

AS YOU LIKE IT

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

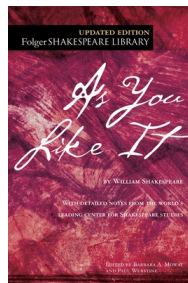
Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from

Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

In *As You Like It*, witty words and romance play out against the disputes of divided pairs of brothers. Orlando's older brother, Oliver, treats him badly and refuses him his small inheritance from their father's estate; Oliver schemes instead to have Orlando die in a wrestling match. Meanwhile, Duke Frederick has forced his older brother, Duke Senior, into exile in the Forest of Arden.

Duke Senior's daughter, Rosalind, and Duke Frederick's daughter, Celia, meet the victorious Orlando at the wrestling match; Orlando and Rosalind fall in love. Banished by her uncle, Rosalind assumes a male identity and leaves with Celia and their fool, Touchstone. Orlando flees Oliver's murderous plots.

In the Forest of Arden, Rosalind, in her male disguise, forms a teasing friendship with Orlando. Oliver, searching for Orlando, reforms after Orlando saves his life. Rosalind reveals her identity, triggering several weddings, including her own with Orlando and Celia's with Oliver. Duke Frederick restores the dukedom to Duke Senior, who leaves the forest with his followers.

Characters in the Play

ORLANDO, youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys

OLIVER, his elder brother

SECOND BROTHER, brother to Orlando and Oliver, named Jaques

ADAM, servant to Oliver and friend to Orlando

DENNIS, servant to Oliver

ROSALIND, daughter to Duke Senior

CELIA, Rosalind's cousin, daughter to Duke Frederick

TOUCHSTONE, a court Fool

DUKE FREDERICK, the usurping duke

CHARLES, wrestler at Duke Frederick's court

LE BEAU, a courtier at Duke Frederick's court

FIRST LORD } *attending Duke Frederick*
SECOND LORD }

DUKE SENIOR, the exiled duke, brother to Duke Frederick

JAQUES } *Lords attending Duke Senior in exile*
AMIENS }
FIRST LORD }
SECOND LORD }

FIRST PAGE } *attending Duke Senior in exile*
SECOND PAGE }

CORIN, a shepherd

SILVIUS, a young shepherd in love

PHOEBE, a disdainful shepherdess

AUDREY, a goat-keeper

WILLIAM, a country youth in love with Audrey

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a parish priest

HYMEN, god of marriage

Lords, Attendants, Musicians

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Orlando and Adam.

FTLN 0001	ORLANDO	As I remember, Adam, it was upon this	
FTLN 0002		fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand	
FTLN 0003		crowns, and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on	
FTLN 0004		his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my	
FTLN 0005		sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and	5
FTLN 0006		report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he	
FTLN 0007		keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more	
FTLN 0008		properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you	
FTLN 0009		that “keeping,” for a gentleman of my birth, that	
FTLN 0010		differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are	10
FTLN 0011		bred better, for, besides that they are fair with their	
FTLN 0012		feeding, they are taught their manage and, to that	
FTLN 0013		end, riders dearly hired. But I, his brother, gain	
FTLN 0014		nothing under him but growth, for the which his	
FTLN 0015		animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him	15
FTLN 0016		as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives	
FTLN 0017		me, the something that nature gave me his countenance	
FTLN 0018		seems to take from me. He lets me feed with	
FTLN 0019		his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as	
FTLN 0020		much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my	20
FTLN 0021		education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the	
FTLN 0022		spirit of my father, which I think is within me,	
FTLN 0023		begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no	

FTLN 0024	longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy	
FTLN 0025	how to avoid it.	25
<i>Enter Oliver.</i>		
FTLN 0026	ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother.	
FTLN 0027	ORLANDO Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he	
FTLN 0028	will shake me up. <i>「Adam steps aside.」</i>	
FTLN 0029	OLIVER Now, sir, what make you here?	
FTLN 0030	ORLANDO Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.	30
FTLN 0031	OLIVER What mar you then, sir?	
FTLN 0032	ORLANDO Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that	
FTLN 0033	which God made, a poor unworthy brother of	
FTLN 0034	yours, with idleness.	
FTLN 0035	OLIVER Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught	35
FTLN 0036	awhile.	
FTLN 0037	ORLANDO Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with	
FTLN 0038	them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I	
FTLN 0039	should come to such penury?	
FTLN 0040	OLIVER Know you where you are, sir?	40
FTLN 0041	ORLANDO O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.	
FTLN 0042	OLIVER Know you before whom, sir?	
FTLN 0043	ORLANDO Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I	
FTLN 0044	know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle	
FTLN 0045	condition of blood you should so know me. The	45
FTLN 0046	courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you	
FTLN 0047	are the first-born, but the same tradition takes not	
FTLN 0048	away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt	
FTLN 0049	us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I	
FTLN 0050	confess your coming before me is nearer to his	50
FTLN 0051	reverence.	
FTLN 0052	OLIVER, <i>「threatening Orlando」</i> What, boy!	
FTLN 0053	ORLANDO, <i>「holding off Oliver by the throat」</i> Come,	
FTLN 0054	come, elder brother, you are too young in this.	
FTLN 0055	OLIVER Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?	55
FTLN 0056	ORLANDO I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir	

FTLN 0057	Rowland de Boys. He was my father, and he is	
FTLN 0058	thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains.	
FTLN 0059	Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this	
FTLN 0060	hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out	60
FTLN 0061	thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.	
FTLN 0062	ADAM, <i>['coming forward']</i> Sweet masters, be patient. For	
FTLN 0063	your father's remembrance, be at accord.	
FTLN 0064	OLIVER, <i>['to Orlando']</i> Let me go, I say.	
FTLN 0065	ORLANDO I will not till I please. You shall hear me. My	65
FTLN 0066	father charged you in his will to give me good	
FTLN 0067	education. You have trained me like a peasant,	
FTLN 0068	obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike	
FTLN 0069	qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in	
FTLN 0070	me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow	70
FTLN 0071	me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or	
FTLN 0072	give me the poor allottery my father left me by	
FTLN 0073	testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.	
	<i>['Orlando releases Oliver.']</i>	
FTLN 0074	OLIVER And what wilt thou do—beg when that is	
FTLN 0075	spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be	75
FTLN 0076	troubled with you. You shall have some part of your	
FTLN 0077	will. I pray you leave me.	
FTLN 0078	ORLANDO I will no further offend you than becomes	
FTLN 0079	me for my good.	
FTLN 0080	OLIVER, <i>['to Adam']</i> Get you with him, you old dog.	80
FTLN 0081	ADAM Is “old dog” my reward? Most true, I have lost	
FTLN 0082	my teeth in your service. God be with my old	
FTLN 0083	master. He would not have spoke such a word.	
	<i>Orlando ['and'] Adam exit.</i>	
FTLN 0084	OLIVER Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I	
FTLN 0085	will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand	85
FTLN 0086	crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!	
	<i>Enter Dennis.</i>	
FTLN 0087	DENNIS Calls your Worship?	

FTLN 0088	OLIVER	Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to	
FTLN 0089		speak with me?	
FTLN 0090	DENNIS	So please you, he is here at the door and	90
FTLN 0091		importunes access to you.	
FTLN 0092	OLIVER	Call him in. <i>['Dennis exits.']</i> 'Twill be a good	
FTLN 0093		way, and tomorrow the wrestling is.	
 <i>Enter Charles.</i> 			
FTLN 0094	CHARLES	Good morrow to your Worship.	
FTLN 0095	OLIVER	Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news	95
FTLN 0096		at the new court?	
FTLN 0097	CHARLES	There's no news at the court, sir, but the old	
FTLN 0098		news. That is, the old duke is banished by his	
FTLN 0099		younger brother the new duke, and three or four	
FTLN 0100		loving lords have put themselves into voluntary	100
FTLN 0101		exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich	
FTLN 0102		the new duke. Therefore he gives them good leave	
FTLN 0103		to wander.	
FTLN 0104	OLIVER	Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter,	
FTLN 0105		be banished with her father?	105
FTLN 0106	CHARLES	O, no, for the Duke's daughter her cousin so	
FTLN 0107		loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together,	
FTLN 0108		that <i>['she']</i> would have followed her exile or have	
FTLN 0109		died to stay behind her. She is at the court and no	
FTLN 0110		less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter,	110
FTLN 0111		and never two ladies loved as they do.	
FTLN 0112	OLIVER	Where will the old duke live?	
FTLN 0113	CHARLES	They say he is already in the Forest of Arden,	
FTLN 0114		and a many merry men with him; and there they	
FTLN 0115		live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say	115
FTLN 0116		many young gentlemen flock to him every day and	
FTLN 0117		fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden	
FTLN 0118		world.	
FTLN 0119	OLIVER	What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new	
FTLN 0120		duke?	120

FTLN 0121	CHARLES	Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you	
FTLN 0122		with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand	
FTLN 0123		that your younger brother Orlando hath a	
FTLN 0124		disposition to come in disguised against me to try a	
FTLN 0125		fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he	125
FTLN 0126		that escapes me without some broken limb shall	
FTLN 0127		acquit him well. Your brother is but young and	
FTLN 0128		tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil	
FTLN 0129		him, as I must for my own honor if he come in.	
FTLN 0130		Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to	130
FTLN 0131		acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him	
FTLN 0132		from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well	
FTLN 0133		as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own	
FTLN 0134		search and altogether against my will.	
FTLN 0135	OLIVER	Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which	135
FTLN 0136		thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had	
FTLN 0137		myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and	
FTLN 0138		have by underhand means labored to dissuade him	
FTLN 0139		from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is	
FTLN 0140		the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of	140
FTLN 0141		ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good	
FTLN 0142		parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me	
FTLN 0143		his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion. I	
FTLN 0144		had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.	
FTLN 0145		And thou wert best look to 't, for if thou dost him	145
FTLN 0146		any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace	
FTLN 0147		himself on thee, he will practice against thee by	
FTLN 0148		poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device,	
FTLN 0149		and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by	
FTLN 0150		some indirect means or other. For I assure thee—	150
FTLN 0151		and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so	
FTLN 0152		young and so villainous this day living. I speak but	
FTLN 0153		brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to	
FTLN 0154		thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must	
FTLN 0155		look pale and wonder.	155
FTLN 0156	CHARLES	I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he	

FTLN 0157	come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever	
FTLN 0158	he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more.	
FTLN 0159	And so God keep your Worship.	
FTLN 0160	「OLIVER」 Farewell, good Charles.	「Charles」 exits. 160
FTLN 0161	Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an	
FTLN 0162	end of him, for my soul—yet I know not why—	
FTLN 0163	hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never	
FTLN 0164	schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all	
FTLN 0165	sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in	165
FTLN 0166	the heart of the world, and especially of my own	
FTLN 0167	people, who best know him, that I am altogether	
FTLN 0168	misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler	
FTLN 0169	shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the	
FTLN 0170	boy thither, which now I'll go about.	170
		<i>He exits.</i>

Scene 2
Enter Rosalind and Celia.

FTLN 0171	CELIA	I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.	
FTLN 0172	ROSALIND	Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am	
FTLN 0173		mistress of, and would you yet 'T' were merrier?	
FTLN 0174		Unless you could teach me to forget a banished	
FTLN 0175		father, you must not learn me how to remember	5
FTLN 0176		any extraordinary pleasure.	
FTLN 0177	CELIA	Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full	
FTLN 0178		weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished	
FTLN 0179		father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father,	
FTLN 0180		so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught	10
FTLN 0181		my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou,	
FTLN 0182		if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously	
FTLN 0183		tempered as mine is to thee.	
FTLN 0184	ROSALIND	Well, I will forget the condition of my estate	
FTLN 0185		to rejoice in yours.	15

FTLN 0186 CELIA You know my father hath no child but I, nor
 FTLN 0187 none is like to have; and truly, when he dies, thou
 FTLN 0188 shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from
 FTLN 0189 thy father perforce, I will render thee again in
 FTLN 0190 affection. By mine honor I will, and when I break 20
 FTLN 0191 that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet
 FTLN 0192 Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.
 FTLN 0193 ROSALIND From henceforth I will, coz, and devise
 FTLN 0194 sports. Let me see—what think you of falling in
 FTLN 0195 love? 25
 FTLN 0196 CELIA Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal; but
 FTLN 0197 love no man in good earnest, nor no further in
 FTLN 0198 sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou
 FTLN 0199 mayst in honor come off again.
 FTLN 0200 ROSALIND What shall be our sport, then? 30
 FTLN 0201 CELIA Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune
 FTLN 0202 from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be
 FTLN 0203 bestowed equally.
 FTLN 0204 ROSALIND I would we could do so, for her benefits are
 FTLN 0205 mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman 35
 FTLN 0206 doth most mistake in her gifts to women.
 FTLN 0207 CELIA 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce
 FTLN 0208 makes honest, and those that she makes honest she
 FTLN 0209 makes very ill-favoredly.
 FTLN 0210 ROSALIND Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to 40
 FTLN 0211 Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in
 FTLN 0212 the lineaments of nature.
 FTLN 0213 CELIA No? When Nature hath made a fair creature,
 FTLN 0214 may she not by fortune fall into the fire?

Enter 「Touchstone.」

FTLN 0215 Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, 45
 FTLN 0216 hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the
 FTLN 0217 argument?

FTLN 0218	ROSALIND	Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature,	
FTLN 0219		when Fortune makes Nature's natural the	
FTLN 0220		cutter-off of Nature's wit.	50
FTLN 0221	CELIA	Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,	
FTLN 0222		but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too	
FTLN 0223		dull to reason of such goddesses, 'and' hath sent	
FTLN 0224		this natural for our whetstone, for always the dullness	
FTLN 0225		of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. 'To	55
FTLN 0226		<i>Touchstone</i> . ¹ How now, wit, whither wander you?	
FTLN 0227	TOUCHSTONE	Mistress, you must come away to your	
FTLN 0228		father.	
FTLN 0229	CELIA	Were you made the messenger?	
FTLN 0230	TOUCHSTONE	No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come	60
FTLN 0231		for you.	
FTLN 0232	ROSALIND	Where learned you that oath, fool?	
FTLN 0233	TOUCHSTONE	Of a certain knight that swore by his	
FTLN 0234		honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his	
FTLN 0235		honor the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it,	65
FTLN 0236		the pancakes were naught and the mustard was	
FTLN 0237		good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.	
FTLN 0238	CELIA	How prove you that in the great heap of your	
FTLN 0239		knowledge?	
FTLN 0240	ROSALIND	Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.	70
FTLN 0241	TOUCHSTONE	Stand you both forth now: stroke your	
FTLN 0242		chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.	
FTLN 0243	CELIA	By our beards (if we had them), thou art.	
FTLN 0244	TOUCHSTONE	By my knavery (if I had it), then I were.	
FTLN 0245		But if you swear by that that is not, you are not	75
FTLN 0246		forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his	
FTLN 0247		honor, for he never had any, or if he had, he had	
FTLN 0248		sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or	
FTLN 0249		that mustard.	
FTLN 0250	CELIA	Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?	80
FTLN 0251	TOUCHSTONE	One that old Frederick, your father, loves.	
FTLN 0252	'CELIA'	My father's love is enough to honor him.	

FTLN 0253	Enough. Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped	
FTLN 0254	for taxation one of these days.	
FTLN 0255	TOUCHSTONE The more pity that fools may not speak	85
FTLN 0256	wisely what wise men do foolishly.	
FTLN 0257	CELIA By my troth, thou sayest true. For, since the little	
FTLN 0258	wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery	
FTLN 0259	that wise men have makes a great show. Here	
FTLN 0260	comes Monsieur 'Le' Beau.	90
<i>Enter Le Beau.</i>		
FTLN 0261	ROSALIND With his mouth full of news.	
FTLN 0262	CELIA Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their	
FTLN 0263	young.	
FTLN 0264	ROSALIND Then shall we be news-crammed.	
FTLN 0265	CELIA All the better. We shall be the more	95
FTLN 0266	marketable.— <i>Bonjour</i> , Monsieur Le Beau. What's	
FTLN 0267	the news?	
FTLN 0268	LE BEAU Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.	
FTLN 0269	CELIA Sport? Of what color?	
FTLN 0270	LE BEAU What color, madam? How shall I answer you?	100
FTLN 0271	ROSALIND As wit and fortune will.	
FTLN 0272	TOUCHSTONE Or as the destinies decrees.	
FTLN 0273	CELIA Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.	
FTLN 0274	TOUCHSTONE Nay, if I keep not my rank—	
FTLN 0275	ROSALIND Thou lovest thy old smell.	105
FTLN 0276	LE BEAU You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of	
FTLN 0277	good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.	
FTLN 0278	ROSALIND Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.	
FTLN 0279	LE BEAU I will tell you the beginning, and if it please	
FTLN 0280	your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is	110
FTLN 0281	yet to do, and here, where you are, they are coming	
FTLN 0282	to perform it.	
FTLN 0283	CELIA Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.	
FTLN 0284	LE BEAU There comes an old man and his three sons—	
FTLN 0285	CELIA I could match this beginning with an old tale.	115

FTLN 0286	LE BEAU	Three proper young men of excellent growth	
FTLN 0287		and presence.	
FTLN 0288	ROSALIND	With bills on their necks: "Be it known unto	
FTLN 0289		all men by these presents."	
FTLN 0290	LE BEAU	The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles,	120
FTLN 0291		the Duke's wrestler, which Charles in a moment	
FTLN 0292		threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is	
FTLN 0293		little hope of life in him. So he served the second,	
FTLN 0294		and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man	
FTLN 0295		their father making such pitiful dole over them that	125
FTLN 0296		all the beholders take his part with weeping.	
FTLN 0297	ROSALIND	Alas!	
FTLN 0298	TOUCHSTONE	But what is the sport, monsieur, that the	
FTLN 0299		ladies have lost?	
FTLN 0300	LE BEAU	Why, this that I speak of.	130
FTLN 0301	TOUCHSTONE	Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is	
FTLN 0302		the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was	
FTLN 0303		sport for ladies.	
FTLN 0304	CELIA	Or I, I promise thee.	
FTLN 0305	ROSALIND	But is there any else longs to see this broken	135
FTLN 0306		music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon	
FTLN 0307		rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?	
FTLN 0308	LE BEAU	You must if you stay here, for here is the place	
FTLN 0309		appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to	
FTLN 0310		perform it.	140
FTLN 0311	CELIA	Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay	
FTLN 0312		and see it.	
 <i>Flourish. Enter Duke [Frederick,] Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.</i>			
FTLN 0313	DUKE FREDERICK	Come on. Since the youth will not be	
FTLN 0314		entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.	
FTLN 0315	ROSALIND, [to Le Beau]	Is yonder the man?	145
FTLN 0316	LE BEAU	Even he, madam.	
FTLN 0317	CELIA	Alas, he is too young. Yet he looks successfully.	

FTLN 0318	DUKE FREDERICK	How now, daughter and cousin? Are	
FTLN 0319		you crept hither to see the wrestling?	
FTLN 0320	ROSALIND	Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.	150
FTLN 0321	DUKE FREDERICK	You will take little delight in it, I can	
FTLN 0322		tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the	
FTLN 0323		challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but	
FTLN 0324		he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if	
FTLN 0325		you can move him.	155
FTLN 0326	CELIA	Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.	
FTLN 0327	DUKE FREDERICK	Do so. I'll not be by.	
		<i>〔He steps aside.〕</i>	
FTLN 0328	LE BEAU, <i>〔to Orlando〕</i>	Monsieur the challenger, the	
FTLN 0329		Princess calls for you.	
FTLN 0330	ORLANDO	I attend them with all respect and duty.	160
FTLN 0331	ROSALIND	Young man, have you challenged Charles the	
FTLN 0332		wrestler?	
FTLN 0333	ORLANDO	No, fair princess. He is the general challenger.	
FTLN 0334		I come but in as others do, to try with him the	
FTLN 0335		strength of my youth.	165
FTLN 0336	CELIA	Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for	
FTLN 0337		your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's	
FTLN 0338		strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes or knew	
FTLN 0339		yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure	
FTLN 0340		would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.	170
FTLN 0341		We pray you for your own sake to embrace your	
FTLN 0342		own safety and give over this attempt.	
FTLN 0343	ROSALIND	Do, young sir. Your reputation shall not	
FTLN 0344		therefore be misprized. We will make it our suit to	
FTLN 0345		the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.	175
FTLN 0346	ORLANDO	I beseech you, punish me not with your hard	
FTLN 0347		thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny	
FTLN 0348		so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your	
FTLN 0349		fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial,	
FTLN 0350		wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that	180
FTLN 0351		was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is	
FTLN 0352		willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for	

FTLN 0353	I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for	
FTLN 0354	in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a	
FTLN 0355	place which may be better supplied when I have	185
FTLN 0356	made it empty.	
FTLN 0357	ROSALIND The little strength that I have, I would it	
FTLN 0358	were with you.	
FTLN 0359	CELIA And mine, to eke out hers.	
FTLN 0360	ROSALIND Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in	190
FTLN 0361	you.	
FTLN 0362	CELIA Your heart's desires be with you.	
FTLN 0363	CHARLES Come, where is this young gallant that is so	
FTLN 0364	desirous to lie with his mother Earth?	
FTLN 0365	ORLANDO Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more	195
FTLN 0366	modest working.	
FTLN 0367	DUKE FREDERICK, <i>「coming forward」</i> You shall try but	
FTLN 0368	one fall.	
FTLN 0369	CHARLES No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat	
FTLN 0370	him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded	200
FTLN 0371	him from a first.	
FTLN 0372	ORLANDO You mean to mock me after, you should not	
FTLN 0373	have mocked me before. But come your ways.	
FTLN 0374	ROSALIND Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!	
FTLN 0375	CELIA I would I were invisible, to catch the strong	205
FTLN 0376	fellow by the leg.	
	<i>「Orlando and Charles」 wrestle.</i>	
FTLN 0377	ROSALIND O excellent young man!	
FTLN 0378	CELIA If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who	
FTLN 0379	should down.	
	<i>「Orlando throws Charles.」 Shout.</i>	
FTLN 0380	DUKE FREDERICK No more, no more.	210
FTLN 0381	ORLANDO Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well	
FTLN 0382	breathed.	
FTLN 0383	DUKE FREDERICK How dost thou, Charles?	
FTLN 0384	LE BEAU He cannot speak, my lord.	
FTLN 0385	DUKE FREDERICK Bear him away.	215
	<i>「Charles is carried off by Attendants.」</i>	
FTLN 0386	What is thy name, young man?	

FTLN 0387	ORLANDO	Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir	
FTLN 0388		Rowland de Boys.	
	DUKE FREDERICK		
FTLN 0389		I would thou hadst been son to some man else.	
FTLN 0390		The world esteemed thy father honorable,	220
FTLN 0391		But I did find him still mine enemy.	
FTLN 0392		Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this	
FTLN 0393		deed	
FTLN 0394		Hadst thou descended from another house.	
FTLN 0395		But fare thee well. Thou art a gallant youth.	225
FTLN 0396		I would thou hadst told me of another father.	
		<i>Duke exits</i> 「with Touchstone, Le Beau, Lords, and Attendants.」	
	CELIA, 「to Rosalind」		
FTLN 0397		Were I my father, coz, would I do this?	
	ORLANDO		
FTLN 0398		I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,	
FTLN 0399		His youngest son, and would not change that calling	
FTLN 0400		To be adopted heir to Frederick.	230
	ROSALIND, 「to Celia」		
FTLN 0401		My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,	
FTLN 0402		And all the world was of my father's mind.	
FTLN 0403		Had I before known this young man his son,	
FTLN 0404		I should have given him tears unto entreaties	
FTLN 0405		Ere he should thus have ventured.	235
FTLN 0406	CELIA	Gentle cousin,	
FTLN 0407		Let us go thank him and encourage him.	
FTLN 0408		My father's rough and envious disposition	
FTLN 0409		Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved.	
FTLN 0410		If you do keep your promises in love	240
FTLN 0411		But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,	
FTLN 0412		Your mistress shall be happy.	
	ROSALIND, 「giving Orlando a chain from her neck」		
FTLN 0413		Gentleman,	
FTLN 0414		Wear this for me—one out of suits with Fortune,	

FTLN 0415	That could give more but that her hand lacks	245
FTLN 0416	means.—	
FTLN 0417	Shall we go, coz?	
FTLN 0418	CELIA Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.	
	ORLANDO, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 0419	Can I not say “I thank you”? My better parts	
FTLN 0420	Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up	250
FTLN 0421	Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.	
	ROSALIND, <i>「to Celia」</i>	
FTLN 0422	He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.	
FTLN 0423	I’ll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?	
FTLN 0424	Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown	
FTLN 0425	More than your enemies.	255
FTLN 0426	CELIA Will you go, coz?	
FTLN 0427	ROSALIND Have with you. <i>「To Orlando.」</i> Fare you well.	
	<i>「Rosalind and Celia」 exit.</i>	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 0428	What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?	
FTLN 0429	I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.	
FTLN 0430	O poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown.	260
FTLN 0431	Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.	
	<i>Enter Le Beau.</i>	
	LE BEAU	
FTLN 0432	Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you	
FTLN 0433	To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved	
FTLN 0434	High commendation, true applause, and love,	
FTLN 0435	Yet such is now the Duke’s condition	265
FTLN 0436	That he misconsters all that you have done.	
FTLN 0437	The Duke is humorous. What he is indeed	
FTLN 0438	More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 0439	I thank you, sir, and pray you tell me this:	
FTLN 0440	Which of the two was daughter of the duke	270
FTLN 0441	That here was at the wrestling?	

LE BEAU

FTLN 0442 Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
 FTLN 0443 But yet indeed the 'smaller' is his daughter.
 FTLN 0444 The other is daughter to the banished duke,
 FTLN 0445 And here detained by her usurping uncle 275
 FTLN 0446 To keep his daughter company, whose loves
 FTLN 0447 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 FTLN 0448 But I can tell you that of late this duke
 FTLN 0449 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
 FTLN 0450 Grounded upon no other argument 280
 FTLN 0451 But that the people praise her for her virtues
 FTLN 0452 And pity her for her good father's sake;
 FTLN 0453 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 FTLN 0454 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
 FTLN 0455 Hereafter, in a better world than this, 285
 FTLN 0456 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

FTLN 0457 I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.
'Le Beau exits.'
 FTLN 0458 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
 FTLN 0459 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
 FTLN 0460 But heavenly Rosalind! 290
He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

FTLN 0461 CELIA Why, cousin! Why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy,
 FTLN 0462 not a word?
 FTLN 0463 ROSALIND Not one to throw at a dog.
 FTLN 0464 CELIA No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 FTLN 0465 upon curs. Throw some of them at me. Come, lame 5
 FTLN 0466 me with reasons.
 FTLN 0467 ROSALIND Then there were two cousins laid up, when
 FTLN 0468 the one should be lamed with reasons, and the
 FTLN 0469 other mad without any.

FTLN 0470	CELIA	But is all this for your father?	10
FTLN 0471	ROSALIND	No, some of it is for my child's father. O,	
FTLN 0472		how full of briers is this working-day world!	
FTLN 0473	CELIA	They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in	
FTLN 0474		holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths,	
FTLN 0475		our very petticoats will catch them.	15
FTLN 0476	ROSALIND	I could shake them off my coat. These burs	
FTLN 0477		are in my heart.	
FTLN 0478	CELIA	Hem them away.	
FTLN 0479	ROSALIND	I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have	
FTLN 0480		him.	20
FTLN 0481	CELIA	Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.	
FTLN 0482	ROSALIND	O, they take the part of a better wrestler	
FTLN 0483		than myself.	
FTLN 0484	CELIA	O, a good wish upon you. You will try in time, in	
FTLN 0485		despite of a fall. But turning these jests out of	25
FTLN 0486		service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on	
FTLN 0487		such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking	
FTLN 0488		with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?	
FTLN 0489	ROSALIND	The Duke my father loved his father dearly.	
FTLN 0490	CELIA	Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his	30
FTLN 0491		son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him,	
FTLN 0492		for my father hated his father dearly. Yet I hate not	
FTLN 0493		Orlando.	
FTLN 0494	ROSALIND	No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.	
FTLN 0495	CELIA	Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?	35
FTLN 0496	ROSALIND	Let me love him for that, and do you love	
FTLN 0497		him because I do.	

Enter Duke [Frederick] with Lords.

FTLN 0498		Look, here comes the Duke.	
FTLN 0499	CELIA	With his eyes full of anger.	
	DUKE FREDERICK,	<i>[to Rosalind]</i>	
FTLN 0500		Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,	40
FTLN 0501		And get you from our court.	
FTLN 0502	ROSALIND	Me, uncle?	

FTLN 0503	DUKE FREDERICK	You, cousin.	
FTLN 0504		Within these ten days if that thou beest found	
FTLN 0505		So near our public court as twenty miles,	45
FTLN 0506		Thou diest for it.	
FTLN 0507	ROSALIND	I do beseech your Grace,	
FTLN 0508		Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.	
FTLN 0509		If with myself I hold intelligence	
FTLN 0510		Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,	50
FTLN 0511		If that I do not dream or be not frantic—	
FTLN 0512		As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,	
FTLN 0513		Never so much as in a thought unborn	
FTLN 0514		Did I offend your Highness.	
FTLN 0515	DUKE FREDERICK	Thus do all traitors.	55
FTLN 0516		If their purgation did consist in words,	
FTLN 0517		They are as innocent as grace itself.	
FTLN 0518		Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.	
	ROSALIND		
FTLN 0519		Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.	
FTLN 0520		Tell me whereon the 'likelihood' depends.	60
	DUKE FREDERICK		
FTLN 0521		Thou art thy father's daughter. There's enough.	
	ROSALIND		
FTLN 0522		So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.	
FTLN 0523		So was I when your Highness banished him.	
FTLN 0524		Treason is not inherited, my lord,	
FTLN 0525		Or if we did derive it from our friends,	65
FTLN 0526		What's that to me? My father was no traitor.	
FTLN 0527		Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much	
FTLN 0528		To think my poverty is treacherous.	
FTLN 0529	CELIA	Dear sovereign, hear me speak.	
	DUKE FREDERICK		
FTLN 0530		Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake;	70
FTLN 0531		Else had she with her father ranged along.	
	CELIA		
FTLN 0532		I did not then entreat to have her stay.	
FTLN 0533		It was your pleasure and your own remorse.	

FTLN 0534	I was too young that time to value her,	
FTLN 0535	But now I know her. If she be a traitor,	75
FTLN 0536	Why, so am I. We still have slept together,	
FTLN 0537	Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,	
FTLN 0538	And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans	
FTLN 0539	Still we went coupled and inseparable.	
	DUKE FREDERICK	
FTLN 0540	She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,	80
FTLN 0541	Her very silence, and her patience	
FTLN 0542	Speak to the people, and they pity her.	
FTLN 0543	Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,	
FTLN 0544	And thou wilt show more bright and seem more	
FTLN 0545	virtuous	85
FTLN 0546	When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.	
FTLN 0547	Firm and irrevocable is my doom	
FTLN 0548	Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0549	Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.	
FTLN 0550	I cannot live out of her company.	90
	DUKE FREDERICK	
FTLN 0551	You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself.	
FTLN 0552	If you outstay the time, upon mine honor	
FTLN 0553	And in the greatness of my word, you die.	
	<i>Duke [†]and Lords[†] exit.</i>	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0554	O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?	
FTLN 0555	Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.	95
FTLN 0556	I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.	
FTLN 0557	ROSALIND I have more cause.	
FTLN 0558	CELIA Thou hast not, cousin.	
FTLN 0559	Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke	
FTLN 0560	Hath banished me, his daughter?	100
FTLN 0561	ROSALIND That he hath not.	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0562	No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love	
FTLN 0563	Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.	

FTLN 0564	Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?	
FTLN 0565	No, let my father seek another heir.	105
FTLN 0566	Therefore devise with me how we may fly,	
FTLN 0567	Whither to go, and what to bear with us,	
FTLN 0568	And do not seek to take your change upon you,	
FTLN 0569	To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.	
FTLN 0570	For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,	110
FTLN 0571	Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.	
FTLN 0572	ROSALIND Why, whither shall we go?	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0573	To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.	
	ROSALIND	
FTLN 0574	Alas, what danger will it be to us,	
FTLN 0575	Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?	115
FTLN 0576	Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0577	I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,	
FTLN 0578	And with a kind of umber smirch my face.	
FTLN 0579	The like do you. So shall we pass along	
FTLN 0580	And never stir assailants.	120
FTLN 0581	ROSALIND Were it not better,	
FTLN 0582	Because that I am more than common tall,	
FTLN 0583	That I did suit me all points like a man?	
FTLN 0584	A gallant curtal-ax upon my thigh,	
FTLN 0585	A boar-spear in my hand, and in my heart	125
FTLN 0586	Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,	
FTLN 0587	We'll have a swashing and a martial outside—	
FTLN 0588	As many other mannish cowards have	
FTLN 0589	That do outface it with their semblances.	
	CELIA	
FTLN 0590	What shall I call thee when thou art a man?	130
	ROSALIND	
FTLN 0591	I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,	
FTLN 0592	And therefore look you call me Ganymede.	
FTLN 0593	But what will you 'be' called?	

CELIA

FTLN 0594 Something that hath a reference to my state:
FTLN 0595 No longer Celia, but Aliena. 135

ROSALIND

FTLN 0596 But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
FTLN 0597 The clownish fool out of your father's court?
FTLN 0598 Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA

FTLN 0599 He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
FTLN 0600 Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away 140
FTLN 0601 And get our jewels and our wealth together,
FTLN 0602 Devise the fittest time and safest way
FTLN 0603 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
FTLN 0604 After my flight. Now go 'we in' content
FTLN 0605 To liberty, and not to banishment. 145

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 0606	Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,	
FTLN 0607	Hath not old custom made this life more sweet	
FTLN 0608	Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods	
FTLN 0609	More free from peril than the envious court?	
FTLN 0610	Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,	5
FTLN 0611	The seasons' difference, as the icy fang	
FTLN 0612	And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,	
FTLN 0613	Which when it bites and blows upon my body	
FTLN 0614	Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say	
FTLN 0615	"This is no flattery. These are counselors	10
FTLN 0616	That feelingly persuade me what I am."	
FTLN 0617	Sweet are the uses of adversity,	
FTLN 0618	Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,	
FTLN 0619	Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.	
FTLN 0620	And this our life, exempt from public haunt,	15
FTLN 0621	Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,	
FTLN 0622	Sermons in stones, and good in everything.	

AMIENS

FTLN 0623	I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,	
FTLN 0624	That can translate the stubbornness of fortune	
FTLN 0625	Into so quiet and so sweet a style.	20

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

25

FIRST LORD

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
Today my Lord of Amiens and myself

30

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 sequestered 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 markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

35

DUKE SENIOR

But what said Jaques?

45

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD

O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too 'much.' Then, being there
alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet 'friends:'
"'Tis right," quoth he. "Thus misery doth part

50

FTLN 0660 The flux of company.” Anon a careless herd, 55
 FTLN 0661 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 FTLN 0662 And never stays to greet him. “Ay,” quoth Jaques,
 FTLN 0663 “Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
 FTLN 0664 ’Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
 FTLN 0665 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?” 60
 FTLN 0666 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 FTLN 0667 The body of country, city, court,
 FTLN 0668 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 FTLN 0669 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
 FTLN 0670 To fright the animals and to kill them up 65
 FTLN 0671 In their assigned and native dwelling place.
 DUKE SENIOR
 FTLN 0672 And did you leave him in this contemplation?
 SECOND LORD
 FTLN 0673 We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 FTLN 0674 Upon the sobbing deer.
 FTLN 0675 DUKE SENIOR Show me the place. 70
 FTLN 0676 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 FTLN 0677 For then he’s full of matter.
 FTLN 0678 FIRST LORD I’ll bring you to him straight.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Duke [Frederick] with Lords.

DUKE FREDERICK
 FTLN 0679 Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 FTLN 0680 It cannot be. Some villains of my court
 FTLN 0681 Are of consent and sufferance in this.
 FIRST LORD
 FTLN 0682 I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 FTLN 0683 The ladies her attendants of her chamber 5
 FTLN 0684 Saw her abed, and in the morning early
 FTLN 0685 They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SECOND LORD

FTLN 0686	My lord, the roinish clown at whom so oft	
FTLN 0687	Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing.	
FTLN 0688	Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,	10
FTLN 0689	Confesses that she secretly o'erheard	
FTLN 0690	Your daughter and her cousin much commend	
FTLN 0691	The parts and graces of the wrestler	
FTLN 0692	That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,	
FTLN 0693	And she believes wherever they are gone	15
FTLN 0694	That youth is surely in their company.	

DUKE FREDERICK

FTLN 0695	Send to his brother. Fetch that gallant hither.	
FTLN 0696	If he be absent, bring his brother to me.	
FTLN 0697	I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,	
FTLN 0698	And let not search and inquisition quail	20
FTLN 0699	To bring again these foolish runaways.	

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Orlando and Adam, 「meeting.」

FTLN 0700	ORLANDO	Who's there?	
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ADAM

FTLN 0701	What, my young master, O my gentle master,	
FTLN 0702	O my sweet master, O you memory	
FTLN 0703	Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?	
FTLN 0704	Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?	5
FTLN 0705	And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?	
FTLN 0706	Why would you be so fond to overcome	
FTLN 0707	The bonny prizer of the humorous duke?	
FTLN 0708	Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.	
FTLN 0709	Know you not, master, to 「some」 kind of men	10
FTLN 0710	Their graces serve them but as enemies?	
FTLN 0711	No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,	
FTLN 0712	Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.	

FTLN 0713	O, what a world is this when what is comely	
FTLN 0714	Envenoms him that bears it!	15
FTLN 0715	「ORLANDO」 Why, what's the matter?	
FTLN 0716	ADAM O unhappy youth,	
FTLN 0717	Come not within these doors. Within this roof	
FTLN 0718	The enemy of all your graces lives.	
FTLN 0719	Your brother—no, no brother—yet the son—	20
FTLN 0720	Yet not the son, I will not call him son—	
FTLN 0721	Of him I was about to call his father,	
FTLN 0722	Hath heard your praises, and this night he means	
FTLN 0723	To burn the lodging where you use to lie,	
FTLN 0724	And you within it. If he fail of that,	25
FTLN 0725	He will have other means to cut you off.	
FTLN 0726	I overheard him and his practices.	
FTLN 0727	This is no place, this house is but a butchery.	
FTLN 0728	Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.	
	「ORLANDO」	
FTLN 0729	Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?	30
	ADAM	
FTLN 0730	No matter whither, so you come not here.	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 0731	What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,	
FTLN 0732	Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce	
FTLN 0733	A thievish living on the common road?	
FTLN 0734	This I must do, or know not what to do;	35
FTLN 0735	Yet this I will not do, do how I can.	
FTLN 0736	I rather will subject me to the malice	
FTLN 0737	Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.	
	ADAM	
FTLN 0738	But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,	
FTLN 0739	The thrifty hire I saved under your father,	40
FTLN 0740	Which I did store to be my foster nurse	
FTLN 0741	When service should in my old limbs lie lame,	
FTLN 0742	And unregarded age in corners thrown.	
FTLN 0743	Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,	
FTLN 0744	Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,	45

FTLN 0745	Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold.	
FTLN 0746	All this I give you. Let me be your servant.	
FTLN 0747	Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,	
FTLN 0748	For in my youth I never did apply	
FTLN 0749	Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,	50
FTLN 0750	Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo	
FTLN 0751	The means of weakness and debility.	
FTLN 0752	Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,	
FTLN 0753	Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you.	
FTLN 0754	I'll do the service of a younger man	55
FTLN 0755	In all your business and necessities.	
ORLANDO		
FTLN 0756	O good old man, how well in thee appears	
FTLN 0757	The constant service of the antique world,	
FTLN 0758	When service sweat for duty, not for meed.	
FTLN 0759	Thou art not for the fashion of these times,	60
FTLN 0760	Where none will sweat but for promotion,	
FTLN 0761	And having that do choke their service up	
FTLN 0762	Even with the having. It is not so with thee.	
FTLN 0763	But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree	
FTLN 0764	That cannot so much as a blossom yield	65
FTLN 0765	In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.	
FTLN 0766	But come thy ways. We'll go along together,	
FTLN 0767	And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,	
FTLN 0768	We'll light upon some settled low content.	
ADAM		
FTLN 0769	Master, go on, and I will follow thee	70
FTLN 0770	To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.	
FTLN 0771	From 'seventeen' years till now almost fourscore	
FTLN 0772	Here livèd I, but now live here no more.	
FTLN 0773	At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek,	
FTLN 0774	But at fourscore, it is too late a week.	75
FTLN 0775	Yet fortune cannot recompense me better	
FTLN 0776	Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.	

They exit.

Scene 4

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and
Clown, alias Touchstone.*

ROSALIND

FTLN 0777

O Jupiter, how ¹weary are my spirits!

FTLN 0778

TOUCHSTONE I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.

FTLN 0779

FTLN 0780

ROSALIND I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel and to cry like a woman, but I must
comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose
ought to show itself courageous to petticoat. Therefore
courage, good Aliena.

FTLN 0781

FTLN 0782

FTLN 0783

FTLN 0784

FTLN 0785

CELIA I pray you bear with me. I cannot go no further.

FTLN 0786

FTLN 0787

FTLN 0788

FTLN 0789

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

FTLN 0790

ROSALIND Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

FTLN 0791

FTLN 0792

FTLN 0793

FTLN 0794

TOUCHSTONE Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I.
When I was at home I was in a better place, but
travelers must be content.

ROSALIND Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

FTLN 0795

FTLN 0796

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

¹*Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone step aside and
eavesdrop.*¹

CORIN, ¹*to Silvius*¹

FTLN 0797

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

FTLN 0798

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

CORIN

FTLN 0799

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

FTLN 0800	No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,	
FTLN 0801	Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover	25
FTLN 0802	As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.	
FTLN 0803	But if thy love were ever like to mine—	
FTLN 0804	As sure I think did never man love so—	
FTLN 0805	How many actions most ridiculous	
FTLN 0806	Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?	30

CORIN

FTLN 0807	Into a thousand that I have forgotten.	
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SILVIUS

FTLN 0808	O, thou didst then never love so heartily.	
FTLN 0809	If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly	
FTLN 0810	That ever love did make thee run into,	
FTLN 0811	Thou hast not loved.	35
FTLN 0812	Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,	
FTLN 0813	Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,	
FTLN 0814	Thou hast not loved.	
FTLN 0815	Or if thou hast not broke from company	
FTLN 0816	Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,	40
FTLN 0817	Thou hast not loved.	
FTLN 0818	O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!	<i>He exits.</i>

ROSALIND

FTLN 0819	Alas, poor shepherd, searching of ¹ thy wound,	
FTLN 0820	I have by hard adventure found mine own.	
FTLN 0821	TOUCHSTONE And I mine. I remember when I was in	45
FTLN 0822	love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him	
FTLN 0823	take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I	
FTLN 0824	remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's	
FTLN 0825	dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked;	
FTLN 0826	and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of	50
FTLN 0827	her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her	
FTLN 0828	them again, said with weeping tears "Wear these for	
FTLN 0829	my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange	
FTLN 0830	capers. But as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature	
FTLN 0831	in love mortal in folly.	55

FTLN 0832	ROSALIND	Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.	
FTLN 0833	TOUCHSTONE	Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own	
FTLN 0834		wit till I break my shins against it.	
	ROSALIND		
FTLN 0835		Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion	
FTLN 0836		Is much upon my fashion.	60
FTLN 0837	TOUCHSTONE	And mine, but it grows something stale	
FTLN 0838		with me.	
FTLN 0839	CELIA	I pray you, one of you question yond man, if he	
FTLN 0840		for gold will give us any food. I faint almost to death.	
FTLN 0841	TOUCHSTONE, <i>['to Corin']</i>	Holla, you clown!	65
FTLN 0842	ROSALIND	Peace, fool. He's not thy kinsman.	
FTLN 0843	CORIN	Who calls?	
FTLN 0844	TOUCHSTONE	Your betters, sir.	
FTLN 0845	CORIN	Else are they very wretched.	
	ROSALIND, <i>['to Touchstone']</i>		
FTLN 0846		Peace, I say. <i>['As Ganymede, to Corin.']</i> Good even to	70
FTLN 0847		<i>['you,']</i> friend.	
	CORIN		
FTLN 0848		And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.	
	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i>		
FTLN 0849		I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold	
FTLN 0850		Can in this desert place buy entertainment,	
FTLN 0851		Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.	75
FTLN 0852		Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,	
FTLN 0853		And faints for succor.	
FTLN 0854	CORIN	Fair sir, I pity her	
FTLN 0855		And wish for her sake more than for mine own	
FTLN 0856		My fortunes were more able to relieve her.	80
FTLN 0857		But I am shepherd to another man	
FTLN 0858		And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.	
FTLN 0859		My master is of churlish disposition	
FTLN 0860		And little recks to find the way to heaven	
FTLN 0861		By doing deeds of hospitality.	85
FTLN 0862		Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed	
FTLN 0863		Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,	

FTLN 0864	By reason of his absence, there is nothing	
FTLN 0865	That you will feed on. But what is, come see,	
FTLN 0866	And in my voice most welcome shall you be.	90
	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i>	
FTLN 0867	What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?	
	CORIN	
FTLN 0868	That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,	
FTLN 0869	That little cares for buying anything.	
	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i>	
FTLN 0870	I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,	
FTLN 0871	Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,	95
FTLN 0872	And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.	
	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i>	
FTLN 0873	And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,	
FTLN 0874	And willingly could waste my time in it.	
	CORIN	
FTLN 0875	Assuredly the thing is to be sold.	
FTLN 0876	Go with me. If you like upon report	100
FTLN 0877	The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,	
FTLN 0878	I will your very faithful feeder be	
FTLN 0879	And buy it with your gold right suddenly.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 5

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.**Song.**['AMIENS sings']*

FTLN 0880	<i>Under the greenwood tree</i>	
FTLN 0881	<i>Who loves to lie with me</i>	
FTLN 0882	<i>And turn his merry note</i>	
FTLN 0883	<i>Unto the sweet bird's throat,</i>	
FTLN 0884	<i>Come hither, come hither, come hither.</i>	5
FTLN 0885	<i>Here shall he see</i>	
FTLN 0886	<i>No enemy</i>	
FTLN 0887	<i>But winter and rough weather.</i>	
FTLN 0888	JAQUES More, more, I prithee, more.	

FTLN 0889	AMIENS	It will make you melancholy, Monsieur	10
FTLN 0890		Jaques.	
FTLN 0891	JAQUES	I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck	
FTLN 0892		melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.	
FTLN 0893		More, I prithee, more.	
FTLN 0894	AMIENS	My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.	15
FTLN 0895	JAQUES	I do not desire you to please me. I do desire	
FTLN 0896		you to sing. Come, more, another stanza. Call you	
FTLN 0897		'em "stanzos"?	
FTLN 0898	AMIENS	What you will, Monsieur Jaques.	
FTLN 0899	JAQUES	Nay, I care not for their names. They owe me	20
FTLN 0900		nothing. Will you sing?	
FTLN 0901	AMIENS	More at your request than to please myself.	
FTLN 0902	JAQUES	Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank	
FTLN 0903		you. But that they call "compliment" is like th'	
FTLN 0904		encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks	25
FTLN 0905		me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and	
FTLN 0906		he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing. And	
FTLN 0907		you that will not, hold your tongues.	
FTLN 0908	AMIENS	Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while;	
FTLN 0909		the Duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been	30
FTLN 0910		all this day to look you.	
FTLN 0911	JAQUES	And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is	
FTLN 0912		too disputable for my company. I think of as many	
FTLN 0913		matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no	
FTLN 0914		boast of them. Come, warble, come.	35

*Song.**ALL together here.*

FTLN 0915	<i>Who doth ambition shun</i>	
FTLN 0916	<i>And loves to live i' th' sun,</i>	
FTLN 0917	<i>Seeking the food he eats</i>	
FTLN 0918	<i>And pleased with what he gets,</i>	
FTLN 0919	<i>Come hither, come hither, come hither.</i>	40
FTLN 0920	<i>Here shall he see</i>	
FTLN 0921	<i>No enemy</i>	
FTLN 0922	<i>But winter and rough weather.</i>	

FTLN 0923	JAQUES	I'll give you a verse to this note that I made	
FTLN 0924		yesterday in despite of my invention.	45
FTLN 0925	AMIENS	And I'll sing it.	
FTLN 0926	「JAQUES」	Thus it goes:	
FTLN 0927		<i>If it do come to pass</i>	
FTLN 0928		<i>That any man turn ass,</i>	
FTLN 0929		<i>Leaving his wealth and ease</i>	50
FTLN 0930		<i>A stubborn will to please,</i>	
FTLN 0931		<i>Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.</i>	
FTLN 0932		<i>Here shall he see</i>	
FTLN 0933		<i>Gross fools as he,</i>	
FTLN 0934		<i>An if he will come to me.</i>	55
FTLN 0935	AMIENS	What's that "ducdame"?	
FTLN 0936	JAQUES	'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a	
FTLN 0937		circle. I'll go sleep if I can. If I cannot, I'll rail	
FTLN 0938		against all the first-born of Egypt.	
FTLN 0939	AMIENS	And I'll go seek the Duke. His banquet is	60
FTLN 0940		prepared.	
		<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 6

Enter Orlando and Adam.

FTLN 0941	ADAM	Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for	
FTLN 0942		food. Here lie I down and measure out my grave.	
FTLN 0943		Farewell, kind master. 「 <i>He lies down.</i> 」	
FTLN 0944	ORLANDO	Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in	
FTLN 0945		thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a	5
FTLN 0946		little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I	
FTLN 0947		will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee.	
FTLN 0948		Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my	
FTLN 0949		sake, be comfortable. Hold death awhile at the	
FTLN 0950		arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if	10
FTLN 0951		I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee	
FTLN 0952		leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art	

FTLN 0953 a mocker of my labor. Well said. Thou look'st
 FTLN 0954 cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest
 FTLN 0955 in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some 15
 FTLN 0956 shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if
 FTLN 0957 there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good
 FTLN 0958 Adam.

They exit.

Scene 7

Enter Duke Senior and [Lords,] like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 0959 I think he be transformed into a beast,
 FTLN 0960 For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

FTLN 0961 My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
 FTLN 0962 Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 0963 If he, compact of jars, grow musical, 5
 FTLN 0964 We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
 FTLN 0965 Go seek him. Tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

FIRST LORD

FTLN 0966 He saves my labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR, [to Jaques]

FTLN 0967 Why, how now, monsieur? What a life is this
 FTLN 0968 That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
 FTLN 0969 What, you look merrily.

JAQUES

FTLN 0970 A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' th' forest,
 FTLN 0971 A motley fool. A miserable world!
 FTLN 0972 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 FTLN 0973 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun 15
 FTLN 0974 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,

FTLN 0975	In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.	
FTLN 0976	“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,	
FTLN 0977	“Call me not ‘fool’ till heaven hath sent me	
FTLN 0978	fortune.”	20
FTLN 0979	And then he drew a dial from his poke	
FTLN 0980	And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,	
FTLN 0981	Says very wisely “It is ten o’clock.	
FTLN 0982	Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags.	
FTLN 0983	’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,	25
FTLN 0984	And after one hour more ’twill be eleven.	
FTLN 0985	And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,	
FTLN 0986	And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,	
FTLN 0987	And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear	
FTLN 0988	The motley fool thus moral on the time,	30
FTLN 0989	My lungs began to crow like chanticleer	
FTLN 0990	That fools should be so deep-contemplative,	
FTLN 0991	And I did laugh sans intermission	
FTLN 0992	An hour by his dial. O noble fool!	
FTLN 0993	A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.	35
FTLN 0994	DUKE SENIOR What fool is this?	
	JAQUES	
FTLN 0995	O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,	
FTLN 0996	And says “If ladies be but young and fair,	
FTLN 0997	They have the gift to know it.” And in his brain,	
FTLN 0998	Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit	40
FTLN 0999	After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed	
FTLN 1000	With observation, the which he vents	
FTLN 1001	In mangled forms. O, that I were a fool!	
FTLN 1002	I am ambitious for a motley coat.	
	DUKE SENIOR	
FTLN 1003	Thou shalt have one.	45
FTLN 1004	JAQUES It is my only suit,	
FTLN 1005	Provided that you weed your better judgments	
FTLN 1006	Of all opinion that grows rank in them	
FTLN 1007	That I am wise. I must have liberty	
FTLN 1008	Withal, as large a charter as the wind,	50

FTLN 1009	To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.	
FTLN 1010	And they that are most gallèd with my folly,	
FTLN 1011	They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?	
FTLN 1012	The “why” is plain as way to parish church:	
FTLN 1013	He that a fool doth very wisely hit	55
FTLN 1014	Doth very foolishly, although he smart,	
FTLN 1015	‘Not to’ seem senseless of the bob. If not,	
FTLN 1016	The wise man’s folly is anatomized	
FTLN 1017	Even by the squand’ring glances of the fool.	
FTLN 1018	Invest me in my motley. Give me leave	60
FTLN 1019	To speak my mind, and I will through and through	
FTLN 1020	Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world,	
FTLN 1021	If they will patiently receive my medicine.	
	DUKE SENIOR	
FTLN 1022	Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.	
	JAQUES	
FTLN 1023	What, for a counter, would I do but good?	65
	DUKE SENIOR	
FTLN 1024	Most mischievous foul sin in chiding ‘sin;’	
FTLN 1025	For thou thyself hast been a libertine,	
FTLN 1026	As sensual as the brutish sting itself,	
FTLN 1027	And all th’ embossèd sores and headed evils	
FTLN 1028	That thou with license of free foot hast caught	70
FTLN 1029	Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.	
FTLN 1030	JAQUES Why, who cries out on pride	
FTLN 1031	That can therein tax any private party?	
FTLN 1032	Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea	
FTLN 1033	Till that the weary very means do ebb?	75
FTLN 1034	What woman in the city do I name	
FTLN 1035	When that I say the city-woman bears	
FTLN 1036	The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?	
FTLN 1037	Who can come in and say that I mean her,	
FTLN 1038	When such a one as she such is her neighbor?	80
FTLN 1039	Or what is he of basest function	
FTLN 1040	That says his bravery is not on my cost,	
FTLN 1041	Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits	

FTLN 1042	His folly to the mettle of my speech?	
FTLN 1043	There then. How then, what then? Let me see	85
FTLN 1044	wherein	
FTLN 1045	My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,	
FTLN 1046	Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,	
FTLN 1047	Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies	
FTLN 1048	Unclaimed of any man.	90
	<i>Enter Orlando, 「brandishing a sword」</i>	
FTLN 1049	But who 「comes」 here?	
FTLN 1050	ORLANDO Forbear, and eat no more.	
FTLN 1051	JAQUES Why, I have eat none yet.	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 1052	Nor shalt not till necessity be served.	
FTLN 1053	JAQUES Of what kind should this cock come of?	95
	DUKE SENIOR, 「to Orlando」	
FTLN 1054	Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,	
FTLN 1055	Or else a rude despiser of good manners,	
FTLN 1056	That in civility thou seem'st so empty?	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 1057	You touched my vein at first. The thorny point	
FTLN 1058	Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show	100
FTLN 1059	Of smooth civility, yet am I inland bred	
FTLN 1060	And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.	
FTLN 1061	He dies that touches any of this fruit	
FTLN 1062	Till I and my affairs are answerèd.	
FTLN 1063	JAQUES An you will not be answered with reason, I	105
FTLN 1064	must die.	
	DUKE SENIOR, 「to Orlando」	
FTLN 1065	What would you have? Your gentleness shall force	
FTLN 1066	More than your force move us to gentleness.	
	ORLANDO	
FTLN 1067	I almost die for food, and let me have it.	
	DUKE SENIOR	
FTLN 1068	Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.	110

ORLANDO

FTLN 1069 Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
 FTLN 1070 I thought that all things had been savage here,
 FTLN 1071 And therefore put I on the countenance
 FTLN 1072 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 FTLN 1073 That in this desert inaccessible, 115
 FTLN 1074 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 FTLN 1075 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
 FTLN 1076 If ever you have looked on better days,
 FTLN 1077 If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
 FTLN 1078 If ever sat at any good man's feast, 120
 FTLN 1079 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 FTLN 1080 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 FTLN 1081 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
 FTLN 1082 In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.
「He sheathes his sword.」

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 1083 True is it that we have seen better days, 125
 FTLN 1084 And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
 FTLN 1085 And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
 FTLN 1086 Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.
 FTLN 1087 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 FTLN 1088 And take upon command what help we have 130
 FTLN 1089 That to your wanting may be ministered.

ORLANDO

FTLN 1090 Then but forbear your food a little while
 FTLN 1091 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 FTLN 1092 And give it food. There is an old poor man
 FTLN 1093 Who after me hath many a weary step 135
 FTLN 1094 Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
 FTLN 1095 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 FTLN 1096 I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 1097 Go find him out,
 FTLN 1098 And we will nothing waste till you return. 140

ORLANDO

FTLN 1099 I thank you; and be blessed for your good comfort.
「He exits.」

JAQUES 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, 150
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad 155
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, 160
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 slippered pantaloone 165
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, 170
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter Orlando, 「carrying」 Adam.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 1132 Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 FTLN 1133 And let him feed. 175

FTLN 1134 ORLANDO I thank you most for him.

FTLN 1135 ADAM So had you need.—

FTLN 1136 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 1137 Welcome. Fall to. I will not trouble you
 FTLN 1138 As yet to question you about your fortunes.— 180
 FTLN 1139 Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing.

*「The Duke and Orlando continue their conversation,
 apart.」*

Song.

「AMIENS sings」

FTLN 1140 *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*
 FTLN 1141 *Thou art not so unkind*
 FTLN 1142 *As man's ingratitude.*
 FTLN 1143 *Thy tooth is not so keen,* 185
 FTLN 1144 *Because thou art not seen,*
 FTLN 1145 *Although thy breath be rude.*
 FTLN 1146 *Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.*
 FTLN 1147 *Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*
 FTLN 1148 *「Then」 heigh-ho, the holly.* 190
 FTLN 1149 *This life is most jolly.*

FTLN 1150 *Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*
 FTLN 1151 *That dost not bite so nigh*
 FTLN 1152 *As benefits forgot.*
 FTLN 1153 *Though thou the waters warp,* 195
 FTLN 1154 *Thy sting is not so sharp*
 FTLN 1155 *As friend remembered not.*
 FTLN 1156 *Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.*
 FTLN 1157 *Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*
 FTLN 1158 *「Then」 heigh-ho, the holly.* 200
 FTLN 1159 *This life is most jolly.*

DUKE SENIOR, *「to Orlando」*

FTLN 1160	If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,	
FTLN 1161	As you have whispered faithfully you were,	
FTLN 1162	And as mine eye doth his effigies witness	
FTLN 1163	Most truly limned and living in your face,	205
FTLN 1164	Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke	
FTLN 1165	That loved your father. The residue of your fortune	
FTLN 1166	Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,	
FTLN 1167	Thou art right welcome as thy <i>「master」</i> is.	
FTLN 1168	<i>「To Lords.」</i> Support him by the arm. <i>「To Orlando.」</i>	210
FTLN 1169	Give me your hand,	
FTLN 1170	And let me all your fortunes understand.	

They exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

DUKE FREDERICK, *to Oliver*

FTLN 1171	Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.	
FTLN 1172	But were I not the better part made mercy,	
FTLN 1173	I should not seek an absent argument	
FTLN 1174	Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:	
FTLN 1175	Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is.	5
FTLN 1176	Seek him with candle. Bring him, dead or living,	
FTLN 1177	Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more	
FTLN 1178	To seek a living in our territory.	
FTLN 1179	Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,	
FTLN 1180	Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands	10
FTLN 1181	Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth	
FTLN 1182	Of what we think against thee.	

OLIVER

FTLN 1183	O, that your Highness knew my heart in this:	
FTLN 1184	I never loved my brother in my life.	

DUKE FREDERICK

FTLN 1185	More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors,	15
FTLN 1186	And let my officers of such a nature	
FTLN 1187	Make an extent upon his house and lands.	
FTLN 1188	Do this expediently, and turn him going.	

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Orlando, 「with a paper.」

ORLANDO

FTLN 1189 Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.
 FTLN 1190 And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night, survey
 FTLN 1191 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 FTLN 1192 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
 FTLN 1193 O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books, 5
 FTLN 1194 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
 FTLN 1195 That every eye which in this forest looks
 FTLN 1196 Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
 FTLN 1197 Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
 FTLN 1198 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. 10

*He exits.**Enter Corin and 「Touchstone.」*

FTLN 1199 CORIN And how like you this shepherd's life, Master
 FTLN 1200 Touchstone?
 FTLN 1201 TOUCHSTONE Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
 FTLN 1202 good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it
 FTLN 1203 is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very 15
 FTLN 1204 well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile
 FTLN 1205 life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me
 FTLN 1206 well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is
 FTLN 1207 tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my
 FTLN 1208 humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it 20
 FTLN 1209 goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy
 FTLN 1210 in thee, shepherd?
 FTLN 1211 CORIN No more but that I know the more one sickens,
 FTLN 1212 the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants
 FTLN 1213 money, means, and content is without three good 25
 FTLN 1214 friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire
 FTLN 1215 to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that
 FTLN 1216 a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he
 FTLN 1217 that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may

FTLN 1218	complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull	30
FTLN 1219	kindred.	
FTLN 1220	TOUCHSTONE Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast	
FTLN 1221	ever in court, shepherd?	
FTLN 1222	CORIN No, truly.	
FTLN 1223	TOUCHSTONE Then thou art damned.	35
FTLN 1224	CORIN Nay, I hope.	
FTLN 1225	TOUCHSTONE Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted	
FTLN 1226	egg, all on one side.	
FTLN 1227	CORIN For not being at court? Your reason.	
FTLN 1228	TOUCHSTONE Why, if thou never wast at court, thou	40
FTLN 1229	never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st	
FTLN 1230	good manners, then thy manners must be wicked,	
FTLN 1231	and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou	
FTLN 1232	art in a parlous state, shepherd.	
FTLN 1233	CORIN Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good	45
FTLN 1234	manners at the court are as ridiculous in the	
FTLN 1235	country as the behavior of the country is most	
FTLN 1236	mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at	
FTLN 1237	the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy	
FTLN 1238	would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.	50
FTLN 1239	TOUCHSTONE Instance, briefly. Come, instance.	
FTLN 1240	CORIN Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their	
FTLN 1241	fells, you know, are greasy.	
FTLN 1242	TOUCHSTONE Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?	
FTLN 1243	And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as	55
FTLN 1244	the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better	
FTLN 1245	instance, I say. Come.	
FTLN 1246	CORIN Besides, our hands are hard.	
FTLN 1247	TOUCHSTONE Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow	
FTLN 1248	again. A more sounder instance. Come.	60
FTLN 1249	CORIN And they are often tarred over with the surgery	
FTLN 1250	of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The	
FTLN 1251	courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.	
FTLN 1252	TOUCHSTONE Most shallow man. Thou worms' meat in	
FTLN 1253	respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed. Learn of the	65

FTLN 1254	wise and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,	
FTLN 1255	the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,	
FTLN 1256	shepherd.	
FTLN 1257	CORIN You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.	
FTLN 1258	TOUCHSTONE Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee,	70
FTLN 1259	shallow man. God make incision in thee; thou art	
FTLN 1260	raw.	
FTLN 1261	CORIN Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that	
FTLN 1262	I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness,	
FTLN 1263	glad of other men's good, content with my harm,	75
FTLN 1264	and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze	
FTLN 1265	and my lambs suck.	
FTLN 1266	TOUCHSTONE That is another simple sin in you, to bring	
FTLN 1267	the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get	
FTLN 1268	your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to	80
FTLN 1269	a bell-wether and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth	
FTLN 1270	to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of	
FTLN 1271	all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for	
FTLN 1272	this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I	
FTLN 1273	cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.	85
 <i>Enter Rosalind, [as Ganymede.]</i>		
FTLN 1274	CORIN Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new	
FTLN 1275	mistress's brother.	
	ROSALIND, [as Ganymede, reading a paper]	
FTLN 1276	<i>From the east to western Ind</i>	
FTLN 1277	<i>No jewel is like Rosalind.</i>	
FTLN 1278	<i>Her worth being mounted on the wind,</i>	90
FTLN 1279	<i>Through all the world bears Rosalind.</i>	
FTLN 1280	<i>All the pictures fairest lined</i>	
FTLN 1281	<i>Are but black to Rosalind.</i>	
FTLN 1282	<i>Let no face be kept in mind</i>	
FTLN 1283	<i>But the fair of Rosalind.</i>	95
FTLN 1284	TOUCHSTONE I'll rhyme you so eight years together,	
FTLN 1285	dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted.	
FTLN 1286	It is the right butter-women's rank to market.	

FTLN 1287	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹	Out, fool.	
FTLN 1288	TOUCHSTONE	For a taste:	100
FTLN 1289		If a hart do lack a hind,	
FTLN 1290		Let him seek out Rosalind.	
FTLN 1291		If the cat will after kind,	
FTLN 1292		So be sure will Rosalind.	
FTLN 1293		Wintered garments must be lined;	105
FTLN 1294		So must slender Rosalind.	
FTLN 1295		They that reap must sheaf and bind;	
FTLN 1296		Then to cart with Rosalind.	
FTLN 1297		Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;	
FTLN 1298		Such a nut is Rosalind.	110
FTLN 1299		He that sweetest rose will find	
FTLN 1300		Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.	
FTLN 1301		This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you	
FTLN 1302		infect yourself with them?	
FTLN 1303	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹	Peace, you dull fool. I found	115
FTLN 1304		them on a tree.	
FTLN 1305	TOUCHSTONE	Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.	
FTLN 1306	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹	I'll graft it with you, and	
FTLN 1307		then I shall graft it with a medlar. Then it will be	
FTLN 1308		the earliest fruit i' th' country, for you'll be rotten	120
FTLN 1309		ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of	
FTLN 1310		the medlar.	
FTLN 1311	TOUCHSTONE	You have said, but whether wisely or no,	
FTLN 1312		let the forest judge.	
 <i>Enter Celia, as Aliena,¹ with a writing.</i>			
FTLN 1313	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹	Peace. Here comes my sister	125
FTLN 1314		reading. Stand aside.	
	CELIA, <i>as Aliena, reads</i> ¹		
FTLN 1315		<i>Why should this</i> <i>a</i> ¹ <i>desert be?</i>	
FTLN 1316		<i>For it is unpeopled? No.</i>	
FTLN 1317		<i>Tongues I'll hang on every tree</i>	
FTLN 1318		<i>That shall civil sayings show.</i>	130
FTLN 1319		<i>Some how brief the life of man</i>	
FTLN 1320		<i>Runs his erring pilgrimage,</i>	

FTLN 1321	<i>That the stretching of a span</i>	
FTLN 1322	<i>Buckles in his sum of age;</i>	
FTLN 1323	<i>Some of violated vows</i>	135
FTLN 1324	<i>'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.</i>	
FTLN 1325	<i>But upon the fairest boughs,</i>	
FTLN 1326	<i>Or at every sentence' end,</i>	
FTLN 1327	<i>Will I "Rosalinda" write,</i>	
FTLN 1328	<i>Teaching all that read to know</i>	140
FTLN 1329	<i>The quintessence of every sprite</i>	
FTLN 1330	<i>Heaven would in little show.</i>	
FTLN 1331	<i>Therefore heaven nature charged</i>	
FTLN 1332	<i>That one body should be filled</i>	
FTLN 1333	<i>With all graces wide-enlarged.</i>	145
FTLN 1334	<i>Nature presently distilled</i>	
FTLN 1335	<i>Helen's cheek, but not 'her' heart,</i>	
FTLN 1336	<i>Cleopatra's majesty,</i>	
FTLN 1337	<i>Atalanta's better part,</i>	
FTLN 1338	<i>Sad Lucretia's modesty.</i>	150
FTLN 1339	<i>Thus Rosalind of many parts</i>	
FTLN 1340	<i>By heavenly synod was devised</i>	
FTLN 1341	<i>Of many faces, eyes, and hearts</i>	
FTLN 1342	<i>To have the touches dearest prized.</i>	
FTLN 1343	<i>Heaven would that she these gifts should have</i>	155
FTLN 1344	<i>And I to live and die her slave.</i>	
FTLN 1345	ROSALIND, 'as Ganymede' O most gentle Jupiter, what	
FTLN 1346	tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners	
FTLN 1347	withal, and never cried "Have patience,	
FTLN 1348	good people!"	160
FTLN 1349	CELIA, 'as Aliena' How now?—Back, friends. Shepherd,	
FTLN 1350	go off a little.—Go with him, sirrah.	
FTLN 1351	TOUCHSTONE Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable	
FTLN 1352	retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet	
FTLN 1353	with scrip and scrippage.	165
	<i>'Touchstone and Corin' exit.</i>	
FTLN 1354	CELIA Didst thou hear these verses?	
FTLN 1355	ROSALIND O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for	

FTLN 1356	some of them had in them more feet than the verses	
FTLN 1357	would bear.	
FTLN 1358	CELIA That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.	170
FTLN 1359	ROSALIND Ay, but the feet were lame and could not	
FTLN 1360	bear themselves without the verse, and therefore	
FTLN 1361	stood lamely in the verse.	
FTLN 1362	CELIA But didst thou hear without wondering how thy	
FTLN 1363	name should be hanged and carved upon these	175
FTLN 1364	trees?	
FTLN 1365	ROSALIND I was seven of the nine days out of the	
FTLN 1366	wonder before you came, for look here what I	
FTLN 1367	found on a palm tree. <i>['She shows the paper she</i>	
FTLN 1368	<i>read.']</i> I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras'	180
FTLN 1369	time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly	
FTLN 1370	remember.	
FTLN 1371	CELIA Trow you who hath done this?	
FTLN 1372	ROSALIND Is it a man?	
FTLN 1373	CELIA And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.	185
FTLN 1374	Change you color?	
FTLN 1375	ROSALIND I prithee, who?	
FTLN 1376	CELIA O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to	
FTLN 1377	meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes	
FTLN 1378	and so encounter.	190
FTLN 1379	ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?	
FTLN 1380	CELIA Is it possible?	
FTLN 1381	ROSALIND Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary	
FTLN 1382	vehemence, tell me who it is.	
FTLN 1383	CELIA O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful	195
FTLN 1384	wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that	
FTLN 1385	out of all whooping!	
FTLN 1386	ROSALIND Good my complexion, dost thou think	
FTLN 1387	though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a	
FTLN 1388	doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of	200
FTLN 1389	delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee,	
FTLN 1390	tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would	
FTLN 1391	thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this	

FTLN 1392	concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out	
FTLN 1393	of a narrow-mouthed bottle—either too much at	205
FTLN 1394	once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of	
FTLN 1395	thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.	
FTLN 1396	CELIA So you may put a man in your belly.	
FTLN 1397	ROSALIND Is he of God's making? What manner of	
FTLN 1398	man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a	210
FTLN 1399	beard?	
FTLN 1400	CELIA Nay, he hath but a little beard.	
FTLN 1401	ROSALIND Why, God will send more, if the man will be	
FTLN 1402	thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if	
FTLN 1403	thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.	215
FTLN 1404	CELIA It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's	
FTLN 1405	heels and your heart both in an instant.	
FTLN 1406	ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad	
FTLN 1407	brow and true maid.	
FTLN 1408	CELIA I' faith, coz, 'tis he.	220
FTLN 1409	ROSALIND Orlando?	
FTLN 1410	CELIA Orlando.	
FTLN 1411	ROSALIND Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet	
FTLN 1412	and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What	
FTLN 1413	said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What	225
FTLN 1414	makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains	
FTLN 1415	he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou	
FTLN 1416	see him again? Answer me in one word.	
FTLN 1417	CELIA You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first.	
FTLN 1418	'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.	230
FTLN 1419	To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to	
FTLN 1420	answer in a catechism.	
FTLN 1421	ROSALIND But doth he know that I am in this forest and	
FTLN 1422	in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the	
FTLN 1423	day he wrestled?	235
FTLN 1424	CELIA It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the	
FTLN 1425	propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my	
FTLN 1426	finding him, and relish it with good observance. I	
FTLN 1427	found him under a tree like a dropped acorn.	

FTLN 1428	ROSALIND	It may well be called Jove's tree when it	240
FTLN 1429		drops forth 「such」 fruit.	
FTLN 1430	CELIA	Give me audience, good madam.	
FTLN 1431	ROSALIND	Proceed.	
FTLN 1432	CELIA	There lay he, stretched along like a wounded	
FTLN 1433		knight.	245
FTLN 1434	ROSALIND	Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well	
FTLN 1435		becomes the ground.	
FTLN 1436	CELIA	Cry "holla" to 「thy」 tongue, I prithee. It curvets	
FTLN 1437		unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.	
FTLN 1438	ROSALIND	O, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.	250
FTLN 1439	CELIA	I would sing my song without a burden. Thou	
FTLN 1440		bring'st me out of tune.	
FTLN 1441	ROSALIND	Do you not know I am a woman? When I	
FTLN 1442		think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.	
FTLN 1443	CELIA	You bring me out.	255

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

FTLN 1444		Soft, comes he not here?	
FTLN 1445	ROSALIND	'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.	
		「 <i>Rosalind and Celia step aside.</i> 」	
FTLN 1446	JAQUES, 「 <i>to Orlando</i> 」	I thank you for your company,	
FTLN 1447		but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.	
FTLN 1448	ORLANDO	And so had I, but yet, for fashion sake, I	260
FTLN 1449		thank you too for your society.	
FTLN 1450	JAQUES	God be wi' you. Let's meet as little as we can.	
FTLN 1451	ORLANDO	I do desire we may be better strangers.	
FTLN 1452	JAQUES	I pray you mar no more trees with writing love	
FTLN 1453		songs in their barks.	265
FTLN 1454	ORLANDO	I pray you mar no more of my verses with	
FTLN 1455		reading them ill-favoredly.	
FTLN 1456	JAQUES	Rosalind is your love's name?	
FTLN 1457	ORLANDO	Yes, just.	
FTLN 1458	JAQUES	I do not like her name.	270
FTLN 1459	ORLANDO	There was no thought of pleasing you when	
FTLN 1460		she was christened.	

FTLN 1461	JAQUES	What stature is she of?	
FTLN 1462	ORLANDO	Just as high as my heart.	
FTLN 1463	JAQUES	You are full of pretty answers. Have you not	275
FTLN 1464		been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives and	
FTLN 1465		conned them out of rings?	
FTLN 1466	ORLANDO	Not so. But I answer you right painted cloth,	
FTLN 1467		from whence you have studied your questions.	
FTLN 1468	JAQUES	You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of	280
FTLN 1469		Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we	
FTLN 1470		two will rail against our mistress the world and all	
FTLN 1471		our misery.	
FTLN 1472	ORLANDO	I will chide no breather in the world but	
FTLN 1473		myself, against whom I know most faults.	285
FTLN 1474	JAQUES	The worst fault you have is to be in love.	
FTLN 1475	ORLANDO	'Tis a fault I will not change for your best	
FTLN 1476		virtue. I am weary of you.	
FTLN 1477	JAQUES	By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I	
FTLN 1478		found you.	290
FTLN 1479	ORLANDO	He is drowned in the brook. Look but in, and	
FTLN 1480		you shall see him.	
FTLN 1481	JAQUES	There I shall see mine own figure.	
FTLN 1482	ORLANDO	Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.	
FTLN 1483	JAQUES	I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good	295
FTLN 1484		Signior Love.	
FTLN 1485	ORLANDO	I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good	
FTLN 1486		Monsieur Melancholy. <i>「Jaques exits.」</i>	
FTLN 1487	ROSALIND, <i>「aside to Celia」</i>	I will speak to him like a	
FTLN 1488		saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave	300
FTLN 1489		with him. <i>「As Ganymede.」</i> Do you hear, forester?	
FTLN 1490	ORLANDO	Very well. What would you?	
FTLN 1491	ROSALIND, <i>「as Ganymede」</i>	I pray you, what is 't	
FTLN 1492		o'clock?	
FTLN 1493	ORLANDO	You should ask me what time o' day. There's	305
FTLN 1494		no clock in the forest.	
FTLN 1495	ROSALIND, <i>「as Ganymede」</i>	Then there is no true lover	
FTLN 1496		in the forest; else sighing every minute and	

FTLN 1497	groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of	
FTLN 1498	time as well as a clock.	310
FTLN 1499	ORLANDO And why not the swift foot of time? Had not	
FTLN 1500	that been as proper?	
FTLN 1501	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ By no means, sir. Time	
FTLN 1502	travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell	
FTLN 1503	you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal,	315
FTLN 1504	who time gallops withal, and who he stands still	
FTLN 1505	withal.	
FTLN 1506	ORLANDO I prithee, who doth he trot withal?	
FTLN 1507	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ Marry, he trots hard with a	
FTLN 1508	young maid between the contract of her marriage	320
FTLN 1509	and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a	
FTLN 1510	se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the	
FTLN 1511	length of seven year.	
FTLN 1512	ORLANDO Who ambles time withal?	
FTLN 1513	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ With a priest that lacks Latin	325
FTLN 1514	and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one	
FTLN 1515	sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other	
FTLN 1516	lives merrily because he feels no pain—the one	
FTLN 1517	lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning,	
FTLN 1518	the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious	330
FTLN 1519	penury. These time ambles withal.	
FTLN 1520	ORLANDO Who doth he gallop withal?	
FTLN 1521	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ With a thief to the gallows,	
FTLN 1522	for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks	
FTLN 1523	himself too soon there.	335
FTLN 1524	ORLANDO Who stays it still withal?	
FTLN 1525	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ With lawyers in the vacation,	
FTLN 1526	for they sleep between term and term, and	
FTLN 1527	then they perceive not how time moves.	
FTLN 1528	ORLANDO Where dwell you, pretty youth?	340
FTLN 1529	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ With this shepherdess, my	
FTLN 1530	sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe	
FTLN 1531	upon a petticoat.	
FTLN 1532	ORLANDO Are you native of this place?	

FTLN 1533	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> As the cony that you see	345
FTLN 1534	dwell where she is kindled.	
FTLN 1535	ORLANDO Your accent is something finer than you	
FTLN 1536	could purchase in so removed a dwelling.	
FTLN 1537	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> I have been told so of many.	
FTLN 1538	But indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught	350
FTLN 1539	me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man,	
FTLN 1540	one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in	
FTLN 1541	love. I have heard him read many lectures against it,	
FTLN 1542	and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched	
FTLN 1543	with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally	355
FTLN 1544	taxed their whole sex withal.	
FTLN 1545	ORLANDO Can you remember any of the principal evils	
FTLN 1546	that he laid to the charge of women?	
FTLN 1547	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> There were none principal.	
FTLN 1548	They were all like one another as halfpence are,	360
FTLN 1549	every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow	
FTLN 1550	fault came to match it.	
FTLN 1551	ORLANDO I prithee recount some of them.	
FTLN 1552	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> No, I will not cast away my	
FTLN 1553	physic but on those that are sick. There is a man	365
FTLN 1554	haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with	
FTLN 1555	carving "Rosalind" on their barks, hangs odes upon	
FTLN 1556	hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth,	
FTLN 1557	<i>deifying</i> the name of Rosalind. If I could meet	
FTLN 1558	that fancy-monger, I would give him some good	370
FTLN 1559	counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love	
FTLN 1560	upon him.	
FTLN 1561	ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell	
FTLN 1562	me your remedy.	
FTLN 1563	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> There is none of my uncle's	375
FTLN 1564	marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man	
FTLN 1565	in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you <i>are</i>	
FTLN 1566	not prisoner.	
FTLN 1567	ORLANDO What were his marks?	
FTLN 1568	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> A lean cheek, which you	380

FTLN 1569	have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have	
FTLN 1570	not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a	
FTLN 1571	beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon	
FTLN 1572	you for that, for simply your having in beard is a	
FTLN 1573	younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should	385
FTLN 1574	be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve	
FTLN 1575	unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything	
FTLN 1576	about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But	
FTLN 1577	you are no such man. You are rather point-device in	
FTLN 1578	your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming	390
FTLN 1579	the lover of any other.	
FTLN 1580	ORLANDO Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe	
FTLN 1581	I love.	
FTLN 1582	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Me believe it? You may as	
FTLN 1583	soon make her that you love believe it, which I	395
FTLN 1584	warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does.	
FTLN 1585	That is one of the points in the which women still	
FTLN 1586	give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth,	
FTLN 1587	are you he that hangs the verses on the trees	
FTLN 1588	wherein Rosalind is so admired?	400
FTLN 1589	ORLANDO I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of	
FTLN 1590	Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.	
FTLN 1591	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> But are you so much in love	
FTLN 1592	as your rhymes speak?	
FTLN 1593	ORLANDO Neither rhyme nor reason can express how	405
FTLN 1594	much.	
FTLN 1595	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Love is merely a madness,	
FTLN 1596	and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a	
FTLN 1597	whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are	
FTLN 1598	not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so	410
FTLN 1599	ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I	
FTLN 1600	profess curing it by counsel.	
FTLN 1601	ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?	
FTLN 1602	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Yes, one, and in this manner.	
FTLN 1603	He was to imagine me his love, his mistress,	415
FTLN 1604	and I set him every day to woo me; at which time	

FTLN 1605 would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be
 FTLN 1606 effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud,
 FTLN 1607 fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,
 FTLN 1608 full of smiles; for every passion something, and for 420
 FTLN 1609 no passion truly anything, as boys and women are,
 FTLN 1610 for the most part, cattle of this color; would now
 FTLN 1611 like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then
 FTLN 1612 forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him,
 FTLN 1613 that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love 425
 FTLN 1614 to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear
 FTLN 1615 the full stream of the world and to live in a
 FTLN 1616 nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and
 FTLN 1617 this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as
 FTLN 1618 clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not 430
 FTLN 1619 be one spot of love in 't.
 FTLN 1620 ORLANDO I would not be cured, youth.
 FTLN 1621 ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']* I would cure you if you
 FTLN 1622 would but call me Rosalind and come every day to
 FTLN 1623 my cote and woo me. 435
 FTLN 1624 ORLANDO Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me
 FTLN 1625 where it is.
 FTLN 1626 ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']* Go with me to it, and I'll
 FTLN 1627 show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where
 FTLN 1628 in the forest you live. Will you go? 440
 FTLN 1629 ORLANDO With all my heart, good youth.
 FTLN 1630 ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']* Nay, you must call me
 FTLN 1631 Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter ['Touchstone and'] Audrey, ['followed by'] Jaques.

FTLN 1632 TOUCHSTONE Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up
 FTLN 1633 your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the
 FTLN 1634 man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

FTLN 1635	AUDREY	Your features, Lord warrant us! What	
FTLN 1636		features?	5
FTLN 1637	TOUCHSTONE	I am here with thee and thy goats, as the	
FTLN 1638		most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the	
FTLN 1639		Goths.	
FTLN 1640	JAQUES, <i>「aside」</i>	O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than	
FTLN 1641		Jove in a thatched house.	10
FTLN 1642	TOUCHSTONE	When a man's verses cannot be understood,	
FTLN 1643		nor a man's good wit seconded with the	
FTLN 1644		forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more	
FTLN 1645		dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I	
FTLN 1646		would the gods had made thee poetical.	15
FTLN 1647	AUDREY	I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest	
FTLN 1648		in deed and word? Is it a true thing?	
FTLN 1649	TOUCHSTONE	No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most	
FTLN 1650		feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what	
FTLN 1651		they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do	20
FTLN 1652		feign.	
FTLN 1653	AUDREY	Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me	
FTLN 1654		poetical?	
FTLN 1655	TOUCHSTONE	I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou	
FTLN 1656		art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have	25
FTLN 1657		some hope thou didst feign.	
FTLN 1658	AUDREY	Would you not have me honest?	
FTLN 1659	TOUCHSTONE	No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored;	
FTLN 1660		for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a	
FTLN 1661		sauce to sugar.	30
FTLN 1662	JAQUES, <i>「aside」</i>	A material fool.	
FTLN 1663	AUDREY	Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the	
FTLN 1664		gods make me honest.	
FTLN 1665	TOUCHSTONE	Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a	
FTLN 1666		foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean	35
FTLN 1667		dish.	
FTLN 1668	AUDREY	I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am	
FTLN 1669		foul.	
FTLN 1670	TOUCHSTONE	Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness;	

FTLN 1671	sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may	40
FTLN 1672	be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been	
FTLN 1673	with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village,	
FTLN 1674	who hath promised to meet me in this place of the	
FTLN 1675	forest and to couple us.	
FTLN 1676	JAKUES, <i>['aside']</i> I would fain see this meeting.	45
FTLN 1677	AUDREY Well, the gods give us joy.	
FTLN 1678	TOUCHSTONE Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful	
FTLN 1679	heart, stagger in this attempt, for here we have no	
FTLN 1680	temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.	
FTLN 1681	But what though? Courage. As horns are odious,	50
FTLN 1682	they are necessary. It is said "Many a man knows no	
FTLN 1683	end of his goods." Right: many a man has good	
FTLN 1684	horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the	
FTLN 1685	dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting.	
FTLN 1686	Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no. The	55
FTLN 1687	noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the	
FTLN 1688	single man therefore blessed? No. As a walled town	
FTLN 1689	is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of	
FTLN 1690	a married man more honorable than the bare brow	
FTLN 1691	of a bachelor. And by how much defense is better	60
FTLN 1692	than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious	
FTLN 1693	than to want.	

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

FTLN 1694	Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Martext, you are	
FTLN 1695	well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree,	
FTLN 1696	or shall we go with you to your chapel?	65
FTLN 1697	OLIVER MARTEXT Is there none here to give the	
FTLN 1698	woman?	
FTLN 1699	TOUCHSTONE I will not take her on gift of any man.	
FTLN 1700	OLIVER MARTEXT Truly, she must be given, or the	
FTLN 1701	marriage is not lawful.	70
FTLN 1702	JAKUES, <i>['coming forward']</i> Proceed, proceed. I'll give	
FTLN 1703	her.	

FTLN 1704	TOUCHSTONE	Good even, good Monsieur What-you-call-'t.	
FTLN 1705		How do you, sir? You are very well met. God	
FTLN 1706		'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see	75
FTLN 1707		you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be	
FTLN 1708		covered.	
FTLN 1709	JAQUES	Will you be married, motley?	
FTLN 1710	TOUCHSTONE	As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his	
FTLN 1711		curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his	80
FTLN 1712		desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be	
FTLN 1713		nibbling.	
FTLN 1714	JAQUES	And will you, being a man of your breeding, be	
FTLN 1715		married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to	
FTLN 1716		church, and have a good priest that can tell you	85
FTLN 1717		what marriage is. This fellow will but join you	
FTLN 1718		together as they join wainscot. Then one of you will	
FTLN 1719		prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp,	
FTLN 1720		warp.	
FTLN 1721	TOUCHSTONE	I am not in the mind but I were better to	90
FTLN 1722		be married of him than of another, for he is not like	
FTLN 1723		to marry me well, and not being well married, it	
FTLN 1724		will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my	
FTLN 1725		wife.	
FTLN 1726	JAQUES	Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.	95
FTLN 1727	「TOUCHSTONE」	Come, sweet Audrey. We must be married,	
FTLN 1728		or we must live in bawdry.—Farewell, good	
FTLN 1729		Master Oliver, not	
FTLN 1730		<i>O sweet Oliver,</i>	
FTLN 1731		<i>O brave Oliver,</i>	100
FTLN 1732		<i>Leave me not behind thee,</i>	
FTLN 1733	But		
FTLN 1734		<i>Wind away,</i>	
FTLN 1735		<i>Begone, I say,</i>	
FTLN 1736		<i>I will not to wedding with thee.</i>	105
		「Audrey, Touchstone, and Jaques exit.」	
FTLN 1737	OLIVER MARTEXT	'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical	
FTLN 1738		knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.	
		「He exits.」	

Scene 4

*Enter Rosalind, 「dressed as Ganymede,」 and Celia,
「dressed as Aliena.」*

FTLN 1739	ROSALIND	Never talk to me. I will weep.	
FTLN 1740	CELIA	Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider	
FTLN 1741		that tears do not become a man.	
FTLN 1742	ROSALIND	But have I not cause to weep?	
FTLN 1743	CELIA	As good cause as one would desire. Therefore	5
FTLN 1744		weep.	
FTLN 1745	ROSALIND	His very hair is of the dissembling color.	
FTLN 1746	CELIA	Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his	
FTLN 1747		kisses are Judas's own children.	
FTLN 1748	ROSALIND	I' faith, his hair is of a good color.	10
FTLN 1749	CELIA	An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the	
FTLN 1750		only color.	
FTLN 1751	ROSALIND	And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the	
FTLN 1752		touch of holy bread.	
FTLN 1753	CELIA	He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A	15
FTLN 1754		nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously.	
FTLN 1755		The very ice of chastity is in them.	
FTLN 1756	ROSALIND	But why did he swear he would come this	
FTLN 1757		morning, and comes not?	
FTLN 1758	CELIA	Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.	20
FTLN 1759	ROSALIND	Do you think so?	
FTLN 1760	CELIA	Yes, I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-stealer,	
FTLN 1761		but for his verity in love, I do think him as	
FTLN 1762		concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.	
FTLN 1763	ROSALIND	Not true in love?	25
FTLN 1764	CELIA	Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.	
FTLN 1765	ROSALIND	You have heard him swear downright he	
FTLN 1766		was.	
FTLN 1767	CELIA	"Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of 「a」 lover is	
FTLN 1768		no stronger than the word of a tapster. They are	30
FTLN 1769		both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends	
FTLN 1770		here in the forest on the Duke your father.	

FTLN 1771	ROSALIND	I met the Duke yesterday and had much	
FTLN 1772		question with him. He asked me of what parentage	
FTLN 1773		I was. I told him, of as good as he. So he laughed	35
FTLN 1774		and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when	
FTLN 1775		there is such a man as Orlando?	
FTLN 1776	CELIA	O, that's a brave man. He writes brave verses,	
FTLN 1777		speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks	
FTLN 1778		them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of	40
FTLN 1779		his lover, as a puny tilter that spurs his horse but on	
FTLN 1780		one side breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's	
FTLN 1781		brave that youth mounts and folly guides.	
<i>Enter Corin.</i>			
FTLN 1782		Who comes here?	
	CORIN		
FTLN 1783		Mistress and master, you have oft inquired	45
FTLN 1784		After the shepherd that complained of love,	
FTLN 1785		Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,	
FTLN 1786		Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess	
FTLN 1787		That was his mistress.	
FTLN 1788	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i>	Well, and what of him?	50
	CORIN		
FTLN 1789		If you will see a pageant truly played	
FTLN 1790		Between the pale complexion of true love	
FTLN 1791		And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,	
FTLN 1792		Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you	
FTLN 1793		If you will mark it.	55
FTLN 1794	ROSALIND, <i>['aside to Celia']</i>	O come, let us remove.	
FTLN 1795		The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.	
FTLN 1796		<i>['As Ganymede, to Corin.']</i> Bring us to this sight, and	
FTLN 1797		you shall say	
FTLN 1798		I'll prove a busy actor in their play.	60
<i>They exit.</i>			

Scene 5
Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

SILVIUS

FTLN 1799	Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe.	
FTLN 1800	Say that you love me not, but say not so	
FTLN 1801	In bitterness. The common executioner,	
FTLN 1802	Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes	
FTLN 1803	hard,	5
FTLN 1804	Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck	
FTLN 1805	But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be	
FTLN 1806	Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?	

*Enter, 「unobserved,」 Rosalind 「as Ganymede,」 Celia 「as
Aliena,」 and Corin.*

PHOEBE

FTLN 1807	I would not be thy executioner.	
FTLN 1808	I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.	10
FTLN 1809	Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.	
FTLN 1810	'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable	
FTLN 1811	That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,	
FTLN 1812	Who shut their coward gates on atomies,	
FTLN 1813	Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.	15
FTLN 1814	Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,	
FTLN 1815	And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.	
FTLN 1816	Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;	
FTLN 1817	Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,	
FTLN 1818	Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.	20
FTLN 1819	Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.	
FTLN 1820	Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains	
FTLN 1821	Some scar of it. Lean upon a rush,	
FTLN 1822	The cicatrice and capable impressure	
FTLN 1823	Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,	25
FTLN 1824	Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;	
FTLN 1825	Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes	
FTLN 1826	That can do hurt.	

FTLN 1827	SILVIUS	O dear Phoebe,	
FTLN 1828		If ever—as that ever may be near—	30
FTLN 1829		You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,	
FTLN 1830		Then shall you know the wounds invisible	
FTLN 1831		That love's keen arrows make.	
FTLN 1832	PHOEBE	But till that time	
FTLN 1833		Come not thou near me. And when that time	35
FTLN 1834		comes,	
FTLN 1835		Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,	
FTLN 1836		As till that time I shall not pity thee.	
	ROSALIND,	<i>as Ganymede, coming forward</i> ¹	
FTLN 1837		And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,	
FTLN 1838		That you insult, exult, and all at once,	40
FTLN 1839		Over the wretched? What though you have no	
FTLN 1840		beauty—	
FTLN 1841		As, by my faith, I see no more in you	
FTLN 1842		Than without candle may go dark to bed—	
FTLN 1843		Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?	45
FTLN 1844		Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?	
FTLN 1845		I see no more in you than in the ordinary	
FTLN 1846		Of nature's sale-work.—'Od's my little life,	
FTLN 1847		I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.—	
FTLN 1848		No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.	50
FTLN 1849		'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,	
FTLN 1850		Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream	
FTLN 1851		That can entame my spirits to your worship.—	
FTLN 1852		You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,	
FTLN 1853		Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?	55
FTLN 1854		You are a thousand times a properer man	
FTLN 1855		Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you	
FTLN 1856		That makes the world full of ill-favored children.	
FTLN 1857		'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,	
FTLN 1858		And out of you she sees herself more proper	60
FTLN 1859		Than any of her lineaments can show her.—	
FTLN 1860		But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees	
FTLN 1861		And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,	

FTLN 1862	For I must tell you friendly in your ear,	
FTLN 1863	Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.	65
FTLN 1864	Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.	
FTLN 1865	Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—	
FTLN 1866	So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.	
	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1867	Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together.	
FTLN 1868	I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.	70
FTLN 1869	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹ He's fall'n in love with your	
FTLN 1870	foulness. (<i>To Silvius.</i> ¹) And she'll fall in love with	
FTLN 1871	my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with	
FTLN 1872	frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. (<i>To</i>	
FTLN 1873	<i>Phoebe.</i> ¹) Why look you so upon me?	75
FTLN 1874	PHOEBE For no ill will I bear you.	
	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> ¹	
FTLN 1875	I pray you, do not fall in love with me,	
FTLN 1876	For I am falser than vows made in wine.	
FTLN 1877	Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,	
FTLN 1878	'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—	80
FTLN 1879	Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—	
FTLN 1880	Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,	
FTLN 1881	And be not proud. Though all the world could see,	
FTLN 1882	None could be so abused in sight as he.—	
FTLN 1883	Come, to our flock.	85
	<i>She exits, as with Celia and Corin.</i> ¹	
	PHOEBE, <i>aside</i> ¹	
FTLN 1884	Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:	
FTLN 1885	"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1886	Sweet Phoebe—	
FTLN 1887	PHOEBE Ha, what sayst thou, Silvius?	
FTLN 1888	SILVIUS Sweet Phoebe, pity me.	90
	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1889	Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1890	Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.	

FTLN 1891	If you do sorrow at my grief in love,	
FTLN 1892	By giving love your sorrow and my grief	
FTLN 1893	Were both exterminated.	95
	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1894	Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1895	I would have you.	
FTLN 1896	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1897	Why, that were covetousness.	
FTLN 1898	Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;	
FTLN 1899	And yet it is not that I bear thee love;	100
FTLN 1900	But since that thou canst talk of love so well,	
FTLN 1901	Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,	
FTLN 1902	I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.	
FTLN 1903	But do not look for further recompense	
	Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.	105
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1904	So holy and so perfect is my love,	
FTLN 1905	And I in such a poverty of grace,	
FTLN 1906	That I shall think it a most plenteous crop	
FTLN 1907	To glean the broken ears after the man	
FTLN 1908	That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then	110
FTLN 1909	A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.	
	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1910	Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1911	Not very well, but I have met him oft,	
FTLN 1912	And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds	
FTLN 1913	That the old carlot once was master of.	115
	PHOEBE	
FTLN 1914	Think not I love him, though I ask for him.	
FTLN 1915	'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—	
FTLN 1916	But what care I for words? Yet words do well	
FTLN 1917	When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.	
FTLN 1918	It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—	120
FTLN 1919	But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes	
FTLN 1920	him.	

FTLN 1921	He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him	
FTLN 1922	Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue	
FTLN 1923	Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.	125
FTLN 1924	He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.	
FTLN 1925	His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.	
FTLN 1926	There was a pretty redness in his lip,	
FTLN 1927	A little ripier and more lusty red	
FTLN 1928	Than that mixed in his cheek: 'twas just the	130
FTLN 1929	difference	
FTLN 1930	Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.	
FTLN 1931	There be some women, Silvius, had they marked	
FTLN 1932	him	
FTLN 1933	In parcels as I did, would have gone near	135
FTLN 1934	To fall in love with him; but for my part	
FTLN 1935	I love him not nor hate him not; and yet	
FTLN 1936	'I have more cause to hate him than to love him.	
FTLN 1937	For what had he to do to chide at me?	
FTLN 1938	He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,	140
FTLN 1939	And now I am remembered, scorned at me.	
FTLN 1940	I marvel why I answered not again.	
FTLN 1941	But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.	
FTLN 1942	I'll write to him a very taunting letter,	
FTLN 1943	And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?	145
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 1944	Phoebe, with all my heart.	
FTLN 1945	PHOEBE	I'll write it straight.
FTLN 1946	The matter's in my head and in my heart.	
FTLN 1947	I will be bitter with him and passing short.	
FTLN 1948	Go with me, Silvius.	150

They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

*Enter Rosalind 「as Ganymede,」 and Celia 「as Aliena,」
and Jaques.*

FTLN 1949	JAQUES	I prithee, pretty youth, let me 「be」 better	
FTLN 1950		acquainted with thee.	
FTLN 1951	ROSALIND, 「as Ganymede」	They say you are a melancholy	
FTLN 1952		fellow.	
FTLN 1953	JAQUES	I am so. I do love it better than laughing.	5
FTLN 1954	ROSALIND, 「as Ganymede」	Those that are in extremity	
FTLN 1955		of either are abominable fellows and betray	
FTLN 1956		themselves to every modern censure worse than	
FTLN 1957		drunkards.	
FTLN 1958	JAQUES	Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.	10
FTLN 1959	ROSALIND, 「as Ganymede」	Why then, 'tis good to be a	
FTLN 1960		post.	
FTLN 1961	JAQUES	I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which	
FTLN 1962		is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical;	
FTLN 1963		nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the	15
FTLN 1964		soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's,	
FTLN 1965		which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor	
FTLN 1966		the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy	
FTLN 1967		of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted	
FTLN 1968		from many objects, and indeed the sundry	20
FTLN 1969		contemplation of my travels, in which 「my」 often	
FTLN 1970		rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.	
FTLN 1971	ROSALIND, 「as Ganymede」	A traveller. By my faith, you	

FTLN 1972	have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold	
FTLN 1973	your own lands to see other men's. Then to have	25
FTLN 1974	seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes	
FTLN 1975	and poor hands.	
FTLN 1976	JAQUES Yes, I have gained my experience.	
FTLN 1977	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> And your experience makes	
FTLN 1978	you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry	30
FTLN 1979	than experience to make me sad—and to travel for	
FTLN 1980	it too.	
<i>Enter Orlando.</i>		
ORLANDO		
FTLN 1981	Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.	
FTLN 1982	JAQUES Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank	
FTLN 1983	verse.	35
FTLN 1984	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.	
FTLN 1985	Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all	
FTLN 1986	the benefits of your own country, be out of love with	
FTLN 1987	your nativity, and almost chide God for making you	
FTLN 1988	that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you	40
FTLN 1989	have swam in a gondola.	
	<i>Jaques exits.</i>	
FTLN 1990	Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all	
FTLN 1991	this while? You a lover? An you serve me such	
FTLN 1992	another trick, never come in my sight more.	
FTLN 1993	ORLANDO My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of	45
FTLN 1994	my promise.	
FTLN 1995	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Break an hour's promise in	
FTLN 1996	love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand	
FTLN 1997	parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a	
FTLN 1998	minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him	50
FTLN 1999	that Cupid hath clapped him o' th' shoulder, but I'll	
FTLN 2000	warrant him heart-whole.	
FTLN 2001	ORLANDO Pardon me, dear Rosalind.	
FTLN 2002	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Nay, an you be so tardy,	

FTLN 2003	come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of	55
FTLN 2004	a snail.	
FTLN 2005	ORLANDO Of a snail?	
FTLN 2006	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Ay, of a snail, for though he	
FTLN 2007	comes slowly, he carries his house on his head—a	
FTLN 2008	better jointure, I think, than you make a woman.	60
FTLN 2009	Besides, he brings his destiny with him.	
FTLN 2010	ORLANDO What's that?	
FTLN 2011	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Why, horns, which such as	
FTLN 2012	you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But	
FTLN 2013	he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the	65
FTLN 2014	slander of his wife.	
FTLN 2015	ORLANDO Virtue is no hornmaker, and my Rosalind is	
FTLN 2016	virtuous.	
FTLN 2017	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> And I am your Rosalind.	
FTLN 2018	CELIA, <i>as Aliena</i> It pleases him to call you so, but he	70
FTLN 2019	hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.	
FTLN 2020	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede, to Orlando</i> Come, woo me,	
FTLN 2021	woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor, and like	
FTLN 2022	enough to consent. What would you say to me now	
FTLN 2023	an I were your very, very Rosalind?	75
FTLN 2024	ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.	
FTLN 2025	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Nay, you were better speak	
FTLN 2026	first, and when you were gravelled for lack of	
FTLN 2027	matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good	
FTLN 2028	orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for	80
FTLN 2029	lovers lacking—God warn us—matter, the cleanliest	
FTLN 2030	shift is to kiss.	
FTLN 2031	ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied?	
FTLN 2032	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Then she puts you to entreaty,	
FTLN 2033	and there begins new matter.	85
FTLN 2034	ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his beloved	
FTLN 2035	mistress?	
FTLN 2036	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Marry, that should you if I	
FTLN 2037	were your mistress, or I should think my honesty	
FTLN 2038	ranker than my wit.	90

FTLN 2039	ORLANDO	What, of my suit?	
FTLN 2040	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	Not out of your apparel, and	
FTLN 2041		yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?	
FTLN 2042	ORLANDO	I take some joy to say you are because I	
FTLN 2043		would be talking of her.	95
FTLN 2044	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	Well, in her person I say I	
FTLN 2045		will not have you.	
FTLN 2046	ORLANDO	Then, in mine own person I die.	
FTLN 2047	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	No, faith, die by attorney.	
FTLN 2048		The poor world is almost six thousand years old,	100
FTLN 2049		and in all this time there was not any man died in	
FTLN 2050		his own person, <i>videlicet</i> , in a love cause. Troilus	
FTLN 2051		had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet	
FTLN 2052		he did what he could to die before, and he is one of	
FTLN 2053		the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived	105
FTLN 2054		many a fair year though Hero had turned nun, if it	
FTLN 2055		had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good	
FTLN 2056		youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont	
FTLN 2057		and, being taken with the cramp, was	
FTLN 2058		drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age	110
FTLN 2059		found it was Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies.	
FTLN 2060		Men have died from time to time and worms have	
FTLN 2061		eaten them, but not for love.	
FTLN 2062	ORLANDO	I would not have my right Rosalind of this	
FTLN 2063		mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.	115
FTLN 2064	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	By this hand, it will not kill a	
FTLN 2065		fly. But come; now I will be your Rosalind in a more	
FTLN 2066		coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I	
FTLN 2067		will grant it.	
FTLN 2068	ORLANDO	Then love me, Rosalind.	120
FTLN 2069	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and	
FTLN 2070		Saturdays and all.	
FTLN 2071	ORLANDO	And wilt thou have me?	
FTLN 2072	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i>	Ay, and twenty such.	
FTLN 2073	ORLANDO	What sayest thou?	125

FTLN 2074	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Are you not good?	
FTLN 2075	ORLANDO	I hope so.	
FTLN 2076	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Why then, can one desire	
FTLN 2077		too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall	
FTLN 2078		be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand,	130
FTLN 2079		Orlando.—What do you say, sister?	
FTLN 2080	ORLANDO, 「 <i>to Celia</i> 」	Pray thee marry us.	
FTLN 2081	CELIA, 「 <i>as Aliena</i> 」	I cannot say the words.	
FTLN 2082	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	You must begin “Will you,	
FTLN 2083		Orlando—”	135
FTLN 2084	CELIA, 「 <i>as Aliena</i> 」	Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to	
FTLN 2085		wife this Rosalind?	
FTLN 2086	ORLANDO	I will.	
FTLN 2087	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Ay, but when?	
FTLN 2088	ORLANDO	Why now, as fast as she can marry us.	140
FTLN 2089	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Then you must say “I take	
FTLN 2090		thee, Rosalind, for wife.”	
FTLN 2091	ORLANDO	I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.	
FTLN 2092	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	I might ask you for your	
FTLN 2093		commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my	145
FTLN 2094		husband. There’s a girl goes before the priest, and	
FTLN 2095		certainly a woman’s thought runs before her	
FTLN 2096		actions.	
FTLN 2097	ORLANDO	So do all thoughts. They are winged.	
FTLN 2098	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Now tell me how long you	150
FTLN 2099		would have her after you have possessed her?	
FTLN 2100	ORLANDO	Forever and a day.	
FTLN 2101	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Say “a day” without the	
FTLN 2102		“ever.” No, no, Orlando, men are April when they	
FTLN 2103		woo, December when they wed. Maids are May	155
FTLN 2104		when they are maids, but the sky changes when	
FTLN 2105		they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a	
FTLN 2106		Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous	
FTLN 2107		than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than	
FTLN 2108		an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I	160
FTLN 2109		will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,	

FTLN 2110	and I will do that when you are disposed to be	
FTLN 2111	merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou	
FTLN 2112	art inclined to sleep.	
FTLN 2113	ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?	165
FTLN 2114	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> By my life, she will do as I	
FTLN 2115	do.	
FTLN 2116	ORLANDO O, but she is wise.	
FTLN 2117	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Or else she could not have	
FTLN 2118	the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make	170
FTLN 2119	the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the	
FTLN 2120	casement. Shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole.	
FTLN 2121	Stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the	
FTLN 2122	chimney.	
FTLN 2123	ORLANDO A man that had a wife with such a wit, he	175
FTLN 2124	might say "Wit, whither wilt?"	
FTLN 2125	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Nay, you might keep that	
FTLN 2126	check for it till you met your wife's wit going to	
FTLN 2127	your neighbor's bed.	
FTLN 2128	ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?	180
FTLN 2129	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Marry, to say she came to	
FTLN 2130	seek you there. You shall never take her without her	
FTLN 2131	answer unless you take her without her tongue. O,	
FTLN 2132	that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's	
FTLN 2133	occasion, let her never nurse her child	185
FTLN 2134	herself, for she will breed it like a fool.	
FTLN 2135	ORLANDO For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave	
FTLN 2136	thee.	
FTLN 2137	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Alas, dear love, I cannot lack	
FTLN 2138	thee two hours.	190
FTLN 2139	ORLANDO I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two	
FTLN 2140	o'clock I will be with thee again.	
FTLN 2141	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Ay, go your ways, go your	
FTLN 2142	ways. I knew what you would prove. My friends told	
FTLN 2143	me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering	195
FTLN 2144	tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and	
FTLN 2145	so, come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?	

FTLN 2146	ORLANDO	Ay, sweet Rosalind.	
FTLN 2147	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	By my troth, and in good	
FTLN 2148		earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty	200
FTLN 2149		oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of	
FTLN 2150		your promise or come one minute behind your	
FTLN 2151		hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise,	
FTLN 2152		and the most hollow lover, and the most	
FTLN 2153		unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be	205
FTLN 2154		chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful.	
FTLN 2155		Therefore beware my censure, and keep your	
FTLN 2156		promise.	
FTLN 2157	ORLANDO	With no less religion than if thou wert indeed	
FTLN 2158		my Rosalind. So, adieu.	210
FTLN 2159	ROSALIND, 「 <i>as Ganymede</i> 」	Well, time is the old justice	
FTLN 2160		that examines all such offenders, and let time try.	
FTLN 2161		Adieu.	
		<i>「Orlando」 exits.</i>	
FTLN 2162	CELIA	You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.	
FTLN 2163		We must have your doublet and hose plucked	215
FTLN 2164		over your head and show the world what the bird	
FTLN 2165		hath done to her own nest.	
FTLN 2166	ROSALIND	O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou	
FTLN 2167		didst know how many fathom deep I am in love. But	
FTLN 2168		it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an	220
FTLN 2169		unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.	
FTLN 2170	CELIA	Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour	
FTLN 2171		affection in, 「it」 runs out.	
FTLN 2172	ROSALIND	No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that	
FTLN 2173		was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born	225
FTLN 2174		of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses	
FTLN 2175		everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be	
FTLN 2176		judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I	
FTLN 2177		cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a	
FTLN 2178		shadow and sigh till he come.	230
FTLN 2179	CELIA	And I'll sleep.	

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Jaques and Lords, [like] foresters.

FTLN 2180 JAQUES Which is he that killed the deer?
 FTLN 2181 [FIRST] LORD Sir, it was I.
 FTLN 2182 JAQUES, [to the other Lords] Let's present him to the
 FTLN 2183 Duke like a Roman conqueror. And it would do well
 FTLN 2184 to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of 5
 FTLN 2185 victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this
 FTLN 2186 purpose?
 FTLN 2187 [SECOND] LORD Yes, sir.
 FTLN 2188 JAQUES Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it
 FTLN 2189 make noise enough. 10

Music. Song.

[SECOND LORD sings]
 FTLN 2190 *What shall he have that killed the deer?*
 FTLN 2191 *His leather skin and horns to wear.*
 FTLN 2192 *Then sing him home.*

(The rest shall bear this burden:)

FTLN 2193 *Take thou no scorn to wear the horn.*
 FTLN 2194 *It was a crest ere thou wast born.* 15
 FTLN 2195 *Thy father's father wore it,*
 FTLN 2196 *And thy father bore it.*
 FTLN 2197 *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn*
 FTLN 2198 *Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

They exit.

Scene 3

*Enter Rosalind [dressed as Ganymede] and Celia
 [dressed as Aliena.]*

FTLN 2199 ROSALIND How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
 FTLN 2200 And here much Orlando.
 FTLN 2201 CELIA I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain
 FTLN 2202 he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth
 FTLN 2203 to sleep. 5

Enter Silvius.

FTLN 2204	Look who comes here.	
FTLN 2205	SILVIUS, <i>「to Rosalind」</i>	
FTLN 2206	My errand is to you, fair youth.	
	My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.	
	<i>「He gives Rosalind a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 2207	I know not the contents, but as I guess	
FTLN 2208	By the stern brow and waspish action	10
FTLN 2209	Which she did use as she was writing of it,	
FTLN 2210	It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me.	
FTLN 2211	I am but as a guiltless messenger.	
	<i>「Rosalind reads the letter.」</i>	
	ROSALIND, <i>「as Ganymede」</i>	
FTLN 2212	Patience herself would startle at this letter	
FTLN 2213	And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.	15
FTLN 2214	She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.	
FTLN 2215	She calls me proud, and that she could not love me	
FTLN 2216	Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will,	
FTLN 2217	Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.	
FTLN 2218	Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,	20
FTLN 2219	This is a letter of your own device.	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 2220	No, I protest. I know not the contents.	
FTLN 2221	Phoebe did write it.	
FTLN 2222	ROSALIND, <i>「as Ganymede」</i> Come, come, you are a	
FTLN 2223	fool,	25
FTLN 2224	And turned into the extremity of love.	
FTLN 2225	I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand,	
FTLN 2226	A freestone-colored hand. I verily did think	
FTLN 2227	That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.	
FTLN 2228	She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.	30
FTLN 2229	I say she never did invent this letter.	
FTLN 2230	This is a man's invention, and his hand.	
FTLN 2231	SILVIUS Sure it is hers.	
	ROSALIND, <i>「as Ganymede」</i>	
FTLN 2232	Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,	

FTLN 2233	A style for challengers. Why, she defies me	35
FTLN 2234	Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain	
FTLN 2235	Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,	
FTLN 2236	Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect	
FTLN 2237	Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?	
	SILVIUS	
FTLN 2238	So please you, for I never heard it yet,	40
FTLN 2239	Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.	
	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i>	
FTLN 2240	She Phoebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes. (<i>Read.</i>)	
FTLN 2241	<i>Art thou god to shepherd turned,</i>	
FTLN 2242	<i>That a maiden's heart hath burned?</i>	
FTLN 2243	Can a woman rail thus?	45
FTLN 2244	SILVIUS Call you this railing?	
	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i>	
	(<i>Read.</i>)	
FTLN 2245	<i>Why, thy godhead laid apart,</i>	
FTLN 2246	<i>Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?</i>	
FTLN 2247	Did you ever hear such railing?	
FTLN 2248	<i>Whiles the eye of man did woo me,</i>	50
FTLN 2249	<i>That could do no vengeance to me.</i>	
FTLN 2250	Meaning me a beast.	
FTLN 2251	<i>If the scorn of your bright eyne</i>	
FTLN 2252	<i>Have power to raise such love in mine,</i>	
FTLN 2253	<i>Alack, in me what strange effect</i>	55
FTLN 2254	<i>Would they work in mild aspect?</i>	
FTLN 2255	<i>Whiles you chid me, I did love.</i>	
FTLN 2256	<i>How then might your prayers move?</i>	
FTLN 2257	<i>He that brings this love to thee</i>	
FTLN 2258	<i>Little knows this love in me,</i>	60
FTLN 2259	<i>And by him seal up thy mind</i>	
FTLN 2260	<i>Whether that thy youth and kind</i>	
FTLN 2261	<i>Will the faithful offer take</i>	
FTLN 2262	<i>Of me, and all that I can make,</i>	
FTLN 2263	<i>Or else by him my love deny,</i>	65
FTLN 2264	<i>And then I'll study how to die.</i>	

FTLN 2265 SILVIUS Call you this chiding?
 FTLN 2266 CELIA, 「*as Aliena*」 Alas, poor shepherd.
 FTLN 2267 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 Do you pity him? No, he
 FTLN 2268 deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman? 70
 FTLN 2269 What, to make thee an instrument and play false
 FTLN 2270 strains upon thee? Not to be endured. Well, go your
 FTLN 2271 way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
 FTLN 2272 snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I
 FTLN 2273 charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never 75
 FTLN 2274 have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true
 FTLN 2275 lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more
 FTLN 2276 company. *Silvius exits.*

Enter Oliver.

OLIVER
 FTLN 2277 Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
 FTLN 2278 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands 80
 FTLN 2279 A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?
 CELIA, 「*as Aliena*」
 FTLN 2280 West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom;
 FTLN 2281 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
 FTLN 2282 Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
 FTLN 2283 But at this hour the house doth keep itself. 85
 FTLN 2284 There's none within.
 OLIVER
 FTLN 2285 If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 FTLN 2286 Then should I know you by description—
 FTLN 2287 Such garments, and such years. “The boy is fair,
 FTLN 2288 Of female favor, and bestows himself 90
 FTLN 2289 Like a ripe sister; the woman low
 FTLN 2290 And browner than her brother.” Are not you
 FTLN 2291 The owner of the house I did inquire for?
 CELIA, 「*as Aliena*」
 FTLN 2292 It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
 OLIVER
 FTLN 2293 Orlando doth commend him to you both, 95

FTLN 2294	And to that youth he calls his Rosalind	
FTLN 2295	He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?	
	<i>〔He shows a stained handkerchief.〕</i>	
	ROSALIND, <i>〔as Ganymede〕</i>	
FTLN 2296	I am. What must we understand by this?	
	OLIVER	
FTLN 2297	Some of my shame, if you will know of me	
FTLN 2298	What man I am, and how, and why, and where	100
FTLN 2299	This handkercher was stained.	
FTLN 2300	CELIA, <i>〔as Aliena〕</i>	I pray you tell it.
	OLIVER	
FTLN 2301	When last the young Orlando parted from you,	
FTLN 2302	He left a promise to return again	
FTLN 2303	Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,	105
FTLN 2304	Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,	
FTLN 2305	Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside—	
FTLN 2306	And mark what object did present itself:	
FTLN 2307	Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with	
FTLN 2308	age	110
FTLN 2309	And high top bald with dry antiquity,	
FTLN 2310	A wretched, ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,	
FTLN 2311	Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck	
FTLN 2312	A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,	
FTLN 2313	Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached	115
FTLN 2314	The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,	
FTLN 2315	Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself	
FTLN 2316	And, with indented glides, did slip away	
FTLN 2317	Into a bush, under which bush’s shade	
FTLN 2318	A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,	120
FTLN 2319	Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch	
FTLN 2320	When that the sleeping man should stir—for ’tis	
FTLN 2321	The royal disposition of that beast	
FTLN 2322	To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.	
FTLN 2323	This seen, Orlando did approach the man	125
FTLN 2324	And found it was his brother, his elder brother.	

CELIA, *['as Aliena']*

FTLN 2325 O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
FTLN 2326 And he did render him the most unnatural
FTLN 2327 That lived amongst men.

FTLN 2328 OLIVER And well he might so do, 130
FTLN 2329 For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']*

FTLN 2330 But to Orlando: did he leave him there,
FTLN 2331 Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

OLIVER

FTLN 2332 Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,
FTLN 2333 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, 135
FTLN 2334 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
FTLN 2335 Made him give battle to the lioness,
FTLN 2336 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
FTLN 2337 From miserable slumber I awaked.

FTLN 2338 CELIA, *['as Aliena']* Are you his brother? 140

FTLN 2339 ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']* Was 't you he rescued?

CELIA, *['as Aliena']*

FTLN 2340 Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLIVER

FTLN 2341 'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
FTLN 2342 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
FTLN 2343 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. 145

ROSALIND, *['as Ganymede']*

FTLN 2344 But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

FTLN 2345 By and by.
FTLN 2346 When from the first to last betwixt us two
FTLN 2347 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed—
FTLN 2348 As how I came into that desert place— 150

FTLN 2349 *['In']* brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

FTLN 2350 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

FTLN 2351 Committing me unto my brother's love;

FTLN 2352 Who led me instantly unto his cave,

FTLN 2353 There stripped himself, and here upon his arm 155

FTLN 2354 The lioness had torn some flesh away,

FTLN 2355	Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,	
FTLN 2356	And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.	
FTLN 2357	Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound,	
FTLN 2358	And after some small space, being strong at heart,	160
FTLN 2359	He sent me hither, stranger as I am,	
FTLN 2360	To tell this story, that you might excuse	
FTLN 2361	His broken promise, and to give this napkin	
FTLN 2362	Dyed in 'his' blood unto the shepherd youth	
FTLN 2363	That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.	165
	<i>['Rosalind faints.]</i>	
	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i>	
FTLN 2364	Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?	
	OLIVER	
FTLN 2365	Many will swoon when they do look on blood.	
	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i>	
FTLN 2366	There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede.	
FTLN 2367	OLIVER Look, he recovers.	
FTLN 2368	ROSALIND I would I were at home.	170
FTLN 2369	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i> We'll lead you thither.—I pray you,	
FTLN 2370	will you take him by the arm?	
FTLN 2371	OLIVER, <i>['helping Rosalind to rise']</i> Be of good cheer,	
FTLN 2372	youth. You a man? You lack a man's heart.	
FTLN 2373	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i> I do so, I confess it. Ah,	175
FTLN 2374	sirrah, a body would think this was well-counterfeited.	
FTLN 2375	I pray you tell your brother how well I	
FTLN 2376	counterfeited. Heigh-ho.	
FTLN 2377	OLIVER This was not counterfeit. There is too great	
FTLN 2378	testimony in your complexion that it was a passion	180
FTLN 2379	of earnest.	
FTLN 2380	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i> Counterfeit, I assure you.	
FTLN 2381	OLIVER Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to	
FTLN 2382	be a man.	
FTLN 2383	ROSALIND, <i>['as Ganymede']</i> So I do; but, i' faith, I should	185
FTLN 2384	have been a woman by right.	
FTLN 2385	CELIA, <i>['as Aliena']</i> Come, you look paler and paler. Pray	
FTLN 2386	you draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.	

OLIVER

That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede* I shall devise something.

But I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him.

Will you go?

They exit.

190

FTLN 2387

FTLN 2388

FTLN 2389

FTLN 2390

FTLN 2391

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

FTLN 2392	TOUCHSTONE	We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience,	
FTLN 2393		gentle Audrey.	
FTLN 2394	AUDREY	Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the	
FTLN 2395		old gentleman's saying.	
FTLN 2396	TOUCHSTONE	A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most	5
FTLN 2397		vile Martext. But Audrey, there is a youth here in	
FTLN 2398		the forest lays claim to you.	
FTLN 2399	AUDREY	Ay, I know who 'tis. He hath no interest in me	
FTLN 2400		in the world.	

Enter William.

FTLN 2401		Here comes the man you mean.	10
FTLN 2402	TOUCHSTONE	It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.	
FTLN 2403		By my troth, we that have good wits have much to	
FTLN 2404		answer for. We shall be flouting. We cannot hold.	
FTLN 2405	WILLIAM	Good ev'n, Audrey.	
FTLN 2406	AUDREY	God gi' good ev'n, William.	15
FTLN 2407	WILLIAM, <i>to Touchstone</i>	And good ev'n to you, sir.	
FTLN 2408	TOUCHSTONE	Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head,	
FTLN 2409		cover thy head. Nay, prithee, be covered. How old	
FTLN 2410		are you, friend?	
FTLN 2411	WILLIAM	Five-and-twenty, sir.	20
FTLN 2412	TOUCHSTONE	A ripe age. Is thy name William?	
FTLN 2413	WILLIAM	William, sir.	

FTLN 2414	TOUCHSTONE	A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?	
FTLN 2415	WILLIAM	Ay, sir, I thank God.	
FTLN 2416	TOUCHSTONE	"Thank God." A good answer. Art rich?	25
FTLN 2417	WILLIAM	'Faith sir, so-so.	
FTLN 2418	TOUCHSTONE	"So-so" is good, very good, very excellent	
FTLN 2419		good. And yet it is not: it is but so-so. Art thou wise?	
FTLN 2420	WILLIAM	Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.	
FTLN 2421	TOUCHSTONE	Why, thou sayst well. I do now remember	30
FTLN 2422		a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the	
FTLN 2423		wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen	
FTLN 2424		philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape,	
FTLN 2425		would open his lips when he put it into his mouth,	
FTLN 2426		meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and	35
FTLN 2427		lips to open. You do love this maid?	
FTLN 2428	WILLIAM	I do, 'sir.'	
FTLN 2429	TOUCHSTONE	Give me your hand. Art thou learned?	
FTLN 2430	WILLIAM	No, sir.	
FTLN 2431	TOUCHSTONE	Then learn this of me: to have is to have.	40
FTLN 2432		For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured	
FTLN 2433		out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth	
FTLN 2434		empty the other. For all your writers do consent	
FTLN 2435		that <i>ipse</i> is "he." Now, you are not <i>ipse</i> , for I am he.	
FTLN 2436	WILLIAM	Which he, sir?	45
FTLN 2437	TOUCHSTONE	He, sir, that must marry this woman.	
FTLN 2438		Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the	
FTLN 2439		vulgar "leave"—the society—which in the boorish	
FTLN 2440		is "company"—of this female—which in the common	
FTLN 2441		is "woman"; which together is, abandon the	50
FTLN 2442		society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or,	
FTLN 2443		to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill	
FTLN 2444		thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death,	
FTLN 2445		thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with	
FTLN 2446		thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will bandy with	55
FTLN 2447		thee in faction. I will o'errun thee with 'policy.' I	
FTLN 2448		will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. Therefore	
FTLN 2449		tremble and depart.	

FTLN 2450 AUDREY Do, good William.
 FTLN 2451 WILLIAM, 「to Touchstone」 God rest you merry, sir. 60
He exits.

Enter Corin.

FTLN 2452 CORIN Our master and mistress seeks you. Come away,
 FTLN 2453 away.
 FTLN 2454 TOUCHSTONE Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I
 FTLN 2455 attend.
They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Orlando, 「with his arm in a sling,」 and Oliver.

FTLN 2456 ORLANDO Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance
 FTLN 2457 you should like her? That, but seeing, you should
 FTLN 2458 love her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should
 FTLN 2459 grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?
 FTLN 2460 OLIVER Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the 5
 FTLN 2461 poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden
 FTLN 2462 wooing, nor 「her」 sudden consenting, but say with
 FTLN 2463 me “I love Aliena”; say with her that she loves me;
 FTLN 2464 consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It
 FTLN 2465 shall be to your good, for my father's house and all 10
 FTLN 2466 the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate
 FTLN 2467 upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind, 「as Ganymede.」

FTLN 2468 ORLANDO You have my consent. Let your wedding be
 FTLN 2469 tomorrow. Thither will I invite the Duke and all 's
 FTLN 2470 contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena, 15
 FTLN 2471 for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.
 FTLN 2472 ROSALIND, 「as Ganymede, to Oliver」 God save you,
 FTLN 2473 brother.
 FTLN 2474 OLIVER And you, fair sister. 「He exits.」

FTLN 2475	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> O my dear Orlando, how it	20
FTLN 2476	grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.	
FTLN 2477	ORLANDO It is my arm.	
FTLN 2478	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> I thought thy heart had been	
FTLN 2479	wounded with the claws of a lion.	
FTLN 2480	ORLANDO Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.	25
FTLN 2481	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Did your brother tell you	
FTLN 2482	how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me	
FTLN 2483	your handkercher?	
FTLN 2484	ORLANDO Ay, and greater wonders than that.	
FTLN 2485	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> O, I know where you are.	30
FTLN 2486	Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden	
FTLN 2487	but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical	
FTLN 2488	brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your	
FTLN 2489	brother and my sister no sooner met but they	
FTLN 2490	looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner	35
FTLN 2491	loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they	
FTLN 2492	asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the	
FTLN 2493	reason but they sought the remedy; and in these	
FTLN 2494	degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage,	
FTLN 2495	which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent	40
FTLN 2496	before marriage. They are in the very wrath	
FTLN 2497	of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part	
FTLN 2498	them.	
FTLN 2499	ORLANDO They shall be married tomorrow, and I will	
FTLN 2500	bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a	45
FTLN 2501	thing it is to look into happiness through another	
FTLN 2502	man's eyes. By so much the more shall I tomorrow	
FTLN 2503	be at the height of heart-heaviness by how much I	
FTLN 2504	shall think my brother happy in having what he	
FTLN 2505	wishes for.	50
FTLN 2506	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> Why, then, tomorrow I cannot	
FTLN 2507	serve your turn for Rosalind?	
FTLN 2508	ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking.	
FTLN 2509	ROSALIND, <i>as Ganymede</i> I will weary you then no	
FTLN 2510	longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for	55

FTLN 2511 now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are
 FTLN 2512 a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that
 FTLN 2513 you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge,
 FTLN 2514 insomuch I say I know you 'are.' Neither do I labor
 FTLN 2515 for a greater esteem than may in some little measure 60
 FTLN 2516 draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and
 FTLN 2517 not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I
 FTLN 2518 can do strange things. I have, since I was three year
 FTLN 2519 old, conversed with a magician, most profound in
 FTLN 2520 his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind 65
 FTLN 2521 so near the heart as your gesture cries it out,
 FTLN 2522 when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry
 FTLN 2523 her. I know into what straits of fortune she is
 FTLN 2524 driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear
 FTLN 2525 not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes 70
 FTLN 2526 tomorrow, human as she is, and without any
 FTLN 2527 danger.
 FTLN 2528 ORLANDO Speak'st thou in sober meanings?
 FTLN 2529 ROSALIND, 'as Ganymede' By my life I do, which I
 FTLN 2530 tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore 75
 FTLN 2531 put you in your best array, bid your friends; for
 FTLN 2532 if you will be married tomorrow, you shall, and to
 FTLN 2533 Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

FTLN 2534 Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of
 FTLN 2535 hers. 80
 FTLN 2536 PHOEBE, 'to Rosalind'
 FTLN 2537 Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
 To show the letter that I writ to you.
 FTLN 2538 ROSALIND, 'as Ganymede'
 FTLN 2539 I care not if I have. It is my study
 FTLN 2540 To seem spiteful and ungentle to you. 85
 FTLN 2541 You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
 Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHOEBE, 「*to Silvius*」

FTLN 2542 Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS

FTLN 2543 It is to be all made of sighs and tears,

FTLN 2544 And so am I for Phoebe.

FTLN 2545 PHOEBE And I for Ganymede. 90

FTLN 2546 ORLANDO And I for Rosalind.

FTLN 2547 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

FTLN 2548 It is to be all made of faith and service,

FTLN 2549 And so am I for Phoebe.

FTLN 2550 PHOEBE And I for Ganymede. 95

FTLN 2551 ORLANDO And I for Rosalind.

FTLN 2552 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

FTLN 2553 It is to be all made of fantasy,

FTLN 2554 All made of passion and all made of wishes,

FTLN 2555 All adoration, duty, and observance, 100

FTLN 2556 All humbleness, all patience and impatience,

FTLN 2557 All purity, all trial, all observance,

FTLN 2558 And so am I for Phoebe.

FTLN 2559 PHOEBE And so am I for Ganymede.

FTLN 2560 ORLANDO And so am I for Rosalind. 105

FTLN 2561 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 And so am I for no
FTLN 2562 woman.

PHOEBE

FTLN 2563 If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS

FTLN 2564 If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO

FTLN 2565 If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 110

FTLN 2566 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 Why do you speak too,

FTLN 2567 “Why blame you me to love you?”

FTLN 2568 ORLANDO To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

FTLN 2569 ROSALIND, 「*as Ganymede*」 Pray you, no more of this.

FTLN 2570 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the 115
 FTLN 2571 moon. (‘*To Silvius.*’) I will help you if I can. (‘*To*
 FTLN 2572 *Phoebe.*’) I would love you if I could.—Tomorrow
 FTLN 2573 meet me all together. (‘*To Phoebe.*’) I will marry
 FTLN 2574 you if ever I marry woman, and I’ll be married
 FTLN 2575 tomorrow. (‘*To Orlando.*’) I will satisfy you if ever I 120
 FTLN 2576 ‘satisfy’ man, and you shall be married tomorrow.
 FTLN 2577 (‘*To Silvius.*’) I will content you, if what pleases you
 FTLN 2578 contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow.
 FTLN 2579 (‘*To Orlando.*’) As you love Rosalind, meet. (‘*To*
 FTLN 2580 *Silvius.*’) As you love Phoebe, meet.—And as I love 125
 FTLN 2581 no woman, I’ll meet. So fare you well. I have left
 FTLN 2582 you commands.
 FTLN 2583 SILVIUS I’ll not fail, if I live.
 FTLN 2584 PHOEBE Nor I.
 FTLN 2585 ORLANDO Nor I. 130

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter ‘Touchstone’ and Audrey.

FTLN 2586 TOUCHSTONE Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow
 FTLN 2587 will we be married.
 FTLN 2588 AUDREY I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is
 FTLN 2589 no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the
 FTLN 2590 world. 5

Enter two Pages.

FTLN 2591 Here come two of the banished duke’s pages.
 FTLN 2592 FIRST PAGE Well met, honest gentleman.
 FTLN 2593 TOUCHSTONE By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and
 FTLN 2594 a song.
 FTLN 2595 SECOND PAGE We are for you. Sit i’ th’ middle. 10
 ‘*They sit.*’
 FTLN 2596 FIRST PAGE Shall we clap into ’t roundly, without

FTLN 2597	hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which	
FTLN 2598	are the only prologues to a bad voice?	
FTLN 2599	SECOND PAGE I' faith, i' faith, and both in a tune like	
FTLN 2600	two gypsies on a horse.	15
	<i>Song.</i>	
	「PAGES sing」	
FTLN 2601	<i>It was a lover and his lass,</i>	
FTLN 2602	<i>With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,</i>	
FTLN 2603	<i>That o'er the green cornfield did pass</i>	
FTLN 2604	<i>In springtime, the only pretty 「ring」 time,</i>	
FTLN 2605	<i>When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.</i>	20
FTLN 2606	<i>Sweet lovers love the spring.</i>	
FTLN 2607	<i>Between the acres of the rye,</i>	
FTLN 2608	<i>With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,</i>	
FTLN 2609	<i>These pretty country folks would lie</i>	
FTLN 2610	<i>In springtime, the only pretty 「ring」 time,</i>	25
FTLN 2611	<i>When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.</i>	
FTLN 2612	<i>Sweet lovers love the spring.</i>	
FTLN 2613	<i>This carol they began that hour,</i>	
FTLN 2614	<i>With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,</i>	
FTLN 2615	<i>How that a life was but a flower</i>	30
FTLN 2616	<i>In springtime, the only pretty 「ring」 time,</i>	
FTLN 2617	<i>When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.</i>	
FTLN 2618	<i>Sweet lovers love the spring.</i>	
FTLN 2619	<i>And therefore take the present time,</i>	
FTLN 2620	<i>With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,</i>	35
FTLN 2621	<i>For love is crownèd with the prime,</i>	
FTLN 2622	<i>In springtime, the only pretty 「ring」 time,</i>	
FTLN 2623	<i>When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.</i>	
FTLN 2624	<i>Sweet lovers love the spring.</i>	

FTLN 2625 TOUCHSTONE Truly, young gentlemen, though there 40
 FTLN 2626 was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
 FTLN 2627 very untunable.
 FTLN 2628 FIRST PAGE You are deceived, sir. We kept time. We lost
 FTLN 2629 not our time.
 FTLN 2630 TOUCHSTONE By my troth, yes. I count it but time lost 45
 FTLN 2631 to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you, and
 FTLN 2632 God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey.
They rise and exit.

Scene 4

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver,
 and Celia as Aliena.*

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 2633 Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
 FTLN 2634 Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

FTLN 2635 I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,
 FTLN 2636 As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede, Silvius, and Phoebe.

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede*

FTLN 2637 Patience once more whiles our compact is urged. 5
 FTLN 2638 *To Duke.* You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
 FTLN 2639 You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 2640 That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede, to Orlando*

FTLN 2641 And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO

FTLN 2642 That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede, to Phoebe*

FTLN 2643 You say you'll marry me if I be willing?

PHOEBE

FTLN 2644 That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede*

FTLN 2645 But if you do refuse to marry me,

FTLN 2646 You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

FTLN 2647 PHOEBE So is the bargain. 15

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede, to Silvius*

FTLN 2648 You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will?

SILVIUS

FTLN 2649 Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND, *as Ganymede*

FTLN 2650 I have promised to make all this matter even.

FTLN 2651 Keep you your word, O duke, to give your

FTLN 2652 daughter,— 20

FTLN 2653 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.—

FTLN 2654 Keep you your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me,

FTLN 2655 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.—

FTLN 2656 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her

FTLN 2657 If she refuse me. And from hence I go 25

FTLN 2658 To make these doubts all even.

Rosalind and Celia exit.

DUKE SENIOR

FTLN 2659 I do remember in this shepherd boy

FTLN 2660 Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

ORLANDO

FTLN 2661 My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

FTLN 2662 Methought he was a brother to your daughter. 30

FTLN 2663 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born

FTLN 2664 And hath been tutored in the rudiments

FTLN 2665 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

FTLN 2666 Whom he reports to be a great magician

FTLN 2667 Obscurèd in the circle of this forest. 35

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

FTLN 2668 JAQUES There is sure another flood toward, and these

FTLN 2669 couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of

FTLN 2670	very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called	
FTLN 2671	fools.	
FTLN 2672	TOUCHSTONE Salutation and greeting to you all.	40
FTLN 2673	JAQUES, <i>「to Duke」</i> Good my lord, bid him welcome.	
FTLN 2674	This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so	
FTLN 2675	often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he	
FTLN 2676	swears.	
FTLN 2677	TOUCHSTONE If any man doubt that, let him put me to	45
FTLN 2678	my purgation. I have trod a measure. I have flattered	
FTLN 2679	a lady. I have been politic with my friend,	
FTLN 2680	smooth with mine enemy. I have undone three	
FTLN 2681	tailors. I have had four quarrels, and like to have	
FTLN 2682	fought one.	50
FTLN 2683	JAQUES And how was that ta'en up?	
FTLN 2684	TOUCHSTONE Faith, we met and found the quarrel was	
FTLN 2685	upon the seventh cause.	
FTLN 2686	JAQUES How "seventh cause"?—Good my lord, like	
FTLN 2687	this fellow.	55
FTLN 2688	DUKE SENIOR I like him very well.	
FTLN 2689	TOUCHSTONE God 'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I	
FTLN 2690	press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country	
FTLN 2691	copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as	
FTLN 2692	marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir,	60
FTLN 2693	an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own. A poor	
FTLN 2694	humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else	
FTLN 2695	will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor	
FTLN 2696	house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.	
FTLN 2697	DUKE SENIOR By my faith, he is very swift and	65
FTLN 2698	sententious.	
FTLN 2699	TOUCHSTONE According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such	
FTLN 2700	dulcet diseases.	
FTLN 2701	JAQUES But for the seventh cause. How did you find the	
FTLN 2702	quarrel on the seventh cause?	70
FTLN 2703	TOUCHSTONE Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear	
FTLN 2704	your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir: I	
FTLN 2705	did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He	

FTLN 2706	sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he	
FTLN 2707	was in the mind it was. This is called “the retort	75
FTLN 2708	courteous.” If I sent him word again it was not well	
FTLN 2709	cut, he would send me word he cut it to please	
FTLN 2710	himself. This is called “the quip modest.” If again it	
FTLN 2711	was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is	
FTLN 2712	called “the reply churlish.” If again it was not well	80
FTLN 2713	cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is called	
FTLN 2714	“the reproof valiant.” If again it was not well cut, he	
FTLN 2715	would say I lie. This is called “the countercheck	
FTLN 2716	quarrelsome,” and so to “the lie circumstantial,”	
FTLN 2717	and “the lie direct.”	85
FTLN 2718	JAQUES And how oft did you say his beard was not well	
FTLN 2719	cut?	
FTLN 2720	TOUCHSTONE I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial,	
FTLN 2721	nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and	
FTLN 2722	so we measured swords and parted.	90
FTLN 2723	JAQUES Can you nominate in order now the degrees of	
FTLN 2724	the lie?	
FTLN 2725	TOUCHSTONE O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as	
FTLN 2726	you have books for good manners. I will name you	
FTLN 2727	the degrees: the first, “the retort courteous”; the	95
FTLN 2728	second, “the quip modest”; the third, “the reply	
FTLN 2729	churlish”; the fourth, “the reproof valiant”; the	
FTLN 2730	fifth, “the countercheck quarrelsome”; the sixth,	
FTLN 2731	“the lie with circumstance”; the seventh, “the lie	
FTLN 2732	direct.” All these you may avoid but the lie direct,	100
FTLN 2733	and you may avoid that too with an “if.” I knew	
FTLN 2734	when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but	
FTLN 2735	when the parties were met themselves, one of them	
FTLN 2736	thought but of an “if,” as: “If you said so, then I said	
FTLN 2737	so.” And they shook hands and swore brothers.	105
FTLN 2738	Your “if” is the only peacemaker: much virtue in	
FTLN 2739	“if.”	
FTLN 2740	JAQUES, <i>to Duke</i> Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?	
FTLN 2741	He’s as good at anything and yet a fool.	

FTLN 2742	DUKE SENIOR	He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,	110
FTLN 2743		and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.	
		<i>Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia. Still music.</i>	
	HYMEN		
FTLN 2744		Then is there mirth in heaven	
FTLN 2745		When earthly things made even	
FTLN 2746		Atone together.	
FTLN 2747		Good duke, receive thy daughter.	115
FTLN 2748		Hymen from heaven brought her,	
FTLN 2749		Yea, brought her hither,	
FTLN 2750		That thou mightst join <i>['her']</i> hand with his,	
FTLN 2751		Whose heart within his bosom is.	
	ROSALIND, <i>['to Duke']</i>		
FTLN 2752		To you I give myself, for I am yours.	120
FTLN 2753		<i>['To Orlando.']</i> To you I give myself, for I am yours.	
	DUKE SENIOR		
FTLN 2754		If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.	
	ORLANDO		
FTLN 2755		If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.	
	PHOEBE		
FTLN 2756		If sight and shape be true,	
FTLN 2757		Why then, my love adieu.	125
	ROSALIND, <i>['to Duke']</i>		
FTLN 2758		I'll have no father, if you be not he.	
FTLN 2759		<i>['To Orlando.']</i> I'll have no husband, if you be not he,	
FTLN 2760		<i>['To Phoebe.']</i> Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not	
FTLN 2761		she.	
	HYMEN		
FTLN 2762		Peace, ho! I bar confusion.	130
FTLN 2763		'Tis I must make conclusion	
FTLN 2764		Of these most strange events.	
FTLN 2765		Here's eight that must take hands	
FTLN 2766		To join in Hymen's bands,	
FTLN 2767		If truth holds true contents.	135

「*To Rosalind and Orlando.*」

FTLN 2768 You and you no cross shall part.

「*To Celia and Oliver.*」

FTLN 2769 You and you are heart in heart.

「*To Phoebe.*」

FTLN 2770 You to his love must accord

FTLN 2771 Or have a woman to your lord.

「*To Audrey and Touchstone.*」

FTLN 2772 You and you are sure together

FTLN 2773 As the winter to foul weather.

140

「*To All.*」

FTLN 2774 Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,

FTLN 2775 Feed yourselves with questioning,

FTLN 2776 That reason wonder may diminish

FTLN 2777 How thus we met, and these things finish.

145

Song.

FTLN 2778 *Wedding is great Juno's crown,*

FTLN 2779 *O blessèd bond of board and bed.*

FTLN 2780 *'Tis Hymen peoples every town.*

FTLN 2781 *High wedlock then be honorèd.*

FTLN 2782 *Honor, high honor, and renown*

FTLN 2783 *To Hymen, god of every town.*

150

DUKE SENIOR, 「*to Celia*」

FTLN 2784 O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,

FTLN 2785 Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHOEBE, 「*to Silvius*」

FTLN 2786 I will not eat my word. Now thou art mine,

FTLN 2787 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

155

Enter Second Brother, 「Jaques de Boys.」

SECOND BROTHER

FTLN 2788 Let me have audience for a word or two.

FTLN 2789 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

FTLN 2790 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

FTLN 2791	Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day	
FTLN 2792	Men of great worth resorted to this forest,	160
FTLN 2793	Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot	
FTLN 2794	In his own conduct, purposely to take	
FTLN 2795	His brother here and put him to the sword;	
FTLN 2796	And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,	
FTLN 2797	Where, meeting with an old religious man,	165
FTLN 2798	After some question with him, was converted	
FTLN 2799	Both from his enterprise and from the world,	
FTLN 2800	His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,	
FTLN 2801	And all their lands restored to 'them' again	
FTLN 2802	That were with him exiled. This to be true	170
FTLN 2803	I do engage my life.	
FTLN 2804	DUKE SENIOR Welcome, young man.	
FTLN 2805	Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:	
FTLN 2806	To one his lands withheld, and to the other	
FTLN 2807	A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.—	175
FTLN 2808	First, in this forest let us do those ends	
FTLN 2809	That here were well begun and well begot,	
FTLN 2810	And, after, every of this happy number	
FTLN 2811	That have endured shrewd days and nights with us	
FTLN 2812	Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune	180
FTLN 2813	According to the measure of their states.	
FTLN 2814	Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,	
FTLN 2815	And fall into our rustic revelry.—	
FTLN 2816	Play, music.—And you brides and bridegrooms all,	
FTLN 2817	With measure heaped in joy to th' measures fall.	185
	JAQUES, 'to Second Brother'	
FTLN 2818	Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,	
FTLN 2819	The Duke hath put on a religious life	
FTLN 2820	And thrown into neglect the pompous court.	
FTLN 2821	SECOND BROTHER He hath.	
	JAQUES	
FTLN 2822	To him will I. Out of these convertites	190
FTLN 2823	There is much matter to be heard and learned.	

FTLN 2824	「 <i>To Duke.</i> 」 You to your former honor I bequeath;	
FTLN 2825	Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.	
FTLN 2826	「 <i>To Orlando.</i> 」 You to a love that your true faith doth	
FTLN 2827	merit.	195
FTLN 2828	「 <i>To Oliver.</i> 」 You to your land, and love, and great	
FTLN 2829	allies.	
FTLN 2830	「 <i>To Silvius.</i> 」 You to a long and well-deservèd bed.	
FTLN 2831	「 <i>To Touchstone.</i> 」 And you to wrangling, for thy	
FTLN 2832	loving voyage	200
FTLN 2833	Is but for two months victualled.—So to your	
FTLN 2834	pleasures.	
FTLN 2835	I am for other than for dancing measures.	
FTLN 2836	DUKE SENIOR Stay, Jaques, stay.	
	JAQUES	
FTLN 2837	To see no pastime, I. What you would have	205
FTLN 2838	I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. <i>He exits.</i>	
	DUKE SENIOR	
FTLN 2839	Proceed, proceed. We'll begin these rites,	
FTLN 2840	As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.	
	「 <i>Dance. All but Rosalind</i> 」 <i>exit.</i>	

「EPILOGUE.」

FTLN 2841	ROSALIND	It is not the fashion to see the lady the	
FTLN 2842		epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see	
FTLN 2843		the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine	
FTLN 2844		needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no	
FTLN 2845		epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes,	5
FTLN 2846		and good plays prove the better by the help of good	
FTLN 2847		epilogues. What a case am I in then that am neither	
FTLN 2848		a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in	
FTLN 2849		the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a	
FTLN 2850		beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My	10
FTLN 2851		way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the	
FTLN 2852		women. I charge you, O women, for the love you	
FTLN 2853		bear to men, to like as much of this play as please	
FTLN 2854		you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear	
FTLN 2855		to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none	15
FTLN 2856		of you hates them—that between you and the	
FTLN 2857		women the play may please. If I were a woman, I	
FTLN 2858		would kiss as many of you as had beards that	
FTLN 2859		pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths	
FTLN 2860		that I defied not. And I am sure as many as have	20
FTLN 2861		good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths will for	
FTLN 2862		my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.	
		<i>She exits.</i>	