

55 *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. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor

60 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.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and, 65 when you were gravelled, 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.

70 *Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. Am not I your Rosalind?

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

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

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all 80 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 85 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 chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But 90 these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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 95 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.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays 100 and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good? 105

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? 110

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 115

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." 120

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

125 a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

130 *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

135 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

140 merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

145 *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 casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the

150 chimney.

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

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

155 *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, 160 and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

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 165 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 be- 170 ware my censure and keep your promise.

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

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: 175 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. 180

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 Portu- 185 gal.

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

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind, rascally boy 190

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
195 come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

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

For. Yes, sir.

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

SONG.

For.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

15 It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
15 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Ods my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
20 This is a letter of your own device.

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.
25 I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,

A freestone-colored hand : I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :

30 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,
35 Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter ?

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

Ros. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads*] " Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? "

Can a woman rail thus ?

45 *Sil.* Call you this railing ?

Ros. [*Reads*]

" Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ? "
Did you ever hear such railing ?

50 " Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."
Meaning me a beast.

" If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
55 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 ;
60 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." 65

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 70
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 75
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,
Where in the purlieu of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ? 80
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom :

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. 85

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 favor, and bestows himself
90 Like a ripe sister : the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

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

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
95 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 ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of
me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
100 This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
105 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

110 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,

115 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis 120
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ; 125

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived '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, 130
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness, 135
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurling,
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him ? 140

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. 145

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place :—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 150 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,
 155 Which all this while had bled ; and now he
 fainted,
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
 And, after some small space, being strong at
 heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 160 To tell this story that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Gany-
 mede !
 165 *Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on
 blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
 170 I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth : you a man !
 you lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
 would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray
 175 you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
 Heigh-ho !
Oli. This was not counterfeit ; there is too

great testimony in your complexion that it was
 a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counter-
 feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but i' faith, I should have been
 a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray 185
 you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

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

Ros. I shall devise something : but, I pray
 you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will 190
 you go ? [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

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

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

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a 5
 most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth
 here in the forest lays claim to you.

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

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a 10
 clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have
 much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we
 cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

15 *Aud.* God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

20 *Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

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

25 *Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

30 *Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

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

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

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

45 *Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being

poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

50

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

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[Exit. 65]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing,

she should grant? and will you perséver to enjoy her?

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

15 *Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

20 *Ros.* God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

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

Orl. It is my arm.

25 *Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

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

30 *Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

35 *Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and

my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason 40 but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 45

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

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

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. 55

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch 60 I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was 65 three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of 70

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

75 *Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

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

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

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

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study
85 To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

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

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

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

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

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes, 100
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. 105

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? 110

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

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

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To 115

Sil.] I will help you if I can : [To *Phe.*] I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To *Phe.*] I will marry you if ever I

marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [To *Orl.*] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied 120

man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [To *Sil.*] I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

[To *Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet : [To *Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no wo- 125

man, I'll meet. So fare you well : I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.* 13]

SCENE III.—*The forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

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

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I
hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a
5 woman of the world. Here come two of the ban-
ished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

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

10 *Sec. Page.* We are for you : sit i' the middle.

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

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

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

20 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,

25 These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc. 30

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

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there 35
was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
very untimeable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir : we kept
time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time 40
lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you ;
and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The forest.**Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

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

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact
is urged: 3

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

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

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

10 *Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king.

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

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

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

15 *Phe.* So is the bargain.

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

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

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter
even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your
daughter;

20 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me: and from hence I go

25 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

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

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

30 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born.

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Faq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and 35
these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes
a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues
are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Faq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this 40
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so
often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier
he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have 45
flattered a lady; I have been politic with my
friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone
three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like
to have fought one.

Faq. And how was that ta'en up? 50

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

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

Duke S. I like him very well. 55

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the
like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the
country copulatives, to swear and to forswear;
according as marriage binds and blood breaks:
a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but 60
mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take
that that no man else will rich honesty dwells

like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

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

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

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

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was

75 not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I send him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he

80 disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

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

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

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

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; 95 as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous;

the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie 100 Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If 105 you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

FAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's
as good at any thing and yet a fool. 110

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

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together. 115

Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither

That thou mightst join her hand with his 120
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I
am yours.

[*To Or.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

125 *Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

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

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he :
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
130 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events :

135 Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :
You and you are heart in heart :
You to his love must accord,

140 Or have a woman to your lord :
You and you are sure together
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning ;
145 That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

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

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

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art 155
mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two :

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ; 165
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one his lands withheld, and to the other 175
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights 180
with us

Shall share the good of our return'd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity

- And fall into our rustic revelry.
- 185 Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
- 190 *Jaq. de B.* He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
- 195 [*To Ors.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great
allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy lov-
ing voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your
pleasures:
- 200 I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I; what you would
have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin
these rites,
- 205 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance*

NOTES.

Notes without name appended are those of the Clarendon Press Series.
R. Ed. = Rugby Edition; Ch. Ed. = Chambers's Edition; Co. Ed. = Collins
Edition.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is divided
into Acts and Scenes.

1. **Upon this fashion**, after this fashion.
2. **Poor a thousand**. For this transposition of the indefinite
article see Abbott, § 422.
4. **On his blessing**, as a condition of obtaining his blessing.
6. **He keeps at school**. At the university. Hamlet at
thirty still goes to school at Wittenberg.—R. Ed.—**Profit**, profi-
ciency.
13. **Manège**, the training and breaking in of a horse, from Fr.
manège.
19. **Countenance**, favor, regard, patronage.
20. **Hinds**, servants (A. S. *hina*), or farm-laborers. It is used
still in the North of England for a farm bailiff.
- 25, 26. **Mines my gentility**, undermines the gentleness of my
birth and so destroys it.
36. **What make you here?** what do you here? As in Ham-
let, 1. 2, 164:—
"And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?"
40. **Marry**, an exclamation, from the name of the Virgin Mary,
used as an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon *mar*.
44. **Be naught awhile** is only a north-country proverbial
curse, equivalent to a *mischief on you*.
45. Referring to the story of the prodigal son.
46. **What prodigal portion have I spent?** what portion
have I prodigally spent?
59. **Your coming before me is nearer to his reverence**,
the fact of your being the eldest born brings you nearer in descent
to our father.
60. **What, boy!** Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando
in return seizes him by the throat.