

*Jaques.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Rosalind.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure<sup>1</sup> worse than drunkards.

*Jaques.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Rosalind.* Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaques.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice,<sup>2</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous<sup>3</sup> sadness.

*Rosalind.* A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaques.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Rosalind.* And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orlando.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaques.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an<sup>4</sup> you talk in blank verse.

[*Exit.*]

*Rosalind.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveler; look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable<sup>5</sup> all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.<sup>6</sup>—Why, how now, Orlando! where have

<sup>1</sup> "Modern censure," i.e., ordinary judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Fastidious.

<sup>3</sup> Fanciful.

<sup>4</sup> If.

<sup>5</sup> Depreciate.

<sup>6</sup> Venice, built on small islands in a lagoon, is intersected by canals; and

you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orlando.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Rosalind.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orlando.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Rosalind.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orlando.* Of a snail?

*Rosalind.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure,<sup>1</sup> I think, than you can make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

*Orlando.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Rosalind.* Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were graveled<sup>2</sup> for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orlando.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Rosalind.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orlando.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

the gondola, the Venetian pleasure boat, serves the purpose of the cab or omnibus of other cities. In the sixteenth century Venice, being one of the gayest and most attractive capitals of Europe, was a great resort of travelers; and one who had never visited that city—never "swam in a gondola"—was hardly counted a traveler at all.

<sup>1</sup> "The settlement of property made at marriage on the wife, in case of her husband dying before her."

<sup>2</sup> Run aground, figuratively.



*Rosalind.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orlando.* What, of my suit?

*Rosalind.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orlando.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Rosalind.* Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orlando.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Rosalind.* No, faith, die by attorney.<sup>1</sup> The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet,<sup>2</sup> in a love cause. Troilus<sup>3</sup> had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos."<sup>4</sup> But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orlando.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Rosalind.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now

<sup>1</sup> Substitute.

<sup>2</sup> Namely; usually abbreviated to *v.z.*

<sup>3</sup> A son of Priam, King of Troy, who was killed by Achilles during the Trojan War. The story of his love for Cressida, his faith and her perfidy, is the subject of Shakespeare's tragedy of *Troilus and Cressida*.

<sup>4</sup> "Leander . . . Hero of Sestos." The story, the theme of many poets, is familiar. Leander, a youth of Abydos, enamored of Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos, nightly swam the Hellespont to meet her, she guiding his course by a torchlight displayed from a high tower; till on one wild and stormy night the adventurous lover was drowned, and Hero in despair threw herself into the sea and perished in the waves. (See GUERBER'S *Myths of Greece and Rome*, pp. 111-117.)

I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orlando.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Rosalind.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orlando.* And wilt thou have me?

*Rosalind.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orlando.* What sayest thou?

*Rosalind.* Are you not good?

*Orlando.* I hope so.

*Rosalind.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

*Orlando.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Celia.* I cannot say the words.

*Rosalind.* You must begin, "Will you, Orlando,"—

*Celia.* Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orlando.* I will.

*Rosalind.* Ay, but when?

*Orlando.* Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Rosalind.* Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

*Orlando.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Rosalind.* I might ask you for your commission;<sup>1</sup> but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orlando.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Rosalind.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

*Orlando.* For ever and a day.

*Rosalind.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain,

<sup>1</sup> Warrant; authority.



more newfangled<sup>1</sup> than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,<sup>2</sup> and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>3</sup> and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

*Orlando.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Rosalind.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orlando.* O, but she is wise.

*Rosalind.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make<sup>4</sup> the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orlando.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Rosalind.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orlando.* I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Rosalind.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orlando.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Rosalind.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic<sup>5</sup> break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*Orlando.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu!

*Rosalind.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [Exit Orlando.]

<sup>1</sup> Changeable.

<sup>2</sup> Images of Diana were, and are, frequent ornaments in fountains.

<sup>3</sup> Hyena. The bark of this animal is not unlike a rude laugh.

<sup>4</sup> Close. <sup>5</sup> Canting; used here in a ludicrous sense.

*Celia.* You have simply misused our sex in your love prate.

*Rosalind.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.<sup>1</sup>

*Celia.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Rosalind.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness,—that blind, rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out,—let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow,<sup>2</sup> and sigh till he come.

*Celia.* And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. The Forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

*Jaques.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaques.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*Forester.* Yes, sir.

*Jaques.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

## SONG.

*Forester.* What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[The rest shall bear this burden.]

<sup>1</sup> There is no such bay recognized by geographers; but off the coast of Portugal, near Oporto, the water is exceedingly deep, and at a distance of twenty miles from shore attains a depth of eighty-five hundred feet.

<sup>2</sup> Shady place.



*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born :  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Rosalind.* How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ?  
and here much Orlando !

*Celia.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he  
hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep.—  
Look who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Silvius.* My errand is to you, fair youth.  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this. [Giving a letter.  
I know not the contents' ; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me ;  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Rosalind.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all !  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ;  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as phoenix.<sup>1</sup> 'Od's my will !  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
Why writes she so to me ? — Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

<sup>1</sup> According to the old and familiar fable, this bird, after living five hundred years, destroys itself by fire, and its successor arises from the ashes, there being but one phoenix in existence at a time.

*Silvius.* No, I protest, I know not the contents' ;  
Phebe did write it.

*Rosalind.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-color'd hand ; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;  
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter.  
I say she never did invent this letter ;  
This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Silvius.* Sure, it is hers.

*Rosalind.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian ! Woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

*Silvius.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Rosalind.* She Phebes me ; mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.]

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—*

Can a woman rail thus ?—

*Silvius.* Call you this railing ?

*Rosalind.* [Reads]

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?—*

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—



*If the scorn of your bright eyne<sup>1</sup>  
 Have power to raise such love in mine,  
 Alack, in me what strange effect  
 Would they work in mild aspect !  
 Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
 How then might your prayers move !  
 He that brings this love to thee  
 Little knows this love in me ;  
 And by him seal up thy mind ;  
 Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>2</sup>  
 Will the faithful offer take  
 Of me and all that I can make ;  
 Or else by him my love deny,  
 And then I'll study how to die.*

*Silvius.* Call you this chiding ?

*Celia.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Rosalind.* Do you pity him ? No, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee ! — not to be endur'd ! — Well, go your way to her — for I see love hath made thee a tame snake<sup>3</sup> — and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oliver.* Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know, Where in the purlieu<sup>4</sup> of this forest stands A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees ?

*Celia.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom; The rank<sup>5</sup> of osiers by the murmuring stream Left on your right hand brings you to the place. But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

<sup>1</sup> The old plural of "eye."

<sup>3</sup> Contemptible fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Natural disposition.

<sup>4</sup> Borders.

<sup>5</sup> Row.

*Oliver.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description; Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair, Of female favor, and bestows<sup>1</sup> himself Like a ripe<sup>2</sup> sister; the woman low, And browner than her brother." Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

*Celia.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oliver.* Orlando doth commend him to you both And to that youth he calls his Rosalind He sends this bloody napkin.<sup>3</sup> — Are you he ?

*Rosalind.* I am. What must we understand by this ?

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

*Celia.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oliver.* When last the young Orlando parted from you He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and pacing through the forest, Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside, And mark what object did present itself; Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, And high top bald with dry antiquity, A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself, Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, And with indented glides did slip away Into a bush; under which bush's shade A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, Lay couching,<sup>4</sup> head on ground, with catlike watch,

<sup>1</sup> Conducts.

<sup>2</sup> Elder.

<sup>3</sup> Handkerchief.

<sup>4</sup> Crouching.



When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Celia.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did render<sup>1</sup> him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oliver.* And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Rosalind.* But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oliver.* Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling<sup>2</sup>  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Celia.* Are you his brother?

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

*Celia.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oliver.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Rosalind.* But, for the bloody napkin?

*Oliver.* By and by.  
When from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place;—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

<sup>1</sup> Report.

<sup>2</sup> Noise of the conflict.

The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

*Celia.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oliver.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Celia.* There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

*Oliver.* Look, he recovers.

*Rosalind.* I would I were at home.

*Celia.* We'll lead you thither.—  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oliver.* Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! you lack a  
man's heart.

*Rosalind.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would  
think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother  
how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

*Oliver.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony  
in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Rosalind.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oliver.* Well, then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a  
man.

*Rosalind.* So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman  
by right.

*Celia.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw  
homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

*Oliver.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Rosalind.* I shall devise something; but, I pray you, com-  
mend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]