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AS YOU LIKE IT

'AS YOU LIKE IT' SERIES
OF SCHOOL ACTING PLAYS
EDITED BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. I
AS YOU LIKE IT

ARRANGED BY
FRANCIS NEWBOLT

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PREFACE.

THE object of this edition is to provide an acting version of well-known English Plays for use in schools.

The first volumes of the series will be some twelve of Shakespeare's plays, but the same principles will be applied, so far as that is possible, to the work of other dramatists. These principles are as follows :—

i. A good acting version must be produced, straightforward and intelligible, and capable of being presented with a minimum of scenery and properties, or at the best, with almost none.

ii. The time required for acting should be kept down to one and a quarter or one and a half hours at most.

iii. For this purpose the play will be divided into narrative parts and acting scenes. For the acting scenes the most interesting and dramatic portions of the original play will naturally be chosen, and in these the original text will be given, with the addition of full stage directions and the omission of unsuitable phrases here and there. The remainder of the original play will be cast into the form of a narrative which will follow the original

in diction, and so preserve, although in prose, the uniform tone of the whole.

iv. The aim of all good dramatists, and particularly of Shakespeare himself, is to provide a good entertainment; and if this result is achieved, there is precedent for a good deal of freedom in adaptation.

In this edition, therefore, the work even of Shakespeare will be treated as he treated the work of others; where necessary a scene will be divided or joined to another, and the whole play will generally be arranged to form two or three *Parts* instead of the four or five original *Acts*. This is straightforward work with such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*; but in the case of *As You Like It*, the method has been used with special freedom and special advantage. For example, a good deal of the by-play or 'comic relief' in which Touchstone and Audrey are concerned would be clearly irrelevant to the purpose of a school edition, and as all these scenes are laid in the Forest of Arden it has been found possible to simplify and clarify at the same time, by running several scenes together in an order somewhat different from that which they follow in the original.

The stage directions which have been added are really no more than explanations of what is going on from line to line, with hints to the actors how to avoid, at any rate, bumping into each other on the stage, and how to carry out the elementary rule of facing the audience with their lines, whenever this is possible without making an absurdity of the situation.

The narrative parts are to be read aloud by the Stage Manager or Prompter, or perhaps by a teacher. Some preliminary explanation should be given before the play is put on. The actors should be told, for example, that the words 'Right' and 'Left' when used in stage directions mean what is right or left to the actors and not to the audience.

The few properties suggested will probably all be within the reach of those who wish to 'act a play'; even the barest of schools is up to the Shakespearean standard in this respect, or can be made so by piling tables and borrowing or making some kind of screen. But there is no need to anticipate the ingenuity which will be a part of the pleasure. All that is necessary is to suggest simple effects which may be aimed at—e.g. the symbolization of the forest glades in *As You Like It*, or the revealing of the interior of the vault in the last scene of *Romeo and Juliet* and the closing of the doors (or curtain) towards the end. At the first outset, at any rate, the more the actors do for themselves the better.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *lords attending on the exiled Duke.*
JAQUES, }

Le BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, *servant to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SILVIUS, *a shepherd.*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

ROSALIND, *daughter to the exiled Duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PART I.

WHEN Sir Rowland de Bois died, he left behind him three sons. The eldest, Oliver, inherited his house and lands in the north-east of France ; the second, Jaques, lived away at school ; Orlando, the youngest, remained at home in the charge of his eldest brother. For some reason, hardly clear even to himself, Oliver hated Orlando and treated him disgracefully, neglecting his proper education and having him brought up more like a peasant than a gentleman and a brother. Perhaps it was that he was jealous of this young brother, who, though never schooled, was a learned young man and of all sorts enchantingly beloved.

There came a time when Orlando's spirit revolted at this treatment, and happening one day to meet Oliver in an orchard near the house he seized him by the throat, and demanded either that he be allowed such training as became a gentleman, or that he be given the sum of a

thousand crowns that was left to him by Sir Rowland's will, with which he might go and seek his fortune elsewhere. The old family servant, Adam, who loved Orlando, attempted to separate his young masters. But Orlando would not relax his grip until he had extracted some sort of promise of amends from his brother.

When Orlando and Adam were gone, however, Oliver conceived a cowardly plot for getting rid of his young brother altogether.

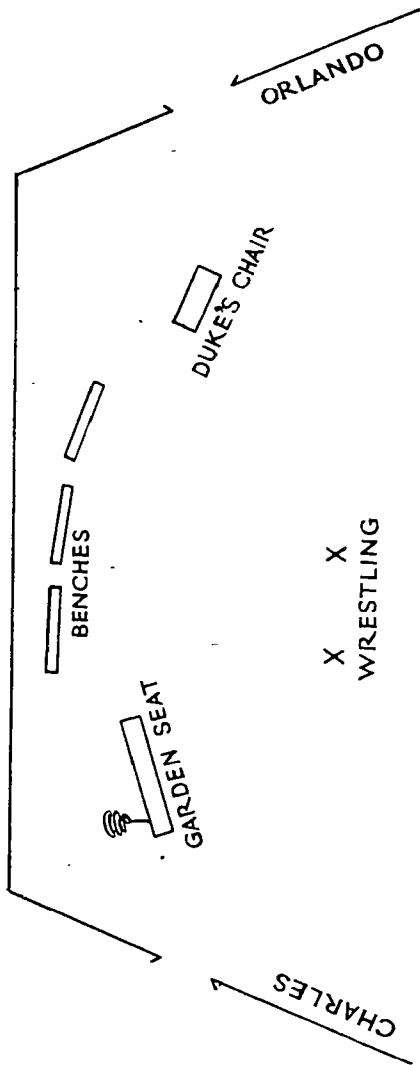
At the Court near by the reigning Duke had lately been banished by his younger brother Frederick, who had usurped all his power and dominions. The old Duke was now in exile in the forest of Arden, where, surrounded by a merry company of lords and others who had joined him, he lived the life of a forester, like the old Robin Hood of England. His only daughter, Rosalind, had remained at the Court with her uncle, the new Duke, chiefly because of her great friendship with her cousin Celia, the new Duke's daughter. The two girls had been brought up together from childhood, and so great was their love for each other that nothing, it seemed, could separate them.

Now it happened that the Duke's professional wrestler, Charles, was to wrestle at the Court on the following day ; and just after the quarrel in the orchard between Oliver and Orlando (of

which he knew nothing), Charles came to warn Oliver that he understood that Orlando intended to try a fall with him at the wrestling. He was anxious to explain that, as he would be wrestling for his own honour, his opponents would be lucky to escape without a broken limb, and he was afraid that Orlando would come to harm if he was not prevented from his purpose. It was in his reply to the wrestler that the plot lay, which Oliver had conceived for ridding himself of his brother. He first thanked Charles for his thoughtful warning, but then deliberately made out Orlando to be the most villainous young man alive, who was not only a secret contriver against himself, but who would, if unsuccessful at the wrestling, be as like as not to scheme against Charles's life too, by some underhand means. In short, he gave the wrestler to understand that he would as soon he broke Orlando's neck as his finger.

Having thus maliciously prepared what he hoped would be the end of Orlando, Oliver went off to urge him on to stand up to Charles at the wrestling next day.

PART I. SCENE I.
(Full Stage)



SCENE I.

(Act I., Sc. 2.)

[A lawn near the DUKE'S palace. Sunlight. There are entrances on Right and Left, near the back. On the Right, equidistant from the back and from the entrance, a garden seat (for two persons) stands slightly slant-wise, facing stage centre. A tree (or shrub in pot) grows immediately behind this seat.]

[Enter Right CELIA and ROSALIND, in rich robes of the period. They stroll forward talking, hand in hand.]

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

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

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

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, ¹⁵ to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have : and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir ; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster : therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

Ros. What shall be our sport, then ?

[*They have moved round and back to the garden seat, on which CELIA now sits.*]

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

Ros. [*sitting, on CELIA's Right*]. I would we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced ; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

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

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

Cel. No ? when Nature hath made a fair creature, ⁴⁴ may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

[*She waves a hand in the direction of TOUCHSTONE, who is entering slowly Left. He is dressed in Fool's motley from head to foot, and he makes a little mock-serious bow as he hears each reference to himself.*]

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

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's ; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and 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 ?

[*The moment he is addressed TOUCHSTONE kindles with a Fool's exuberance. He is now standing somewhere near the inner end of the seat, but he is never standing still.*]

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught ; now I'll stand ⁶⁵

to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard⁶⁶ was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

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

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

[*CELIA and ROSALIND stand up, stroke their chins, and sit down again.*]

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

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more market-⁹⁵
able.

[*LE BEAU* has entered *Left*. *Half-way across stage*
he stops and bows elegantly to the ladies. *TOUCHSTONE*
steps back and imitates him waggishly : but he is un-
noticed.]

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

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

Cel. Sport ! of what colour ?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

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

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

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

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 ¹²² all men by these presents.'

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

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that 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.

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 ?

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.

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[*Flourish of horns.*]

[*Enter Left DUKE FREDERICK and Lords, followed shortly by CHARLES and ORLANDO, dressed for the wrestling. CHARLES, who is accompanied by two Umpires, crosses over to Right, well Forward ; OR-*

LANDO, *unaccompanied*, takes up his position on Left, well Forward. After them enter Left Attendants, some carrying two or three benches which they place along the back : others an ornamented chair, with arms, for the DUKE. The chair is set down on the Left, slantwise (to face stage centre) and slightly more Forward than the garden seat, to which it otherwise corresponds in position.]

Duke F. [*as he enters*]. Come on : since the youth ¹⁴⁸ will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

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

Duke F. [*crossing towards the Ladies, who rise and curtsey, LE BEAU and TOUCHSTONE bowing*]. How now, daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us 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, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

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

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[*The DUKE turns away and seats himself on the ornamented chair, Left. Thereupon the Lords, who have been standing in groups behind his chair and at back Centre, take their seats for the wrestling, some on the benches, others on the grass below. The Ladies are*

also seated again, Right. Attendants stand behind the DUKE. TOUCHSTONE is sitting on the grass at the Left of the DUKE's chair.]

Le Beau [crossing forward towards ORLANDO, with whom he returns]. Monsieur the challenger, the princes call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

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

Orl. [bowing, at Left end of the garden seat]. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with 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 judgement, 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 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 192

no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world¹⁹
no injury, for in it I have nothing : only in the world
I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when
I have made it empty.

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well : pray heaven I be deceived
in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

[*ORLANDO bows and returns to his former position,
Forward Left.*]

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

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
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 man !

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

[*CHARLES and ORLANDO close and wrestle, stage
centre (Forward).*]

Ros. O excellent young man !

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

[*The position of the wrestlers is reversed, and suddenly CHARLES is thrown, falling at full length before the DUKE'S chair. ORLANDO faces him, stage centre. There are shouts, and some rise, including LE BEAU, who moves over to the DUKE. CHARLES'S Umpires have run across and are kneeling over him.*]

Duke F. [*rising*]. No more, no more.

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

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

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

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

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
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 Left DUKE FREDERICK, TOUCHSTONE, Lords (including LE BEAU), and Attendants.*]

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

Orl. [*stage centre*]. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son ; and would not change that calling,

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To be adopted heir to Frederick.

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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,
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. [CELIA and ROSALIND have risen,
and now come forward on ORLANDO's Right.]
Sir, you have well deserved :

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [*giving him a chain from her neck*]. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

[*She begins to withdraw, slowly, Right. ROSALIND moves after her, but is less willing to go.*]

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my
fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz ?

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Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

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[Exit Right CELIA, followed by ROSALIND.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

[Re-enter LE BEAU, Left.]

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
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 ;
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 smaller is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
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

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Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well : 288

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.

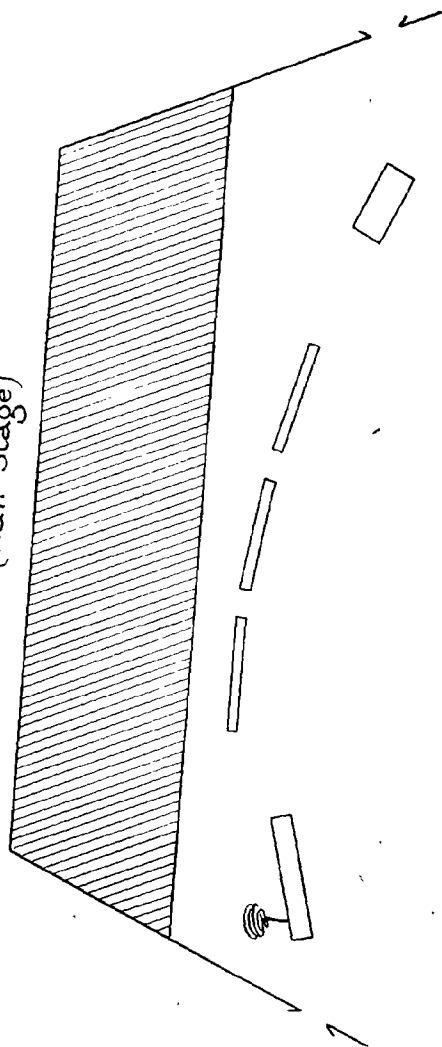
[Exit LE BEAU, Left.]

Thus must I from thè smoke into the smother ;

From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother :

But heavenly Rosalind ! *[Exit Right. 294]*

PART I. SCENE II.
(Half Stage)



SCENE II.

(Act I., Sc. 3.)

[*The same, an hour later.*]

[*We may, however, be allowed to draw a little closer to the lawn. In that case only the front half of stage will be used, the DUKE'S chair now being well Forward and nearer the Left side, the garden seat Forward and nearer the Right side, the benches and entrances brought forward in their relative positions, as also the back-ground (whether it be of painted scenery or tall dark curtains). The tree behind garden seat will, perhaps, appear slightly larger.*]

[*Enter Left ROSALIND and CELIA. They pass behind the DUKE'S chair and come forward in front of it.*]

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 ; 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. [*sitting on the Duke's chair*]. But is all this¹⁰ for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world !

[*She sits on the lawn at CELIA's feet.*]

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.

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.

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 out of service, let us talk in good earnest : is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

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

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

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

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

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[*They rise hastily and step forward, CELIA on ROSA-*

LIND'S *Left, just before DUKE FREDERICK enters Right, with two or three Lords. The Lords remain near the entrance ; the DUKE comes well Forward, Centre.*]

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros.

Me, uncle ?

Duke F.

You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros.

I do beseech your Grace,
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,
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 :
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 duke-
dom ;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me ? my father was no traitor : 61
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

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

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

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

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

[*He begins to go Right. ROSALIND follows him
with a gesture of entreaty.*]

Cel. [*also following*]. Pronounce that sentence then
on me, my liege :
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. [*looking back*]. You are a fool. You,
niece, provide yourself :

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

[*Exeunt DUKE and Lords, Right. ROSALIND sits down dejectedly on the garden seat.*]

Cel. [*at Left end of garden seat*]. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.

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

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No : let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

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

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
The like do you : so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

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[ROSALIND'S face has suddenly brightened. She gets up and strides Forward, followed by CELIA.]

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

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

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

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

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

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[Exeunt Left. .

PART II.

CELIA and Rosalind, disguised as sister and brother, and calling themselves Aliena and Ganymede, were well on their way to the forest of Arden, with Touchstone for companion, before Duke Frederick discovered their escape. No one had seen them go, but a servant confessed that she had secretly overheard her mistresses speaking in praise of Orlando, and she believed that, wherever they were gone, Orlando would surely be with them. On hearing this the Duke immediately sent for Oliver, and ordered a general search for the runaways. But Oliver had not seen his brother since the wrestling, and did not know where he was now. Foiled again, the Duke turned on Oliver, and pronounced his lands and property forfeit until he brought Orlando, dead or alive, to the Court. Orlando must be found.

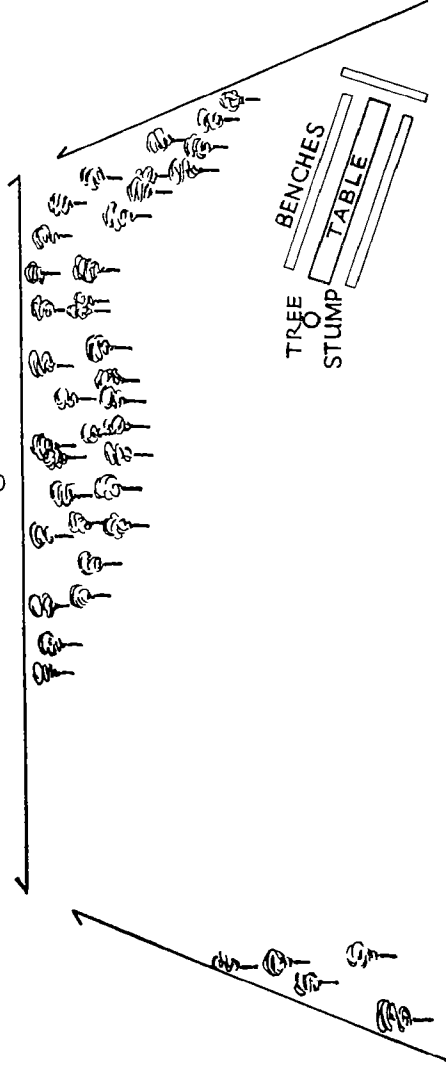
Meanwhile, Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone had reached the forest. When they were so weary that they could scarcely go any farther, they happened to come upon two shepherds

talking together. The young one, Silvius, was telling an old man, named Corin, of his hopeless love for the shepherdess Phebe. Hearing his pitiful tale, Rosalind was reminded of her own new love for Orlando, which appeared to her equally hopeless. Presently the old man was left by the young lover, and Touchstone called out to him, and asked where they might find rest and food. Corin explained that his master's cottage, flocks, and pasture were on sale ; there would be little food at the cottage now, but they were welcome to what there was. Whereupon Rosalind asked him to buy the cottage and the flocks, with money they would give him to pay for it, and if he served them as their own shepherd, he should have good wages. Corin agreed. And so they found at once a faithful, old servant and a dwelling-place in the forest.

Now when Orlando was returning home after the wrestling, he was met by Adam with alarming news. It appeared that Oliver, on hearing of Orlando's victory over Charles, was determined to take his life himself. Old Adam had overheard the plot, and now besought his young master not to enter the house. Here were five hundred crowns, the wages he had saved in his long service under Sir Rowland ; all these he gave Orlando, and wherever his young master went he would follow him loyally to the last

gasp. So these two set out together, and in time their wanderings brought them also to the forest of Arden. But here the old man nearly broke down for want of food ; he could go no farther and was ready to die. Orlando cheered him as best he could, and leaving him in a place of shelter, went off into the forest, vowing to find him a dinner or perish in the attempt.

PART II, SCENE I.
PART III, SCENES II and III.
(Full Stage)



SCENE I.

(Act II., Sc. 1 and 7.)

[The forest of Arden. There are entrances on Right and Left, at the back. The sun is setting behind tall trees, which stand irregularly across the Left Back corner. They extend two-thirds of the way along the back (from Left to Right) and half-way down the Left side, and they recede in a slight bay in front of the Left entrance. There are a few big trees, less close together, against the Right side, Forward. Well Forward on the Left is a rough wooden table, surrounded on three sides by low benches and set out with food : it is narrow and long in shape, and its inner end points up the glade towards the Right entrance. At this end there is a low tree-stump, which serves for the DUKE'S stool at the head of the table. The ground is lightly strewn with twigs and fallen leaves.]

[In this and all the Forest Scenes the trees may be sufficiently represented by saplings in pots laid over with green or brown stuffs. They should never be placed in straight lines. Tall dark curtains will form a sufficient background. Where neither saplings nor painted scenery are available, it may yet be possible to strew the stage with dry leaves, moss, twigs, branches, and so on.]

[Enter Left, through the trees, DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, all dressed as foresters. They come forward, talking, and sit round the table to eat, the DUKE on the tree-stump, AMIENS on his Left.]

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, 1
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
 I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

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

First Lord *[on AMIENS' Left]*. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp 26
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
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,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralise 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
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,
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 55

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? ' 56
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
 plation ?

First Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
 menting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Go, seek him : tell him I would speak
 with him.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own ap-
 proach.

[*Enter Right JAQUES. He comes down the glade to
 stage centre, opposite the table. The DUKE turns
 Forward in his seat.*]

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 : ' 78

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 we may 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 ;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
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, 109
They most must laugh. But who comes here ?

[Enter Right ORLANDO, fiercely, with his sword drawn. He comes well Forward on JAKES' Right. Some rise from the table, but presently sit again.]

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress ?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

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

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

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

Orl. *[putting up his sword]*. Speak you so gently ?

Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here ; 129

And therefore put I on the countenance 13
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good
 comfort ! [Exit Right.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre 15

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

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Jaq. [stage centre]. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
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 woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing. 188

[He sits down at back side of the table, in the centre.
Re-enter Right ORLANDO, supporting ADAM. Places

are made for them at the table, between JAQUES and the DUKE, and they sit down to eat, ORLANDO next the DUKE.]

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burthen,

And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

[AMIENS, who has given up his place to ORLANDO, comes forward Centre and sings to the company. Music accompanies him (off Left).]

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

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Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.

[Here might also be sung,]

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 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
 But winter and rough weather.

[After the singing, which is received with clapping, AMIENS, JAQUES, and others exeunt Left by twos and threes. The DUKE turns to Orlando.]

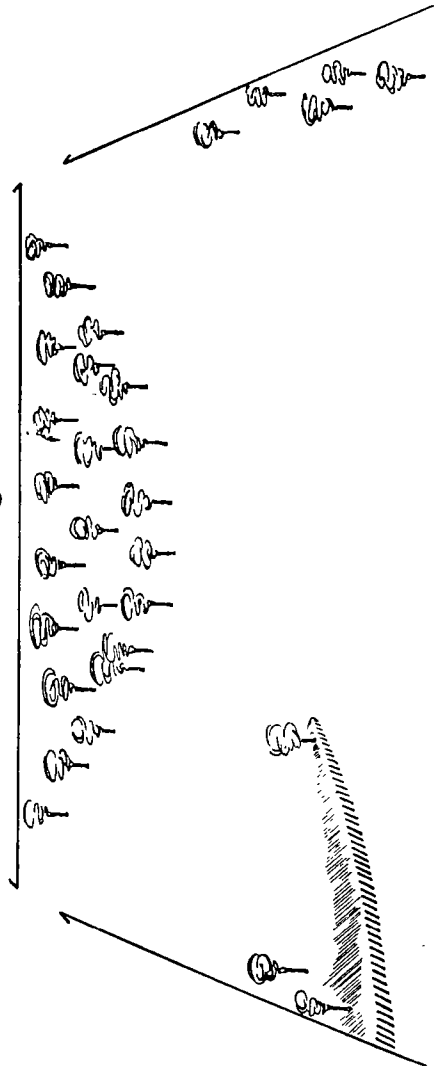
Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
 son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

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Most truly limn'd and living in your face, 231
Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke
That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. 237

[*Exeunt Left the DUKE with ORLANDO, and ADAM
supported by FIRST LORD.*]

PART II, SCENES II and III.
PART III, SCENE I.
(Full Stage)



SCENE II

(Act III., Sc. 2.)

[Another part of the forest. Bright sunlight. There are entrances on Right and Left, at the back. Tall trees stand irregularly along the back and come forward roughly in a semicircle, no tree being farther forward than a third of the way down stage. On the Right, well Forward, there is a gently-sloping grass bank, about two feet high, which curves back from the Right side across stage, so that its inner end points towards Left entrance. This end does not protrude farther than a third of the way across stage. Behind the bank there are three trees only : two together a little behind, near the Right side, one on top of the bank near its inner end. Along the Left side there are just sufficient trees to indicate the continuation of the forest. The cottage which ROSALIND and CELIA have bought is down in a valley to the West (off Back, Right).]

[Enter Right ROSALIND, in man's clothes, as GANYMEDE. She comes down towards the Centre, but when opposite the end of the bank, stops and takes down a paper from the tree there. As she begins to read aloud from it, enter Right TOUCHSTONE. He comes forward on her Left.]

Ros. [*reading*]. From the east to western Ind, 1
 No jewel is like Rosalind.
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.
 All the pictures fairest lined
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind
 But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
 dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted :
 it is the right butter-women's rate 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 lined,
 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 ³²

half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the ³³medlar.

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

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

[Enter Right CELIA, in simple clothes, with her face, neck, and arms browned, as ALIENA. She comes forward on ROSALIND'S Right, reading aloud from a paper. TOUCHSTONE stands back, and at the end of her reading disappears Right.]

Cel. *[reading]*. 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 end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged :
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 synod was devised ;
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

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

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-rhymed since Pytha-
 goras' 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 ⁹¹ 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 wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned 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 might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed 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. 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 123
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, stretched 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 154

curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a¹⁵⁵ hunter.

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

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden : 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 ?

[*They move in front of the bank, and CELIA sits down against it. Enter Left ORLANDO. He comes slowly down the glade.*]

Ros. 'Tis he : I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*She steps out towards ORLANDO.*] Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. [*now well Forward, Left*]. 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 maid¹⁸²

between the contract of her marriage and the day¹⁸³ 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 ; [ORLANDO bows to CELIA on the bank] 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 knew²¹⁴

courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have ²¹⁵ 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 un- ²⁴⁶

gartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve un-²⁴⁷
buttoned, your shoe untied and every thing 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 rhymes
speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme 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, change-²⁷⁸

able, longing and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, 279 shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, 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 ?

[Exeunt Right. 303]

SCENE III.

(Act III., Sc. 5.)

[*The same. Bright moonlight.*]

[*Enter Left PHEBE, followed by SILVIUS, entreating her. She comes forward Left, SILVIUS hanging back, a little on her Right.*]

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe; 1
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,
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 Right ROSALIND (as GANYMEDE). She approaches cautiously and unnoticed, behind the bank.*]

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :
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,
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 :
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ; 17

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, 18
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
 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,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. [on his knees]. O dear Phebe,
 If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
 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,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

[ROSALIND steps out round the bank, and comes forward Centre. As she speaks SILVIUS rises, and PHEBE stares at her.]

Ros. And why, I pray you ? Who might be your
 mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 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 ?
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ? 41

I see no more in you than in the ordinary 42
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too !
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.
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 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.
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 :
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 :
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your 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 sauce
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 :
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. 73

[*She points towards Right entrance.*]

Shepherd, ply her hard.

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Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.

[*Exit ROSALIND Right. SILVIUS steps forward Centre.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
' Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ? '

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

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
Were both extermined.

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,
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 :
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,
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 100
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

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.

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.
It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes 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.
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,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
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
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
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 :
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exit Left, followed by SILVIUS.* 130

PART III.

SCENE I.

(Act IV., Sc. 1; Act III., Sc. 3; Act V., Sc. 1;
Act IV., Sc. 3.)

[The same as Part II., Scene II.]

[Enter Right ROSALIND (as GANYMEDE) and CELIA (as ALIENA), followed by JAQUES. He catches them up by the end of the bank, and comes forward Centre with ROSALIND, on her Right. CELIA has turned Right, in front of the bank, and is gathering flowers there.]

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 laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

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

the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melan-¹⁵
choly of mine own, compounded of many simples,
extracted from many objects ; and indeed the sun-
dry contemplation of my travels, in which my often
rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

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.

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 !

[*Enter Left ORLANDO.*]

Orl. [*as he approaches*]. Good-day and happiness,
dear Rosalind !

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in
blank verse. [*Exit JAQUES Right.*]

Ros. [*by the end of the bank, calling after him*]. Fare-
well, 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. [*She comes forward to meet ORLANDO.*]
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.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ! He that ⁴⁵ 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 clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be wooed 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. 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.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and 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.

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 ?

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

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.

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 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 chroniclers 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.

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.

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou ?

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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 ?

[ROSALIND and ORLANDO are holding hands (at arms' length), facing each other, stage centre. CELIA comes behind and between them, and lays her hands on theirs, presenting the bride with the bouquet of flowers she has gathered.]

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 ?

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.'

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.

[She has pulled her hand free, and the group breaks up, CELIA to search for more flowers on the outskirts of the trees at back and on Left.]

Orl. So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

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Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her ¹³² 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 ?

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

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

Ros. 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 !

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

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours ! ¹⁶³

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner : by two 164
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.

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.

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

[*Exit ORLANDO Left* *CELIA comes forward, from
the trees Left, towards Centre.*]

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.

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. 192

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you 193
pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, 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 can-
not be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a
shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt Right.*

[*Enter Left TOUCHSTONE, with AUDREY holding
his hand. They come right Forward, Centre, and sit
down among the fallen leaves, AUDREY on TOUCH-
STONE's Right.*]

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. 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 220
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.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

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

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

Touch. Well, be it as it may be, I will marry thee.
We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle
Audrey. 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.

[*She has looked back over her shoulder and seen*
WILLIAM *enter Left. She remains sitting, TOUCHSTONE*
stands up, WILLIAM comes forward on his Left.]

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

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. [*fumbling with his cap*]. 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 ?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

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Will. William, sir.

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

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

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

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

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.

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.

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 ?

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 279

better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, ²⁸⁰
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 : there-
fore tremble, and depart.

Aud. [*who has risen and put her arm in TOUCH-
STONE'S*]. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit WILLIAM Right.*

[*They laugh as they watch him go : then, still arm
in arm, they trip off Left.*]

Touch. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey !

[*When they are gone, enter Right ROSALIND and
CELIA, looking for ORLANDO. CELIA peers round
the bank : ROSALIND crosses to search the trees Left.*]

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 here.

[*Enter Left OLIVER. He comes forward Centre,
between them.*]

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you
know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. [*pointing towards Right entrance*]. 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. 300
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There's none within.

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

Ros. [*taking the handkerchief, but almost at once
letting it fall to the ground*]. 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
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel.

I pray you, tell it.

[*As OLIVER begins his story, CELIA moves up to the
bank : he follows, and they sit down against it. ROSA-
LIND moves near enough to hear every word spoken,
but remains standing in front of the end of the bank.*]

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
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 befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age 324
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
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,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd 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
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 ;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst 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 ?

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,
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ? 353

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

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
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place ;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
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,
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,
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 has staggered and collapsed against the
end of the bank in a faint. OLIVER moves quickly to
her Left and bends over her on one knee : CELIA is on
both knees at her Right.]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Gany-
mede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 378

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. [*half sitting up*]. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

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. [*now on her feet, supported between them*]. I do so, I confess it. [*Recovering her spirit and making an effort at pretence*]. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray 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 counterfeit 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 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 you go ? 403

[*Exeunt Right, ROSALIND resting one hand on OLIVER'S shoulder, CELIA following.*]

SCENE II.

(Act V., Sc. 2.)

[*The same as Part II, Scene I*]

[*Enter Right OLIVER and ORLANDO, with one arm in a scarf sling. They come Forward Right, talking.*]

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you¹ 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?

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 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.

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. 17

[*Enter ROSALIND (as GANYMEDE), through the trees, Left.*]

Ros. God save you, brother.

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Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit Right. ROSALIND and ORLANDO meet, stage centre.*]

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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.

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

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

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 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.

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 44

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.

[*ROSALIND is now standing back against the inner end of the table: ORLANDO is between stage centre and the tree-stump.*]

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 I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, 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 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.

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 72

in your best array ; bid your friends ; for if you⁷³ will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

[*Enter Right PHEBE, followed by SILVIUS. She comes down the glade towards ROSALIND, but stops when opposite ORLANDO. SILVIUS moves down Forward Right.*]

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

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness.

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

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

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
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 ;
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 ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

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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 ?

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. [*sitting up on the end of the table, dangling her legs*]. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To SILVIUS, pointing with her forefinger*] I will help you, if I can : [*Pointing to PHEBE*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To PHEBE*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [*To ORLANDO*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [*To SILVIUS*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To ORLANDO*] As you love Rosalind, meet : [*To SILVIUS*] as you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well : I have left you commands.

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

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

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[*ROSALIND sits watching them go, PHEBE and SILVIUS up the glade Right, ORLANDO through the trees Left. Then, in high delight, she begins to go Right, hesitates, and finally strides off Left.*]

SCENE III.

(Act V., Sc. 4.)

[The same ; but bright sunlight, and the table and benches have been removed.]

[Enter Left DUKE SENIOR and ORLANDO, CELIA (as ALIENA) and OLIVER, JAQUES and AMIENS. The DUKE comes forward just in front of the tree-stump, ORLANDO a little on his Right and a pace or two farther back ; CELIA and OLIVER remain together on the outskirts of the trees at back Centre, slightly Left ; AMIENS and JAQUES come right Forward, Left.]

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy¹ 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 Right ROSALIND (as GANYMEDE), followed by PHEBE and SILVIUS. ROSALIND comes forward to stage centre : SILVIUS and PHEBE (on his Right) come rather more forward Right.]

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

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. [*to ORLANDO, pointing with her forefinger*]. 9
And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

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

Ros. [*pointing to PHEBE*]. 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?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*to SILVIUS*]. 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;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*She strides back, takes CELIA by the hand, and trips
off with her, Right. PHEBE and SILVIUS join OLIVER
at the back.*]

Duke S. [*sitting on the tree-stump, facing across
stage*]. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle, 32
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. [*moving close to the DUKE, on his Left, i.e. behind him*]. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

[*Enter Right TOUCHSTONE, leading in AUDREY by her left hand. They come forward to Centre.*]

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

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

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have 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.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

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

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

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest, to swear and to forswear ; according as marriage binds and blood breaks : a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, 59

but mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take ⁶⁰ that that no man else will : rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

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

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

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you 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 not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again ' it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the Quip Modest. If again ' it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement : 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 lie : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome : and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. 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.

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

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as ⁹² 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 Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, ' If you said so, then I said so ' ; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in If.

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

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

[*At this moment the DUKE rises suddenly and gazes up the glade Right, to which all eyes are turned. AUDREY and TOUCHSTONE have moved to the edge of the trees, well Forward Right.*]

[*Enter Right ROSALIND and CELIA, as their proper selves, dressed in brilliant robes. They come forward slowly to stage centre, ROSALIND on CELIA's Left, and both curtsey low to the DUKE. ROSALIND then curtseys to ORLANDO, and CELIA, in the opposite direction, to OLIVER, who has come forward on her Right.*]

Ros. [*as they curtsey to the DUKE*]. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*As she curtseys to ORLANDO, and CELIA to OLIVER*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. 112

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

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

Phe. [*who has come forward, with SILVIUS, from the back*]. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu !

[*The players are now roughly in a semi-circle, as follows (from Right to Left):—TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY: OLIVER and CELIA: SILVIUS and PHEBE: ROSALIND and ORLANDO: the DUKE and JAQUES, with AMIENS behind them.*]

Ros. [*to DUKE*]. I'll have no father, if you be not he :
[*To ORLANDO*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
[*To PHEBE*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Duke S. [*crossing over to greet CELIA*]. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. [*to SILVIUS*]. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[*Unnoticed, JAQUES DE BOIS has entered through the trees Left. He now comes forward and occupies the centre of the semi-circle, with the DUKE (who is on his Right).*]

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
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot, 129
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here and put him to the sword :
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
 Where meeting with an old religious man,
 After some 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
 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
 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 with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms all
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. [*stepping forward a pace or two*]. Sir, by your
 patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

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 honour I bequeath ; 159
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :

[*Moving round to ORLANDO*] You to a love, that your
true faith doth merit :

[*Then to SILVIUS*] You to a long and well deserved bed:

[*To OLIVER*] You to your land, and love, and great
allies :

[*To TOUCHSTONE*] And you to wrangling ; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.

[*He begins to go Right.*

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 Right.*

Duke S. [*moving across towards AMIENS, who
thereupon signals to the musicians (off Left)*]. Proceed,
proceed : we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. 171

[*Music begins to play, and the couples join in a
quick round dance, Centre.*]

[*Curtain ;*

or

*The dance breaks up and the couples whirl off in
opposite directions : AUDREY and TOUCHSTONE,
PHEBE and SILVIUS, Right : CELIA and OLIVER,
ROSALIND and ORLANDO, Left. The DUKE and
AMIENS follow them through the trees Left.]*

GLOSSARY.

The references are to Part, Scene, and Line.

ACCOUTREMENTS, dress : II. ii. 251.

ADDRESSED, prepared : III. iii. 129.

ALBEIT, although : I. i. 267.

ANTIQUÉ, ancient : II. i. 30.

ARGUMENT. (1) Discussion : I. i. 47. (2) Consideration :
I. i. 284.

ASSAYED, attempted : I. ii. 127.

ASSIGNED, allotted : II. i. 62.

ATALANTA, a woman in Greek legend, famed for her swift
running : II. ii. 61.

ATOMIES, atoms ; motes : II. ii. 142 ; II. iii. 13.

ATTORNEY, deputy : III. i. 83.

AUDIENCE, attention : II. ii. 148.

BANDYING. 'Bandy' was the name of a game in which a
ball was tossed from one player to another. Hence,
'to fight' : III. i. 283.

BASTINADO, an Oriental form of punishment. The soles of
the culprit's feet were beaten with a stick. Hence,
'a thrashing' : III. i. 283.

BENEFITS, advantages : III. i. 35.

BESTOWS, behaves : III. i. 306.

BLOOD, passion ; desire : III. iii. 58.

BOLT, a short, thick arrow. An allusion to the proverb,
'A fool's bolt is soon shot' : III. iii. 66.

BON JOUR, good-day : I. i. 97.

BOTTOM, valley : III. i. 298.

- BOUNDS, holding lands : II. iii. 104.
 BUGLE, a bead made of shiny black glass : II. iii. 47.
 BURDEN, the chorus of a song : II. ii. 158.
 BURS, or BURRS, the seed-cases of the burdock, which cling
 to the clothes on contact : I. ii. 14.

 CAPABLE, sensible : II. iii. 23.
 CAPARISONED, dressed : II. ii. 105.
 CAPON, a cock, fattened for the table : II. i. 176.
 CAPRICIOUS, fantastic : III. i. 208.
 CARLOT, peasant : II. iii. 105.
 CHANTICLEER, cock : II. i. 89.
 CHARTER, privilege : II. i. 107.
 CICATRICE, scar ; here, ' mark ' : II. iii. 23.
 CIRCUMSTANTIAL, indirect : III. iii. 83.
 CIVIL, cultured : II. ii. 42.
 CIVILITY, courtesy : II. i. 116, 119.
 COLOUR (1) Kind ; nature : I. i. 100. (2) Description :
 II. ii. 283.
 COMBINE, bind : III. iii. 123.
 COMING-ON, kindly : III. i. 101.
 COMMISSION, warrant : III. i. 127.
 COMPLEXION. ' Good my complexion ! ' is merely an
 ejaculation. Rosalind appeals to her blushes not to
 betray her : II. ii. 104.
 CONCEIT, understanding : III. ii. 55.
 CONDUCT, leadership : III. iii. 130.
 CONFINES, territory : II. i. 23.
 CONTRIVE, plot : III. i. 354.
 CONVERTITES, converts : III. iii. 157.
 CONY, rabbit : II. ii. 208.
 COTE, cottage : II. ii. 295.
 COUNTENANCE, appearance : II. i. 130.
 COUNTERCHECK, rebuke : III. iii. 83.
 COUNTERFEITED, shammed ; pretended : II. iii. 17 ; III. i. 388.
 COURTSHIP, the manners of the court : II. ii. 215 (with a
 play upon ' courting ').
 COUSIN, used to express any near relationship, and some-

- times 'friend.' For 'niece' : I. i. 155 ; I. ii. 40. For 'friend' : II. i. 194.
- COZ, cousin, with the same extension of meaning : I. i. 1, *et passim*.
- CURTLE-AXE, a corruption of 'cutlass' ; a broadsword : I. ii. 115.
- CURVETS, gallops : II. ii. 155.
- CUTTER-OFF, interrupter : I. i. 49
- DAMASK, a red and white rose. 'Constant red and mingled damask' means that Rosalind's lips were like a pure red rose, her complexion like the damask rose : II. iii. 120.
- DAMNABLE. 'Not damnable'—*i.e.*, not dealing with evil spirits ; 'white' magic, not 'black' : III. ii. 63.
- DESTINIES, the three Fates, who determined the events of human life : I. i. 104.
- DIAL, watch : II. i. 79, 92.
- DIFFERENCE, changes : II. i. 6.
- DISABLE-D, disallow-ed : III. i. 35 ; III. iii. 78.
- DISEASES, discomforts : III. iii. 67. See DULCET.
- DOLE, lamentation : I. i. 129.
- DOTES, is in love with : I. i. 141.
- DRAVE, drove : II. ii. 286.
- DULCET, sweet ; soft (usually applied to music). 'Dulcet diseases' is merely Touchstone's nonsense : III. iii. 67. See DISEASES.
- EFFIGIES, features : II. i. 230.
- EMULATION, ambitious rivalry : III. i. 11.
- ENSUE, follow : I. ii. 30.
- ENTREAT-ED, persuade-d : I. i. 149, 161, 208.
- ESTATE. (1) State ; fortunes : I. i. 15. (2) Bestow : III. ii. 12.
- EVEN, clear : III. iii. 18, 25.
- EXTERMINED, ended : II. iii. 86.
- FACTION, strife : III. i. 284.
- FALLS [NOT], does not let fall : II. iii. 5.

- FANCY, love : II. iii. 29 , III. i. 321 ; III. iii. 123.
 FANCY-MONGER, a trader in love—*i.e.*, ' a lover ' : II. ii. 232.
 FANTASTICAL, capricious : II. ii. 279 ; III. i. 12.
 FANTASY, caprice ; whims : III. ii. 93.
 FAVOUR, appearance : III. i. 306 ; III. iii. 27.
 FLOUTING, mocking : III. i. 239.
 FLUX, stream ; concourse : II. i. 51.
 FORKED, ' forked heads '—*i.e.*, ' arrows ' : II. i. 23.
- GALLED, annoyed : II. i. 109.
 GARGANTUA, a giant in a book written by a Frenchman,
 François Rabelais. This giant had an enormous
 mouth and a corresponding appetite : II. ii. 135.
 GESTURE, behaviour : III. ii. 64.
 GOD'ILD, ' God yield '—*i.e.*, ' God reward you ' : III. iii.
 56.
 GOD WARN US, God protect us, III. i. 66.
 GOD YE, God give you : III. i. 241.
 GONDOLA, a boat used on the canals of Venice : III. i. 39.
 GO TO ! an exclamation that might mean almost anything
 in the way of protest. Here it may be translated :
 ' Well, if you will be so foolish ' : III. i. 119.
 GRACE. (1) Sometimes used for ' the source of grace '—
i.e., ' God.' Possibly thus in I. ii. 52. (2) Fortune :
 II. iii. 97.
 GRACIOUS, fortunate : I. i. 191.
 GRAFF, graft : II. ii. 30.
 GRAVELLED, at a loss : III. i. 63.
 GROSS, whole ; entire : III. i. 178.
- HARD-FAVOURED, ugly : III. i. 226.
 HAUNT, resort : II. i. 15.
 HEM, cough : I. ii. 19.
 HOLA ! stop (here, as if to a horse) : II. ii. 154.
 HOMILY, sermon : II. ii. 69.
 HOOPING, whooping ; shouting with astonishment : II. ii.
 103.
 HUMBLLED, submissive : II. iii. 5.

HUMOROUS. (1) Capricious : I. i. 271. (2) Moody : III. i. 19.

HUMOUR. (1) Condition : II. ii. 286. (2) Fancy : III. iii. 60.

HURLING, noise of battle : III. i. 351.

HYEN, hyena : III. i. 145

IMPRESSURE, impression : II. iii. 23.

INCONTINENT, without delay : III. ii. 40.

IND, the Indies (East and West) : II. ii. 1.

INDENTED, zigzag : III. i. 332.

INFECT YOURSELF WITH, allow yourself to be moved by : II. ii. 27.

INLAND, 'inland bred'—*i.e.*, brought up in or near a town, and therefore better trained than country folk : II. i. 119 ; II. ii. 214.

INSTANCES, precedents ; examples : II. i. 178.

INTELLIGENCE, intercourse : I. ii. 45.

INVECTIVELY, sarcastically : II. i. 57.

IRKS, pains : II. i. 21.

JEALOUS. 'Jealous' in Shakespeare's time was often used for 'suspicious.' 'Jealous of honour' may mean either 'suspicious of any attain upon his honour,' or 'greedy for honour' : II. i. 173.

JOINTURE, the portion given to a woman at the time of her marriage : III. i. 56.

KIND. (1) Fashion ; manner : II. i. 26. (2) Stock ; race : II. i. 113.

KINDLED, born : II. ii. 209.

KNOLLED, tolled : II. i. 136, 143.

LEARN, instruct : I. i. 6.

LECTURES, reproofs : II. ii. 216.

LIEF, soon : III. i. 53.

LIMN'D, painted : II. i. 231.

LINEAMENTS, features : I. i. 43 ; II. iii. 55.

LIVER, the supposed seat of the passion of love : II. ii. 290.

- MAKE, for 'make fast'—*i.e.*, 'bolt': III. i. 150.
- MARRY, Mary. The name of the Virgin used as an interjection: II. ii. 182.
- MEASURE, a stately dance: III. iii. 45, 152.
- MEDLAR, a fruit that is not eatable until it is rotten. Here used as a play upon 'meddler': II. ii. 34.
- MEWLING, crying: II. i. 166.
- MISPRIZED: undervalued: I. i. 183.
- MISUSED, abused: III. i. 185.
- MONSTER, a misshapen creature. Monsters were often exhibited at fairs: I. i. 22.
- MOONISH, changeable (like the moon); fickle: II. ii. 278.
- MORAL, moralize: II. i. 88.
- MORALIZE, interpret: II. i. 43.
- MOTLEY, the parti-coloured clothes of a court jester: II. i. 72, etc.
- NATIVITY, place of birth: III. i. 36.
- NATURAL, fool: I. i. 49, 54.
- NEW-FALLEN, newly acquired: III. iii. 149.
- NEW-FANGLED, desirous of novelty: III. i. 141.
- NICE, coy: III. i. 14.
- NOMINATE, repeat: III. iii. 90.
- NOTE, melody: II. i. 214.
- NURTURE, training in courtesy: II. i. 120.
- OBEISANCE, obedience: III. ii. 97.
- OBSCURED, concealed: III. iii. 34.
- OBSERVANCE, attention: II. ii. 144. III. ii. 95.
- OCCASION (1) 'Make her fault her husband's occasion.' Meaning doubtful. Perhaps 'make out that her fault was caused by her husband': III. i. 159. (2) Provocation: III. i. 349.
- ODDS, advantage. 'There is such odds in the man'—*i.e.*, 'The advantage is so much with (Charles)': I. i. 159.
- OD's, God's. A form of oath: II. iii. 43.
- OFTEN, frequent: III. i. 18.
- OUT [BE], be at a loss for words: III. i. 71.

- PANTALOON, a foolish old man : II. i. 180.
 PARCELS, details : II. iii. 122.
 PARD, the panther ; a leopard : II. i. 172.
 PART, quit : II. i. 50.
 PARTS, qualities : I. i. 254.
 PATHETICAL, miserable : III. i. 176.
 PEEVISH, foolish : II. iii. 107.
 PERSÉVER, persevere : III. ii. 4.
 PETITIONARY, imploring : II. ii. 99.
 POINT-DEVICE, smart : II. ii. 250.
 POKE, pocket ; pouch : II. i. 79.
 POLICY, stratagem : III. i. 284.
 POTENT, powerful : III. iii. 142.
 POWER, a force of fighting men : III. iii. 129.
 PRESENTATION, cover : III. iii. 110.
 PRESENTLY, at once : II. ii. 58.
 PRETTY, ingenious (used sarcastically) : II. iii. 11.
 PRICK thorn : II. ii. 25.
 PRINCES, for 'princesses' (*i.e.*, Rosalind and Celia) : I. i. 165.
 PROPER-ER, handsome-r : I. i. 120 ; II. iii. 51, 112.
 PROVIDE, prepare : I. ii. 85.
 PUKING, vomiting : II. i. 166.
 PULPITER, preacher : II. ii. 69.
 PURCHASE, acquire : II. ii. 211.
 PURGATION, proof : I. ii. 51 ; III. iii. 45.
 PYTHAGORAS, a Greek philosopher, who taught that the souls of men at death passed into animals, and *vice versa* : II. ii. 86.
 QUESTION, conversation : III. iii. 134.
 QUINTAIN, a post, with a crossbar on the top that revolved on a pivot. From one end of the bar hung the figure of a man or a bird, and from the other a bag of sand. The sport was to tilt at the figure with a lance. If the player struck it on any part save one, the bar swung round, and the bag smote him on the head : I. i. 256.

QUINTESSENCE, purest extract : II. ii. 53.

QUOTIDIAN, an intermittent fever that recurred every day :
II. ii. 234.

RANGED, roamed : I. ii. 66.

RANK. (1) Proper position (also offensive smell) : I. i. 106.

(2) Luxuriant : II. i. 105.

RANKER, coarser : III i. 74.

RATE, jog-trot : II. ii. 11.

READ, deliver : II. ii. 216.

REASONS, explanations : I. ii. 6 ; II. ii. 266.

RECKONING, reputation : III i. 212.

RECOUNTMENTS, narratives : III. i. 360

RELIGIOUS, 'religious man'—*i.e.*, 'hermit' : II. ii. 213 ;
III. iii. 133

RELISH, enjoy : II. ii. 144.

REMORSE, compassion : I. ii. 68.

RENDER, describe : III i. 342.

RESOLVE : answer : II. ii. 142.

RIGHT, real ; true : III. i. 98.

RIGHTEOUSLY, rightly : I. i. 13.

RIPE, 'ripe sister'—*i.e.*, 'fully grown woman' : III. i.
307.

ROOM, 'a little room'—*i.e.*, 'a limited sphere' : III. i. 212.

SALE-WORK, goods made for the ordinary market ; com-
monplace : II. iii. 43

SANS, without : II. i. 91, 188.

SAUCE, rebuke : II. iii. 67.

SAWS, sayings ; maxims : II. i. 178 ; II. iii. 78.

SEEMING, becomingly : III. iii. 71.

SEMBLANCES, outward appearance : I. ii. 120.

SE'NNIGHT, seven nights ; a week : II. ii. 184.

SENTENTIOUS, pithy : III. iii. 64.

SEQUESTERED, separated (from the rest of the herd) : II. i.
32.

SHANK, leg : II. i. 183.

SHIFT, alternative : III i. 66.

- SIMPLES, medicinal herbs ; here, ingredients : III. i. 16.
- SIRRAH, a term of address to inferiors. But ' *Ah, sirrah,*' indicates that the speaker is addressing himself. *Rosalind* fears that her weakness may betray her sex, and she mutters to herself, ' *Ah, sirrah! a body (anybody) would think this was well counterfeited,*' to correct that impression : III. i. 387.
- SMOTHER, suffocating smoke : I. i. 292.
- So, so, neither good nor bad : III. i. 253.
- SOUTH SEA, the Pacific. Hence, 'an unknown region' : II. ii. 107.
- STALKING-HORSE, a screen, made like a horse, behind which sportsmen shot game : III iii 109.
- STATES, worldly condition : III iii 148.
- STAY'D, retained : I. ii. 65
- STRANGE, foreign : III. i. 35
- SUCCESSFULLY, like one who will succeed : I. i. 152.
- SUFFICED, satisfied : II. i. 153.
- SUIT. (1) Clothe : I ii. 114. (2) Request (with a play upon (1)) : II i. 103 ; III. i. 76.
- SUITS, favour : I i. 251.
- SUNDRY, diverse : III i. 17
- SWASHING, blustering : I ii. 118.
- SYNOD, assembly : II. ii. 64
- TAKE UP, TA'EN UP, prevent-ed : III iii. 50, 101.
- TANGLE, ensnare : II. iii. 44.
- TARDY, 'so tardy'—*i.e.*, such a laggard : III. i. 52.
- TAXATION, slander : I. i. 84.
- TAXED, accused : II ii. 218.
- TEMPERED, attuned : I i. 14
- TESTAMENT, last will : II. i. 46.
- THRASONICAL, boastful. *Thraso* was the name of a boaster in a well-known Latin play : III. ii. 32.
- TRANSLATE, interpret : II. i. 19.
- TROW, know : II. ii. 89.
- TUFT, clump : II. iii. 73.
- TURN [UNTO], compose in harmony with : II. i. 214.

UMBER, a brown paint : I. ii. 110.

UNBANDED, without a hat-band : II. ii. 247.

UNDONE, ruined : III. iii. 47.

UNQUESTIONABLE, untalkative : II. ii. 242.

URGED, repeated ; recited : III. iii. 5.

VEIN, condition : II. i. 117.

VENTS, gives forth : II. i. 100.

VIDELICIT, namely : III. i. 86.

VIRTUOUS, valued : I. ii. 79.

WARP, freeze : II. i. 208.

WFIGHT, measure : I. i. 9.

WISH, ' a good wish upon you '—*i.e.*, ' I will give you good advice ' : I. ii. 24.

WIT, ' Wit, whither wilt ? ' a proverbial reproach to one who is too talkative or troublesome : III. i. 155 (compare ' Wit, whither wander you ? ' : I. i. 56).

WITHAL. (1) With this : I. i. 26. (2) With : II. ii. 179, etc

WIT-S. (1) Intelligence : I. i. 50. (2) Foolish talker : I. i. 56

WORTH, merit : II. ii. 3.

THE END.

