

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

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

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,—
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;¹
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

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

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks² me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers³ of this desert city,

¹ That the toad was venomous, and that it had a precious jewel in its head, were old superstitions in Shakespeare's day. The toadstone was supposed to be an antidote for poison.

² Distresses. ³ Citizens.

Should in their own confines', with forked heads¹
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind,² swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose an'tique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequester'd³ stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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

First Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:⁴
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet⁵ friends,
"Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux⁶ of company." Anon a careless herd,

¹ Arrowheads.

² Way.

³ Separated from the herd.

⁴ "Needless stream," i.e., a stream that already had water enough.

⁵ Sleek; prosperous.

⁶ Coming together.

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,—
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up¹
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

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

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

Duke S. Show me the place.
 I love to cope² him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.³

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.⁴

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be; some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.⁵

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her abed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish⁶ clown, at whom so oft
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

¹ "Kill them up;" we should say now, "kill them off."

² Meet with. ³ Sound sense. ⁴ Immediately.

⁵ "Are of consent," etc., i.e., knew of this escape and connived at it.

⁶ Rascally.

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

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
 I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
 And let not search and inquisition quail¹
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orlando. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master!
 O my sweet master! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond² to overcome
 The bony priser³ of the humorous⁴ 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 do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

¹ "Inquisition quail," i.e., inquiry slacken.

² Foolish.

³ "Bony priser," i.e., stalwart prize fighter.

⁴ See Note 3, p. 28.

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives.
 Your brother—no, no brother, yet the son—
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,¹
 And you within it; if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.²
 This is no place; ³ this house is but a butchery.⁴
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!

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

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

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do;
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.⁵

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown.
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,⁶
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

¹ "Use to lie," i.e., it is your custom to sleep.

² Evil designs. ³ Fit dwelling.

⁴ Here used in the sense of "slaughterhouse."

⁵ "Malice of," etc., i.e., the alienated natural affection of a murderous brother.

⁶ See Ps. cxlvii. 9, and Luke xii. 6.

All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.¹ Let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant ² service of the an'tique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!³
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having;⁴ it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu ⁵ of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week.⁶
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Natural; hence, healthy.

² Faithful.

³ Reward.

⁴ Because of their promotion they become too proud to serve.

⁵ "In lieu," i.e., in return for.

⁶ "Too late a week," i.e., too late in the week; much too late.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

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

Rosalind. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

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

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose¹ ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore courage, good Aliena !

Celia. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no² further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross³ if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden—the more fool I ! When I was at home I was in a better place ; but travelers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here ? a young man and an old in solemn⁴ talk.

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

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

¹ "Doublet and hose," i.e., coat and breeches. "The doublet was close and fitted tightly to the body, the skirts reaching a little below the girdle. The word 'hose,' now applied solely to the stocking, was used originally to imply the breeches" or tight trousers.

² Double negatives are frequent in Shakespeare.

³ A cross is a heavy burden, figuratively. The penny of Queen Elizabeth was stamped with a cross, and was familiarly so called. Touchstone puns on the two meanings.

⁴ Serious ; earnest.

Corin. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow. But if thy love were ever like to mine,— As sure I think did never man love so,— How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?¹

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily ! If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd ; Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' 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 !

[*Exit.*]

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

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her batlet² and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake."³ We that are true lovers run

¹ Fancy ; i.e., love.

² A little bat used by laundresses.

³ "Our [English] ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the divination of a peascod [pea pod], by selecting one growing on the stem, snatching it away quickly, and if the omen of the peas remaining in the pod were preserved, then presenting it to the lady of their choice." (BRAND'S *Popular Antiquities*, quoted by W. Aldis Wright.)

into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.¹

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

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

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

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

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

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.

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

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

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks² to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote,³ his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,

¹ "Mortal in folly," i.e., extremely foolish.

² Cares.

³ Hut.

By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,¹
That little cares for buying anything.

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

Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste² my time in it.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me; if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder³ be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

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

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more!

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more! I can suck mel-
ancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee,
more!

¹ Just now.

² Spend.

³ Servant.

Amiens. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

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

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing;—and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover¹ the while; the Duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look² you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable³ for my company. I think of as many matters as he, but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come!

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.⁴

¹ Prepare the table for the banquet.

² Look for.

³ Fond of argument.

⁴ "In despite of my invention," i.e., though my imagination gave its help unwillingly.

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What's that "ducdàme?"

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.¹

Amiens. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepared.
 [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

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

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit² is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou look'st cheerly,³ and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest

¹ Dr. Johnson notes that the expression "firstborn of Egypt" was a proverbial one for highborn persons.

² Imagination.

³ Cheerfully.

in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Forest.*

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

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

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

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,¹ grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.²
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

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

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

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley³ fool!—A miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,⁴

¹ “Compact of jars,” i.e., made up of discords.

² The doctrine of Pythagoras that the heavenly bodies in their motion produce harmonious sounds, is frequently referred to by Shakespeare.

³ Party-colored. The dress of the professional fool, who had a place in every large household, was patched with various colors.

⁴ Pocket.

And, looking on it with lackluster eye,
Says very wisely, “It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral¹ on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans² intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
O worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.³

Duke S. What fool is this?

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

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit,⁴
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

¹ Moralize.

² A French word meaning “without.”

³ “Motley's the only wear,” i.e., there is no dress like the fool's.

⁴ A play upon the word is doubtless intended.

The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 But to seem senseless of the bob;¹ if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandering glances² of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

Jaques. What, for a counter,³ would I do but good?

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

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax⁴ any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function,⁵
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,⁶
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

¹ Blow.

² "Squandering glances," i.e., gibes scattered without special aim.

³ "For a counter," i.e., on the wager of a counter. The counter was a worthless coin, used only for calculations.

⁴ Censure.

⁵ Occupation.

⁶ "His bravery," etc., i.e., his fine clothes are not at my expense.

His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?¹

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

Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,²
 And know some nurture.³ But forbear, I say!
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

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

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

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

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

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
 I thought that all things had been savage here
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

¹ This repeating of the preposition is often met with in Shakespeare.

² "Inland bred," i.e., not a rustic brought up on the frontier.

³ Good breeding.

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

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

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles like a doe I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils,¹ age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

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

Orlando. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*]

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

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

¹ "Weak evils," i.e., evils causing weakness.

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;¹
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;²
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,³
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his⁴ sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Reënter ORLANDO with ADAM.

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

¹ "Bearded like the pard," i.e., with long, pointed mustaches like the leopard's feelers.

² "Full of wise saws," etc., i.e., crammed with wise sayings and commonplace illustrations.

³ The name of a comic character in Italian plays.

⁴ The pronoun "its" was rarely used in Shakespeare's day.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam.

So had you need ;—

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

SONG.

Amiens. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly !
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.¹
Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.*

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

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ "As friend," etc., i.e., as what an unremembered friend feels.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be ;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument¹
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ;² bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things which thou dost call thine.
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this !
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors ;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent³ upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently,⁴ and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.—
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night,⁵ survey

¹ Object. ² See Luke xv. 8.

³ "Make an extent," i.e., seize by writ of attachment.

⁴ Expeditiously.

⁵ "Thrice-crowned Queen of Night," i.e., the moon ; known as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Hecate or Proserpina in the lower regions, and on earth as Diana, who was also goddess of the chase and of chastity.