.<sup>2</sup>

I was too young that time to value her ;

But now I know her. If she be a traitor,

Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,<sup>3</sup>

Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

<sup>1</sup> Clearance from guilt.    <sup>2</sup> Tenderness of heart.

<sup>3</sup> " Juno's swans," i.e., the swans that drew the goddess's chariot. But the mythologists tell us the swan was sacred to Venus, and that Juno's car was drawn by peacocks.



Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

*Celia.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool!—You, niece, provide yourself.  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

*Celia.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Rosalind.* I have more cause.

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

*Rosalind.* That he hath not.

*Celia.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am<sup>1</sup> one.  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Rosalind.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Celia.* To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

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

<sup>1</sup> Are.

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

*Rosalind.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle ax<sup>1</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing<sup>2</sup> and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

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

*Rosalind.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.<sup>3</sup>  
But what will you be call'd?

*Celia.* Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

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

*Celia.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo<sup>4</sup> him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Curtle ax," i.e., a short sword. The name is a corruption of "cutlass."  
<sup>2</sup> Swaggering.

<sup>3</sup> A beautiful youth of Phrygia, son of Tros, who, while feeding his father's flocks on Mount Ida, was taken up to Olympus by Jupiter, and became the cupbearer of the gods.  
<sup>4</sup> Persuade; gain over.