

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring. 208
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away; 213
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him; 216
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd, 224
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed. 228
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own, 232
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well ad-
vis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him,
then; 236

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these
quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome
notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends, 241
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself; 244
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee. 248

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord 252
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring. 256

Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me. 259

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough. 264
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all
amaz'd:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario: 268

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you

And even but now return'd; I have not yet 272
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies 276
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you
not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow: 284

When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo! 288
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift. 292

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied 296
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Who'r till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 306
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.
AMIEUS, Lords attending upon the banished Duke.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, } Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—First, OLIVER'S Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court,
and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I

SCENE I.—An Orchard near OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this
fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thou-
sand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my
brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and
there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques
he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly
of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically
at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me
here at home unkept; for call you that keeping
for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from
the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better;
for, besides that they are fair with their feeding,
they are taught their manage, and to that end
riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain
nothing under him but growth, for the which
his animals on his dunghills are as much bound
to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so
plentifully gives me, the something that nature
gave me, his countenance seems to take from
me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the
place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies,
mines my gentility with my education. This is
it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my
father, which I think is within me, begins to
mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer
endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy
how to avoid it. 27

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear
how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here? 31
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any-
thing.

Orl. What mar you then, sir?
Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that
which God made, a poor unworthy brother of
yours, with idleness. 37

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be
naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks
with them? What prodigal portion have I
spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?
Orl. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 45
Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows
me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in
the gentle condition of blood, you should so
know me. The courtesy of nations allows you
my better, in that you are the first-born; but
the same tradition takes not away my blood,
were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have
as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I
confess, your coming before me is nearer to his
reverence.

Oli. What, boy! 56
Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too
young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 59
Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son
of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and
he is thrice a villain that says such a father
begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I
would not take this hand from thy throat till
this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying
so: thou hast rail'd on thyself. 66

Adam. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be
patient: for your father's remembrance, be at
accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say. 70
Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear
me. My father charged you in his will to give
me good education: you have trained me like
a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all
gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father
grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure
it; therefore allow me such exercises as may be-
come a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery
my father left me by testament; with that I will
go buy my fortunes. 80

H

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me. 84

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you. 99

Oli. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 102

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 111

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do. 120

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke? 129

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he

shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 144

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 167

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship! [Exit.]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he

dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 25

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love? 28

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again. 33

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 37

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. 43

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 51

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 61

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you. 66

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 73

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 79

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you

are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 86

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 92

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 98

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then we shall be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be more marketable. 104

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? *Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what colour? 108

Le Beau. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree. 112

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of. 118

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it. 123

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,— 127

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.' 133

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 141

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 144

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day:

it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 148

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 153

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 156

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 161

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully. 165

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave. 169

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. 176

[DUKE goes apart.]
Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 181

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 184

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 192

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 196

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 208

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you! 213

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? 216

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall. 219

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. 225

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. 228

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more. 232

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord. 236

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? *[CHARLES is borne out.]*

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. 240

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 244

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, 249

His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind: 253

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, 256

Let us go thank him and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love 260

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. 264

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. 268

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz? 272

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 276

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition 281

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this; 285

Which of the two was daughter of the duke, That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners: 288

But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves 292

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument 296

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this, 301

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[Exit LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother. 305

But heavenly Rosalind! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid

have mercy! Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. 3

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast

away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any. 9

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. 16

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him. 21

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself! 24

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 32

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando. 36

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 42

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, 44

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace, 48

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream or be not frantic,— 52

As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:

If their purgation did consist in words, 56

They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. 60

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;

there's enough

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then, on me,
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.*]
Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 96
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other 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 counsellors
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;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. 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 irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord, 25
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself 29
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, 33
That from the hunters' 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;

'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 velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company: ' anon, a careless herd, 52
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 up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

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

Sec. Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

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.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see
her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
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 quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. 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 fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous 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!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
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,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

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

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

Orl. 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.

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,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
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. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
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: 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 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:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

Touch. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find it 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 hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

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

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, beso, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

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

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

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. 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?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 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 with 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.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. 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 batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; 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.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

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

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. 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 fain for succour.

Cor. 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 recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,

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.

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

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. 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.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. 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 feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and Others.

SONG

Ami. 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.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

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

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. 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.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable 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

Ami. Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the 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.

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

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

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. '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.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI.—Another Part of 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.

Orl. 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 conceit 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 labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerily, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest 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.—*Another Part of the Forest.**A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, 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, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.
First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.*Enter JAQUES.*Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley 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,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we 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 moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O 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 placescramm'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.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have libertyWithal, 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 must must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd

Even by the squandering glances 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 th' infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

Jaq. What, for a counter, 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 licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary 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 neighbour?Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,—Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
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.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

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

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

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?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. 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.

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

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

Orl. 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

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.

Orl. 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, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

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 school-boy, 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,

Jealous in honour, 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;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

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 his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-

thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,

And let him feed.

Orl. 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

Ami. 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.

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.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Row-

land'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.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and**Attendants.*

Duke F. Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that

cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;