

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 places
cramm'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; 44
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, 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: 52
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 56
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, 60
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: 64

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, 72
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? 76
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,— 80
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, 85
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. 89
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, 92
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 96
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. 101

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. 105

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 108
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; 112
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, 116
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, 120

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 124
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 128
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, 133
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: 136

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; 141
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. 144
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 148
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 152
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; 156
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, 159

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, 164
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. 168
Adam. So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you 171

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 176
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: 180
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 184
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp 188
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! 192
This life is most jolly.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness 196
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, 200
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: 4
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;

Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call
thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in
this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him
out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit.]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

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

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

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

Cor. No, truly.*Touch.* Then thou art damned.*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason,
Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest
good manners, then thy manners must be wick-
ed; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.
Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

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

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and
their fells, you know, are greasy.

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner:
shallow again. A moresounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the
surgery of our sheep; and would you have us
kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed
with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat,
in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn
of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser
birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat.
Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll
rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help
thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!
thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I
eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no
man's happiness, glad of other men's good, con-
tent with my harm; and the greatest of my pride
is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to
bring the ewes and the rams together, and to
offer to get your living by the copulation of
cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to be-
tray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-
pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable
match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the
devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot
see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede,
my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

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

Touch. I'll rime you so, eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping hours ex-

cepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to
market.

Ros. Out, fool!*Touch.* For a taste:—

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

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

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on
a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence's end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synd was devis'd

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious
homily of love have you wearied your parishion-
ers withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good
people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go
off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an ho-

nourable retreat; though not with bag and bag-
gage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear
the verses.

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

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering,
how thy name should be hanged and carved
upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the
wonder before you came; for look here what I
found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed
since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,
which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?*Ros.* Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about
his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

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

Ros. Nay, but who is it?*Cel.* Is it possible?

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

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most won-
derful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and
after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think,
though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a
doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch
of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I
prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak
apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
mightst pour this concealed man out of thy
mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd
bottle; either too much at once, or none at all.
I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that
I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner
of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin
worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak,
sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.*Ros.* Orlando?*Cel.* Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my
doublet and hose? What did he when thou
sawest him? What said he? How looked he?
Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did

he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

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

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

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

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

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

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

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

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

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO and JAKUES.

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

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

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

Orl. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.

Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

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

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

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

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

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

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

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

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed

an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

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

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

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

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

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

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

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

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

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

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

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

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

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

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

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

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

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

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

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

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

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

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

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

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

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

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

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me

thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 29

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 33

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 36

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

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 41

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

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

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy! 49

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 67

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

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

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? 72

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

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 76

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered. 84

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 88

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good

priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp. 95

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. 100

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

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not 104

O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee: 108

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt JACQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*
Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.
Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep? 4

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

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 9

Ros. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour. 12

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

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

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

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

Ros. Do you think so? 21

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut. 25

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 28

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father. 35

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much

question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

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

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired 48

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him? 52

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, 56
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard, 4

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner: 8
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things, 12

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee; 16

Now counterfeit to swoond; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee; 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it, lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
eyes, 24

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever,—as that ever may be near,— 28
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time
Come not thou near me; and, when that time
comes, 32

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, 36
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—

As by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. Od's my little life!

I think she means to tangle my eyes too. 44
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. 48

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you 52
That make the world full of ill-favour'd child-
ren:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her. 56
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: 61
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together: 64

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

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

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine: 73

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard. 76
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. 80

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*
Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me. 84

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief 88
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; 92
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too; 96
But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and

then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. 104

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

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of. 108
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear. 112

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride be-

comes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up. 117

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
A little ripper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd

him 124
In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me? 129

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again: 132

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

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

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laugh-

ing. 5
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are

abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. 8

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. 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; 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,

which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 21

Ros. A traveller! 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. 26
Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. 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! 31

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!
Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable 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. Why, how

now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such

another trick, never come in my sight more.
Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour

of my promise. 45
Ros. 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 clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 52
Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!
Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that? 60
Ros. Why, horns; that such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind?
Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. 69

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke. 73
Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gavelled 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.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?
Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress? 85

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 88

Orl. What, of my suit?
Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 93

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

Orl. Then in mine own person I die. 96
Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. 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*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed 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 lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned 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 drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 112

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of

this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind. 120
Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such. 124

Orl. What sayest thou?
Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.
Ros. 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?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us. 132
Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando, '—
Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 136

Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.' 141

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. I might ask you for your commission; 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.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged. 148
Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever and a day.
Ros. 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; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? 164
Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.
Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 172

Orl. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 177

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool. 185

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours. 189

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. 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?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 197

Ros. 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 pathological 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.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu. 209

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

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 216

Ros. 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.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 222

Ros. 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 and sigh till he come. 230

Cel. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JACQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. 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? 6

Second Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

SONG

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home. 12

[The rest shall bear this burden.]

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: 16
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

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

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: 8
[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 tenour: pardon me; 12
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. 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; 16
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phoenix. '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. 21

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love. 24
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twasher hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter: 28

I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me, 33
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude inven-

tion,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect 36
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

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

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes. [Reads.] 40

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

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [reads.] 44

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. 48

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine, 52
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
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.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. 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 endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, 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.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you if you know, 77

Where in the purlieu of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom: 80

The rank 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. 84

Oli. 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 favour, and bestows himself 88

Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for? 91

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this? 96

Oli. 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.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you 100

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, 104
And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity, 107

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, 112

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which brush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, 116

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: 120

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural 124

That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? 128

Oli. 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, 132

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him? 136

Oli. '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.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two, 141

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, 144

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

The lioness had torn some flesh away, 149

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,