

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.

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.—
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;¹
 That every eye which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.—
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive² she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.³ In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding⁴ or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher.—Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damn'd.

Corin. Nay, I hope.

¹ Carve. ² Inexpressible. ³ See Note 2, p. 22.

⁴ "Complain," etc., i.e., complain of not having been well brought up.

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous¹ state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone ; those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss² your hands ; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance,³ briefly ; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still⁴ handling our ewes, and their fells,⁵ you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say ; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder⁶ instance, come.

Corin. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.⁷

Touchstone. Most shallow man ! thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed ! Learn of the wise, and perpend :⁸ civet is of a baser birth than tar. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damn'd ? God help thee, shallow man ! God make incision in thee !⁹ thou art raw.

Corin. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I

¹ Perilous. ² "But you kiss," i.e., without kissing.

³ Give an example ; prove it. ⁴ Continually. ⁵ Skins.

⁶ Double comparatives are used by all Elizabethan writers.

⁷ A perfume derived from the civet cat. ⁸ Consider.

⁹ Alluding to the old practice of bloodletting as a cure for most diseases.

wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm;¹ and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Rosalind. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-women's rank² to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*

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

¹ "Content with my harm," i.e., bear my misfortunes patiently.

² "Going one after another at a jog trot."

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff¹ it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar;² then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Rosalind. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading. Stand aside.

Celia. [Reads]

*Why should this a desert be?
For³ it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings⁴ show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring⁵ pilgrimage,
That⁶ the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd.
Nature presently distill'd*

¹ Graft.

² A small European tree, the fruit of which, like that of the American persimmon, is not fit to be eaten till it is overripe.

³ Because.

⁴ "Civil sayings," i.e., sayings of civilized society.

⁵ Errant; wandering.

⁶ So that.

*Helen's*¹ cheek, but not her heart;
*Cleopatra's*² majesty;
Atalanta's better part;³
*Sad Lucretia's*⁴ modesty.
 Thus *Rosalind* of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd,
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches⁵ dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

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

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

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
 [Exeunt *Corin* and *Touchstone*.]

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

¹ Helen, according to classic mythology, was the daughter of Jupiter, and the most beautiful woman of her time. Her treacherous desertion of her husband, King Menelaus of Sparta, and her elopement with Paris, a prince of Troy, occasioned the Trojan War, the theme of Homer's *Iliad*.

² Cleopatra, the celebrated Egyptian queen, famed in history and fiction for her beauty and mental perfections, and for the wonderful fascination of her coquetry, died in 30 B.C., after a reign of twenty-four years.

³ "Atalanta's better part" was, probably, her graceful, well-proportioned form. She was the daughter of a king of Scyros; a great huntress, and very swift-footed. She did not wish to marry, and, to free herself from the importunities of her many admirers, proposed to run a race with them, the winner to be her husband; but if she reached the goal first her competitors were to be put to death. She would easily have distanced them all but for a stratagem devised, we are told, by Venus, goddess of beauty.

⁴ Lucretia, a Roman lady, wife of Tarquinius Collatinus, having been dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius, revealed to her husband and father the indignities she had suffered, entreated them to avenge her wrongs, and then stabbed herself with a dagger she had concealed on her person.

⁵ Features and traits of character.

Rosalind. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras'¹ time, that I was an Irish rat,² which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

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

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

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

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!³

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, 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 discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would

¹ A Greek philosopher, one of whose doctrines was the transmigration of the soul into successive bodies, either human or animal.

² "The belief that rats were rhymed to death in Ireland is frequently alluded to by the old dramatists."

³ "Out of all whooping," i.e., past all exclamation.

thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour 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 prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay¹ the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow and true maid.²

Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?³ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's⁴ mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say "ay" and "no" to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it

¹ "Let me stay," i.e., I am willing to wait.

² "Sad brow," etc., i.e., without joking; in honest earnest.

³ "Wherein went he?" i.e., how was he dressed?

⁴ A giant in one of Rabelais' satires, who swallows five pilgrims in a salad.

with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree,¹ when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

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

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

Celia. Cry "holla"² to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.

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

Celia. You bring³ me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAKES.

Rosalind. 'Tis he! Slink by, and note him.

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

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

¹ The oak was sacred to Jove, or Jupiter.

² An expression used in checking a horse.

³ Put.

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

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?¹

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,² from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

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

Orlando. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.

Rosalind. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

¹ The meaning is, "Have you not had access to goldsmiths' shops through the favor of their wives, and studied the mottoes in rings?"

² "Right painted cloth," i.e., sententiously. The painted cloths often mentioned by Shakespeare were hangings of tapestry with which rooms were decorated, and on which various mottoes were wrought.

Orlando. Very well; what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a se'nnight,¹ Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain,—the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays he still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Seven nights, i.e., a week; as we say "fortnight," i.e., fourteen nights, for two weeks.