

As You Like It

[Annotations and Glossary](#)

Cut by Peter Anderson and Caroline Holmes

Annotations by Caroline Holmes

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

[French Scene 1](#)

Le Beau	What's the new newes at the new Court?	1
	No newes but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yon- ger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.	5
	They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden , and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England .	10
	The Dukes daughter her Cosen so loves Rosalind, being ever from their Cradles bred together , that shee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his owne daughter, and never two La- dies loved as they do.	15

Song.

["When I was a tiny boy."](#)

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

20

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst [knaves](#) and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day. (every day!)
Oh!*

25

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.* 30

("Take it down now...")

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day. Yeah! 35
(every day, every day, every day, every day!)*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. 40
(every day, every day, every day, every day!)*

For the rain oh it raineth every day.

French Scene 2

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando As I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion
bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro- 45
ther on his blessing to breed mee well: and
there begins my sadnesse:
he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak
more properly) staies me heere at home unkept.
His horses are bred better, 50
but I (his brother) gaine nothing under
him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-
thing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that
nature gave mee, his countenance seems to take from 55
me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres me the
place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
gentility with my education. This is it Adam that
grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke
is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. 60
I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise
remedy how to avoid it.

French Scene 3

Enter Oliver

Adam Yonder comes Oliver, your brother.

Oliver	Now Sir, what make you heere?	
Orlando	Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.	65
Oliver	Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.	
Orlando	What prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?	
Oliver	Know you where you are sir?	70
Orlando	O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.	
Oliver	Know you before whom sir?	
Orlando	I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reverence.	75
Oliver	What Boy .	
Orlando	Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.	
Oliver	Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?	
Orlando	I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys , he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe .	85
Adam	Be patient, bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.	90
Oliver	Let me goe I say.	
Orlando	I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a pezant , obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament , with that I will goe buy my fortunes.	95
Oliver	And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will , I pray you	100

- leave me. 105
- Orlando** I will no further offend you, then becomes mee
for my good.
- Oliver** Get you with him, you olde dogge.
- Adam** Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have
lost my teeth in your service: God be with Sir Row-
land, he would not have spoke such a word. 110
- Exit Orlando and Adam.*
- Oliver** Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will
physicke your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand
crownes neyther.

French Scene 4

Enter Charles.

- Charles** Good morrow to your worship. 115
- Oliver** Good Mounsier Charles.
What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
Duke.
- Charles** Marry do I sir: and I came to acquaint you
with a matter: I am given sir secretly to understand, that
your young brother Orlando hath a disposition to come
in diguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother
is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee
loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee
come in: therefore out of love for you, I came hither
to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him
from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he
shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,
and altogether against my will. 120
- Oliver** Charles, I thanke thee for thy love to me, I had my
selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by
under-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it;
but he is resolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the stubborn
-est yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious
emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villanous
contriver against mee his naturall brother: therefore use
thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke
as his finger. And thou wert best to looke to't; for if thou
dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee do not mightilie
grace himself on thee, hee will practise against thee by
poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and ne- 135
- 140

ver leave thee till he hath [tane](#) thy life by some [indirect](#)
[meanes](#) or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with
[teares](#) I speake it) there is not one so young, and so vil-
lanous this day living. 145

Charles I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee
come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever hee
[goe alone](#) againe, Ile never [wrestle](#) for prize more: and
so God keepe your worship. 150

Exit Charles.

French Scene 5

Oliver Farewell good Charles. Now will I stirre this [Game-](#)
[ster](#): I hope I shall see an end of him; for my [soule](#) (yet
I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's
gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of [noble](#)
[divise](#), of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed
so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my
[owne people](#), who best know him, that I am altogether
[misprised](#): but it shall not be so long, this [wrestler](#) shall
cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I [kindle](#) the [boy](#)
thither, which now Ile goe about. 155

Exit.

Scoena Secunda.

Song.

For the Rain (Tiny Boy Reprise).

*When I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain oh it raineth every day* 165

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain oh it raineth every day.*

*But that's all one, our play is done,
And I'll strive to please you every day.* 170

For the rain oh it raineth every day.

French Scene 6

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

- Celia** I pray [thee](#) Rosalind, sweet my Coz, be merry.
- Rosalind** Deere Celia; I show more mirth then I am mistressse of, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not [learne](#) mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 175
- Celia** [Heerin](#) I see thou lov'st mee not with the full [waight](#) that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so [righteously temper'd](#), as mine is to thee. 185
- Rosalind** Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.
- Celia** You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to have; and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his [heire](#); for what hee hath taken away from thy father [perforce](#), I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet [Rose](#), my dear Rose, be merry. 190
- Rosalind** From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Love? 195
- Celia** Marry I [prethee](#) do, [to make sport withall](#): but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, [then with safety of a pure blush](#), thou [maist](#) in honor come off againe. 200
- Rosalind** What shall be our sport then?
- Celia** Let us sit and mocke the [good houswife Fortune](#) from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.
- Rosalind** I would wee could do so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 205
- Celia** 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes [honest](#), & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfavouredly. 210
- Rosalind** Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune [reignes in gifts of the world](#), not in the [lineaments of Nature](#).

French Scene 7

Enter Clowne

- Celia** No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature
hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
sent in this foole to cut off the [argument](#)? 215
- Rosalind** Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
fortune makes [Nature's naturall](#), the cutter off of natures
[witte](#). 220
- Celia** [Peradventure](#) this is not Fortunes work neither,
but Natures, who percieveth our naturall wits too dull
to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for
our [whetstone](#): for [alwaies](#) the dulnesse of the foole, is
the whetstone of the wits. How now [Witte](#), whither
wander you? 225
- [Clowne](#) Mistresse, you must come away to your father.
- Celia** Were you made the [messenger](#)?
- Clowne** [No by mine honor](#), but I was bid to come for you.
- Celia** Heere comes Monsieur
the Beau. 230

*French Scene 8**Enter le Beau.*

- Rosalind** With his mouth full of newes. 219
- Celia** Which he will [put on us](#), as Pigeons feed their
young. 220
- Rosalind** Then shal we be newes- cram'd. 235
- Celia** All the better: we [shalbe the more Marketable](#).
[Boon-jour](#) Monsieur le Beau, what's the newes?
- Le Beau** Faire Princesse,
you have lost much good sport. 240
- Celia** [Sport: of what colour](#)?
- Le Beau** What colour Madame? How shall I aunswer
you? You amaze me Ladies: I would have told
you of good wrastling, which you have lost the sight of.
- Rosalind** Yet tell us the manner of the Wrastling. 245
- Le Beau** There comes an old man, and his three sons.
Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.
The eldest of the three, [wrastled](#) with Charles
the Dukes [Wrastler](#), which Charles in a moment threw
him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little

- hope of life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the
third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father,
making such pittiful [dole](#) over them, that all the behol-
ders take his part with weeping. 250
- Celia** Alas.
- Rosalind** But is there any else longs to see this [broken](#)
[Musicke](#) in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon
rib- breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin? 255
- Le Beau** You must if you stay heere, for heere is the
place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to
performe it. 260
- Celia** Yonder sure they are [comming](#). Let us now stay
and see it.

French Scene 9

*Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles,
and Attendants.*

- Duke F.** Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
[His owne perill on his forwardnesse](#).
- Rosalind** Is yonder the man? 265
- Le Beau** Even he, Madam.
- Celia** Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully
- Duke F.** How now daughter, and [Cousin](#):
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?
- Rosalind** I my Liege, so please you give us leave. 270
- Duke F.** You will take little delight in it, I can tell you
[there is such oddes in the man](#): In pitie of the challen-
gers youth, I would [faine disswade](#) him, but he will not
bee [entrated](#). Speake to him Ladies, see if you can
moove him. 275
- Celia** Call him hither good Monsieur Le Beau.
- Duke F.** Do so: Ile not be by.
- Le Beau** Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals
for you.
- Orlando** I attend them with all respect and [dutie](#). 280
- Rosalind** Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the
[Wrastler](#)?
- Orlando** No faire Princesse: he is the [generall challenger](#),
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
of my youth. 285

- Celia** Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you have seene cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your judgment, the feare of your adventure would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and give over this attempt. 290
- Rosalind** Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be [misprised](#): we wil make it our [suit](#) to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward. 295
- Orlando** I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much [guiltie](#) to [denie](#) so faire and excellent Ladies [anie](#) thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friend no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no [injurie](#), for in it I have nothing: [onely](#) in the world I fil up a place, which may bee better [supplied](#), when I have made it emptie. 300
- Rosalind** The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. 305
- Celia** And mine to [eeke](#) out hers.
- Rosalind** Fare you well: [prairie](#) heaven [I be deceiv'd in you](#).
- Celia** Your hearts desires be with you. 310
- Charles** Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
- Orlando** [Readie](#) Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.
- Duke F.** You shall [trie](#) but [one fall](#). 315
- Charles** No, I warrant your Grace you shall not [entreat him to a second](#), that have so [mightilie](#) perswaded him from a first.
- Orlando** You meane to mock me after: you should not have mockt me before: but come your [waies](#). 320
- Rosalind** Now [Hercules, be thy speede](#) yong man.
- Celia** I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the [legge](#).
[Wrastle](#).
- Rosalind** Oh excellent yong man. 325

- Celia** If I had a [thunderbolt in mine eye](#), I can tell who should downe.
Shout.
- Duke F.** No more, no more.
- Orlando** Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet [well breath'd](#). 330
- Duke F.** How do'st thou Charles?
- Le Beau** He cannot speake my Lord.
- Duke F.** Beare him [awaie](#):
What is thy name yong man?
- Orlando** Orlando my Liege, the yongest [sonne](#) of Sir Roland de Boys. 335
- Duke F.** [I would thou hadst beene son to some man else](#),
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mineemie:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deede, 340
Hadst thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

French Scene 10

- Celia** Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
- Orlando** I am more proud to be Sir Rolands [sonne](#),
His yongest [sonne](#), and would not change that [calling](#) 345
To be adopted [heire](#) to Fredericke.
- Rosalind** My Father lov'd Sir Roland as his [soule](#),
And all the world [was of my Fathers minde](#),
Had I before knowne this yong man his [sonne](#),
I should have given him [teares unto](#) entreaties, 350
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
- Celia** Gentle [Cosen](#),
Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and [envious](#) disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserv'd, 355
If you do keepe your promises in love;
[But justly as you have exceeded all promise](#),
Your Mistris shall be happie.
- Rosalind** Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one [out of suits](#) with fortune 360

That could give more, but that her hand lacks [meanes](#).
Shall we goe Coze?

Celia I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orlando Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands up 365
Is but a [quintine](#), a meere [livelesse](#) blocke.

Rosalind He cals us back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have [wrastled](#) well, and overthrowne 370
More then your enemies.

Celia Will you goe Coze?

Rosalind [Have with you](#): fare you well.

Exit Rosalind and Celia.

French Scene 11

Orlando What passion hangs these [waights](#) upon my [toong](#)?
I cannot speak to her, yet she [urg'd conference](#).

French Scene 12

Enter Le Beau.

Orlando [*cont.*] O poore Orlando! thou art overthrowne 375
[Or](#) Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau Good Sir, I do in friendship [counsaile](#) you
To leave this place; Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition, 380
That he [misconsters](#) all that you have done:
The Duke is [humorous](#), what he is indeede
[More suits you to conceive, then](#) I to speake of.

Orlando I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, 385
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beau Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the [smaller](#) is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle 390
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loves
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath [tane](#) displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
And on my life [his malice 'gainst the Lady](#) 395
Will [sodainly](#) breake forth: Sir, fare you well,

Hereafter in a better world [then](#) this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando I rest much [bounden](#) to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the [smoake](#) into the [smother](#),
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother. 400
But heavenly Rosaline.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertius.

French Scene 13

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Celia Why [Cosen](#), why Rosaline: Cupid have [mercie](#),
Not a word?

Rosalind [Not one to throw at a dog.](#) 405

Celia No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon [curs](#). But is all this for your Father?

Rosalind No, some of it is for my [childes Father](#):

Celia Is it possible on such a so-
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands yongest [sonne](#)? 410

Rosalind The Duke my Father lov'd his Father [deerelie](#).

Celia Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his
[Sonne deerelie](#)? By this [kinde of chase](#), I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
not Orlando. 415

Rosalind No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Celia Why should I not? doth he not [deserve well](#)?

French Scene 14

Enter Duke with Lords.

Rosalind Let me love him for that, and do you love him
Because I do. 420

Duke F. [Mistris](#), dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Rosalind Me [Uncle](#).

Duke F. You [Cosen](#),
Within these ten [daies](#) if that thou beest found 425

- So neere our public Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.
- Rosalind** I do beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I [hold intelligence](#), 430
Or have acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I do not dreame, or be not [franticke](#),
(As I do trust I am not) then deere Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highnesse. 435
- Duke F.** Thus do all Traitors,
If their [purgation](#) did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let it [suffice thee](#) that I trust thee not.
- Rosalind** Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor; 440
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?
- Duke F.** Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.
- Rosalind** So was I when your highnes took his [Dukdome](#),
So was I when your highnesse [banisht](#) him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord, 445
Or if we did derive it from our [friends](#),
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Liege, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my [povertie](#) is treacherous.
- Celia** Deere [Souveraigne](#) heare me speake. 450
- Duke F.** I Celia, we [staid](#) her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father [rang'd along](#).
- Celia** I did not then intreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her, 455
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, [eate](#) together,
And wheresoere we went, like Junos Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable. 460
- Duke F.** She is too [subtile](#) for thee, and her [smoothnes](#);
Her [verie](#) silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they [pittie](#) her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy [name](#),
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous 465
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irrevocable is my [doombe](#),
Which I have [past](#) upon her, she is banish'd.

Celia Pronounce that sentence then on me my Liege,
I cannot live out of her companie. 470

Duke F. You are a foole: you Niece provide your selfe,
If you out- stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

French Scene 15

Celia O my poore Rosaline, whither wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine: 475
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd [then](#) I am.

Rosalind I have more cause.

Celia Thou hast not [Cosen](#),
[Prethee](#) be cheerefull; knowst thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter? 480

Rosalind That he hath not.

Celia No, hath not? Roseline lacks u then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be [sundred](#)? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my father seeke another [heire](#): 485

Therefore devise with me how we may [flie](#)
Whither to goe, and what to beare with us,
And do not seeke to take your [change](#) upon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our [sorrowes pale](#); 490
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Rosalind Why, whither shall we go?

Celia To seeke my Uncle in the Forrest of Arden.

Rosalind Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell forth so [farre](#)? 495
Beautie provoketh theeves sooner than gold.

Celia Ile put my selfe in poore and [meane](#) attire,
And with a kinde of [umber smirch](#) my face,
The like do you, so shall we passe along,
And never sitr assailants. 500

Rosalind Were it not better,
Because that I am more [then common tall](#),
That I did suit me all points like a man,
A gallant [curtelax](#) upon my thigh,
A [bore-speare](#) in my hand, and in my heart 505
[Lye](#) there what hidden womans feare there will,

	Weele have a swashing and a martial outside , As manie other mannish cowards have, That do outface it with their semblances .	
Celia	What shall I call thee when thou art a man?	510
Rosalind	Ile have no worse a name then Joves owne Page, And therefore looke you call me Ganimed . But what will you be call'd?	
Celia	Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, by Aliena .	515
Rosalind	But Cosen , what if we assaid to steale The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court: Would he not be a comfort to our travaile ?	
Celia	Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time, and safest way To hide us from pursuite that will be made After my flight: now goe in we content To libertie , and not to banishment.	520
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	525

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

French Scene 1

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando	Who's there?	1
Adam	My yong Orlando, oh my gentle Orlando, Oh my sweet Orlando, O you memorie Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here? Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you? Oh what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that beares it?	5
Orlando	Why what's the matter?	
Adam	O unhappie youth, Come not within these doores: within this rooffe The enemye of all your graces lives Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne (Yet not the son, I will not call him son) Of him I was about to call his Father, Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes ,	10
		15

- To burne the lodging [where you use to lye](#).
 This is no place, this house is but a [butcherie](#);
[Abhorre](#) it, feare it, do not enter it.
- Orlando** Why whither Adam would'st thou have me go?
- Adam** No matter whither, so you come not here. 20
- Orlando** What, would'st thou have me go & beg my food,
 Or with a base and [boistrous](#) Sword enforce
 A theevish living on the common [rode](#)?
- Adam** But do not so: I have five hundred [Crownes](#),
 The thriftie hire I saved under your Father, 25
 Take that, and [he that doth the Ravens feede](#),
 Yea [providently caters for the Sparrow](#),
 Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
 All this I give you, let me be your servant,
 Though I looke old, yet I am strong and [lustie](#); 30
 Ile do the service of a yonger man
 In all your businesse and necessities.
- Orlando** Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the [antique](#) world.
 But come thy [waies](#), [weele](#) goe along together, 35
 And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
[Weele](#) light upon some settled low [content](#).
- Adam** Orlando goe on, and I will follow [thee](#)
 To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
 From [seaventeene](#) yeeres, till now almost fourscore 40
 Here lived I, but now live here no more
 At [seaventeene](#) yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
 But at fourscore, it is [too late a weeke](#),
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
[Then](#) to die well, and [not my sovereign's debter](#). 45
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

French Scene 2

Enter Duke, with Lords.

- Duke F.** Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be, some [villaines](#) of my Court
[Are of consent and sufferance in this](#).
- Le Beau** I cannot heare of any that did see her,
 The Ladies her attendants of her chamber 50
 Saw her [a bed](#), and in the morning early,
 They found the bed [untreasur'd](#) of their Mistris.

- Lord** My Lord, the [roynish](#) Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was [wont](#) to laugh is also missing,
[Hisperia](#) the Princess' Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly [ore-heard](#) 55
Your daughter and her [Cosen](#) much commend
The [parts and graces](#) of the [Wrastler](#)
That did but lately foile my might and power,
And she beleeves where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie. 60
- Duke F.** [Send to his brother](#), fetch that [gallant](#) hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this [sodainly](#);
And let not search and [inquisition quaile](#), 65
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.
Exeunt.

[Scena Tertia.](#)

Song.

[Oh Mistress Mine.](#)

- O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and 70
Low — oh — oh — oh-oh-oh-oh!
Trip no further pretty sweeting. (Yeah Yeah!)
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's so-o-o-o-on
Doth know — oh — oh — oh-oh-oh-oh! 75*
- Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine, (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh, oh Mistress mine! (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh, oh Mistress mine!*
- What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter: 80
What's to come... is still unsure.*
- In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not
Endu — u — u — ure! 85*
- Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine, (Oh Mistress Mine!)*

*Oh, oh Mistress mine! (Oh Mistress Mine!)
 Mistress Mine where are you roaming!
 (Oh Mistress Mine!)
 Stay and hear your true love's calling! 90
 (Oh Mistress Mine!)
 Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine!*

French Scene 3

*Enter Duke Senior: Amiens, and two or three Lords
 like [Forresters](#).*

Duke S. Now my [Coe-mates](#), and brothers in exile:
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
 Then that of [painted pompe](#)? Are not these woods 95
 More free from perill then the envious Court?
 Heere feele we not [the penaltie of Adam](#),
 The seasons difference, as the [Icie phange](#)
 And [churlish](#) chiding of the winters winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes upon my body 100
 Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That [feelingly](#) perswade me what I am:
[Sweet are the uses of adversitie](#)
 And this our life [exempt from public haunt](#), 105
 Findes tongues in trees, books in the running brookes,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amiens I would not change it, happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a [stile](#). 110

Duke S. Come, shall we goe and kill us [venison](#)?
 And yet it irkes me the poore [dapled](#) fooles
 Being native [Burghers](#) of this desert City,
 Should in their owne confines with [forked heads](#)
 Have their round haunches [goard](#). 115

1st Lord Indeed my Lord
 The [melancholy Jaques](#) grieves at that,
 And in the kinde swears you do more usurpe
 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
 To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe, 120
 Did steale behinde him as he lay along
 Under an oake,
 To the which place a poore [sequestered](#) Stag
 That from the Hunters aime had [tane](#) a hurt,
 Did come to languish and the big round [teares](#) 125
 Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose

- In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
 Much [marked](#) of the melancholie Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
 Augmenting it with [teares](#). 130
- Duke S.** But what said Jaques?
 Did he not [moralize](#) this spectacle?
- 1st Lord** O yes, into a thousand similies.
 Thus most [invectively](#) he pierceth through
 The body of [Countrie](#), [Citie](#), Court 135
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
 To fright the Annimals, and to kill them up
 In their [assign'd and native dwelling place](#).
- Duke S.** And did you leave him in this contemplation? 140
- Amiens** We did my Lord, weeping and [commenting](#)
 Upon the sobbing Deere.
- Duke S.** Show me the place,
 I love to [cope](#) him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of [matter](#). 145
- 1st Lord** Ile bring you to him [strait](#).
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

French Scene 4

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
 Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

- Rosalind** O [Jupiter](#), how merry are my spirits?
- Clowne** I care not for my spirits, if my [legges](#) were not
 wearie.
- Rosalind** I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
 apparell, and to cry like a woman. 150
- Celia** I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-
 ther.
- Clowne** For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
 beare you: yet I should beare no [crosse](#) if I did beare
 you, for I thinke you have no money in your purse. 155
- Rosalind** Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
- Clowne** I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I
 was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must
 be content. 160

French Scene 5*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

- Rosalind** I, be so good [Touchstone](#): Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.
- Corin** That is the way to make her scorne you still.
- Silvius** Oh [Corin](#), that thou knew'st how I do love her.
- Corin** I partly guesse: for I have lov'd ere now. 165
- Silvius** No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man love so: 170
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy [fantasie](#)?
- Corin** Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
- Silvius** Oh thou didst then never love so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly, 175
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
[Wearing](#) thy hearer [in thy Mistris praise](#),
Thou hast not lov'd. 180
O [Phebe](#), Phebe, Phebe.
Exit.

French Scene 6

- Rosalind** Alas poore Shepheard [searching of thy wound](#),
I have by [hard adventure](#) found mine owne.
- Clowne** And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I
[broke my sword upon a stone](#), and bid him take that for 185
[comming a night](#) to [Jane Smile](#), and I remember the kissing
of her [batler](#), and the [Cowes duges that her prettie](#)
[chopt hands had milk'd](#); and I remember the [wooing](#)
[of a peascod](#) instead of her, from whom I took two
cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping 190
[teares](#), [weare these for my sake](#): wee that are true Lovers,
runne into [strange capers](#); but as all is [mortall in](#)
[nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.](#)
- Rosalind** Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.
- Clowne** Nay, I shall [nere](#) be [ware of mine owne wit, till](#)
[I breake my shins against it.](#) 195

Rosalind	Jove, Jove, this Shepherds passion, Is much upon my fashion.	
Clowne	and mine, but it growes something stale with mee.	200
Celia	I pray you, one of you question yon'd man, If he for gold will give us any foode, I faint almost to death.	
Clowne	Holla; you Clowne .	
Rosalind	Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.	205
Corin	Who cal's?	
Clowne	Your betters Sir.	
Corin	Else are they very wretched.	
Rosalind	Peace I say; good even to your friend.	
Corin	And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.	210
Rosalind	I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment , Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed: Here's a yong maid with travaile much oppressed , And faints for succour .	215
Corin	Faire Sir, I pittie her, And wish for her sake more then for mine owne, My fortunes were able to releev her: But I am shepard to another man, And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition, And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitalitie. Besides his Coate , his Flockes, and bounds of feede Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now By reason of his absence there is nothing That you will feed on: but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.	220 225
Rosalind	What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?	
Corin	That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere- while, That little cares for buying any thing.	230
Rosalind	I pray thee, if it stand with honestie , Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.	
Celia	And we will mend thy wages: I like this place, and willingly could Waste my time in it.	235

Corin Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me, if you like [upon report](#),
 The soile, the profit, and this kind of life, 240
 I will your very faithfull [Feeder](#) be,
 And buy it with your Gold [right sodainly](#).
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

French Scene 7

Enter Amiens, Jaques, & others.

Song.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Amiens *Under the [greenwood](#) tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And [turn his merry note](#) 245
[Unto the sweet bird's throat](#)*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Come hither come hither come hither
 Here shall he see No enemy
But winter and rough weather 250*

*Come hither come hither come hither
Under the greenwood tree*

Jaques More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amiens It will make you melancholly Monsieur Jaques

Jaques I thanke it: More, I [prethee](#) more, 255
 I can sucke [melancholly](#) out of a song,
 As a [Weazel suckes egges](#): More, I pre'thee more.

Amiens My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
 you.

Jaques I do not desire you to please me, 260
 I do desire you to sing:
 Come, warble, come.

Song.

Under the Greenwood Tree (Continued).

Amiens *Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live [i' the sun](#),
 (commotion, "The sun!" etc.)*

	<i>Seeking the food he eats And pleased with what he gets,</i>	265
	<i>Come hither; come hither, come hither Come hither come hither come hither Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather</i>	
Jaques	<i>Come hither come hither come hither All together here! Under the greenwood tree.</i>	270
Jaques	Ile give you a verse to this note, That I made yesterday in despite of my Invention.	
Amiens (Amiens)	And Ile sing it. Thus it goes. <i>If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse: Leaving his wealth and ease, A stubborne will to please, Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he, And if he will come to me.</i>	275
Amiens	What's that Ducdame?	
Jaques	'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.	285
Amiens	And Ile go seeke the Duke, His blanket is prepar'd. <i>Exeunt.</i>	
Scena Sexta.		
French Scene 8		
<i>Enter Orlando, & Adam.</i>		
Adam	Deere Master, I can go no further: O I die for food. Heere lie I downe, And measure out my grave. Farwel kinde master.	290
Orlando	Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee: Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little. If this uncouth Forrest yeeld any thing savage , I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee: Come, I will beare thee To some shelter, and thou shalt not die	295

For lacke of a dinner,
 If there live any thing in this [Desert](#).
[Cheerely](#) good Adam. 300
Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

French Scene 9

Enter Duke Sen. & Amiens, like Out-lawes.

Duke S. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
 For I can no where finde him, [like](#) a man.

Amiens My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke S. Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him. 305
Enter Jaques.

Amiens He saves my labor by his owne approach.

Duke S. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
 That your poore friends must [woe](#) your companie,
 What, you looke merrily.

Jaques A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest, 310
 A [motley Fool](#) (a miserable world:)
 As I do live by foode, I met a foole,
 Who laid himself downe, and bask'd himself in the Sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good [termes](#),
 In good [set termes](#), and yet a motley foole. 315
 Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
 Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me [fortune](#),
 And then he drew a [diall](#) from his [poke](#),
 And looking on it, with [lacke-lustre](#) eye,
 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke: 320
 Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world [wags](#):
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot, 325
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
 The motley Foole, thus [morall](#) on the time,
 My Lungs began to crow like [Chanticleere](#),
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative:
 And I did laugh, [sans](#) intermission 330
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
 A worthy foole: [Motley's the onely weare](#).

Duke S. What foole is this?

- Jaques** O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a [Courtier](#)
And says, if Ladies be but yong, and faire, 335
They have the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the [remainder bisket](#)
[After a voyage](#): He hath strange [places](#) cram'd
With observation, the which he [vents](#)
In mangled [formes](#). O that I were a foole, 340
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
- Duke S.** Thou shalt have one.
- Jaques** [Invest](#) me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world, 345
If they will patiently [receive my medicine](#).
- Duke S.** [Fie on thee](#). I can tell what thou wouldst do.
- Jaques** What, for a [Counter](#), would I do, but good?
- Duke S.** Most mischeevous [foule sin, in chiding sin](#):
For thou thy selfe hast [bene](#) a [Libertine](#), 350
As sensuall as the [brutish sting](#) it selfe,
And all th' [imbossed sores](#), and headed evils,
That thou with [license of free foot](#) hast caught,
Would'st thou [disgorge](#) into the general world.
- Jaques** [Why who cries out on pride](#), 355
That can therein [taxe](#) any [private party](#):
Doth [it](#) not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the [wearie verie meanes do ebbe](#).
What woman in the [Citie](#) do I name,
When that I say the [City woman beares](#) 360
[The cost of Princes](#) on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of [basest function](#),
That sayes his braverie is [not on my cost](#), 365
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suits
His folly to the [mettle](#) of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see where in
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him [right](#),
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be [free](#), 370
Why then my [taxing](#) like a wild- goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

French Scene 10

Enter Orlando.

Orlando Forbeare, and eate no more.

Jaques	Why I have eate none yet.	
Orlando	Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.	375
Jaques	Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?	
Duke S.	Are thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres? Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?	
Orlando	You touch'd my veine at first , the thorny point Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred , And know some nourture : But forbear, I say, He dies that touches any of this fruite, Till I, and my affaires are answered .	380 385
Jaques	And you will not be answer'd with reason , I must dye.	
Duke S.	What would you have? Your gentlesse shall force , more than your force Move us to gentlesse.	390
Orlando	I almost die for food, and let me have it.	
Duke S.	Sit downe and feed, & welcome to our table.	
Orlando	Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin savage heere, And therefore put I on the countenance Of sterne command'ment . Let gentlesse my strong enforcement be, In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.	395
Duke S.	Sit you down in gentlesse, And take upon command , what helpe we have That to your wanting may be ministred.	400
Orlando	Then but forbear your food a little while: Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne, And give it food. There is an old poore man, Who after me, hath many a weary steppe Limpt in pure love: till he be first suffic'd , Opprest with two weake evils, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.	405
Duke S.	Go finde him out, And we will nothing waste till you returne.	410
Orlando	I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort. <i>Exit Orlando</i>	
Duke S.	Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie: This wide and universall Theater	

Presents more [wofull](#) Pageants than the [Sceane](#)
 Wherein we play in. 415

Jaques [All the world's a stage,](#)
[And all the men and women, meereley Players;](#)
 They have their Exits and their Entrances,
 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant, 420
[Mewling](#), and puking in the Nurses armes:
 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
 And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
 Unwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a [wofull](#) ballad 425
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and [bearded like the Pard](#),
 Jelous in honor, [sodaine](#), and quicke in quarrell,
 Seeking the [bubble Reputation](#)
 Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Justice 430
 In faire round belly, with good [Capon lin'd](#),
 With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wise [sawes](#), and [moderne instances](#),
 And so he playes his part. The [sixt](#) age shifts
 Into the leane and slipper'd [Pantaloone](#), 435
 With spectacles on nose, and [pouch](#) on side,
[His youthfull hose well sav'd](#), a world too wide,
 For his shrunke [shanke](#), and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all, 440
 That ends this strange eventfull historie,
 Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
[Sans](#) teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

French Scene 11

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: set downe your [venerable bur-](#)
[then](#), and let him feede. 445

Orlando I thanke you most for him.

Adam So had you neede,
 I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Duke S. Welcome, [fall to](#): I wil not trouble you,
 As yet to question you about your fortunes: 450
 If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his [effigies](#) witnessse,
 Most truly [limn'd](#), and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke 455
 That lov'd your Father, the [residue of your fortune](#),
 Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,
 Thou art [right](#) welcome, as thy sovereigns is:
 Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. 460
 Give us some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

Blow, blow thou winter winde.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen, 465
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be [rude](#).*

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! Unto the green [holly](#):
 Most friendship is [feigning](#), Most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly! 470
 This life is...
 Most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so [nigh](#)
 As [benefits forgot](#): 475
 Though thou the waters [warp](#),
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.*

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! Unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, Most loving mere folly: 480
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is...
 Most jolly.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

French Scene 1

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

- Duke F.** Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be: 1
 But were I not the [better part made mercie](#),
 I should not seeke an [absent argument](#)
[Of my revenge, thou present](#): but looke to it,
 Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is, 5
 Seeke him [with Candle](#): bring him dead, or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or [turne](#) thou no more
 To seeke a living in our Territorie.
- Oliver** Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this: 10
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.
- Duke F.** [More villaine thou](#). Well push him out of [dores](#)
 And let my officers [of such a nature](#)
[Make an extent upon his house and Lands](#):
 Do this expediently, and [turne him going](#).
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

French Scene 2

Enter Orlando.

Song.

[Food of Love.](#)

- Orlando** *If music be the food of love play on* 15
Give me excess of it that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken and so die
- That strain again! It had a dying fall*
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets— 20
(A-a-ah, A-a-ah, A-a-ah)
- Enough, no more*
Enough, no more
Tis not so sweet now
As it was before 25
- O! Spirit of Love!*
How quick and fresh art thou
So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantasy
O! Spirit of Love! 30
How quick and fresh art thou
- Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,*

*Of what validity and pitch soe-er,
But falls into abatement and low price
(A-a-ah, A-a-ah, A-a-ah)* 35

*Enough, no more
Enough, no more
Tis not so sweet now
As it was before*

Orlando Hang there my verse, in witsnesse of my love, 40
And thou [thrice crowned Queene of night](#) survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale [spheare](#) above
[Thy Huntress' name](#), that my full life doth [sway](#).
O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile [character](#), 45
That everie eye, which in this Forrest looks,
Shall see thy vertue witnest every where.
Run, run Orlando, carve on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and [unexpressive](#) shee.
Exit.

French Scene 3

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Corin And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone? 50

Clowne Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
[naught](#). In respect that it is [solitary](#), I like it verie well:
but in respect that it is [private](#), it is a very [vild life](#). Now
in respect it is not in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in 55
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a [spare](#)
life (looke you) it fits my [humor](#) well: but as there is no
more [plentie](#) in it, it goes much against my [stomacke](#).
Has't any [Philosophie](#) in thee shepheard?

Corin No more, but that I know the more one sickens, 60
The worse at ease he is: and that hee that [wants](#) money,
[meanes](#), and content, is without three good frends. That
the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear- 65
ned no wit by [Nature, nor Art](#), may complaine of [good
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred](#).

Clowne Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Corin No truly. 70

- Clowne** Then thou art damn'd.
- Corin** Nay, I hope.
- Clowne** Truly thou art damn'd, [like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.](#)
- Corin** For not being at Court? your reason. 75
- Clowne** Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st [good](#) manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a [parlous](#) state shepheard. 80
- Corin** [Not a whit](#) Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the [Countrie](#) is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you [salute not](#) at the Court, [but you kisse](#) your hands; that [courtesie](#) would be [uncleanlie](#) if [Courtiers](#) were shepheards. 85
- Clowne** [Instance](#) briefly: come, instance.
- Corin** Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their [Fels](#) you know are [greasie](#).
- Clowne** Why do not your [Courtiers](#) hands [sweate](#)? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: God helpe thee shallow man. 90
- Corin** Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good, [content with my harme](#): and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke. 95
- Clowne** That is another [simple](#) sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to [offer](#) to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be [bawd](#) to a [Bel-weather](#), and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a [crooked-pated](#) olde [Cuckoldly](#) Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, [the devil himselfe will have no shepherds](#), I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 100
- Corin** Heere comes yong Mr Ganimed, my new Mistris-ses Brother. 105

French Scene 4

Enter Rosalind.

Rosalind [From the east to westerne Inde,](#)

- no jewel is like Rosalinde,
 Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
 through all the world beares Rosalinde. 110
 All the pictures fairest Linde,
 are but black to Rosalinde,
 Let no face bee kept in mind,
 but the faire of Rosalinde.
- Clowne** Ile rime you so, eight years together; dinners, 115
 and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter-womens ranke to Market.
- Rosalind** Out Foole.
- Clowne** For a taste. 120
 If a Hart do lacke a Hinde,
 Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
 If the Cat will after kinde,
 so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
 so must slender Rosalinde: 125
 They that reap must sheafe and binde,
 then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut. hath sowrest rinde,
 such a nut is Rosalinde.
 He that sweetest rose will finde, 130
 must finde Loves pricke, & Rosalinde.
 This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why do you infect
your selfe with them?
- Rosalind** Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.
- Clowne** Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite. 135

French Scene 5

Enter Celia with a writing.

- Rosalind** Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.
- Celia** *Why should this Desert bee,*
for it is unpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on everie tree,
that shall civill sayings show. 140
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:
But upon the fairest bowes,
or at everie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write, 145
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of everie sprite,

*heaven would in little show.
Thus Rosalinde of [manie parts](#),
by [Heavenly Synode](#) was devis'd, 150
Of [manie faces, eyes, and hearts](#),
to have the touches deerest pris'd.
Heaven would that shee these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slave.*

Rosalind O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious [homilie](#) of 155
Love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and
never [cri'de](#), have patience good people.

Celia How now [backe friends](#): Shepheard, go off a lit-
tle: go with him [sirrah](#).

Clowne Come Shepheard, let us make an honorable re- 160
-treit, though not with [bagge and baggage](#), yet with
[scrip and scrippage](#).
Exit Clowne & Corin.

French Scene 6

Celia Didst thou heare these verses?

Rosalind O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some 165
of them had in them more [feete](#) then the Verses would
beare.

Celia That's no matter: the feet might beare the verses.

Rosalind I, but the [feet were lame](#), and could not beare 170
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lame-
ly in the verse.

Celia But didst thou heare without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind Is it a man?

Celia And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
[change you colour?](#) 175

Rosalind I pre'thee who?

Celia O Lord, Lord, [it is a hard matter for friends to
meete; but Mountaines may bee remoov'd with Earth-
quakes, and so encounter.](#)

Rosalind Nay, but who is it? 180

Celia Is it possible?

Rosalind Nay, I pre'thee now, with most [petitionary ve-
hemence](#), tell me who it is.

Celia O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull

	wonderfull, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping .	185
Rosalind	Is he of Gods making ? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat ? Or his chin worth a beard ?	
Celia	Nay, he hath but a little beard .	
Rosalind	Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.	190
Celia	It is yong Orlando, that tript up the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.	
Rosalind	Nay, but the divell take mocking : speake sadde brow, and true maid .	195
Celia	I'faith (Coz) tis he.	
Rosalind	Orlando?	
Celia	Orlando.	
Rosalind	Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he ? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.	200 205
Celia	You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word to great for any mouth of this Ages size.	
Rosalind	But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he freshly , as he did the day he Wrastled ?	210
Celia	I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.	
Rosalind	It may wel be cal'd Jove's tree, when it droppes forth fruite .	
Celia	Give me audience, good Madam.	
Rosalind	Proceed.	215
Celia	There lay hee strech'd along like a Wounded knight.	
Rosalind	Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.	
Celia	Cry holla , to the tongue, I prethee : it curvettes unseasonably . He was furnish'd like a Hunter.	220
Rosalind	O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart .	
Celia	I would sing my song without a burden , thou bring'st me out of tune.	

Rosalind Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I must speake: sweet, say on. 225

French Scene 7

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Celia Soft, comes he not heere?
Rosalind 'Tis he, [slink by](#), and note him.
Jaques I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I [had as lief](#) have beene my self alone. 230
Orlando And so had I: but yet [for fashion sake](#)
I thanke you too, for your [societie](#).
Jaques [God buy you](#), let's meet as little as we can.
Orlando I do desire we may be [better strangers](#).
Jaques I pray you [marre](#) no more trees with Writing
Love-songs in their barks. 235
Orlando I pray you [marre](#) no [moe](#) of my verses with rea-
ding them [ill-favouredly](#).
Jaques Rosalinde is your loves name?
Orlando Yes, just. 240
Jaques I do not like her name.
Orlando There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was christen'd.
Jaques What stature is she of?
Orlando Just as high as my heart. 245
Jaques You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of
[Attalanta's heeles](#). Will you sitte down with me, and
wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world and all
our miserie.
Orlando [I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe](#)
against whom I know most faults. 250
Jaques The worst fault you have, is to be in love.
Orlando 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue:
I am wearie of you.
Jaques Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior
Love. 255
Orlando I am glad of your departure: Adieu Monsieur Melancholly.

French Scene 8

- Rosalind** I wil speake to him like a [sawcie Lacky](#), and [under that habit play the knave](#) with him, do you hear Forrester.
- Orlando** [Verie](#) wel, [what would you?](#) 260
- Rosalind** I pray you what i'st a clocke?
- Orlando** You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.
- Rosalind** Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing everie minute, and groaning everie houre [wold](#) detect the [lazier foot of time](#), as wel as a clocke. 265
- Orlando** And why not the [swift foote of time](#)? Had not that bin as proper?
- Rosalind** By no [meanes](#) sir; Time travels in [divers](#) paces, with [divers](#) persons: Ile tel you who Time [ambles withall](#), who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall. 270
- Orlando** I [prethee](#), who doth he trot withal?
- Rosalind** Marry he [trots hard with a yong maid](#), between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is [solemnizd](#): if the interim be but a [sennight](#), Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven year. 275
- Orlando** Who ambles Time withal?
- Rosalind** With a Priest that lacks [Latine](#), and a rich man that hath not the Gout: These Time ambles withal. 280
- Orlando** Who doth he gallop withal?
- Rosalind** With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as [softly](#) as foot can fall, he thinks himselfe too soon there. 285
- Orlando** Who [staies](#) it stil withal?
- Rosalind** With [Lawiers](#) in the [vacation](#): for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.
- Orlando** Where dwel you prettie youth? 290
- Rosalind** With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the [skirts](#) of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
- Orlando** Are you native of this place?
- Rosalind** As the [Conie](#) that you see dwell where shee is kindled. 295
- Orlando** Your accent is something finer, [then](#) you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

- Rosalind** I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Unckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an [inland man](#), one that knew [Courtship](#) too well: for there he fel in love. I have heard him read many [Lectors](#) against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many [giddie](#) offences as hee hath generally [tax'd](#) their whole sex withal. 300
- Orlando** Can you remember any of the principall evils, that he laid to the charge of women? 305
- Rosalind** There were none principal, they were all like one another, as [halfepence](#) are, everie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.
- Orlando** I [prethee](#) recount some of them. 310
- Rosalind** No: I wil not cast away my [physick, but on those that are sicke](#). There is a man [haunts](#) the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with carving Rosalinde on their barkes; hangs [Oades](#) upon [Hauthornes](#), and [Elegies](#) on [brambles](#); all (forsooth) [defying](#) the name of Rosalinde. If I could meet that [Fancie-monger](#), I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the [Quotidian](#) of Love upon him. 315
- Orlando** I am he that is so [Love-shak'd](#), I pray you tel me your remedie. 320
- Rosalind** There is none of my Unckles [markes](#) upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which [cage of rushes](#), I am sure you art not prisoner.
- Orlando** What were his markes?
- Rosalind** A leane cheeke, which you have not: a [blew eye](#) and sunken, which you have not: an [unquestionable](#) spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, [is a yonger brothers revennew](#)) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet [unbanded](#), your sleeve unbutton'd, your [shoo](#) unti'de, and everie thing about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather [point device in your accoustrements](#), as loving your selfe, [then](#) seeming the Lover of any other. 325
- Orlando** Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeve I Love. 330
- Rosalind** Me beleeve it? You may assoone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she [do's](#): that is one of the points, in the which women stil [give the lie to their consciences](#). But 335
- 340

- in good [sooth](#), are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?
- Orlando** I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.
- Rosalind** But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak? 345
- Orlando** Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.
- Rosalind** Love is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel [a darke house, and a whip](#), as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in love too: yet I [professe](#) curing it by counsel. 350
- Orlando** Did you ever cure any so?
- Rosalind** Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Mistris: and I set him everie day to [woe](#) me. At which time would I, being but a [moonish](#) youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, [fantastical](#), [apish](#), shallow, inconstant, full of [teares](#), full of smiles; for everie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, [cattle of this colour](#): would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then [forswear](#) him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I [drave](#) my [Sutor](#) from his [mad humour](#) of love, to a [living humor](#) of madnes, which was to forswear the [ful stream of the world](#), and to live in a [nooke meerly Monastick](#): and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I [take upon mee to wash your Liver](#) as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Love in't. 360
- Orlando** I would not be cured, youth.
- Rosalind** I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come everie day to my [Coat](#), and [woe](#) me. 370
- Orlando** Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tel me where it is.
- Rosalind** Go with me to it, and Ile [shew](#) it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Wil you go? 375
- Orlando** With all my heart, good youth.
- Rosalind** Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sister, will you go?
Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

French Scene 9*Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques.*

- Clowne** Come [apace](#) good [Audrey](#), I wil fetch up your
Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I [the man](#) yet?
Doth my [simple feature](#) content you? 380
- Audrey** Your features, Lord [warrant](#) us: what features?
- Clowne** I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
capricious Poet honest [Ovid was among the Gothes.](#)
Truly, I would the Gods hadde [made thee poetically.](#) 385
- Audrey** I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
deed and word: is it a true thing?
- Clowne** No [trulie](#): for the truest poetrie is the most [fai-
ning](#), and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they
swear in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne. 390
- Audrey** Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
Poetical?
- Clowne** I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest:
[Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope
thou didst feigne.](#) 395
- Audrey** Would you not have me honest?
- Clowne** No truly, unlesse thou wert [hard favour'd](#): for
[honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a sawce to
Sugar.](#) 400
- Audrey** Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
Gods make me honest.
- Clowne** Truly, and to [cast away honestie uppon a foule
slut, were to put good meate into an uncleane dish.](#)
- Audrey** I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I
am [foule](#). 405
- Clowne** Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut-
tishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I have bin with [Sir
Oliver Mar-text](#), the Vicar of the next village who hath
promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to
[couple us.](#) 410
- Jaques** I [would faine](#) see this meeting.
- Audrey** Wel, the Gods give us joy.

French Scene 10*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

- Clowne** Heere comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are wel met. Will you [dispatch us](#) heere under this tree, or shal we go with you to your [Chappell](#)? 415
- Sir Oliver** Is there none heere to [give the woman](#)?
- Clowne** I wil not take her on [guift of any man](#).
- Sir Oliver** Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawfull. 420
- Jaques** Proceed, proceede: Ile give her.
- Clowne** Good even good Mr [what ye cal't](#): how do you Sir, you are [verie](#) well met: [goddild](#) you for your [last companie](#), I am [verie](#) glad to see you, even [a toy in hand heere Sir](#): Nay, pray [be cover'd](#). 425
- Jaques** Wil you be married, Motley?
- Clowne** As the Oxe hath his [bow](#) sir, the horse his [curb](#), and the Falcon her [bells](#), so man hath his [desires](#), and as Pigeons [bill](#), so [wedlocke](#) would be [nibling](#). 430
- Jaques** And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but joyne you together, as they joyne [Wainscot](#), then one of you wil prove a shrunke [pannell](#), and like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 435
- Clowne** [I am not in the minde](#), but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leave my wife. 440
- Jaques** Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.
- Clowne** Come sweete Audrey,
We must be married, or we must live in [baudrey](#):
Farewel good Mr. Oliver: Not [O sweet Oliver](#), O [brave](#) Oliver leave me not behind thee: But [winde away](#), bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee. 445
- Sir Oliver** 'Tis no matter; [Ne're](#) a fantastical knave of them all shal [flout](#) me out of my [calling](#).
Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

French Scene 11

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

- Rosalind** Never talke to me, I wil weepe. 450
- Celia** Do I [prethee](#), but yet have the grace to consider, that [teares](#) do not become a man.
- Rosalind** But have I not cause to weepe?
- Celia** As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe. 455
- Rosalind** But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?
- Celia** Nay certainly there is no truth in him.
- Rosalind** Do you thinke so?
- Celia** Yes, I thinke he is not a [picke purse](#), nor a horse-stealer, but for his [verity](#) in love, I do thinke him as [concave](#) as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut. 460
- Rosalind** Not true in love?
- Celia** Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.
- Rosalind** You have heard him sweare downright he was. 465
- Celia** Was, is not is: besides the oath of Lover is no stronger then the word of a [Tapster](#), they are both the [confirmer of false reckonings](#), he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.
- Rosalind** I met the Duke yesterday, and had much [que-](#)
[stion](#) with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 470
- Celia** O that's a brave man, hee writes brave verses, speakes brave words, sweares brave oaths, and breakes them bravely, but [all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides](#): who comes here? 475

Scena Quinta.

French Scene 12

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

- Silvius** Sweet Phebe do not scorne me, do not Phebe
Say that you love me not, but say not so 480
In bitterness; the common executioner
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
[But first begs pardon](#): will you sterner be
Then [he](#) that dies and lives by bloody drops? 485

- Phebe** I would not be thy executioner,
 I flye thee, for I would not injure thee:
 Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
 That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things, 490
 Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
 Now I do frowne on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe, 495
 Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
 Some scarre of it: but now mine eyes 500
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.
- Silvius** O deere Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be neere) 505
 You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Loves keene arrows make.
- Phebe** But till that time
 Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, 510
 Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,
As till that time I shall not pittie thee.
- Rosalind** And why I pray you? who might be your mother
 That you insult, exult, and all at once
 Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty 515
 As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
 Must you be therefore prowd and pittillesse?
 Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
 No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it, 520
 You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
 That makes the world full of ill- favoured children: 525
 'Tis not her glasse but you that flatters her,
 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
 Then any of her lineaments can show her:
 But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good mans love; 530

For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
 Sell when you can, [you are not for all markets:](#)
[Cry the man mercy](#), love him, take his offer,
[Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.](#)
 So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell. 535

Phebe Sweet youth, I pray you [chide](#) a yere together,
 I had rather here you chide, then this man [wooe](#).

Rosalind I pray you do not fall in love with mee,
 For I am falsder then vowes made [in wine](#):
 Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
 'Tis at the [tufft](#) of Olives, [here hard by](#):
 Will you goe Sister? Shepheard [ply her hard](#):
 Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
 And be not proud, though all the world could see,
 None could be so [abus'd in sight](#) as hee. 545
 Come, to our flocke.

Exit.

French Scene 13

Phebe [Dead Shepheard](#), now I find thy saw of might,
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Silvius Sweet Phebe.

Phebe Hah: what [saist](#) thou Silvius? 550

Silvius Sweet Phebe pittie me.

Phebe Thou hast my love, is not that [neighbourly](#)?

Silvius I would have you.

Phebe Why that were [covetousnesse](#):
 Silvius; But since that thou canst talke of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me
 I will endure; Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee
[ere-while](#)? 555

Silvius Not very well, but I have met him oft.

Phebe Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
 'Tis but a [peevisish](#) boy, yet he talkes well,
 But what care I for words? yet words do well
 When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
 It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
 But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
 Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
 Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heale it up:
 He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall: 565

	There be some women Silvius, had they markt him	570
	In parcells as I did, would have gone neere	
	To fall in love with him: but for my part	
	I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet	
	Have more cause to hate him then to love him,	
	For what had he to do to chide at me?	575
	And now I am remembred , scorn'd at me:	
	I marvell why I answer'd not againe,	
	But that's all one : omittance is no quittance :	
	Ile write to him a very tantiing Letter,	
	And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Silvius?	580
Silvius	Phebe, with all my heart.	
Phebe	Ile write it strait :	
	The matter's in my head, and in my heart,	
	I will be bitter with him, and passing short ;	
	Goe with me Silvius.	585
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

French Scene 1

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaques	I prethee , pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.	1
Rosalind	They say you are a melancholly fellow.	
Jaques	I am so: I do love it better then laughing.	
Rosalind	Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselves to every moderne censure, worse then drunkards.	5
Jaques	Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.	
Rosalind	Why then 'tis good to be a poste.	
Jaques	I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation : nor the Musitians , which is fantasticall ; nor the Courtiers , which is proud: nor the Soldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers , which is politick : Nor the Ladies, which is nice : nor the Lovers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects,	10 15

and indeed the [sundrie contemplation of my travells](#), in which by often rumination, wraps me in a [most humorous sadness](#).

Rosalind A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I feare you have sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to have seene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands. 20

Jaques [Yes](#), I have gain'd my experience.

French Scene 2

Enter Orlando.

Rosalind And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to [travaile](#) for it too. 25

Orlando Good day, and happinesse, deere Rosalind.

Jaques Nay then [God buy you](#), and you talke in [blanke verse](#). 30

Rosalind Farewell [Mounsieur](#) Travellor. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you [serve me such another trick](#), never come in my sight more.

Orlando My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my promise. 35

Rosalind [Breake an houres promise](#) in love? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that [Cupid hath clapt him oth' shoulder](#), but Ile [warrant him heart hole](#). 40

Orlando Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Rosalind Come, wooe me, wooe me: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your [verie, verie](#) Rosalind? 45

Orlando I would kisse before I spoke.

Rosalind Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were [gravel'd](#), for lack of matter, you might take [oc-casion](#) to kisse. 50

Orlando How if the kisse be [denide](#)?

Rosalind Then she puts you to [entreatie](#), and there begins new matter. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando I take some joy to say you are, because I would

	be talking of her.	55
Rosalind	Well, in her person , I say I will not have you.	
Orlando	Then in mine owne person, I die.	
Rosalind	No faith, die by Attorney : the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old , and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in a love cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.	60
Orlando	I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind , for I protest her frowne might kill me.	
Rosalind	By this hand, it will not kill a flie : but come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it .	65
Orlando	Then love me Rosalind.	
Rosalind	Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies , and all.	
Orlando	And wilt thou have me?	70
Rosalind	I, and twentie such.	
Orlando	What saiest thou?	
Rosalind	Are you not good?	
Orlando	I hope so.	
Rosalind	Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie us: give me your hand Orlando: What do you say sister?	75
Orlando	Pray thee marrie us.	
Celia	I cannot say the words .	80
Rosalind	You must begin, will you Orlando.	
Celia	Goe too : wil you Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?	
Orlando	I will.	
Rosalind	I, but when?	85
Orlando	Why now, as fast as she can marrie us.	
Rosalind	Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.	
Orlando	I take thee Rosalind for wife.	
Rosalind	I might aske you for your Commission , But I do take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Woman's thought runs before her actions .	90

- Orlando** So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.
- Rosalind** Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have [possest her](#)? 95
- Orlando** For ever, and a day.
- Rosalind** Say a day, without the ever: no, no Orlando, men are Aprill when they [woe](#), December when they wed: Maides are May [when they are maides](#), but the sky changes when they are wives: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a [Barbary cocke-pidgeon](#) over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat [against](#) raine, more [new-fang-led](#) then an ape, more [giddy](#) in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like [Diana in the Fountaine](#), & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will [laugh like a Hyena](#), and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe. 100
- Orlando** But will my Rosalind do so? 105
- Rosalind** By my life, she will do as I do. 110
- Orlando** O but she is wise.
- Rosalind** Or else shee could not have the wit to do this: the wiser the [waywarder](#): make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the [casement](#): shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill [flie](#) with the [smoake](#) out at the chimney. 115
- Orlando** A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, [wit whether wil't](#)?
- Rosalind** [Nay you might keep that checke for it](#), till you met your wives [wit](#) going to your neighbours bed. 120
- Orlando** And [what wit](#) could wit have, to excuse that?
- Rosalind** Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you [take](#) her without her [tongue](#).
- Orlando** For these two hours Rosalinde, I wil leave thee. 125
- Rosalind** Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.
- Orlando** I must attend the Duke at [dinner](#), by two a clock I will be with thee againe, sweet Rosalind.
- Rosalind** By my [troth](#), and [in good earnest](#), and [so God mend mee](#), and by all pretty oathes that are [not dangerous](#), if you breake one [jot](#) of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will think you the most [patheticall](#) breake-promise, and the most [hollow](#) lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that 130

may bee chosen out of the [grosse band](#) of the unfaith-
full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-
mise. 135

Orlando With no lesse [religion](#), then if thou wert indeed
my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosalind Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all
such offenders, and let time [try](#): adieu. 140
Exit.

French Scene 3

Celia You have [simply misus'd](#) our sexe in your [love-
prate](#): we must have your doublet and hose [pluckt over
your head](#), and [shew](#) the world what the bird hath done
to her owne [neast](#). 145

Rosalind O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many [fathome](#) deepe I am in love: but
it cannot bee [sounded](#): my affection hath an unknowne
bottome, like the [Bay of Portugall](#).

Celia Or rather [bottomlesse](#), that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out. 150

Rosalind Ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be
out of the sight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a [shadow](#), and
sigh till he come.

Celia And Ile sleepe. 155
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

French Scene 4

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters

Song.

*What shall he have that kild the Deare?
His [leather skin, and hornes to weare](#):
Then sing him home,
the rest shall beare this burden;*

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne, 160
*It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it:*

(The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,)
Is not! a thing! to laugh! to scorn! 165

*Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
(The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,)*

170

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn!

*The horn is not a thing to laugh or to scorn!
Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

French Scene 5

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And heere [much](#) Orlando. 175

Celia I warrant you, with [pure love, & troubled brain](#),
Enter Silvius.

French Scene 6

Celia [*cont.*] He hath [t'ane](#) his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Silvius My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Phebe, did bid me give you this: 180
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and [waspish action](#)
Which she did use, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry [tenure](#); pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger. 185

Rosalind Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the [swaggerer](#), [beare this](#), [beare all](#):
Shee saies I am not [faire](#), that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as [Phenix](#): ['od's my will](#), 190
Her love is not the Hare that I do hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne [device](#).

Silvius No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it. 195

Rosalind Why, tis a [boysterous](#) and a cruell style,

	A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, will you heare the letter?	
Silvius	So please you, for I never heard it yet: Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.	200
Rosalind	She Phebes me : marke how the tyrant writes. Read. 'Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd? That a maidens heart hath burn'd.' Can a woman rail thus?	205
Silvius	Call you this railing?	
Rosalind	Read. He that brings this love to thee, Little knowes this Love in me: And by him seale up thy minde , Whether that thy youth and kinde Will the faithfull offer take Of me, and all that I can make, Or else by him my love denie , And then Ile studie how to die.'	210
Silvius	Call you this chiding?	215
Celia	Alas poore Shepeard.	
Rosalind	Do you pittie him? No, he deserves no pittie: wilt thou love such a woman? Say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. <i>Exit. Silvius.</i>	220

French Scene 7

Enter Oliver.

Oliver	Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands A sheep-coat , fenc'd about with Olive-trees.	
Celia	West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom The ranke of Oziers , by the murmuring streame Left on your right hand , brings you to the place:	225

- But at this houre, the house doth keepe it self,
There's none within.
- Oliver** If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description, 230
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
- Celia** It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. 235
- Oliver** Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
- Rosalind** I am: what must we understand by this?
- Oliver** Some of my shame, if you will know of me 240
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
- Celia** I pray you tell it.
- Oliver** When last the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe 245
Within an houre, he threw his eye aside,
And marke what object did present it selfe
Under an old Oake,
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with hair
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke 250
A greene and gilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away 255
Into a bush, under which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with udders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch:
This seene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 260
Twice did he turne his backe,
But kindnesse, nobler ever then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling 265
From miserable slumber I awaked.
- Celia** Are you his brother?
- Rosalind** Was't you he rescu'd?
- Celia** Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oliver	‘Twas I: but ‘tis not I: I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.	270
Rosalind	But for the bloody napkin?	
Oliver	By and by: When from the first to last betwixt us two, Teares our recountments had most kindly bath’d, As how I came into that Desert place. In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke, Who gave me fresh aray , and entertainment , Committing me unto my brothers love, Who led me instantly unto his Cave, There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme The Lyonesse had torne some flesh away, Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, And cride in fainting upon Rosalinde. Briefe , I recover’d him, bound up his wound, And after some small space , being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give this napkin Died in this bloud, unto the Shepheard youth, That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.	275 280 285 290
Celia	Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.	
Oliver	Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.	
Celia	There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed .	295
Oliver	Looke, he recovers.	
Rosalind	I would I were at home.	
Celia	Wee’ll lead you thither: I pray you will you take him by the arme.	
Oliver	Be of good cheere youth: you a man? You lacke a mans heart.	300
Rosalind	I do so, I confesse it: Ah, sirra, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.	
Oliver	This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion , that it was a passion of earnest .	305
Rosalind	Counterfeit, I assure you.	
Oliver	Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.	310

Rosalind	So I do: but yfaith , I should have beene a woman by right.	
Celia	Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards : good sir, goe with us.	
Oliver	That will I: for I must beare answeere backe How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.	315
Rosalind	I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe? <i>Exeunt.</i>	

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

French Scene 1

Enter Clowne and Audrie

Clowne	We shall finde a time Audrie, patience gentle Audrie.	1
Audrie	Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.	
Clowne	A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrie, a most vile Mar-text. But Audrie, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.	5
Audrie	I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane. <i>Enter William.</i>	
Clowne	It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne , by my troth , we that have good wits , have much to answer for: we shall be flouting : we cannot hold.	10
William	Good ev'n Audrey.	
Audrie	God ye good ev'n William.	
William	And good ev'n to you Sir.	15
Clowne	Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head , cover thy head: Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you Friend?	
William	Five and twentie Sir.	
Clowne	A ripe age: Is thy name William?	20
William	William, sir.	
Clowne	A faire name . Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?	

William	I sir, I thanke God.	
Clowne	Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich?	25
William	'Faith sir, so, so .	
Clowne	So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise?	
William	I sir, I have a prettie wit.	30
Clowne	Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himself to be a Foole. You do love this maid?	
William	I do sir.	35
Clowne	Give me your hand : Art thou Learned?	
William	No sir.	
Clowne	Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent , that ipse is hee: now you are not ipse , for I am he.	40
William	Which he sir?	
Clowne	He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar , leave the societie: which in the boorish , is companie, of this fe- male: which in the common, is woman: which toge- ther, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poy- son with thee, or in bastinado , or in steele : I will bandy with thee in faction , I will ore-run thee with police : I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore trem- ble and depart.	45 50 55
Audrie	Do good William.	
William	God rest you merry sir. <i>Exit.</i>	
Clowne	Trip Audry, trip Audry. <i>Exeunt.</i>	

Scoena Secunda.***French Scene 2***

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

- Orlando** Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And loving woo? and wooing, she should [graunt](#)? And will you [persever](#) to [enjoy](#) her? 60
- Oliver** Neither call the [giddinesse](#) of it in question; [the povertie of her](#), the small acquaintance, my [sodaine](#) wooing, nor sordaine consenting: but say with mee, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves mee; [consent](#) with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the [revennew](#), that was old Sir Rowlands will I [estate](#) upon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd. 70

French Scene 3

Enter Rosalind.

- Orlando** [You have my consent.](#)
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I Invite the Duke, and [all's](#) contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you, Heere comes my Rosalinde. 75
- Rosalind** God save you [brother](#).
- Oliver** And you faire [sister](#).
- Rosalind** Oh my deere Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee weare thy heart in a [scarfe](#).
- Orlando** It is my arme. 80
- Rosalind** I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.
- Orlando** Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.
- Rosalind** Did your brother tell you how I [counterfeyted](#) to [sound](#), when he [shew'd](#) me your handkercher? 85
- Orlando** I, and [greater wonders](#) then that.
- Rosalind** O, I know [where you are](#): nay, tis true: there was never any thing so [sodaine](#),
For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the [reason, but they sought the remedie](#): and in these [degrees](#), have they made a [paire](#) of staires to marriage, which they will [climbe incontinent](#), or else [bee incontinent](#) before marriage; they are in the [verie wrath](#) of 90 95

love, and they will together. [Clubbes](#) cannot part them.

- Orlando** They shall be married to morrow: and I will [bid](#) the [Duke](#) to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happiness through another mans [eies](#): by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavinesse, by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in [having what he wishes for](#). 100
- Rosalind** Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your [turne](#) for Rosalind? 105
- Orlando** I can live no longer by thinking.
- Rosalind** I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Believe then, [if you please](#), that I can do [strange](#) things: I have since I was three [yeare](#) old [converst](#) with a [Magitian](#), most profound in his [Art](#), and yet [not damnable](#). If you do love Rosalinde so [neere the hart](#), as your [gesture](#) cries it out: when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. 110
- Orlando** Speak'st thou in [sober](#) meanings? 115
- Rosalind** By my life I do. Therefore put you in your [best array](#), [bid your friends](#): for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.

French Scene 4

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

- Rosalind** Looke, heere comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers. 120
- Phebe** Youth, you have done me much [ungentlesse](#), To [shew](#) the letter that I writ to you.
- Rosalind** I care not if I have: it is my [studie](#) To seeme [despightfull](#) and ungentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, [Looke upon](#) him, love him: he worships you. 125
- Phebe** Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love
- Silvius** It is to be all made of sighes and [teares](#), And so am I for Phebe.
- Phebe** And I for Ganimed.
- Orlando** And I for Rosalind. 130
- Rosalind** And I for no woman.
- Silvius** It is to be all made of faith and [service](#), And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe	And I for Ganimed.	
Orlando	And I for Rosalind.	135
Rosalind	And I for no woman.	
Silvius	It is to be all made of fantasie , All made of passion , and all made of wishes , All adoration, dutie , and observance , All humblenesse, all patience , and impatience, All puritie, all triall , all observance: And so am I for Phebe.	140
Phebe	And I for Ganimed.	
Orlando	And I for Rosalind.	
Rosalind	And I for no woman.	145
Phebe	If this be so, why blame you me to love you?	
Silvius	If this be so, why blame you me to love you?	
Orlando	If this be so, why blame you me to love you?	
Rosalind	Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to love you.	150
Orlando	To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.	
Rosalind	Pray you no more of this: I will helpe you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if ever I marrie Wo- man, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you , if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor- row. I wil content you , if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you love Rosalind meet, as you love Phebe meet, and as I love no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I have left you com- mands.	155 160
Silvius	Ile not faile, if I live.	
Phebe	Nor I.	
Orlando	Nor I. <i>Exeunt.</i>	

Scoena Tertia.

French Scene 5

An earlier song is reprised as the stage is decorated for the wedding.

Scena Quarta.

Scene 6

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

- Duke S.** Dost thou beleeve Orlando, that [the boy](#)
Can do all this that he hath [promised](#)? 165
- Orlando** I sometimes do beleeve, and sometimes do not,
As those that [feare they hope, and know they feare](#).

French Scene 7

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, & Phebe.

- Rosalind** Patience once more, whiles our [compact](#) is [urg'd](#):
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde, 170
You wil [bestow her](#) on Orlando heere?
- Duke S.** That would I, [had I kingdoms to give with her](#).
- Rosalind** And you say you wil have her, when I bring her?
- Orlando** That would I, [were I of all kingdomes King](#).
- Rosalind** You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing. 175
- Phebe** That will I, should I die the houre after.
- Rosalind** But if you do refuse to marrie me.
You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.
- Phebe** So is the bargaine.
- Rosalind** You say that you'l have Phebe if she will. 180
- Silvius** Though to have her and death, were both one
thing.
- Rosalind** I have promis'd to make all this [matter even](#):
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter: 185
Keepe your word Phebe, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Silvius, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. 190
Exit Rosalind and Celia.

French Scene 8

- Duke S.** I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some [lively touches](#) of my daughters [favour](#).
- Orlando** My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne. 195

French Scene 9

- Jaques** Heere comes a [payre](#)
of [verie](#) strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
Fooles.
- Clowne** Today is the joyfull day Audrey, today
will we be married. 200
- Audrie** I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is
no [dishonest](#) desire, to desire to be a [woman of the world](#)?
- Song.**
- Clowne** *It was a Lover, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey [nonino](#),
That o're the [greene corne field](#) did passe, 205
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a **hey nonino**
These prettie Country folks would lie,
In the [spring](#) time, the only pretty [ring time](#),
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: 210*
- Sweet Lovers love the spring,
This [Carroll](#) they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a [life was but a Flower](#),
In the [spring](#) time, the only pretty [ring time](#), 215
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet Lovers love the spring.*
- And therefore take the present time.
With a **hey nonino**,
For love is [crowned](#) with the [prime](#). 220
In the [spring](#) time, the only pretty [ring time](#),
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet Lovers love the*
- [Spring](#) time, the only pretty [ring time](#),
When Birds do sing, **hey ding a ding, ding:** 225
Sweet Lovers love the spring.*
- Clowne** Salutation and greeting to you all.
- Jaques** Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in
the Forrest: he hath bin a [Courtier](#) he swears. 230
- Clowne** If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
[purgation](#), I have trod a [measure](#), I have flattred a Lady,
I have been [politicke](#) with my friend, [smooth](#) with mine

- emie, I have [undone](#) three Tailors, I have had foure
quarrels, and [like to have fought one](#). 235
- Jaques** Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
at any thing, and yet a foole.
- Duke S.** He uses his folly like a [stalking-horse](#), and under
the [presentation](#) of that he shoots his wit.

French Scene 10

Enter [Hymen](#), Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

- Hymen** *Then is there mirth in heaven,* 240
When earthly things [made eaven](#)
[atone](#) together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven [brought her](#),
Yea brought her hither. 245
That thou mightst joyne [his hand with his](#),
[Whose](#) heart within his bosome is.
- Rosalind** [To you I give my selfe](#), for I am yours.
To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.
- Duke S.** If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter. 250
- Orlando** If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
- Phebe** If sight & [shape](#) be true, why then my love adieu
- Rosalind** Ile have no Father, if you be not he:
Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor [ne're](#) wed woman, if you be not shee. 255
- Hymen** Peace hoa: I [barre](#) confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To joyne in Hymens [bands](#), 260
[If truth holds true contents](#).
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his love must accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord. 265
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a [Wedlocke Hymne](#) we sing,
Feede your selves with [questioning](#):
That reason, wonder may diminish 270
How thus we met, and these things finish.

- And all into our Rusticke Revelrie: 310
 Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
 With [measure heap'd in joy, to'th Measures fall](#).
- Jaques** Sir, [by your patience](#): if I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
 And [throwne into neglect the pompous Court](#). 315
- Duke S.** He hath.
- Jaques** To him [will I: out of these convertites](#),
 There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
 So to your pleasures,
 I am for other, then for dancing meazures. 320
- Duke S.** Stay, Jaques, stay.
- Jaques** To see no [pastime](#), I: what you would have,
 Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd cave.
Exit.

French Scene 12

- Rosalind** It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi- 325
 logue: but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the
 Lord the Prologue. 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue:
 Yet good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
 What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-
 logue, nor cannot [insinuate](#) with you in the behalfe of a
 good play? I am not [furnish'd](#) like a Begger, therefore 330
 to begge will not become mee. My way is to [conjure](#) you.
 I charge you for the love you beare to men to like as much
 of this Play, as please you: And I charge you
 for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your
[simpring](#), none of you hates them) that betweene you, 335
 the play may please. And I am sure, as many as have good
 beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
 offer, when I make curt'sie, [bid me farewell](#).
Exit.

Song.*Oh Mistress Mine.*

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming, 340
That can sing both high and
Low — oh — oh — oh-oh-oh-oh!
Trip no further pretty sweeting. (Yeah Yeah!)
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's so-o-o-o-on 345
Doth know — oh — oh — oh-oh-oh-oh!

Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine, (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh, oh Mistress mine! (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh, oh Mistress mine!

What is love, 'tis not hereafter, 350
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come... is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not 355
Endu — u — u — ure!

Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine, (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh, oh Mistress mine! (Oh Mistress Mine!)
Mistress Mine where are you roaming!
(Oh Mistress Mine!) 360
Stay and hear your true love's calling!
(Oh Mistress Mine!)
Oh-oh-oh! Mistress Mine!

FINIS.