

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.¹

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even,² William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. "Thank God,"—a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

¹ "We cannot hold," i.e., we cannot restrain ourselves; we must have our gibe.

² "God ye good even," i.e., God give you good even.

Touchstone. "So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good;—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado,¹ or in steel; I will bandy² with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]*Enter CORIN.*

Corin. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey!—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ A blow with a cudgel.

² Contend.

SCENE II. *The Forest.**Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orlando. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and wooing she should grant? and will you persever¹ to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow. Thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*]

Rosalind. O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are.²—Nay, 'tis true; there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's

¹ Persevere (accent on the second syllable).

² "Where you are," i.e., what you mean.

thrasonical¹ brag of "I came, saw, and overcame."² For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd, no sooner look'd but they lov'd, no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd, no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent;³ they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit.⁴ I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable.⁵ If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture⁶ cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and

¹ Extravagantly boastful.

² It was after his swift and total defeat of Pharnaces, King of Pontus, at Zela (45 B.C.), that Julius Cæsar sent to the Roman senate the celebrated dispatch, *Veni, vidi, vici* ("I came, I saw, I overcame").

³ Immediately.

⁴ Intelligence.

⁵ Worthy of condemnation.

⁶ Speech and action.

it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is and without any danger.

Orlando. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,¹ though I say I am a magician.² Therefore put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ³ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have; it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you. You are there followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion and all made of wishes,

¹ "Tender dearly," i.e., value highly.

² Under the provisions of statutes in force in England in Shakespeare's time, the practice of witchcraft, magic, etc., was an offense punishable with one year's imprisonment for the first conviction, and death and forfeiture of goods for the second.

³ Old form of "wrote."

All adoration, duty, and observance,¹
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rosalind. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves² against the moon.—[*To Silvius*] I will help you, if I can.—[*To Phebe*] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—[*To Phebe*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—[*To Orlando*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To Silvius*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet.—[*To Silvius*] As you love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

¹ Readiness to serve.

² The howling of a pack of wolves is monotonous and dismal whenever and wherever heard.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.¹ Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you; sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only² prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, etc.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, etc.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, etc.*

¹ "A woman of the world," i.e., a married woman.

² "The only," i.e., only the.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

First Page. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Forest.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact' is urg'd.— You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosalind. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.— Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter.— You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.— Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate¹ studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward,² and these couples
are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,
which in all tongues are called fools.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-
minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he
hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
purgation. I have trod a measure;³ I have flatter'd a lady;
I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy;
I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like
to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?⁴

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press
in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,⁵ to swear

¹ Unlawful.

² At hand.

³ Stately dance.

⁴ Taken up, i.e., made up.

⁵ Candidates for marriage.

and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks.
A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favor'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor
humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich hon-
esty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in
your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.¹

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt,² sir, and such dulcet
diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the
quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed,—bear your
body more seeming,³ Audrey,—as thus, sir. I did dislike the
cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his
beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is call'd
the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not
well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself;
this is call'd the Quip⁴ Modest. If, again, it was not well cut,
he disabled my judgment; this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If
again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true;
this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut,
he would say, I lied; this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrel-
some; and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial,
nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd
swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you
have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees.
The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest;
the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant;
the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with

¹ "Swift and sententious," i.e., ready-witted.

² "The fool's bolt is soon shot" is proverbial.

³ Seemly.

⁴ A quip is a gibe.

Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,¹ and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

[*Still music.*]

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.²
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen³ from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [*To Duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—
[*To Orlando*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, my love, adieu!

Rosalind. [*To Duke*] I'll have no father, if you be not he.—
[*To Orlando*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he.—
[*To Phebe*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

¹ A stalking-horse is a horse, or the semblance of one, by means of which the sportsman conceals himself from his prey.

² "Atone together," i.e., harmonize.

³ The god of marriage.

Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents'.—
You and you no cross shall part;—
You and you are heart in heart;—
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;—
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored.
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!—
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.¹

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaques de Bois. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

¹ Bind.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd¹ a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came.
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question² with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding.
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd³ days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Bois. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I; out of these convertites⁴
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
[*To Duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;

¹ Made ready. ² Discourse. ³ Evil. ⁴ Converts.

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.—

[*To Orlando*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit.—

[*To Oliver*] You to your land and love and great allies.—

[*To Silvius*] You to a long and well-deserved bed.—

[*To Touchstone*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime I; what you would have I'll stay
to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance.]

EPILOGUE.

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue.
If it be true that good wine needs no bush,¹ 'tis true that a good
play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good
bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good
epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good
epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good
play! I am not furnish'd² like a beggar, therefore to beg will
not become me. My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with
the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to
men, to like as much of this play as please you;—and I charge
you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive, by
your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and
the women the play may please. If I were a woman³ I would

¹ "Good wine," etc. "It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was chosen rather than any other plant as it has relation to Bacchus." (Steevens's note, quoted by Furness.)

² Dressed.

³ There were no actresses on the stage in England before the time of

kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that lik'd me,¹ and breaths that I defied not;² and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Charles II. Women's parts in plays were performed by men. Samuel Pepys has this note in his Diary: "January 3, 1660. — To the theater, where was acted *The Beggar's Bush*, it being very well done; and here, the first time that ever I saw a woman come upon the stage."

¹ "That lik'd me," i.e., that I liked.

² "That I defied not," i.e., that were not repulsive to me.

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