

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants.

THE SCENE LIES, FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Orchard of Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques 5
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 he here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the 10
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 15
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 20

25 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, 30 though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear 35 how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

40 *Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor, unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

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

45 *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.

50 *Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him 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 55 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! 60

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father, and 65 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 railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 70

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give 75 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 become 80 a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be 85 troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog. 90

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.*]

95 *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, 100 here to speak with me?

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

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

Enter CHARLES.

105 *Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

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 110 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.

115 *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 would have died to stay behind her. 120 She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of 125 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? 130

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 135 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, 140 would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, 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, 145 in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

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 here- 150 in, and have by underhand means labored 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
 155 of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous
 contriver against me, his natural brother; there-
 fore 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,
 160 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
 165 I speak it, there is not one so young and so villa-
 nous 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.
- 170 *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!
- Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*]
- 175 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
 180 indeed so much in the heart of the world, and
 especially of my own people, who best know him,
 that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not
 be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing
 remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which
 185 now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lawn before the Duke's palace.**Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

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 5 father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

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 10 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 20 away from thy father perforce I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor 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?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further 30

in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then ?

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

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

40 *Cel.* 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the
45 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
50 the argument ?

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
55 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 dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit ! whither wander you ?

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ? 65

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor 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. 70

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 75 knave.

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, 80 swearing by his honor, for he never had any ; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

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

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, 85 loves.

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

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not go 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. 95

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

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

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

100 *Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

105 *Cel.* Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

110 *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

115 the sight of.

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

120 are, they are coming to perform it.

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

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

125 *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." 130

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 135 lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that 140 the ladies have lost?

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.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee. 145

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 150

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

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. 155

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.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

160 *Cel.* Alas, he is too young ! yet he looks successfully.

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

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us 165 leave.

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, 170 ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau

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

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

175 *Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler ?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with 180 him the strength of my youth.

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, 185 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.

Ros. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not 190 therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty

to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. 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 ; 200 only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

Cel. And mine to eke out hers. 205

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

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 ? 210

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

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second that have so mightily 215 persuaded him from a first.

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

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young 220 man !

Cel. I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can 225 tell who should down.

[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

230 *Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of

235 Sir Rowland de Bois.

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

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed

240 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,

245 His youngest son; and would not change that calling

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

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

Had I before known this young man his son,

250 I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved;

If you do keep your promises in love 255
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, 260
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

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 265

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

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. 270

Cel. Will you go, coz?

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 urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 275

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 deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
280 Yet such is now the duke's condition
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 ;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
290 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
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,
295 Grounded upon no other argument
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 :
- 300 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
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.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; 5
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.
- Cel.* But is all this for your father ? 10
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 burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. 15
Ros. I could shake them off my coat : these
burs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have
him. 20
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself !
Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests 25
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 ?

30 *Ros.* The duke my father loved his father
dearly.

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
35 dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

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
40 him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your
safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

45 *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,

50 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,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,

55 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,
They are as innocent as grace itself:

60 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

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: 65
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. 70

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse: 75
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 wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, 80
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; 85
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 passed upon her; she is banish'd.

- 90 *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 honor
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]
- 95 *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 grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
100 *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 :
105 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,
110 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.
- 115 *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 120
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, 125
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. 130
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 ; 135
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 ; 140
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 145
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three 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?
 5 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
 10 "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 its head;
 15 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your grace,
 20 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us ven-
 ison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads 25
 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 30
 To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
 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, 35
 That from the hunter's 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 40
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears. 45

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 makest a testament 50
 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, 55

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

60 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,

65 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.

70 *Duke S.* Show me the place;

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

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.

5 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

X

Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

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

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10

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, 15

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gal-
lant 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 20

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? 5

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and val-
iant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

- 10 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
- 15 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 :
- 20 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,
- 25 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.
- 30 *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 ?
- 35 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 saved under your father, 40
 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, 45
 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, 50
 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 55
 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, 60
 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 prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield 65
 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 70
 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 ;
 75 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 for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, 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 in my heart to disgrace my
 5 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
 10 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.

15 *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, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

20 Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an
 old in solemn talk.

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 loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, 25
 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 30
 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, 35
 Thou hast not loved :

Or, if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved :

Or, if thou hast not broke from company 40
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy
 wound, I have by hard adventure found mine 45
 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 batlet and the 50
 cow's dugs that her pretty chapped 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 55

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.
60 *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 65 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 !

70 *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.

75 *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 80 And faints for succor.

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, 85 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, 90 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 95 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 100 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 the report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, 105 I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, 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 : 5
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

- Faq.* More, more, I prithee, more.
 10 *Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Faq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.
 15 *Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.
Faq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzos?
 20 *Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Faq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
 25 *Faq.* 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.
 30 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.
 35 *Faq.* 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.

- 40 Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
 And loves to live i' the sun,

- Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 45 But winter and rough weather.
Faq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it. 50
Faq. Thus it goes:—
 If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,
 55 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.
Ami. What's that "ducdame?" 60
Faq. '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 firstborn of Egypt.
Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet
 is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.* 65]

SCENE VI.—*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 5