

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.¹

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase² in so remov'd a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship³ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest; that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancymonger,⁴ I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian⁵ of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

¹ Brought forth.

² Acquire.

³ Court manners. Rosalind puns on the word. ⁴ One who deals in love.

⁵ Quotidian fevers are those in which the paroxysms occur daily.

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,¹ and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable² spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for simply³ your having⁴ in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁵ in your accouterments, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me⁶ believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; 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?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip⁷ as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish⁸ youth, grieve, be

¹ "Blue eye," i.e., blue beneath the eyelids, not in the iris.

² Unsociable.

³ Indeed.

⁴ Property.

⁵ Faultless.

⁶ Object of "make" understood.

⁷ This barbarous treatment of lunatics prevailed till within the last fifty years.

⁸ Changeable.

effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living¹ humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely² monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver³ as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

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

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKES behind.

Touchstone. Come apace,⁴ good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature⁵ content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.⁶

¹ Real. ² Entirely.

³ Old physiologists regarded the liver as the seat of the affections.

⁴ Quickly. ⁵ Personal appearance.

⁶ A pun is intended on the words "goats" and "Goths," the old pronunciation of Goths being as though it were spelled "Gotes." The pun is

Jakes. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!¹

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.² Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. 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 feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jakes. [*Aside*] A material³ fool!

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul⁴ slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will

helped out by the word "capricious," which is derived from the Latin *capere* ("goat").

¹ Jupiter and Mercury, visiting the earth in disguise, came upon the humble dwelling of Philemon and Baucis, and were so hospitably entertained by the worthy couple that Jupiter changed their thatched cottage into a superb temple, of which Baucis and her husband were made priests. (See GUERBER'S *Myths of Greece and Rome*, p. 43.)

² "Great reckoning," etc., i.e., a large bill for a small accommodation.

³ Full of matter; sensible.

⁴ Homely.

marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen! Here comes Sir Oliver.—

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild¹ you for your last company; I am very glad to see you;—even a toy² in hand here, sir;—nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow,³ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

¹ Yield; reward.

² A trifling matter.

³ Yoke.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey.—

Farewell, good Master Oliver; not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's; ¹ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Celia. An excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana.² A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

¹ Judas is constantly represented in old paintings and tapestries with red hair and beard.

² See Note 5, p. 53.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes; I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. "Was" is not "is;" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny¹ tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love

¹ Unskillful.

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rosalind. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax¹ upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives² by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye!
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee!
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.

¹ "Falls not the ax," i.e., lets not the ax fall.

² "Dies and lives," i.e., lives and dies; earns a livelihood.

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice¹ and capable impressure²
Thy palm some moment keeps; 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 do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Rosalind. [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you? Who might
be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's salework. —'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too! —
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle³ eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

¹ Scar; mark.

² "Capable impressure," i.e., sensible impression.

³ Jet black, like the beads called "bugles."

You are a thousand times a properer¹ man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favor'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can,—you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He's fallen in love with your foulness,²—and she'll
fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee
with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look
you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows 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 go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd³ in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Phebe. Dead shepherd,⁴ now I find thy saw of might:
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

¹ Handsomer.

² See Note 4, p. 67.

³ Deceived.

⁴ The reference is to Christopher Marlowe, who died in 1593; and the line quoted is from his *Hero and Leander*. "'Shepherd' is used for 'poet' in the language of pastoral poetry."

Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—

Phebe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.¹

Phebe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighborly?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst² was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot³ once was master of.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish⁴ boy;—yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;

¹ Exterminated.

² Lately.

³ Rustic.

⁴ Wayward.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so-so, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant¹ red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels² as I did, would have gone near
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 than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one—omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.

Jakes. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

¹ Uniform.

² Detail.