



As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

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

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. 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 allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy.

(*this.*

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. 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.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezzant, 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 giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. 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 haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraistler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraistling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'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 loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my leue to 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.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by payson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, He giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, He neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: 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, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, 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 wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now He goe about. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Cellia*; I shew more mirth then I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

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

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; 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 deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue 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.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife Fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very ill fauoured.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth 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, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistressse, you must come away to your farher.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vmuzzle your wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Ben.*

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. Boon-iour Monsieur le Beau, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princeesse, you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old sinell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastring, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastring.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

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

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

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastring with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastringer, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastring Cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastring, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

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

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin: Are you crept hither to see the wrastring?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

Cel. Call him heether good Monsieur *Le Beau.*

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Youngman, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastringer?

Orl. No faire Princeesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduventure would counsel you to a more equall enterprises. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your repuration shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastring might not go forward.

Orl. 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 eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

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

Cel.

Cel. And mine to ecke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

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

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Shout.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou Charles?

Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. 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 haue better pleas'd me with this deede, 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.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

Ros. My Father lou'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 haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him: My Fathers rough and enuious disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd, If you doe keepe your promises in loue; But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise, Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ros. Gentleman,

Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes. Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp Is but a quintine, a mere liuelesse blocke.

Ros. He calls vs backe, my pride fell with my fortunes, He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir? Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well.

Exit.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpon my tooong? I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Ben. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd High commendation, true applause, and loue; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That he misconsters all that you haue done: The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

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

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners, But yet indeede the taller is his daughter, The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues 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, Grounded vpon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her vertues, And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake; And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well, Hereafter in a better world then this, I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. Thus must I from the smoake into the smother, From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother, But heauenly Rosaline.

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid haue mercie, Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time in

in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sol-
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands yongest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
not *Orlando*.

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

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

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou bee'st found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe 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.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and per 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,
When she is gone; then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her compa.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Ros. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue
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:
Therefore deuise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vंबर smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And neuer stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there wilk,
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

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

Ros. Ile haue no worse a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Canimede*.
But what will you by call'd?

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

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Duke Senior: Amiens, and

like Forrest

Duk. Sen. Now my Cose

Hath not old custome ma

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
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 vpon my body
Euen 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 vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du.Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1.Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pittieous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1.Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too must: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
In pasture, iumps along by him
He staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
You fat and greazie Citizens,
In this fashion; wherefore doe you looke
So pale and broken bankrupt there?
Then inuestiuelly he pierceth through
The vniuersall of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Of this our life, swearing that we
Shall neuer see, tyrants, and whats worse
In this our life, to kill them vp
In this our native dwelling place.
Then he begins him in this contemplation?
Of the weeping and commenting

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait:

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1.Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

2.Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princeesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraistler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleeuues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. 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 quaille,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemy of all your graces liues
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,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And so to take the life of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A thecuiſh liuing on the common roade?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will ſubieſt me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not ſo: I haue five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſeruiſe ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your ſeruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,
Froſtic, but kindly; let me goe with you,
He doe the ſeruiſe of a yonger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſeruiſe of the antique world,
When ſeruiſe ſweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their ſeruiſe vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, wee le goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Wee le light vpon ſome ſetled low content.

Ad. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From ſeauentie yeeres, till now almoſt foureſcore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At ſeauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeek
But at foureſcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

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

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not
wearie.

Roſ. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort

the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it
ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. 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 haue no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers muſt
be content.

Enter Corin and Siluins.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer

As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

Aſſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:

How many actions moſt ridiculous,

Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then neuer loue ſo hartily,

If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou haſt not lou'd.

Or if thou haſt not ſar as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praife,

Thou haſt not lou'd.

Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,

Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,

Thou haſt not lou'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

Exit.

Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my ſword vpon a ſtone; and bid him take that for
comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſ-
ſing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping
teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Lo-
uers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. *Ioue*, *Ioue*, this Shepherds paſſion,
Is much vpon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with
mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calſ?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
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.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

*Vnder the Greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see noemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaques.

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I pre'thee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

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

Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you'em stanzo's?

Amy. What you wil Monsieur Iaques.

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe,
I'll then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me hartily,
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

*Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see. &c.*

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despite of my Inuention.

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Ass:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a cir-
cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good Adam.

*Exeunt
Scena*

Scena Septima.

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

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

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

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheraes:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1. Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes; and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:

Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess:

'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,

And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen;

And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,

And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,

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 contemplatiue:

And I did laugh, sans intermission

An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,

A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier

And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,

They haue the gift to know it: and in his braiue,

Which is as drie as the remainder bisket

After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd

With obseruation, the which he vents

In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,

I am ambitious for a motley coar.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite,

Provided that you weed your better iudgements

Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,

That I am wise. I must haue liberty

Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,

To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:

And they that are most gaule'd with my folly,

They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?

The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:

Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart

Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,

The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd

Euen by the squandering glances of the foolen

Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate 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
The cost of Princes on vnworthy 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 brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come heere?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne commandment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer bene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappy:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Seene
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his biggemanly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Alam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable bur-
then, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

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

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the Greene holly,
Most friendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliner.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother where-soere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of doores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile character,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vncexpressiue shee. *Exit.*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone?*
Cl.

Clo. Truly 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 priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in 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?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worfe at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good friends. 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 learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. 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: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie 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.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated elde Cuckoldly Ramm, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr Ganimed, my new Mistresses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,

no iewel is like Rosalinde;

Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.

All the pictures fairest Linde,

are but blacke to Rosalinde:

Let no face bee kept in mind,

but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe laske 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:

They that reap must sheafe and binde,

then to cart with Rosalinde.

Sweetest nut, bath sowrest rinde,

such a nut is Rosalinde.

He that sweetest rose will finde,

must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th countrey: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is unpeopled? Noe:

Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings shoe.

Some, how brieft the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:

But, upon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;

Will I Rosalind write,
teaching all that reade, to know

The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heauen would in little show.

Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maieſtie:
Attalanta's better part,
ſad Lucrecia's Modeſtie.
Thus Roſalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was denis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.
Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,
and I to liue and die her ſlauer.*

Rof. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loucheau you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Rof. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

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

Rof. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Rof. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer ſo berim'd ſince Pythagoras time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Rof. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Rof. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earth-quakes, and ſo encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Rof. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Rof. Good my complection, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rof. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. 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.

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript vp the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Rof. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Rof. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Rof. 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 remains he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Answer me in one vvord.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechiſme.

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomes as to reſolue the propoſitions of a Louer: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſeruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Rof. It may vvell be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Rof. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Rof. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuetes vnſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Rof. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

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

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Rof. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verſes with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Roſalinde is your lóues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wiues, & cond the out of rings

Orl. Not ſo: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue ſtudied your queſtions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of Attalanta's heeles. Will you ſitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe againſt

against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. He tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (rester.

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me: what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: He tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. 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 seuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowne: for the one sleepe easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feelles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ros. With this Shepherdesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natie of this place?

Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ros. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle 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 loue. I haue 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.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. 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 caruing *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ros. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blewie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeue vbutton'd, your shoe vntide, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

(I Loue.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

Ros. Me beleue it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleue 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 giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ros. Loue is meerey a madnesse, and I tel you, deserues 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 loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to woeme. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie 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 draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, & was to forswear the ful stream of my world, and to liue in a nooke meerey Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetically.

And. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vnleane dish.

And. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; slut-tishness may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

And. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his life, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen to poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras-call: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proccede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye call't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. 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 nibbling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. 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 leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,

And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*,

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey: Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Nouer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:

Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Chessnut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. 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.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question 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*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puiſny Tilter, y^e spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdain, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let vs remoue, The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue: Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe* Say that you loue me not, but say not so In bitternesse; the common executioner Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not iniure 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, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to swoond, why now fall downe, 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 remains Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush The Cicatrice and capable impresse Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,

If euer (as that euer may be neere) You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds inuisible That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not, As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed: Must you be therefore prowd and pittilesse? Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me? I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life, I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too: No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame That can entame my spirits to your worship: 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-fauourd children: '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 thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue; For I must tell you friendly in your eare, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer. So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together, I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am falser then vowes made in wine: Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuſt of Oliues, here hard by: Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

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.

Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be :

If you doe sorrow at my grieve in loue,

By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieve

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse :

Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee ;

And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,

But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,

Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me

I will endure ; and Ile employ thee too :

But doe not looke for further recompence

Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,

And I in such a pouerty of grace,

That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop

To gleane the broken eares after the man

That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then

A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon. *(while?)*

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,

And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds

That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,

'Tis but a peeuisish 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 vp:

He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:

His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,

A little riper, and more lustie red

Then that mixt in his cheek: 'twas iust the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.

There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him

In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere

To fall in loue with him: but for my part

I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet

Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,

For what had he to doe to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,

And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:

I maruell why I answer'd not againe,

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:

Ile write to him a very tainting Letter,

And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. 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*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abho-
minable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery mo-
derne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastick;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-
pounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-
rous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great rea-
son to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,
to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had ra-
ther haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounfieur Trauellor: looke you
lisse, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits
of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where
haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
serue me such another trick, neuer come in my sight
more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt
him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee
carries his house on his head; a better ioyneure I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: w^{ch} such as youare faine to be be-
holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his
fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker : and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee : 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*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite :

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

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

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, lie 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 loue cause : *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros. 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.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs : giue me your hand *Orlando* : What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too : wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue posselt her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they wooe, December when they wed : Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues : I will bee more ieaious of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled 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 Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this : the wiser, the waywarder : make the doores vpon a womans 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.

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

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there : you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue : o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Ros. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies : I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse : that flattering tongue of yours wonne me : 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o'clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. 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 iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most pathetical breake-promise, and the most hollow loue, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu.

Exit.

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate :

prate : we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

Ros. O coz,coz,coz : my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue : but it cannot bee sounded : my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in,in runs out.

Ros. No,that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes,because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue : ile tell thee *Aliena*,I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando* : Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir,it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare :
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a cress 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 scorne. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, *Enter Siluins.*

He hath tane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe : looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle *Phoebe*, did bid me giue you this : I know not the contents, but as I guesse By the sterne brow, and waspish action Which she did vse, as she was writing of it, It beares an angry renure; pardon me, I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. 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 loue me Were man as rare as Phenix : 'od's my will, Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phoebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of loue. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand : I verily did thinke That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands: She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter : I say she neuer did inuent this letter, This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers : why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian : vvomens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention, Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance : vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet : Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me : marke how the tyrant vvrites.

Read. Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.

Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Read.* Why, thy godhead laid a part,
War'st thou with a womans heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eye

Hane power to raise such lone in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did lone,

How then might your prayers moue?

He that brings this lone to thee,

Little knowes this Lone in me :

And by him seale vp thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and ktude

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my lone denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee : if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her : if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit. Sil.*

Enter Oliuer.

Olin. Good morrow, faire ones : pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. 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:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Offsmall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

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

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhhat befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke vvhhat object did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A Greene and guiled 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 vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

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

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As how I came into that Desert place.
I brieve, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted;
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalind*.
Brieue, I recouer'd him, bound vp 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 giue this napkin
Died in this blood, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimes*, sweet *Ganimes*.

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

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimes*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfei-
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfei-
ted: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great te-
stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear-
nest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a wo-
man by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you com-
mend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gen-
tle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
olde gentlemans saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile
Mar-text. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the
Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee
in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clow. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Andrey*.

And. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to cate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to cate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. 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.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson 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 wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you, Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God saue you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrafonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'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, haue 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 loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. 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 happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inso much (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian; most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'tt thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: 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.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful sheheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good sheheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganimed.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganimed.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, dutie, and obseruance, All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience, All puritie, all triall, all obseruance: And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganimed.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfid man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Cl. To morrow is the ioyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonour to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cl. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y' faith, and both in a tune like two gipshies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the Greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers loue the spring,
And therefore take the present time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime:
In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, &c.

This Carrol they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.

Cl. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vtunable

1. Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Cl. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Audrie.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Iaquet, Orlando, Oliuer, Celio.

Du. Sen. Dost thou belecue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do belecue, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our cōpaet is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde, You wil bestow her on Orlando heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

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

Ros. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

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

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me, You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Sheheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'l haue Phebe if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ros.

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen :
 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
 You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter :
 Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marrie me,
 Or else refusing me to wed this sheheard :
 Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'll marrie her
 If she refuse me, and from hence I go
 To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Sen. I do remember in this sheheard boy,
 Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
 Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these
 couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
 of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
 Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the
 Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
 the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
 purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady,
 I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
 enemy, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
 quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp ?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
 the seuenth cause.

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
 fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like : I presse
 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues
 to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds
 and blood breakes : a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing
 sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
 that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a mi-
 ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-
 ster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet
 diseases.

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde
 the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued : (beare your
 bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir : I did dislike the
 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he sent me word, if I
 said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it
 was : this is call'd the retort courtious. If I sent him
 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word
 he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest.
 If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment :
 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well
 cut, he would answer I spake not true : this is call'd the
 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
 say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome :
 and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

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

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct : and so wee mea-
 sur'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
 the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke : as you
 haue bookes for good manners : I will name you the de-
 grees. The first, the Retort courtious : the second, the
 Quip-modest : the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth,
 the Reproofe valiant : the fift, the Counterchecke quar-
 relsome : the sixt, the Lye with circumstance : the sea-
 uenth, the Lye direct : all these you may auoyd, but the
 Lye direct : and you may auoide that too, with an If. I
 knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,
 but when the parties were met themselues, one of them
 thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so :
 and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
 the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
 at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-
 der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made eauen
 attone together.

Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
 Hymen from Heauen brought her,
 Tea brought her heiter.

That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,
 Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
 To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

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

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. He haue no Father, if you be not he :

He haue no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne re wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa : I barre confusion,
 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euent :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part :

You and you, are hart in hart :

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather :

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing.

Feede your selues with questioning :

That reason, wender may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,

O blessed bond of boord and bed :

'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,

High wedlocke then be honored :

Honor, high honor and renouue

To Hymen, God of eueries Towne.

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

Pho. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:

I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.

Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding:

To one his lands with-held, and to the other

A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.

First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends

That heere vyete well begun, and wel begot:

And after, euerie of this happie number

That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,

Shal share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,

And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:

Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,

With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a Religious life,

And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaq.*, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit.*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-
logue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good
playes proue 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
to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that
pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that
I desir'd not: And I am sure, as many as haue good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

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