```xml
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comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
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1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
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          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
        </respStmt>
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          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
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          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
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Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
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          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
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               <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
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               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
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            <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
               <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JS">
               <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="ES">
               <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
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            <respStmt xml:id="JC">
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               <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
               Crowdfunding</funder>
            <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
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April
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               <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
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            <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
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&amp;
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&amp;
            tragedies</title>
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        </pubPlace>:
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          <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
            Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
        </publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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        <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
        <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
        <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
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Shakespeare First Folios a
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            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
                Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
                With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
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                </altIdentifier>
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                <titlePage>
                    <docTitle>
                        <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                            <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                            <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
                        <titlePart>Publiſhed according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>

                    </docTitle>

                    <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                        of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                        <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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    <width unit="mm">323</width>
  </dimensions>
</support>
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  <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- p.165-166 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
  <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1) [$\pi$B$^2$], $^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $\chi$gg$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ $\chi$1.2 [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-ff$^6$ gg$^2$ Gg$^6$ hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1, $\pi$A5+1.2)$^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $^2$g$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2$ 2G$^6$ 2h$^6$ 2k-2v$^6$ x$^6$ 2y-3b$^6$.</p>
  <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3$gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
  <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
```

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the

towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of

Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait

central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact

Books.</condition>

    </supportDesc>
    <layoutDesc>
      <layout>
        <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
        <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
        <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

          Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
        <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

      </layout>

    </layoutDesc>
  </objectDesc>
  <decoDesc>
    <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
    <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

      Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

earlier

      state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier

shading,

      especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly

with the

      jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies

have the plate

      in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that

the earlier

      state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
    </decoNote>
  </decoDesc>
  <additions>
    <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
      unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

      2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

      (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

```
                annotations on
                        leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
added after
                        leaving the Library.</p>
                    </additions>
                    <bindingDesc>
                        <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf.
Bound for the
                        Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
cloth ties, red
                        sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head
                        of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
spine.
                        Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
Gibson in
                        Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
sent out
                        on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from
                        a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between
                        1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod.
                        Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
                    </bindingDesc>
                </physDesc>
                <history>
                    <origin>
                        <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
                        printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:
Oxford, 1963.
                        </p>
                    </origin>
                    <acquisition>
                        <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
                        was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
                        Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at
                        shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
                        of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>,
replaced by the
                        newer <bibl>
                            <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
                        to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
```

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a
                        bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                    <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                        the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall,
                        Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                        family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was
                        reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>,
                        raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and
                        purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The
                        Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
                        Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                    <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                        digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
                        Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
                </acquisition>
            </history>
            <additional>
                <surrogates>
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                    </listBibl>
                </surrogates>
            </additional>
        </msDesc>
    </sourceDesc>
  </fileDesc>
  <profileDesc>
    <particDesc>
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          <persName type="form">1. Lo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">1. Lor</persName>
          <persName type="form">1. Lord.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-pag.1">
          <persName type="standard">First Page</persName>
          <persName type="form">1. Pa.</persName>

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-bro.2">
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          <persName type="form">2. Bro.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-lor.2">
          <persName type="standard">Second Lord</persName>
          <persName type="form">2. Lor.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-pag.2">
          <persName type="standard">Second Page</persName>
          <persName type="form">2. Pa.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-ada">
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          <persName type="form">Ad.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Adam.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-ami">
          <persName type="standard">Amiens, lord attending on the banished
Duke</persName>
          <persName type="form">Amien.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Amy.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-ayl-aud">
          <persName type="standard">Audrey, a country wench</persName>
          <persName type="form">Aud.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Awd.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-cel">
          <persName type="standard">Celia, daughter to
Frederick</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cel.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-cha">
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Frederick</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Char.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Charles.</persName>
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          <persName type="standard">Touchstone, the court jester</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cle.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-ayl-cor">
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          <persName type="form">Co.</persName>
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```xml
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            <persName type="form">Corin.</persName>
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            <persName type="form">Den.</persName>
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            <persName type="standard">Frederick, the Duke's brother, and
usurper of his dominions</persName>
            <persName type="form">Du.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Duk.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Duke.</persName>
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            <persName type="form">Du. Se.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Du. Sen.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Duk. Sen.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Duke Sen.</persName>
         </person>
         <person xml:id="F-ayl-hym">
            <persName type="standard">Hymen</persName>
            <persName type="form">Hy.</persName>
         </person>
         <person xml:id="F-ayl-jaq">
            <persName type="standard">Jaques</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ia.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Iaq.</persName>
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         <person xml:id="F-ayl-leb">
            <persName type="standard">Le Beau, a courtier attending upon
Frederick</persName>
            <persName type="form">Le Beu.</persName>
         </person>
         <person xml:id="F-ayl-lor">
            <persName type="standard">Lord</persName>
            <persName type="form">Lord.</persName>
         </person>
         <person xml:id="F-ayl-oli">
            <persName type="standard">Oliver, son of Sir Rowland de
Boys</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ol.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Oli.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Oliu.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Oliuer.</persName>
         </person>
         <person xml:id="F-ayl-olm">
            <persName type="standard">Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ol.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
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Boys</persName>
            <persName type="form">Orl.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Orlan.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-phe">
            <persName type="standard">Phebe, a shepherdess</persName>
            <persName type="form">Phe.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-ros">
            <persName type="standard">Rosalind, daughter to the banished
Duke</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ros.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rosa.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rosalind.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-sil">
            <persName type="standard">Silvius, daughter to the banished
Duke</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sil.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ayl-wil">
            <persName type="standard">William, a country fellow, in love with
Audrey</persName>
            <persName type="form">Will.</persName>
        </person>
    </listPerson>
  </particDesc>
 </profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-ayl">
    <body>
        <div type="play" n="10">
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0205-0.jpg" n="185"/>
        <head rend="center">As You Like It.</head>
        <div type="act" n="1">
            <div type="scene" n="1">
            <head rend="italic center">Actus primus. Sc&#x0153;na
Prima.</head>
                <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                <cb n="1"/>
            <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando and
Adam.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                <speaker rend="italic">Orlando.</speaker>
                <p><c rend="decoratedCapital">A</c>S I remember <hi
rend="italic">Adam</hi>, it was vpon this fashion
                <lb/>bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
```

`<lb/>`Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro`­`
`<lb/>`ther on his blessing to breed mee well: and
`<lb/>`there begins my sadnesse: My brother `<hi`
`rend="italic">`Iaques`</hi>` he keepes
`<lb/>`at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit:
`<lb/>`for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak
`<lb/>`more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call
`<lb/>`you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that
dif`­`
`<lb/>`fers not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred
`<lb/>`better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,
`<lb/>`they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders
`<lb/>`deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder
`<lb/>`him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
`<lb/>`dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this
no`­`
`<lb/>`thing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that
`<lb/>`nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from
`<lb/>`me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the
`<lb/>`place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
`<lb/>`gentility with my education. This is it `<hi`
`rend="italic">`Adam`</hi>` that
`<lb/>`grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke
`<lb/>`is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude.
`<lb/>`I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise
`<lb/>`remedy how to auoid it.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">`Enter Oliuer.`</stage>`
`<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Adam.`</speaker>`
`<p>`Yonder comes my Master, your brother.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Orlan.`</speaker>`
`<p>`Goe a`‑`part `<hi rend="italic">`Adam,`</hi>` and thou shalt heare how
`<lb/>`he will shake me vp.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Oli.`</speaker>`
`<p>`Now Sir, what make you heere?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Orl.`</speaker>`
`<p>`Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Oli.`</speaker>`
`<p>`What mar you then sir?`</p>`
`</sp>`

```xml
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which
      <lb/>God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with
      <lb/>idlenesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oliuer.</speaker>
   <p>Marry sir be better employed, and be naught
      <lb/>a while.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orlan.</speaker>
   <p>Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with
      <lb/>them? What prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should
      <lb/>come to such penury?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <p>Know you where you are sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <p>Know you before whom sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I
      <lb/>know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle
con&#x00AD;
      <lb/>dition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of
      <lb/>nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first
      <lb/>borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud,
      <lb/>were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much
      <cb n="2"/>
      <lb/>of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your
com&#x00AD;
      <lb/>ming before me is neerer to his reuerence.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <p>What Boy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in<lb
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rend="turnover"/>
                        <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>this.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
                       <p>Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir
                          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Rowland de Boys</hi>, he was my
father, and he is thrice a vil&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>laine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou
                          <lb/>not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy
                          <lb/>throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying
                          <lb/>so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Adam.</speaker>
                       <p>Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers
                          <lb/>remembrance, be at accord.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
                       <p>Let me goe I say.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my
                          <lb/>father charg'd you in his will to giue me good
educati&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>on: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and
                          <lb/>hiding from me all gentleman&#x2011;like qualities: the
spirit
                          <lb/>of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer
                          <lb/>endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may
be&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>come a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my
                          <lb/>father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my
                          <lb/>fortunes.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
                       <p>And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent?
                          <lb/>Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with
                          <lb/>you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you
                          <lb/>leaue me.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
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        <p>I will no further offend you, then becomes mee
            <lb/>for my good.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <p>Get you with him, you olde dogge.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
        <speaker rend="italic">Adam.</speaker>
        <p>Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue
            <lb/>lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde
ma&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ster, he would not haue spoke such a word.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Ex. Orl. Ad.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <p>Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will
            <lb/>physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand
            <lb/>crownes neyther: holla <hi
rend="italic">Dennis</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dennis.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-den">
        <speaker rend="italic">Den.</speaker>
        <p>Calls your worship<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <p>Was not <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Dukes Wrastler
heere to
            <lb/>speake with me?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-den">
        <speaker rend="italic">Den.</speaker>
        <p>So please you, he is heere at the doore, and im&#x00AD;
            <lb/>portunes accesse to you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <p>Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to mor&#x00AD;
            <lb/>row the wrastling is.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
        <p>Good morrow to your worship.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
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                    <p>Good Mounsier <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>: what's the
new newes
                    <lb/>at the new Court?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
                    <p>There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the
                        <lb/>olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his
yon&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>ger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing
                    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Q3</fw>
                    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Lords</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0206-0.jpg" n="186"/>
                    <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                        <lb/>Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with
                        <lb/>him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke,
                        <lb/>therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
                    <p>Can you tell if <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> the Dukes
daughter bee

                        <lb/>banished with her Father?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
                    <p>O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so
                        <lb/>loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together,
                        <lb/>that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to
                        <lb/>stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued
                        <lb/>of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two
La&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>dies loued as they doe.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
                    <p>Where will the old Duke liue?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
                    <p>They say hee is already in the Forrest of <hi
rend="italic">Arden</hi>,
                        <lb/>and a many merry men with him; and there they liue
                        <lb/>like the old <hi rend="italic">Robin Hood</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">England</hi>: they say many yong
                        <lb/>Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time
                        <lb/>carelesly as they did in the golden world.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
      <p>What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
        <lb/>Duke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
      <p>Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you
        <lb/>with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that
        <lb/>your yonger brother <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> hath
```
a disposition to come
```xml
        <lb/>in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
        <lb/>wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
        <lb/>some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother
        <lb/>is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee
        <lb/>loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee
        <lb/>come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither
        <lb/>to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him
        <lb/>from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he
        <lb/>shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,
        <lb/>and altogether against my will.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
      <p><hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, I thanke thee for thy loue to
```
me, which
```xml
        <lb/>thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my
        <lb/>selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by
        <lb/>vnder&#x2011;hand meanes laboured to disswade him
```
from it;
```xml
        <lb/>but he is resolute. Ile tell thee <hi
```
rend="italic">Charles</hi>, it is the stubbor­
```xml
        <lb/>nest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious
        <lb/>emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret &amp;
```
villanous
```xml
        <lb/>contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse
        <lb/>thy discretion, I had as liefe thou didst breake his necke
        <lb/>as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou
<note resp="#ES">A large stain slightly obscures many letters on this page.</note>
        <lb/>dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie
        <lb/>grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by
        <lb/>poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and
```
ne­
```xml
        <lb/>uer leaue thee till he h<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
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reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>th tane thy life by some indirect
```xml
        <lb/>meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with
        <lb/>teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so
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vil­
```xml
        <lb/>lanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him,
        <lb/>but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must
        <lb/>blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and
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```xml
        <lb/>wonder.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
        <p>I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee
          <lb/>come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee
          <lb/>goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and
          <lb/>so God keepe your worship.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <p>Farewell good <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>. Now will I
stirre this Game&#x00AD;
          <lb/>ster: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet
          <lb/>I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's
          <lb/>gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble
          <lb/>deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed
          <lb/>so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my
          <lb/>owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether
          <lb/>misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall
          <lb/>cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy
          <lb/>thither, which now Ile goe about.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    </div>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <div type="scene" n="2">
      <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Secunda.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
      <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind, and
Cellia.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>I pray thee <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>, sweet my Coz,
be merry.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Deere <hi rend="italic">Cellia</hi>; I show more mirth then
I am mi&#x00AD;
          <lb/>stresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you
          <lb/>could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not
          <lb/>learne mee how to remember any extraordinary
plea&#x00AD;
          <lb/>sure.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full
          <lb/>waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father
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            <lb/>had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou
            <lb/>hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue
            <lb/>to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth
            <lb/>of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
            <lb/>is to thee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Well, I will forget the condition of my estate,
            <lb/>to reioyce in yours.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor
            <lb/>none is like <gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="stain" resp="#ES"/>o haue; and truely when he dies, thou
shalt
            <lb/>be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy
fa&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ther perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by
            <lb/>mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee
            <lb/>turne monster: therefore my sweet <hi
rend="italic">Rose</hi>, my deare <hi rend="italic">Rose</hi>,
            <lb/>be merry.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports:
            <lb/>let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but
            <lb/>loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport
ney&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in
ho&#x00AD;
            <lb/>nor come off againe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>What shall be our sport then?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife <hi
rend="italic">For&#x00AD;
            <lb/>tune</hi> from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth
bee
            <lb/>bestowed equally.</p>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are
      <lb/>mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman
      <lb/>doth most mistake in her gifts to women.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce <lb/>makes
      honest, &amp; those that she makes honest, she makes
      <lb/>very illfauouredly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na&#x00AD;
      <lb/>tures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
      <lb/>lineaments of Nature.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
      <lb/>may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature
      <lb/>hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
      <lb/>sent in this foole to cut off the argument?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
      <lb/>fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures
      <lb/>witte.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither,
      <lb/>but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull
      <lb/>to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for
      <lb/>our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is
      <lb/>the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
      <lb/>wander you<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
   <p>Mistresse, you must come away to your father.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Were you made the messenger<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ros.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0207-0.jpg" n="187"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Where learned you that oath foole?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour
      <lb/>they were good Pan&#x2011;cakes, and swore by his
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Honor the
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      <lb/>Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes
      <lb/>were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was
      <lb/>not the Knight forsworne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>How proue you that in the great heape of your
      <lb/>knowledge?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes,
      <lb/>and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>By our beards (if we had them) thou art.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if
      <lb/>you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no
      <lb/>more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he
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ne­
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      <lb/>uer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before
      <lb/>euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
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          <p>Prethee, who is't that thou means't?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>One that old <hi rend="italic">Fredericke</hi> your Father
loues.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough;
            <lb/>speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one
            <lb/>of these daies.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>The more pittie that fooles may not speak wise&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ly, what Wisemen do foolishly.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little
            <lb/>wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that
            <lb/>wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes
Mon&#x00AD;
            <lb/>sieur the <hi rend="italic">Beu</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Enter le Beau.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>With his mouth full of newes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their
            <lb/>young.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Then shal we be newes&#x2011;cram'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Boon&#x2011;iour Monsieur le
Beu</hi>, what's the newes?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>Faire Princesse,
            <lb/>you haue lost much good sport.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Sport: of what colour?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>What colour Madame? How shall I aun&#x00AD;
            <lb/>swer you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>As wit and fortune will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Or as the destinies decrees.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Thou loosest thy old smell.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told
            <lb/>you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight
of.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please
            <lb/>your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet
            <lb/>to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to
            <lb/>performe it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>There comes an old man, and his three sons.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>I could match this beginning with an old tale.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>Three proper yong men, of excellent growth
            <lb/>and presence.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto
            <lb/>all men by these presents.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>The eldest of the three, wrastled with <hi
rend="italic">Charles</hi>
            <lb/>the Dukes Wrastler, which <hi
rend="italic">Charles</hi> in a moment threw
            <lb/>him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little
            <lb/>hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the
            <lb/>third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father,
            <lb/>making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the
behold&#x00AD;
            <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>ders take his part with weeping.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Alas.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies
            <lb/>haue lost?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>Why this that I speake of.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the
            <lb/>first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport
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      <lb/>for Ladies.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Or I, I promise thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>But is there any else longs to see this broken
      <lb/>Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon
      <lb/>rib&#x2011;breaking? Shall we see this wrastling
Cosin?</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
   <p>You must if you stay heere, for heere is the
      <lb/>place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to
      <lb/>performe it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay
      <lb/>and see it.</p>
</sp>
   <stage rend="italic centre" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter Duke,
Lords, Orlando, Charles,
      <lb/>and Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
   <p>Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
      <lb/>His owne perill on his forwardnesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Is yonder the man<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
   <p>Euen he, Madam.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>How now daughter, and Cousin:</p>
   <p>Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
          <p>You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you
            <lb/>there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the
challen&#x00AD;
            <lb/>gers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not
            <lb/>bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can
            <lb/>mooue him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Call him hether good Monsieuer <hi rend="italic">Le
Beu</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
          <p>Do so: Ile not be by.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
          <p>Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals
            <lb/>for you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>I attend them with all respect and dutie.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Young man, haue you challeng'd <hi
rend="italic">Charles</hi> the
                <lb/>Wrastler?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger,
            <lb/>I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
            <lb/>of my youth.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
            <lb/>your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans
            <lb/>strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew
            <lb/>your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your
aduen&#x00AD;
                <lb/>ture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
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<lb/>pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own
safe&#x00AD;
                              <lb/>tie, and giue ouer this attempt.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore
                          <lb/>be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that
                          <lb/>the wrastling might not go forward.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde
                          <lb/>thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie
                          <lb/>so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your
                          <lb/>faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall;
                          <lb/>wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas
                          <lb/>neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to
                          <lb/>be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to
                          <lb/>lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing:
                          <lb/>onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better
                          <lb/>supplied, when I haue made it emptie.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>The little strength that I<note resp="#ES">A tear in the page
partially obscures these letters.</note> haue, I would it vvere
                              <lb/>with you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Cel.</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0208-0.jpg" n="188"/>
                    <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
                       <p>And mine to eeke out hers.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
                       <p>Your hearts desires be with you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                       <p>Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so
                          <lb/>desirous to lie with his mother earth<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest
      <lb/>working.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <p>You shall trie but one fall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
   <p>No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat
      <lb/>him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him
      <lb/>from a first.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>You meane to mocke me after: you should not
      <lb/>haue mockt me before: but come your waies.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fel&#x00AD;
      <lb/>low by the legge.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="rightJustified" type="business">Wrastle.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Oh excellent yong man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who
      <lb/>should downe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="rightJustified" type="entrance">Shout.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <p>No more, no more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well
      <lb/>breath'd.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <l>How do'st thou <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
   <l>He cannot speake my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <l>Beare him awaie:</l>
   <l>What is thy name yong man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p><hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> my Liege, the yongest sonne
of Sir <hi rend="italic">Ro&#x00AD;
      <lb/>land de Boys</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <l>I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,</l>
   <l>The world esteem'd thy father honourable,</l>
   <l>But I did finde him still mine enemie:</l>
   <l>Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,</l>
   <l>Hadst thou descended from another house:</l>
   <l>But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,</l>
   <l>I would thou had'st told me of another Father.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Duke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <l>I am more proud to be Sir <hi rend="italic">Rolands</hi>
sonne,</l>
   <l>His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling</l>
   <l>To be adopted heire to <hi rend="italic">Fredricke</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>My Father lou'd Sir <hi rend="italic">Roland</hi> as his
soule,</l>
   <l>And all the world was of my Fathers minde,</l>
   <l>Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,</l>
   <l>I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,</l>
   <l>Ere he should thus haue venture'd.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Gentle Cosen,</l>
   <l>Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:</l>
   <l>My Fathers rough and enuious disposition</l>
   <l>Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,</l>
   <l>If you doe keepe your promises in loue;</l>
   <l>But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,</l>
   <l>Your Mistris shall be happie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Gentleman,</l>
   <l>Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune</l>
   <l>That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.</l>
   <l>Shall we goe Coze?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>I: fare you well faire Gentleman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <l>Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts</l>
   <l>Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp</l>
   <l>Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,</l>
   <l>Ile aske him what <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>e would: Did you call Sir?</l>
   <l>Sir, you haue wrastle<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> well, and ouerthrowne</l>
   <l>More then your enemi<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>s.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Will you goe Coze<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Haue with you <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> fare you well.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
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<l>What passion hangs these waights <choice><abbr>vp&#x014D;</abbr><expan>vpon</expan></choice> my toong?</l>
<l>I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Le Beu.</stage>
<l>O poore <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>! thou art ouerthrowne<note resp="#ES">An inkblot partially obscures the middle of this word.</note></l>
<l>Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
<speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
<l>Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you</l>
<l><choice><orig>Te</orig><corr>To</corr></choice> leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd</l>
<l>High commendation, true applause, and loue;</l>
<l>Yet such is now the Dukes condition,</l>
<l>That he misconsters all that you haue done:</l>
<l>The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede</l>
<l>More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,</l>
<l>Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,</l>
<l>That here was at the Wrastling?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-leb">
<speaker rend="italic">Le Beu.</speaker>
<l>Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,</l>
<l>But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,</l>
<l>The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,</l>
<l>And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle</l>
<l>To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues</l>
<l>Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:</l>
<l>But I can tell you, that of late this Duke</l>
<l>Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,</l>
<l>Ground vpon no other argument,</l>
<l>But that the people praise her for her vertues,</l>
<l>And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;</l>
<l>And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady</l>
<l>Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,</l>
<l>Hereafter in a better world then this,</l>
<l>I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.</l>
<l>Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,</l>
<l>From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.</l>

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        <l>But heauenly <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertius.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Celia and
Rosaline.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
            <p>Why Cosen, why <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>: <hi
rend="italic">Cupid</hi> haue mercie,
                <lb/>Not a word?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Not one to throw at a dog.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
            <p>No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
                <lb/>vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
                <lb/>with reasons.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
                <lb/>one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
                <lb/>without any.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
            <p>But is all this for your Father?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
                <lb/>how full of briers is this working day world.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
            <p>They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
                <lb/>in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
                <lb/>our very petty&#x2011;coates will catch them.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
                <lb/>in my heart.</p>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Hem them away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>O they the part of a better wrastler then
      <lb/>my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ce<c rend="roman">l</c>.</speaker>
   <p>O, a god wish vpon you: you will trie in time
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">in</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0209-0.jpg" n="187"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like
      it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
      <lb/>in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
      <lb/>let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a
so&#x00AD;
      <lb/>daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
      <lb/><hi rend="italic">Roulands</hi> yongest sonne?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <p>Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
      <lb/>Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
      <lb/>him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
      <lb/>not <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>No faith, hate him not for my sake.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
```

```xml
        <p>Why should I not<c rend="italic">?</c> doth he not deserue
well?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke with
Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him</l>
  <l>Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>With his eies full of anger.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,</l>
  <l>And get you from our Court.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>Me Vncle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>You Cosen,</l>
  <l>Within these ten daies if that thou beest found</l>
  <l>So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,</l>
  <l>Thou diest for it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>I doe beseech your Grace</l>
  <l>Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:</l>
  <l>If with my selfe I hold intelligence,</l>
  <l>Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,</l>
  <l>If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,</l>
  <l>(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,</l>
  <l>Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,</l>
  <l>Did I offend your highnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>Thus doe all Traitors,</l>
  <l>If their purgation did consist in words,</l>
  <l>They are as innocent as grace it selfe;</l>
  <l>Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
```

```
    <l>Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;</l>
    <l>Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,</l>
    <l>So was I when your highnesse banisht him;</l>
    <l>Treason is not inherited my Lord,</l>
    <l>Or if we did deriue it from our friends,</l>
    <l>What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,</l>
    <l>Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,</l>
    <l>To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <l>Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
    <l>I <hi rend="italic">Celia</hi>, we staid her for your sake,</l>
    <l>Else had she with her Father rang'd along.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <l>I did not then intreat to haue her stay,</l>
    <l>It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,</l>
    <l>I was too yong that time to value her,</l>
    <l>But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,</l>
    <l>Why so am I: we still haue slept together,</l>
    <l>Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,</l>
    <l>And wheresoere we went, like <hi rend="italic">Iunos</hi>
Swans,</l>
    <l>Still we went coupled and inseperable.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
    <l>She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;</l>
    <l>Her verie silence, and per patience,</l>
    <l>Speake to the people, and they pittie her:</l>
    <l>Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,</l>
    <l>And thou wilt show more bright, &amp; seem more
vertuous</l>
    <l>When she is gone: then open not thy lips</l>
    <l>Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,</l>
    <l>Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,</l>
   <l>I cannot liue out of her compa<gap extent="3" unit="chars"
reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/></l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
   <l>You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,</l>
   <l>If you out&#x2011;stay the time, vpon mine honor,</l>
   <l>And in the greatnesse of my word you die.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Duke,
&amp;c.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>O my poore <hi rend="italic">Rosaline,</hi> whether wilt
thou goe<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
   <l>Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:</l>
   <l>I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>I haue more cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Thou hast not Cosen,</l>
   <l>Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke</l>
   <l>Hath banish'd me his daughter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>That he hath not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>No, hath not? <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi> lacks then the
loue</l>
   <l>Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,</l>
   <l>Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?</l>
   <l>No, let my Father seeke another heire:</l>
   <l>Therefore deuise with me how we may flie</l>
   <l>Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,</l>
   <l>And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,</l>
   <l>To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:</l>
   <l>For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;</l>
   <l>Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Why, whether shall we goe<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of <hi
rend="italic">Arden</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Alas, what danger will it be to vs,</l>
   <l>(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?</l>
   <l>Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,</l>
   <l>And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face,</l>
   <l>The like doe you, so shall we passe along,</l>
   <l>And neuer stir assailants.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Were it not better,</l>
   <l>Because that I am more then common tall,</l>
   <l>That I did suite me all points like a man,</l>
   <l>A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,</l>
   <l>A bore&#x2011;speare in my hand, and in my heart</l>
   <l>Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,</l>
   <l>Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,</l>
   <l>As manie other mannish cowards haue,</l>
   <l>That doe outface it with their semblances.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>What shall I call thee when thou art a man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Ile haue no worse a name then <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi>
owne Page,</l>
   <l>And therefore looke you call me <hi
rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
   <l>But what will you be call'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Something that hath a reference to my state:</l>
   <l>No longer <hi rend="italic">Celia</hi>, but <hi
```

rend="italic">Aliena</hi>.
            </l>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <l>But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale</l>
          <l>The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:</l>
          <l>Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <l>Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,</l>
          <l>Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away</l>
          <l>And get our Iewels and our wealth together,</l>
          <l>Deuise the fittest time, and safest way</l>
          <l>To hide vs from pursuite that will be made</l>
          <l>After my flight: now goe in we content</l>
          <l>To libertie, and not to banishment.</l>
        </sp>
      </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="2">
      <div type="scene" n="100">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Sc&#x0153;na P<gap
extent="4" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>
        </head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
          <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Duke Senior: Amyens,
and<gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>
            <lb/>like Forre<gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent"
agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>
          </stage>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
            <speaker rend="italic">Duk. Sen.</speaker>
            <l>Now my Coe<gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent"
agent="torn" resp="#ES"/></l>
            <l>Hath not old custome ma<gap extent="0.5" unit="lines"
reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/></l>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0210-0.jpg" n="190"/>
            <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods</l>
            <l>More free from perill then the enuious Court?</l>
            <l>Heere feele we not the penaltie of <hi
rend="italic">Adam</hi>,</l>
            <l>The seasons difference, as the Icie phange</l>
            <l>And churlish chiding of the winters winde,</l>
            <l>Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body</l>
            <l>Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say</l>
            <l>This is no flattery: these are counsellors</l>

<l>That feelingly perswade me what I am:</l>
<l>Sweet are the vses of aduersitie</l>
<l>Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,</l>
<l>Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:</l>
<l>And this our life exempt from publike haunt,</l>
<l>Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,</l>
<l>Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
<speaker rend="italic">Amien.</speaker>
<l>I would not change it, happy is your Grace</l>
<l>That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune</l>
<l>Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles</l>
<l>Being natiue Burgers of this desert City,</l>
<l>Should intheir owne confines with forked heads</l>
<l>Haue their round hanches goard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
<l>Indeed my Lord</l>
<l>The melancholy <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi> grieues at
that,</l>
<l>And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe</l>
<l>Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:</l>
<l>To day my Lord of <hi rend="italic">Amiens</hi>, and my
selfe,</l>
<l>Did steale behinde him as he lay along</l>
<l>Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out</l>
<l>Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,</l>
<l>To the which place a poore sequestred Stag</l>
<l>That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,</l>
<l>Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord</l>
<l>The wretched annimall heau'd forth such groanes</l>
<l>That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat</l>
<l>Almost to bursting, and the big round teares</l>
<l>Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose</l>
<l>In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,</l>
<l>Much marked of the melancholie <hi
rend="italic">Iaques,</hi></l>
<l>Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,</l>
<l>Augmenting it with teares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>

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    <l>But what said <hi rend="italic">Iaques?</hi></l>
    <l>Did he not moralize this spectacle?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>O yes, into a thousand similies.</l>
    <l>First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;</l>
    <l>Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament</l>
    <l>As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more</l>
    <l>To that which had too must: then being there alone,</l>
    <l>Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;</l>
    <l>'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part</l>
    <l>The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> pasture, iumps along by him</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> staies to greet him: I quoth <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi>,</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> you fat and greazie Citizens,</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>e fashion; wherefore doe you looke</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>hat poore and broken bankrupt there?</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> inuectiuely he pierceth through</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>f Countrie, Citie, Court,</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>is our life, swearing that we</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>ers, tyrants, and whats worse</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>imals, and to kill them vp</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>atiue dwelling place.</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>e him in this contemplation?</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>eeping and commenting</l>
    <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/></l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Show me the place,</l>
    <l>I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,</l>
    <l>For then he's full of matter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
```

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              <speaker rend="italic">1. Lor</speaker>
              <l>Ile bring you to him strait.</l>
           </sp>
           <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="2">
           <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
           <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
           <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Duke, with
Lords.</stage>
           <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
              <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
              <l>Can it be possible that no man saw them?</l>
              <l>It cannot be, some villaines of my Court</l>
              <l>Are of consent and sufferance in this.</l>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo.</speaker>
              <l>I cannot heare of any that did see her,</l>
              <l>The Ladies her attendants of her chamber</l>
              <l>Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,</l>
              <l>They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.</l>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-ayl-lor.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2. Lor.</speaker>
              <l>My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,</l>
              <l>Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,</l>
              <l><hi rend="italic">Hisperia</hi> the Princesse
Centlewoman</l>
              <l>Confesses that she secretly ore&#x2011;heard</l>
              <l>Your daughter and her Cosen much commend</l>
              <l>The parts and graces of the Wrastler</l>
              <l>That did but lately foile the synowie <hi
rend="italic">Charles</hi>,</l>
              <l>And she beleeues where euer they are gone</l>
              <l>That youth is surely in their companie.</l>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
              <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
              <l>Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,</l>
              <l>If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,</l>
              <l>Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;</l>
              <l>And let not search and inquisition quaile,</l>
              <l>To bring againe these foolish runawaies.</l>
           </sp>
           <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="3">
           <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
           <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando and Adam.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
  <l>Who's there<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <l>What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,</l>
  <l>Oh my sweet master, O you memorie</l>
  <l>Of old Sir <hi rend="italic">Rowland</hi>; why, what make you here?</l>
  <l>Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?</l>
  <l>And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?</l>
  <l>Why would you be so fond to ouercome</l>
  <l>The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?</l>
  <l>Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.</l>
  <l>Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,</l>
  <l>Their graces serue them but as enemies,</l>
  <l>No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master</l>
  <l>Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:</l>
  <l>Oh what a world is this, when what is comely</l>
  <l>Enuenoms him that beares it?</l>
  <l>Why, what's the matter?</l><note resp="#ES">This line is conventionally attributed to Orlando.</note>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
  <l>O vnhappie youth,</l>
  <l>Come not within these doores: within this roofe</l>
  <l>The enemie of all your graces liues</l>
  <l>Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne</l>
  <l>(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)</l>
  <l>Of him I was about to call his Father,</l>
  <l>Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,</l>
  <l>To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,</l>
  <l><gap extent="0.5" unit="lines" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>ile of that</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">He</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0211-0.jpg" n="191"/>
  <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>He will haue other meanes to cut you off;</l>
  <l>I ouerheard him: and his practises:</l>
  <l>This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;</l>
  <l>Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker><note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Orlando.</note>
```

<l>Why whether <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi> would'st thou haue me go?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
<speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
<l>No matter whether, so you come not here.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,</l>
<l>Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce</l>
<l>A theeuish liuing on the common rode?</l>
<l>This I must do, or know not what to do:</l>
<l>Yet this I will not do, do how I can,</l>
<l>I rather will subiect me to the malice</l>
<l>Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
<speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
<l>But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,</l>
<l>The thriftie hire I saued vnder your Father,</l>
<l>Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,</l>
<l>When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,</l>
<l>And vnregarded age in corners throwne,</l>
<l>Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,</l>
<l>Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,</l>
<l>Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,</l>
<l>All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,</l>
<l>Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;</l>
<l>For in my youth I neuer did apply</l>
<l>Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,</l>
<l>Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,</l>
<l>The meanes of weakensse and debilitie,</l>
<l>Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,</l>
<l>Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,</l>
<l>Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man</l>
<l>In all your businesse and necessities.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares</l>
<l>The constant seruice of the antique world,</l>
<l>When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:</l>
<l>Thou art not for the fashion of these times,</l>
<l>Where none will sweate, but for promotion,</l>
<l>And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,</l>
<l>Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:</l>
<l>But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,</l>
<l>That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,</l>
<l>In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,</l>

<l>But come thy waies, weele goe along together,</l>
<l>And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,</l>
<l>Weele light vpon some setled low content.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
<speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
<l>Master goe on, and I will follow thee</l>
<l>To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,</l>
<l>From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore</l>
<l>Here liued I, but now liue here no more</l>
<l>At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke</l>
<l>But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,</l>
<l>Yet fortune cannot recompence me better</l>
<l>Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosaline for Ganimed,
Celia for Aliena, and
<lb/>Clowne, <hi rend="roman">alias</hi> Touchstone.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>O <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>, how merry are my
spirits?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
<lb/>wearie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
<lb/>apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
<lb/>selfe coragious to petty&#x2011;coate; therefore courage,
good
<lb/><hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
<speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
<p>I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur&#x00AD;
<lb/>ther.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

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    <p>For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
       <lb/>beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
       <lb/>you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Well, this is the Forrest of <hi rend="italic">Arden</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>I, now am I in <hi rend="italic">Arden</hi>, the more foole
I, when I

       <lb/>was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must
       <lb/>be content.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Corin and
Siluius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I, be so good <hi rend="italic">Touchstone</hi>: Look you,
who comes

       <lb/>here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>That is the way to make her scorne you still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Corin</hi>, that thou knew'st how I do
loue her.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>No <hi rend="italic">Corin</hi>, being old, thou canst not
guesse,</l>

   <l>Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer</l>
   <l>As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:</l>
   <l>But if thy loue were euer like to mine,</l>
   <l>As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:</l>
   <l>How many actions most ridiculous,</l>
   <l>Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
       <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
       <l>Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,</l>
       <l>If thou rememberst not the slightest folly,</l>
       <l>That euer loue did make thee run into,</l>
       <l>Thou hast not lou'd.</l>
       <l>Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,</l>
       <l>Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,</l>
       <l>Thou hast not lou'd.</l>
       <l>Or if thou hast not broke from companie,</l>
       <l>Abruptly as my passion now makes me,</l>
       <l>Thou hast not lou'd.</l>
       <l>O <hi rend="italic">Phebe, Phebe, Phebe</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
          <lb/>I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
          <lb/>broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
          <lb/>comming a night to <hi rend="italic">Iane Smile</hi>,
and I remember the kis&#x00AD;
          <lb/>sing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
          <lb/>chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
          <lb/>of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
          <lb/>cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping
          <lb/>teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true
Lo&#x00AD;
          <lb/>uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, so
          <lb/>is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
       <p>Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
          <lb/>I breake my shins against it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <l><hi rend="italic">Ioue, Ioue,</hi> this Shepherds passion,</l>
       <l>Is much vpon my fashion.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <l>And mine, but it growes something stale with
      <lb/>mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,</l>
   <l>If he for gold will giue vs any foode,</l>
   <l>I faint almost to death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <l>Holla; you Clowne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>Who cals?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <l>Your betters Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>Else are they very wretched.</l>
</sp>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0212-0.jpg" n="192"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>Peace I say; good euen to your friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <l>And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold</l>
   <l>Can in this desert place buy entertainment,</l>
   <l>Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:</l>
   <l>Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,</l>
   <l>And faints for succour.</l>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>Faire Sir, I pittie her,</l>
        <l>And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,</l>
        <l>My fortunes were more able to releeue her:</l>
        <l>But I am shepheard to another man,</l>
        <l>And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:</l>
        <l>My master is of churlish disposition,</l>
        <l>And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen</l>
        <l>By doing deeds of hospitalitie.</l>
        <l>Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede</l>
        <l>Are now on sale, and at our sheep&#x2011;coat now</l>
        <l>By reason of his absence there is nothing</l>
        <l>That you will feed on: but what is, come see,</l>
        <l>And in my voice most welcome shall you be.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere&#x00AD;
          <lb/>while,</l>
        <l>That little cares for buying any thing.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,</l>
        <l>Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,</l>
        <l>And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <l>And we will mend thy wages:</l>
        <l>I like this place, and willingly could</l>
        <l>Waste my time in it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>Assuredly the thing is to be sold:</l>
        <l>Go with me, if you like vpon report,</l>
        <l>The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,</l>
        <l>I will your very faithfull Feeder be,</l>
        <l>And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
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<div type="scene" n="5">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter, Amyens, Iaques,
&amp; others.</stage>
    <stage rend="center" type="business">Song.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
      <lg>
        <l rend="italic">Vnder the greene wood tree,</l>
        <l rend="italic">who loues to lye with mee,</l>
        <l rend="italic">And turne his merrie Note,</l>
        <l rend="italic">vnto the sweet Birds throte:</l>
        <l rend="italic">Come hither, come hither, come hither:</l>
        <l rend="italic">Heere shall he see no enemie,</l>
        <l rend="italic">But Winter and rough Weather.</l>
      </lg>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
      <l>More, more, I pre'thee more.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
      <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
      <l>It will make you melancholly Monsieur <hi
rend="italic">Iaques</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
      <l>I thanke it: More, I prethee more,</l>
      <l>I can sucke melancholly out of a song,</l>
      <l>As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
      <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
      <l>My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
        <lb/>you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
      <l>I do not desire you to please me,</l>
      <l>I do desire you to sing:</l>
      <l>Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you 'em stanzo's?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
      <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
      <l>What you wil Monsieur <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee <lb/>nothing.
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Wil
                            you sing?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
                        <speaker rend="italic">A<gap extent="3" unit="chars"
reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/></speaker>
                            <p>More at your request, then to please my selfe.
                            <lb/><gap extent="1" unit="words" reason="absent"
agent="torn" resp="#ES"/> ell then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke
                    <cb n="2"/>
                            <lb/>you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter
                            <lb/>of two dog&#x2011;Apes. And when a man thankes me
hartily,
                            <lb/>me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
                            <lb/>the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not
                            <lb/>hold your tongues.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
                        <p>Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
                            <lb/>the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
                            <lb/>day to looke you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                        <l>And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:</l>
                        <l>He is too disputeable for my companie:</l>
                        <l>I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue</l>
                        <l>Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.</l>
                        <l>Come, warble, come.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Song. Altogether
heere.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-all">
                        <lg>
                            <l rend="italic">Who doth ambition shunne,</l>
                        <l rend="italic">and loues to liue i'th Sunne:</l>
                        <l rend="italic">Seeking the food he eates,</l>
                        <l rend="italic">and pleas'd with what he gets:</l>
                        <l rend="italic">Come hither, come hither, come hither,</l>
                            <l rend="italic">Heere shall he see. &amp;c.</l>
                        </lg>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                        <l>Ile giue you a verse to this note,</l>
                        <l>That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
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          <l>And Ile sing it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
          <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
          <l>Thus it goes.</l>
          <l rend="italic">If it do come to passe, that any man turne
Asse:</l>

          <l rend="italic">Leauing his wealth and ease,</l>
          <l rend="italic">A stubborne will to please,</l>
          <l rend="italic">Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:</l>
          <l rend="italic">Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,</l>
          <l rend="italic">And if he will come to me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
          <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
          <l>What's that Ducdame?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p>'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a cir&#x00AD;
            <lb/>cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
            <lb/>the first borne of Egypt.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
          <speaker rend="italic">Amy.</speaker>
          <l>And Ile go seeke the Duke,</l>
          <l>His banket is prepar'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="6">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
        <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando, &amp;
Adam.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
          <speaker rend="italic">Adam.</speaker>
          <l>Deere Master, I can go no further:</l>
          <l>O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,</l>
          <l>And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>? No greater
heart in thee:</l>
          <l>Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.</l>
          <l>If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,</l>
          <l>I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:</l>
          <l>Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.</l>
          <l>For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while</l>
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<l>At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,</l>
<l>And if I bring thee not something to eate,</l>
<l>I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest</l>
<l>Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.</l>
<l>Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,</l>
<l>And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest</l>
<l>In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee</l>
<l>To some shelter, and thou shalt not die</l>
<l>For lacke of a dinner,</l>
<l>If there liue any thing in this Desert.</l>
<l>Cheerely good <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="106">
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Scena</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0213-0.jpg" n="7"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>
<cb n="1"/>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 7]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Duke Sen. &amp; Lord,
like Out&#x2011;lawes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,</l>
<l>For I can no where finde him, like a man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,</l>
<l>Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,</l>
<l>We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:</l>
<l>Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iaques.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
<l>He saues my labor by his owne approach.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this</l>
<l>That your poore friends must woe your companie,</l>
<l>What, you looke merrily.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,</l>
  <l>A motley Foole (a miserable world:)</l>
  <l>As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,</l>
  <l>Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,</l>
  <l>And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,</l>
  <l>In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.</l>
  <l>Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,</l>
  <l>Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,</l>
  <l>And then he drew a diall from his poake,</l>
  <l>And looking on it, with lacke&#x2011;lustre eye,</l>
  <l>Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:</l>
  <l>Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:</l>
  <l>'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,</l>
  <l>And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,<gap extent="1"
unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker"
resp="#ES"/></l>
  <l>And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,</l>
  <l>And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,</l>
  <l>And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare</l>
  <l>The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,</l>
  <l>My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,</l>
  <l>That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:</l>
  <l>And I did laugh, sans intermission</l>
  <l>An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,</l>
  <l>A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>What foole is this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier</l>
  <l>And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,</l>
  <l>They haue the gift to know it: and in his brai<c
rend="inverted">n</c>e,</l>
  <l>Which is as drie as the remainder bisket</l>
  <l>After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd</l>
  <l>With obseruation, the which he vents</l>
  <l>In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,</l>
  <l>I am ambitious for a motley coat.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Thou shalt haue one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
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<l>It is my onely suite,</l>
<l>Prouided that you weed your better iudgements</l>
<l>Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,</l>
<l>That I am wise. I must haue liberty</l>
<l>Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,</l>
<l>To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:</l>
<l>And they that are most gauled with my folly,</l>
<l>They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?</l>
<l>The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:</l>
<l>Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,</l>
<l>Doth very foolishly, although he smart</l>
<l>Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,</l>
<l>The Wise&#x2011;mans folly is anathomiz'd</l>
<l>Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue</l>
<l>To speake my minde, and I will through and through</l>
<l>Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,</l>
<l>If they will patiently receiue my medicine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:</l>
  <l>For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,</l>
  <l>As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,</l>
  <l>And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,</l>
  <l>That thou with license of free foot hast caught,</l>
  <l>Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <l>Why who cries out on pride,</l>
  <l>That can therein taxe any priuate party:</l>
  <l>Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,</l>
  <l>Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.</l>
  <l>What woman in the Citie do I name,</l>
  <l>When that I say the City woman beares</l>
  <l>The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?</l>
  <l>Who can come in, and say that I meane her,</l>
  <l>When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?</l>
  <l>Or what is he of basest function,</l>
  <l>That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,</l>
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<l>Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites</l>
<l>His folly to the mettle of my speech,</l>
<l>There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein</l>
<l>My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,</l>
<l>Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,</l>
<l>Why then my taxing like a wild&#x2011;goose flies</l>
<l>Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orlando.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>Forbeare, and eate no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<l>Why I haue eate none yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<l>Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>Or else a rude despiser of good manners,</l>
<l>That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point</l>
<l>Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew</l>
<l>Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in&#x2011;land bred,</l>
<l>And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,</l>
<l>He dies that touches any of this fruite,</l>
<l>Till I, and my affaires are answered.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<l>And you will not be answer'd with reason,</l>
<l>I must dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
<l>What would you haue?</l>
<l>Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force</l>

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    <l>Moue vs to gentlenesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>I almost die for food, and let me haue it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Sit downe and feed, &amp; welcom to our table</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,</l>
    <l>I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,</l>
    <l>And therefore put I on the countenance</l>
    <l>Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are</l>
    <l>That in this desert inaccessible,</l>
    <l>Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,</l>
    <l>Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:</l>
    <l>If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:</l>
    <l>If euer beene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:</l>
    <l>If euer sate at any good mans feast:</l>
    <l>If euer from your eye&#x2011;lids wip'd a teare,</l>
    <l>And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:</l>
    <l>Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,</l>
    <l>In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">R</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Duke</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0214-0.jpg" n="194"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,</l>
    <l>And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,</l>
    <l>And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies</l>
    <l>Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:</l>
    <l>And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,</l>
    <l>And take vpon command, what helpe we haue</l>
    <l>That to your wanting may be ministred.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>Then but forbeare your food a little while:</l>
    <l>Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,</l>
    <l>And giue it food. There is an old poore man,</l>
    <l>Who after me, hath many a weary steppe</l>
    <l>Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,</l>
    <l>Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,</l>
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    <l>I will not touch a bit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Go finde him out.</l>
    <l>And we will nothing waste till you returne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:</l>
    <l>This wide and vniuersall Theater</l>
    <l>Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane</l>
    <l>Wherein we play in.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ia.</speaker>
    <l>All the world's a stage,</l>
    <l>And all the men and women, meerely Players;</l>
    <l>They haue their <hi rend="italic">Exits</hi> and their
Entrances,</l>

    <l>And one man in his time playes many parts,</l>
    <l>His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,</l>
    <l>Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:</l>
    <l>Then, the whining Schoole&#x2011;boy with his Satchell</l>
    <l>And shining morning face, creeping like snaile</l>
    <l>Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,</l>
    <l>Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad</l>
    <l>Made to his Mistresse eye&#x2011;brow. Then, a Soldier,</l>
    <l>Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,</l>
    <l>Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,</l>
    <l>Seeking the bubble Reputation</l>
    <l>Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice</l>
    <l>In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,</l>
    <l>With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,</l>
    <l>Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,</l>
    <l>And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts</l>
    <l>Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,</l>
    <l>With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,</l>
    <l>His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,</l>
    <l>For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,</l>
    <l>Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,</l>
    <l>And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,</l>
    <l>That ends this strange euentfull historie,</l>
    <l>Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,</l>
    <l>Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.</l>
</sp>
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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orlando with Adam.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du Sen.</speaker>
   <p>Welcome: set downe your venerable bur&#x00AD;
      <lb/>then, and let him feede.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <l>I thanke you most for him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ada">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ad.</speaker>
   <l>So had you neede,</l>
   <l>I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
   <l>Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,</l>
   <l>As yet to question you about your fortunes:</l>
   <l>Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ami">
   <stage rend="center" type="business">Song.</stage>
   <lg>
   <l rend="italic">Blow, blow, thou winter winde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude</l>
   <l rend="italic">Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,</l>
   <l rend="italic">although thy breath be rude.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
   <l rend="italic">Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:</l>
   <l rend="italic">The heigh ho, the holly,</l>
   <l rend="italic">This Life is most iolly.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh</l>
   <l rend="italic">as benefitts forgot:</l>
   <l rend="italic">Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,</l>
   <l rend="italic">as freind remembred not.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Heigh ho, sing, &amp;c.</l>
   </lg>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Duke Sen.</speaker>
   <l>If that you were the good Sir <hi rend="italic">Rowlands</hi> son,</l>
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      <l>As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,</l>
      <l>And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,</l>
      <l>Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,</l>
      <l>Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke</l>
      <l>That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,</l>
      <l>Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,</l>
      <l>Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:</l>
      <l>Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,</l>
      <l>And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
<div type="scene" n="1">
   <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
   <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Lords, &amp;
Oliuer.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
         <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
         <l>Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:</l>
         <l>But were I not the better part made mercie,</l>
         <l>I should not seeke an absent argument</l>
         <l>Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,</l>
         <l>Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,</l>
         <l>Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing</l>
         <l>Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more</l>
         <l>To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.</l>
         <l>Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,</l>
         <l>Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,</l>
         <l>Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,</l>
         <l>Of what we thinke against thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
         <l>Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:</l>
         <l>I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-dkf">
         <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
         <l>More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores</l>
         <l>And let my officers of such a nature</l>
         <l>Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:</l>
         <l>Do this expediently, and turne him going.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda</head>
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<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <l>Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,</l>
   <l>And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey</l>
   <l>With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue</l>
   <l>Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.</l>
   <l>O <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>, these Trees shall be my
Bookes,</l>
   <l>And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,</l>
   <l>That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,</l>
   <l>Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where.</l>
   <l>Run, run <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, carue on euery
Tree,</l>
   <l>The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Corin &amp;
Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Co.</speaker>
   <p>And how like you this shepherds life M<c
rend="superscript">r</c> <hi rend="italic">Touchstone</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Clo.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0215-0.jpg" n="195"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
   <p>Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
      <lb/>good life; but in respect that it is a shepheards life, it is
      <lb/>naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
      <lb/>but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
      <lb/>in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
      <lb/>respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
      <lb/>life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
      <lb/>more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.
      <lb/>Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
   <p>No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
      <lb/>the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,
      <lb/>meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That
      <lb/>the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
      <lb/>pood pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
      <lb/>the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath
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lear­
                        <lb/>no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
                        <lb/>breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <l>Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:</l>
                        <l>Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
                        <p>No truly.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>Then thou art damn'd.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
                        <p>Nay, I hope.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
                            <lb/>all on one side.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
                        <p>For not being at Court? your reason.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer
                            <lb/>saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,
                            <lb/>then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
                            <lb/>and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state
shep­
                        <lb/>heard.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
                        <p>Not a whit <hi rend="italic">Touchstone</hi>, those that are
good ma­
                        <lb/>at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
                        <lb/>the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the
                        <lb/>Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
                        <lb/>you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
                        <lb/>if Courtiers were shepheards.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">

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      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Instance, briefly: come, instance.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <p>Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
         <lb/>Fels you know are greasie.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? And
         <lb/>is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
         <lb/>of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
         <lb/>Come.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <p>Besides, our hands are hard.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <l>Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow a&#x00AD;
         <lb/>gen: a more sounder instance, come.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <p>And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery
         <lb/>of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
         <lb/>Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re&#x00AD;
         <lb/>spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
         <lb/>and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
         <lb/>verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance
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Shep­
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         <lb/>heard.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <p>You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
         <lb/>man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
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                              <p>Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
                                 <lb/>that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans
happi&#x00AD;
                                 <lb/>nesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme:
                                 <lb/>and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze,
&amp;
                                 <lb/>my Lambes sucke.</p>
                              </sp>
                              <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                                 <p>That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
                                 <lb/>Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
                                 <lb/>liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a
Bel&#x00AD;
                                 <lb/>weather, and to betray a shee&#x2011;Lambe of a
tweluemonth
                                 <cb n="2"/>
                                 <lb/>to a crooked&#x2011;pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out
of all
                                 <lb/>reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the
                                 <lb/>diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else
                                 <lb/>how thou shouldst scape.</p>
                              </sp>
                              <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
                                 <p>Heere comes yong M<c rend="superscript">r</c> <hi
rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>, my new Mistris&#x00AD;
                                 <lb/>ses Brother.</p>
                              </sp>
                              <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Rosalind.</stage>
                              <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                                 <l rend="italic">From the east to westerne Inde,</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">no jewel is like Rosalinde,</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">Hir worth being mounted on the winde,</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">through all the world beares Rosalinde.</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">All the pictures fairest Linde,</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">are but blacke to Rosalinde:</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">Let no face bee kept in mind,</l>
                                 <l rend="italic">but the faire of Rosalinde.</l>
                              </sp>
                              <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                                 <p>Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
                                 <lb/>and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
                                 <lb/>Butter&#x2011;womens ranke to Market.</p>
                              </sp>
                              <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <p>Out Foole.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>For a taste.</p>
   <l rend="italic">If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Let him seeke out Rosalinde:</l>
   <l rend="italic">If the Cat will after kinde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">so be sure will Rosalinde:</l>
   <l rend="italic">Wintred garments must be linde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">so must slender Rosalinde:</l>
   <l rend="italic">They that reap must sheafe and binde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">then to cart with Rosalinde.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">such a nut is Rosalinde.</l>
   <l rend="italic">He that sweetest rose will finde,</l>
   <l rend="italic">must finde Loues pricke, &amp; Rosalinde.</l>
   <p>This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you
in&#x00AD;
      <lb/>fect your selfe with them<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it
      <lb/>with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th
coun&#x00AD;
      <lb/>try: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
      <lb/>the right vertue of the Medler.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the
      <lb/>Forrest iudge.</p>
   </sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Celia with a
writing.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
```

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<l rend="italic">Why should this Desert bee,</l>
<l rend="italic">for it is vnpeopled? Noe:</l>
<l rend="italic">Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,</l>
<l rend="italic">that shall ciuill sayings shoe.</l>
<l rend="italic">Some, how briefe the Life of man</l>
<l rend="italic">runs his erring pilgrimage,</l>
<l rend="italic">That the stretching of a span,</l>
<l rend="italic">buckles in his summe of age.</l>
<l rend="italic">Some of violated vowes,</l>
<l rend="italic">twixt the soules of friend, and friend:</l>
<l rend="italic">But vpon the fairest bowes,</l>
<l rend="italic">or at euerie sentence end;</l>
<l rend="italic">Will I Rosalinda write,</l>
<l rend="italic">teaching all that reade, to know</l>
<l rend="italic">The quintessence of euerie sprite,</l>
<l rend="italic">heauen would in little show.</l>
<l rend="italic">Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,</l>
<l rend="italic">that one bodie should be fill'd</l>
<l rend="italic">With all Graces wide enlarg'd,</l>
<l rend="italic">nature presently distill'd</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">R2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"
rend="italic">Helens</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0216-0.jpg" n="196"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l rend="italic">Helens cheeke, but not his heart,</l>
<l rend="italic"><hi rend="roman">Cleopatra's</hi>
Maiestie:</l>
<l rend="italic"><hi rend="roman">Attalanta's</hi> better
part,</l>
<l rend="italic">sad <hi rend="roman">Lucrecia's</hi>
Modestie.</l>
<l rend="italic">Thus <hi rend="roman">Rosalinde</hi> of
manie parts,</l>
<l rend="italic">by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,</l>
<l rend="italic">Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,</l>
<l rend="italic">to haue the touches deerest pris'd.</l>
<l rend="italic">Heauen would that shee these gifts should
haue,</l>
<l rend="italic">and I to liue and die her slaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of
    <lb/>Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and
    <lb/>neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
```

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      <p>How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a lit&#x00AD;
         <lb/>tle: go with him sirrah.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re&#x00AD;
         <lb/>treit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
         <lb/>scrip and scrippage.</p>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
      <p>Didst thou heare these verses?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
         <lb/>of them had in them more feete then the Verses would
         <lb/>beare.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
      <p>That's no matter: the feet might beare y&#x0364; verses.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
         <lb/>themselues without the verse, and therefore stood
lame&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ly in the verse.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
      <p>But didst thou heare without wondering, how
         <lb/>thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these
trees?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
         <lb/>before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
         <lb/>Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since <hi
rend="italic">Pythagoras</hi> time
         <lb/>that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
      <p>Tro you, who hath done this?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>Is it a man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
        <lb/>change you colour?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>I pre'thee who?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
        <lb/>meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with
Earth&#x00AD;
        <lb/>quakes, and so encounter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, but who is it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>Is it possible?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary ve&#x00AD;
        <lb/>hemence, tell me who it is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
        <lb/>wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
        <lb/>of all hooping.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>Good my complection, dost thou think though
        <lb/>I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in
        <lb/>my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a
South&#x2011;sea
        <lb/>of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and
        <lb/>speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
        <lb/>might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as
        <lb/>Wine comes out of a narrow&#x2011;mouth'd bottle:
either too
        <lb/>much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke
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          <lb/>out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>So you may put a man in your belly.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
          <lb/>Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, he hath but a little beard.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Why God will send more, if the man will bee
          <lb/>thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou
          <lb/>delay me not the knowledge of his chin.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>It is yong <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, that tript vp the
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Wrastlers

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          <lb/>heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.</p>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
          <lb/>brow, and true maid.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <l>I'faith (Coz) tis he.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p><hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p><hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &amp;
          <lb/>hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde
          <lb/>he? How look'd he<c rend="italic">?</c> Wherein went
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he? What makes hee
          `<lb/>`heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How
          `<lb/>`parted he with thee`<c rend="italic">`?`</c>` And when
shalt thou see him a`­`
          `<lb/>`gaine? Answer me in one vvord.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Cel.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first:
          `<lb/>`'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to
          `<lb/>`say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer
          `<lb/>`in a Catechisme.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Ros.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
          `<lb/>`in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day
          `<lb/>`he Wrastled?`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Cel.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the
          `<lb/>`propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding
          `<lb/>`him, and rellish it with good obseruance. I found him
          `<lb/>`vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Ros.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`It may vvel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes
          `<lb/>`forth fruite.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Cel.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`Giue me audience, good Madam.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Ros.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`Proceed.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Cel.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded
          `<lb/>`knight.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">`
        `<speaker rend="italic">`Ros.`</speaker>`
        `<p>`Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell
          `<lb/>`becomes the ground.`</p>`
      `</sp>`
      `<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">`

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        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes
           <lb/>vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>I would sing my song without a burthen, thou
           <lb/>bring'st me out of tune.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
           <lb/>I must speake: sweet, say on.</p>
     </sp>
     <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orlando &amp;
Iaques.</stage>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>You bring me out. <c rend="italic">S</c>oft, comes he not
heere?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>I thanke you for your company, but good faith
           <lb/>I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>And so had I: but yet for fashion sake</l>
        <l>I thanke you too, for your societie.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <l>God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>I do desire we may be better strangers.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing
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              <lb/>Loue&#x2011;songs in their barkes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>I pray you marre no moe of my verses with rea&#x00AD;
              <lb/>ding them ill&#x2011;fauouredly.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p><hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi> is your loues name?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>Yes, Iust.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p>I do not like her name.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>There was no thought of pleasing you when she
             <lb/>was christen'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p>What stature is she of?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>Iust as high as my heart.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p>You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin ac&#x00AD;
              <lb/>quainted with goldsmiths wiues, &amp; cond
<choice><abbr>th&#x0113;</abbr><expan>them</expan></choice> out of
rings</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath,
             <lb/>from whence you haue studied your questions.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
          <p>You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Attalanta's</hi> heeles. Will you sitte
downe with me, and
              <lb/>wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
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                    <lb/>our miserie.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe
                <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">against</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0217-0.jpg" n="197"/>
                    <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <lb/>against whom I know
<choice><orig>mofl</orig><corr>most</corr></choice> faults.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                    <p>The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best ver&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>tue: I am wearie of you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                    <p>By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I
                        <lb/>found you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and
                        <lb/>you shall see him.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                    <p>There I shal see mine owne figure.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                    <p>Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good sig&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>nior Loue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>soeir Melancholly.</p>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky. and vn&#x00AD;
      <lb/>der that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For&#x00AD;
      <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>rester.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>Verie wel, what would you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I pray you, what i'st a clocke?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>You should aske me what time o'day: there's no
      <lb/>clocke in the Forrest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else
      <lb/>sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold
      <lb/>detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>And why not the swift foote of time? Had not
      <lb/>that bin as proper?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces,
      <lb/>with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles with&#x00AD;
      <lb/>all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal,
      <lb/>and who he stands stil withal.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>I prethee, who doth he trot withal<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between
      <lb/>the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd:
      <lb/>if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard,
      <lb/>that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.</p>
</sp>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
           <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
           <p>Who ambles Time withal?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
           <p>With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man
              <lb/>that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily
be&#x00AD;
              <lb/>cause he cannot study, and the other liues merrily,
be&#x00AD;
              <lb/>cause he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of
              <lb/>leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no
bur&#x00AD;
              <lb/>then of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles
              <lb/>withal.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
           <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
           <p>Who doth he gallop withal?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
           <p>With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee
              <lb/>go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
              <lb/>there.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
           <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
           <p>Who staies it stil withal?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
           <p>With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
              <lb/>betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not
              <lb/>how time moues.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
           <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
           <p>Where dwel you prettie youth?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
           <p>With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the
              <lb/>skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
           <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
           <l>Are you natiue of this place?</l>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is
              <lb/>kindled.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>Your accent is something finer, then you could
              <lb/>purchase in so remoued a dwelling.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
              <lb/>religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was
              <lb/>in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too
              <lb/>well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read
ma&#x00AD;
              <lb/>ny Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a
Wo&#x00AD;
              <lb/>man to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee
              <lb/>hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>Can you remember any of the principall euils,
              <cb n="2"/>
              <lb/>that he laid to the charge of women?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>There were none principal, they were all like
              <lb/>one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming
              <lb/>monstrous, til his fellow&#x2011;fault came to match
it.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>I prethee recount some of them.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those
              <lb/>that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that
a&#x00AD;
              <lb/>buses our yong plants with caruing <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi> on their
              <lb/>barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on
              <lb/>brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>.
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                            <lb/>If I could meet that Fancie&#x2011;monger, I would giue
him
                            <lb/>some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian
                            <lb/>of Loue vpon him.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>I am he that is so Loue&#x2011;shak'd, I pray you tel
                            <lb/>me your remedie.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you:
                            <lb/>he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
                            <lb/>of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>What were his markes?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie
                            <lb/>and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable
spi&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>rit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you
                            <lb/>haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your
ha&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>uing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your
                            <lb/>hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your
                            <lb/>sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing
                            <lb/>about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you
                            <lb/>are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your
ac&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>coustrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the
Lo&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>uer of any other.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <p>Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue
                            <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>I Loue.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                       <p>Me beleeue it? You may assoone make her that
                            <lb/>you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant she is apter to do,
                            <lb/>then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the
                            <lb/>which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But
                            <lb/>in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the
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<lb/>Trees, wherein <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> is so
admired?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <p>I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of
                  <lb/><hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>, I am that he, that
vnfortunate he.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <l>Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, de&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>serues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do:
                  <lb/>and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is
                  <lb/>that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in
                  <lb/>loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <p>Did you euer cure any so?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to ima&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>gine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day
                  <lb/>to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish
                  <lb/>youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
                  <lb/>liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, ful
                  <lb/>of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and
                  <lb/>for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are
                  <lb/>for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like
                  <lb/>him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear
                  <lb/>him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue
                  <lb/>my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor
                  <lb/>of madnes, w<c rend="superscript">c</c> was to
forsweare the ful stream of y&#x0364; world,
                  <lb/>and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd
                  <lb/>him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your
Li&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>uer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not
                  <lb/>be one spot of Loue in't.</p>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>I would not be cured, youth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I would cure you, if you would but call me <hi
rend="italic">Rosa&#x00AD;
      <lb/>lind</hi>, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe
me.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">R3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Orl.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0218-0.jpg" n="198"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orlan.</speaker>
   <p>Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me
      <lb/>where it is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by
      <lb/>the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
      <lb/>Wil you go<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>With all my heart, good youth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Nay, you must call mee <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>:
Come sister,
      <lb/>will you go?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
   <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Tertia</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
   <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Clowne, Audrey,
&amp; Iaques.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Come apace good <hi rend="italic">Audrey,</hi> I wil fetch
vp your
         <lb/>Goates, <hi rend="italic">Audrey</hi>: and how <hi
rend="italic">Audrey</hi> am I the man yet?
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                        <lb/>Doth my simple feature content you<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
                          <p>Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                          <p>I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
                            <lb/>capricious Poet honest <hi rend="italic">Ouid</hi> was
among the Gothes.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
                          <p>O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in
                            <lb/>a thatch'd house.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                          <p>When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor
                            <lb/>a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe,
un&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>derstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great
rec&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>koning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde
                            <lb/>made thee poeticall.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
                          <p>I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
                            <lb/>deed and word: is it a true thing?</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                          <p>No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fai&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>ning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they
                            <lb/>sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do
feigne.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
                          <p>Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
                            <lb/>Poeticall?</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
                          <p>I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art ho&#x00AD;
                            <lb/>nest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope
                            <lb/>thou didst feigne.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
        <p>Would you not haue me honest?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for
            <lb/>honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to
            <lb/>Sugar.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>A materiall foole.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
        <p>Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
            <lb/>Gods make me honest.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule
            <lb/>slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
        <p>I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I
            <lb/>am foule.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut&#x00AD;
            <lb/>tishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
            <lb/>I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Oliuer Mar&#x2011;text</hi>, the
Vicar of the next village, who hath
            <lb/>promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to
            <lb/>couple vs.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>I would faine see this meeting.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
        <p>Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
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<p>Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart,
  <lb/>stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple
  <lb/>but the wood, no assembly but horne&#x2011;beasts. But what
  <lb/>though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neces&#x00AD;
  <lb/>sarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
  <lb/>right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
  <lb/>of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none
  <lb/>of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone:
  <cb n="2"/>
  <lb/>No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ras&#x00AD;
  <lb/>call: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd
  <lb/>Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the fore&#x00AD;
  <lb/>head of a married man, more honourable then the bare
  <lb/>brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet&#x00AD;
  <lb/>ter then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious
  <lb/>then to want.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Oliuer Mar&#x2011;text.</stage>
<p>Heere comes Sir <hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi>: Sir <hi rend="italic">Oliuer Mar&#x2011;text</hi> you are
  <lb/>wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or
  <lb/>shal we go with you to your Chappell?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-olm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Is there none heere to giue the woman?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I wil not take her on guift of any man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-olm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
  <p>Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
    <lb/>lawfull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
  <p>Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Good euen good M<c rend="superscript">r</c> what ye cal't: how do you
    <lb/>Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last
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          <lb/>companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand
          <lb/>heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>Wil you be married, Motley?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb,
          <lb/>and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as
          <lb/>Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
          <lb/>married vnder a bush like a begger<c rend="italic">?</c> Get you to church,
          <lb/>and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is,
          <lb/>this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne
          <lb/>Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell,
          <lb/>and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee
          <lb/>married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar&#x00AD;
          <lb/>rie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good
          <lb/>excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <l>Goe thou with mee,</l>
        <l>And let me counsel thee.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-olm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker><note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Touchstone.</note>
        <l>Come sweete <hi rend="italic">Audrey</hi>,</l>
        <l>We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:</l>
        <p>Farewel good Mr <hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi>: Not O sweet <hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi>, O braue
          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi> leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee
          <lb/>gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-olm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
        <p>'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them
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        <lb/>all shal flout me out of my calling.</p>
     </sp>
     <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
   </div>
   <div type="scene" n="4">
     <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Quarta.</head>
     <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
     <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind &amp;
Celia.</stage>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider,
          <lb/>that teares do not become a man.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>But haue I not cause to weepe<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <l>As good cause as one would desire,</l>
        <l>Therefore weepe.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>His very haire</l>
        <l>Is of the dissembling colour.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <l>Something browner then Iudasses:</l>
        <l>Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>I'faith his haire is of a good colour.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <l>An excellent colour:</l>
        <l>Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <l>And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,</l>
        <l>As the touch of holy bread.</l>
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      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Cel.</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0219-0.jpg" n="199"/>
      <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
         <p>Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of <hi
rend="italic">Diana</hi>: a
            <lb/>Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie,
            <lb/>the very yce of chastity is in them.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
         <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
         <p>But why did hee sweare hee would come this
            <lb/>morning, and comes not<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
         <l>Nay certainly there is no truth in him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
         <p>Doe you thinke so?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
         <p>Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse&#x00AD;
            <lb/>stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as
            <lb/>concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme&#x2011;eaten
nut.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
         <p>Not true in loue?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
         <p>Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
         <p>You haue heard him sweare downright he was.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
         <p>Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no
            <lb/>stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the
            <lb/>confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the
for&#x00AD;
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    <lb/>rest on the Duke your father.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que&#x00AD;
      <lb/>stion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I
      <lb/>told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe.
      <lb/>But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man
      <lb/>as <hi rend="italic">Orlando?</hi>
  </p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <p>O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses,
      <lb/>speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes
      <lb/>them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his
lo&#x00AD;
      <lb/>uer, as a puisny Tilter, y<c rend="superscript">t</c>
spurs his horse but on one side,
      <lb/>breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that
      <lb/>youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Corin.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corin.</speaker>
    <l>Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired</l>
    <l>After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,</l>
    <l>Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,</l>
    <l>Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse</l>
    <l>That was his Mistresse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <l>Well: and what of him?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
    <l>If you will see a pageant truely plaid</l>
    <l>Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,</l>
    <l>And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,</l>
    <l>Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you</l>
    <l>If you will marke it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>O come, let vs remoue,</l>
    <l>The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:</l>
    <l>Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say</l>
    <l>Ile proue a busie actor in their play.</l>
  </sp>
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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Siluius and
Phebe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> doe not scorne me, do
not <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi></l>
<l>Say that you loue me not, but say not so</l>
<l>In bitternesse; the common executioner</l>
<l>Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard</l>
<l>Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,</l>
<l>But first begs pardon: will you sterner be</l>
<l>Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind, Celia,
and Corin.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>I would not be thy executioner,</l>
<l>I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:</l>
<l>Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,</l>
<l>'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,</l>
<l>Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,</l>
<l>Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.</l>
<l>Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,</l>
<l>And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:</l>
<l>Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,</l>
<l>Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,</l>
<l>Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:</l>
<l>Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,</l>
<l>Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains</l>
<l>Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush</l>
<l>The Cicatrice and capable impressure</l>
<l>Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes</l>
<l>Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,</l>
<l>Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes</l>
<l>That can doe hurt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<l>O deere <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>,</l>
<l>If euer (as that euer may be neere)</l>
<l>You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,</l>
<l>Then shall you know the wounds inuisible</l>
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    <l>That Loues keene arrows make.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>But till that time</l>
    <l>Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,</l>
    <l>Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,</l>
    <l>As till that time I shall not pitty thee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>And why I pray you? who might be your mother</l>
    <l>That you insult, exult, and all at once</l>
    <l>Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty</l>
    <l>As by my faith, I see no more in you</l>
    <l>Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:</l>
    <l>Must you be therefore prowd and pittilesse?</l>
    <l>Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?</l>
    <l>I see no more in you then in the ordinary</l>
    <l>Of Natures sale&#x2011;worke<c rend="italic">?</c> 'ods
my little life,</l>
    <l>I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:</l>
    <l>No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,</l>
    <l>'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,</l>
    <l>Your bugle eye&#x2011;balls, nor your cheeke of creame</l>
    <l>That can entame my spirits to your worship:</l>
    <l>You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her</l>
    <l>Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,</l>
    <l>You are a thousand times a properer man</l>
    <l>Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you</l>
    <l>That makes the world full of ill&#x2011;fauourd children:</l>
    <l>'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,</l>
    <l>And out of you she sees her selfe more proper</l>
    <l>Then any of her lineaments can show her:</l>
    <l>But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees</l>
    <l>And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;</l>
    <l>For I must tell you friendly in your eare,</l>
    <l>Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:</l>
    <l>Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,</l>
    <l>Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.</l>
    <l>So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,</l>
    <l>I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, &amp; shee'll</l>
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<l>Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast</l>
<l>As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce</l>
<l>Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>For no ill will I beare you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,</l>
<l>For I am falser then vowes made in wine:</l>
<l>Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,</l>
<l>'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:</l>
<l>Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Come</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0220-0.jpg" n="200"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better</l>
<l>And be not proud, though all the world could see,</l>
<l>None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.</l>
<l>Come, to our flocke,</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,</l>
<l>Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>Hah: what saist thou <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> pitty me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>Why I am sorry for thee gentle <hi
rend="italic">Siluius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
<speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
<l>Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:</l>

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    <l>If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,</l>
    <l>By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe</l>
    <l>Were both extermin'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
   <l>Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>I would haue you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
   <l>Why that were couetousnesse:</l>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>; the time was, that I hated
thee;</l>

   <l>And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,</l>
   <l>But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,</l>
   <l>Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me</l>
   <l>I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:</l>
   <l>But doe not looke for further recompence</l>
   <l>Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>So holy, and so perfect is my loue,</l>
   <l>And I in such a pouerty of grace,</l>
   <l>That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop</l>
   <l>To gleane the broken eares after the man</l>
   <l>That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then</l>
   <l>A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
   <l>Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere&#x00AD;
      <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>while?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>Not very well, but I haue met him oft,</l>
   <l>And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds</l>
   <l>That the old <hi rend="italic">Carlot</hi> once was Master
of.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
   <l>Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,</l>
   <l>'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,</l>
   <l>But what care I for words? yet words do well</l>
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        <l>When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:</l>
        <l>It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,</l>
        <l>But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;</l>
        <l>Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him</l>
        <l>Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue</l>
        <l>Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:</l>
        <l>He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:</l>
        <l>His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:</l>
        <l>There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,</l>
        <l>A little riper, and more lustie red</l>
        <l>Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference</l>
        <l>Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.</l>
        <l>There be some women <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>, had
they markt him</l>
        <l>In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere</l>
        <l>To fall in loue with him: but for my part</l>
        <l>I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet</l>
        <l>Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,</l>
        <l>For what had he to doe to chide at me?</l>
        <l>He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,</l>
        <l>And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:</l>
        <l>I maruell why I answer'd not againe,</l>
        <l>But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:</l>
        <l>Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,</l>
        <l>And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou <hi
rend="italic">Siluius</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>, with all my heart.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
        <l>Ile write it strait:</l>
        <l>The matter's in my head, and in my heart,</l>
        <l>I will be bitter with him, and passing short;</l>
        <l>Goe with me <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="4">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
      <cb n="2"/>
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and
Iaques.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
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            <p>I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
                <lb/>with thee.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <l>They say you are a melancholly fellow.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
            <p>I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Those that are in extremity of either, are abho&#x00AD;
                <lb/>minable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery
mo&#x00AD;

                <lb/>derne censure, worse then drunkards.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
            <p>Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Why then 'tis good to be a poste.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
            <p>I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
                <lb/>is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall;
                <lb/>nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
                <lb/>which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
                <lb/>nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
                <lb/>is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne,
com&#x00AD;

                <lb/>pounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
                <lb/>and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
                <lb/>which by often rumination, wraps me in a most
humo&#x00AD;

                <lb/>rous sadnesse.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>A Traueller: by my faith you haue great rea&#x00AD;
                <lb/>son to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,
                <lb/>to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
                <lb/>nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
            <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
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        <p>Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Orlando.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>And your experience makes you sad: I had ra&#x00AD;
          <lb/>ther haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
          <lb/>make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>Good day, and happinesse, deere <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
        <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
        <p>Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
          <lb/>verse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you
          <lb/>lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits
          <lb/>of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
          <lb/>natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
          <lb/>countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
          <lb/>swam in a Gundello. Why how now <hi
rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, where
          <lb/>haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
          <lb/>serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight
          <lb/>more.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <p>My faire <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>, I come within an
houre of my
          <lb/>promise.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
          <lb/>will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
          <lb/>but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affaires
          <lb/>of loue, it may be said of him that <hi
rend="italic">Cupid</hi> hath clapt
          <lb/>him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <p>Pardon me deere <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
          <lb/>sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
       <p>Of a Snaile?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee
          <lb/>carries his house on his head; a better ioyncture I thinke
          <lb/>then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
          <lb/>with him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
       <p>What's that?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>Why hornes: w<c rend="superscript">c</c> such as you are
faine to be be&#x00AD;
          <lb/>holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his
          <lb/>fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.</p>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Orl.</hi> Vertue</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0221-0.jpg" n="201"/>
    <fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
       <l>Vertue is no horne&#x2011;maker: and my <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> is
          <lb/>vertuous.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
       <p>And I am your <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
       <p>It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a <hi
rend="italic">Rosa&#x00AD;
          <lb/>lind</hi> of a better leere then you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                    <p>Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a
                       <lb/>holy&#x2011;day humor, and like enough to consent:
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What
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                       <lb/>would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
                       <lb/><hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>?</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>I would kisse before I spoke.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                    <p>Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
                       <lb/>were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take
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                       <lb/>casion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
                       <lb/>they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs)
                       <lb/>matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>How if the kisse be denide?</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                    <p>Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
                       <lb/>new matter.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>Who could be out, being before his beloued
                       <lb/>Mistris?</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                    <p>Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris,
                       <lb/>or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                    <p>What, of my suite?</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                    <p>Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
                       <lb/>suite:</p>
                    <p>Am not I your <hi rend="italic">Rosalind?</hi></p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
         <lb/>be talking of her.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>Then in mine owne person, I die.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
         <lb/>almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
         <lb/>was not anie man died in his owne person (<hi
rend="italic">videlicet</hi>) in
         <lb/>a loue cause: <hi rend="italic">Troilous</hi> had his
braines dash'd out with a
         <lb/>Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
         <lb/>and he is one of the patternes of loue. <hi
rend="italic">Leander</hi>, he would
         <lb/>haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though <hi
rend="italic">Hero</hi> had turn'd
         <lb/>Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer&#x2011;night,
for
         <lb/>(good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the
Hel&#x00AD;
         <lb/>lespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd,
         <lb/>and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
         <lb/><hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> of Cestos. But these are all
lies, men haue died
         <lb/>from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
         <lb/>for loue.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>I would not haue my right <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> of
this mind,
         <lb/>for I protest her frowne might kill me.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
         <lb/>now I will be your <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> in a
more comming&#x2011;on dis&#x00AD;
         <lb/>position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>Then loue me <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>And wilt thou haue me?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>I, and twentie such.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>What saiest thou?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>Are you not good?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>I hope so.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rosalind.</speaker>
      <p>Why then, can one desire too much of a
         <lb/>good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
         <lb/>marrie vs: giue me your hand <hi
rend="italic">Orlando</hi>: What doe you
         <lb/>say sister<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <p>Pray thee marrie vs.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
      <p>I cannot say the words.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>You must begin, will you <hi
rend="italic">Orlando</hi>.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
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            <p>Goe too: wil you <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, haue to
wife this <hi rend="italic">Ro&#x00AD;
            <lb/>salind</hi>?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>I will.</p>
         </sp>
         <cb n="2"/>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>I, but when?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Then you must say, I take thee <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> for
            <lb/>wife.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>I take thee <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> for wife.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>I might aske you for your Commission,</p>
            <p>But I doe take thee <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> for my
husband: there's a
            <lb/>girle goes before the Priest, and certainely a Womans
            <lb/>thought runs before her actions.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Now tell me how long you would haue her, af&#x00AD;
               <lb/>ter you haue possest her?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>For euer, and a day.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
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            <p>Say a day, without the euer: no, no <hi
rend="italic">Orlando,</hi> men
                <lb/>are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed:
                <lb/>Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky
chan&#x00AD;
                <lb/>ges when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of
                <lb/>thee, then a Barbary cocke&#x2011;pidgeon ouer his hen,
more
                <lb/>clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more
new&#x2011;fang&#x00AD;
                <lb/>led then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a
mon&#x00AD;
                <lb/>key: I will weepe for nothing, like <hi
rend="italic">Diana</hi> in the Foun&#x00AD;
                <lb/>taine, &amp; I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be
merry:
                <lb/>I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd
                <lb/>to sleepe.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <p>But will my <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> doe so<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>By my life, she will doe as I doe.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <p>O but she is wise.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this:
                <lb/>the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a
wo&#x00AD;
                <lb/>mans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and
                <lb/>'twill out at the key&#x2011;hole: stop that, 'twill flie
with the
                <lb/>smoake out at the chimney.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
               <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
               <p>A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
                <lb/>say, wit whether wil't?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <p>Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you
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            <lb/>met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
            <p>Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you
               <lb/>shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take
               <lb/>her without her tongue: &#x0054; that woman that cannot
               <lb/>make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse
               <lb/>her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>For these two houres <hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>, I wil
leaue thee.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock
               <lb/>I will be with thee againe.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what
               <lb/>you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I
               <lb/>thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne
               <lb/>me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'
               <lb/>clocke is your howre.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <p>I, sweet <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <p>By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God
               <lb/>mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not
dange&#x00AD;
               <lb/>rous, if yo<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent"
agent="hole" resp="#ES"/> breake one iot of your promise, or come one
               <lb/>minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most
               <lb/>patheticall breake&#x2011;promise, and the most hollow
louer,
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            <lb/>and the most vnworthy of her you call <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>, that
            <lb/>may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the
vnfaith&#x00AAD;
            <lb/>full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your
pro&#x00AD;
            <lb/>mise.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
            <lb/>my <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>: so adieu.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all
            <lb/>such offenders, and let time try: adieu.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue&#x00AD;
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">prate:</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0222-0.jpg" n="202"/>
    <fw type="rh">As you like
            it.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/>prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer
            <lb/>your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done
            <lb/>to her owne neast.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou
            <lb/>didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but
            <lb/>it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne
            <lb/>bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
          <p>Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure
            <lb/>affection in, in runs out.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>No, that same wicked Bastard of <hi
rend="italic">Venus</hi>, that was
            <lb/>begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of
            <lb/>madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery
            <lb/>ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge,
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<lb/>how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee <hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>, I cannot be
<lb/>out of the sight of <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>: Ile goe finde a shadow, and
<lb/>sigh till he come.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
<speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
<p>And Ile sleepe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>Which is he that killed the Deare?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor">
<speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
<p>Sir, it was I.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
<lb/>Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
<lb/>horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
<lb/>no song Forrester for this purpose?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor">
<speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
<p>Yes Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
<lb/>make noyse enough.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="center" type="business">Musicke, Song.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-lor">
<lg>
<l rend="italic">What shall he haue that kild the Deare?</l>
<l rend="italic">His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:</l>
<l rend="italic">Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;</l>

<l rend="italic">Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,</l>
<l rend="italic">It was a crest ere thou wast borne,</l>

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                                    <l rend="italic">Thy fathers father wore it,</l>
                                    <l rend="italic">And thy father bore it,</l>
                                    <l rend="italic">The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,</l>
                                    <l rend="italic">Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.</l>
                                    </lg>
                            </sp>
                            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="3">
                            <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Tertia.</head>
                            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
                            <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Rosalind and
Celia.</stage>

                            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                                    <l>How say you now, is it not past two a clock?</l>
                                    <l>And heere much <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
                                    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
                                    <l>I warrant you, with pure loue, &amp; troubled brain,</l>
                            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Siluius.</stage>
                                    <l>He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth</l>
                                    <l>To sleepe: looke who comes here.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
                                    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
                                    <l>My errand is to you, faire youth,</l>
                                    <l>My gentle <hi rend="italic">Phebe,</hi> did bid me giue you
this:</l>

                                    <l>I know not the contents, but as I guesse</l>
                                    <l>By the sterne brow, and waspish action</l>
                                    <l>Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,</l>
                                    <l>It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,</l>
                                    <l>I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
                                    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                                    <l>Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,</l>
                                    <cb n="2"/>
                                    <l>And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:</l>
                                    <l>Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,</l>
                                    <l>She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me</l>
                                    <l>Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,</l>
                                    <l>Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,</l>
                                    <l>Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,</l>
                                    <l>This is a Letter of your owne deuice.</l>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
                                    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
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      <l>No, I protest, I know not the contents,</l>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> did write it.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>Come, come, you are a foole,</l>
      <l>And turn'd into the extremity of loue.</l>
      <l>I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,</l>
      <l>A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke</l>
      <l>That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:</l>
      <l>She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:</l>
      <l>I say she neuer did inuent this letter,</l>
      <l>This is a mans inuention, and his hand.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <l>Sure it is hers.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,</l>
      <l>A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,</l>
      <l>Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine</l>
      <l>Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,</l>
      <l>Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect</l>
      <l>Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <l>So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:</l>
      <l>Yet heard too much of <hi rend="italic">Phebes</hi>
crueltie.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>She <hi rend="italic">Phebes</hi> me: marke how the tyrant
vvrites.</l>
      <l>Read. <hi rend="italic">Art thou god, to Shepherd
turn'd</hi>></l>
      <l rend="italic">That a maidens heart hath burn'd.</l>
      <l>Can a vvoman raile thus?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
      <l>Call you this railing?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>Read. <hi rend="italic">Why, thy godhead laid a
part</hi>,</l>
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<l rend="italic">War'st thou with a womans heart?</l>
<l>Did you euer heare such railing?</l>
<l rend="italic">Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,</l>
<l rend="italic">That could do no vengeance to me.</l>
<l>Meaning me a beast.</l>
<l rend="italic">If the scorne of your bright eine</l>
<l rend="italic">Haue power to raise such loue in mine,</l>
<l rend="italic">Alacke, in me, what strange effect</l>
<l rend="italic">Would they worke in milde aspect?</l>
<l rend="italic">Whiles you chid me, I did loue,</l>
<l rend="italic">How then might your praiers moue?</l>
<l rend="italic">He that brings this loue to thee,</l>
<l rend="italic">Little knowes this Loue in me:</l>
<l rend="italic">And by him seale vp thy minde,</l>
<l rend="italic">Whether that thy youth and kinde</l>
<l rend="italic">Will the faithfull offer take</l>
<l rend="italic">Of me, and all that I can make,</l>
<l rend="italic">Or else by him my loue denie,</l>
<l rend="italic">And then Ile studie how to die.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
   <l>Call you this chiding?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>Alas poore Shepheard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty:
      <lb/>wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an
in&#x00AD;
      <lb/>strument, and play false straines vpon thee<c
rend="italic">?</c> not to be en&#x00AD;
      <lb/>dur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
      <lb/>made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
      <lb/>loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
      <lb/>neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
      <lb/>true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more
      <lb/>company.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit. Sil.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oliuer.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oliu.</speaker>
   <l>Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you
      <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">know)</pc></l>
   <l>Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
```

```xml
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0223-0.jpg" n="203"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue&#x2011;trees.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom</l>
   <l>The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame</l>
   <l>Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:</l>
   <l>But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,</l>
   <l>There's none within.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <l>If that an eye may profit by a tongue,</l>
   <l>Then should I know you by description,</l>
   <l>Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,</l>
   <l>Of femall fauour, and bestowes himself</l>
   <l>Like a ripe sister: the woman low</l>
   <l>And browner then her brother: are not you</l>
   <l>The owner of the house I did enquire for?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> doth commend him to you
both,</l>
   <l>And to that youth hee calls his <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi></l>
   <l>He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>I am: what must we vnderstand by this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
   <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
   <l>Some of my shame, if you will know of me</l>
   <l>What man I am, and how, and why, and where</l>
   <l>This handkercher was stain'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
   <l>I pray you tell it.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>When last the yong <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> parted from you,</l>
  <l>He left a promise to returne againe</l>
  <l>Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,</l>
  <l>Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,</l>
  <l>Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aside,</l>
  <l>And marke what obiect did present it selfe</l>
  <l>Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age</l>
  <l>And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:</l>
  <l>A wretched ragged man, ore&#x2011;growne with haire</l>
  <l>Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke</l>
  <l>A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,</l>
  <l>Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd</l>
  <l>The opening of his mouth: but sodainly</l>
  <l>Seeing <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, it vnlink'd it selfe,</l>
  <l>And with indented glides, did slip away</l>
  <l>Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade</l>
  <l>A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,</l>
  <l>Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch</l>
  <l>When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis</l>
  <l>The royall disposition of that beast</l>
  <l>To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:</l>
  <l>This seene, <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> did approach the man,</l>
  <l>And found it was his brother, his elder brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
  <l>O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,</l>
  <l>And he did render him the most vnnaturall</l>
  <l>That liu'd amongst men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>And well he might so doe,</l>
  <l>For well I know he was vnnaturall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>But to <hi rend="italic">Orlando:</hi> did he leaue him there</l>
  <l>Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
  <l>Twice did he turne his backe, and purpose'd so:</l>
  <l>But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,</l>
  <l>And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,</l>
```

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    <l>Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:</l>
    <l>Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling</l>
    <l>From miserable slumber I awaked.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <l>Are you his brother?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>Was't you he rescu'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
    <l>Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
    <l>'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame</l>
    <l>To tell you what I was, since my conuersion</l>
    <l>So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>But for the bloody napkin?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
    <l>By and by:</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>When from the first to last betwixt vs two,</l>
    <l>Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,</l>
    <l>As how I came into that Desert place.</l>
    <l>I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,</l>
    <l>Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,</l>
    <l>Committing me vnto my brothers loue,</l>
    <l>Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,</l>
    <l>There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme</l>
    <l>The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,</l>
    <l>Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,</l>
    <l>And cride in fainting vpon <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>.</l>
    <l>Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,</l>
    <l>And after some small space, being strong at heart,</l>
    <l>He sent me hither, stranger as I am</l>
    <l>To tell this story, that you might excuse</l>
    <l>His broken promise, and to giue this napkin</l>
    <l>Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,</l>
    <l>That he in sport doth call his <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
               <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>, sweet <hi
rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
               <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
               <l>Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
               <l>There is more in it; Cosen <hi
rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
               <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
               <l>Looke, he recouers.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <l>I would I were at home.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
               <l>Wee'll lead you thither:</l>
               <l>I pray you will you take him by the arme.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
               <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
               <l>Be of good cheere youth: you a man?</l>
               <l>You lacke a mans heart.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
               <l>I doe so, I confesse it:</l>
               <p>Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well
counterfei&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I
counterfei&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>ted: heigh&#x2011;ho.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
               <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
               <p>This was not counterfeit, there is too great te&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of
ear&#x00AD;
                  <lb/>nest.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
```

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        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Counterfeit, I assure you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <p>Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
            <lb/>be a man.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a wo&#x00AD;
            <lb/>man by right.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-cel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cel.</speaker>
        <p>C<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>me, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
            <lb/>homewards: good sir, goe with vs.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oli.</speaker>
        <l>That will I: for I must beare answere backe</l>
        <l>How you excuse my brother, <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>I shall deuise something: but I pray you com&#x00AD;
            <lb/>mend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  </div>
<div type="act" n="5">
<div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and Awdrie.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
        <p>We shall finde a time <hi rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>, patience gen&#x00AD;
            <lb/>tle <hi rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
        <speaker rend="italic">Awd.</speaker>
        <p>Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
            <lb/>olde gentlemans saying.</p>
    </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>A most wicked Sir <hi rend="italic">Oliuer</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>, a most vile
        <lb/><hi rend="italic">Mar&#x2011;text</hi>. But <hi
rend="italic">Awdrie</hi>, there is a youth heere in the
        <lb/>Forrest layes claime to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
    <speaker rend="italic">Awd.</speaker>
    <p>I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee
        <lb/>in the world: here comes the man you meane.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter William.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">my</fw></p>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0224-0.jpg" n="204"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like
        it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
        <lb/>my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer
        <lb/>for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
    <p>Good eu'n <hi rend="italic">Audrey</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
    <p>God ye good eu'n <hi rend="italic">William</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
    <p>And good eu'n to you Sir.<note resp="#ES">An ink mark
follows the end of this line.</note></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer
        <lb/>thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you
        <lb/>Friend?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
    <p>Fiue and twentie Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
```

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      <p>A ripe age: Is thy name <hi rend="italic">William</hi>?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p><hi rend="italic">William</hi>, sir.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p>I sir, I thanke God.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Thanke God: A good answer:</p>
      <p>Art rich?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p>'Faith sir, so, so.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
         <lb/>and yet it is not, it is but so, so:</p>
      <p>Art thou wise?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p>I sir, I haue a prettie wit.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a say&#x00AD;
         <lb/>ing: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman
         <lb/>knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen
Philoso&#x00AD;
         <lb/>pher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open
         <lb/>his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning
there&#x00AD;
         <lb/>by, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.
         <lb/>You do loue this maid?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p>I do
<choice><orig>sit</orig><corr>sir</corr></choice>.</p>
   </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned<c
rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
    <p>No sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For
        <lb/>it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out
        <lb/>of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the
        <lb/>other. For all your Writers do consent, that <hi
rend="italic">ipse</hi> is hee:
        <lb/>now you are not <hi rend="italic">ipse</hi>, for I am
he.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
    <p>Which he sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore
        <lb/>you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the
        <lb/>societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this
fe&#x00AD;
        <lb/>male: which in the common, is woman: which
toge&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ther, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne
        <lb/>thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or
        <lb/>(to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life
in&#x00AD;
        <lb/>to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in
poy&#x00AD;
        <lb/>son with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy
        <lb/>with thee in faction, I will ore&#x2011;run thee with
policie: I
        <lb/>will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore
trem&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ble and depart.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
    <speaker rend="italic">A<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="absent" agent="hole" resp="#ES"/>d.</speaker>
    <p>Do good <hi rend="italic">William</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-wil">
```

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          <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
          <p>God rest you merry sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Corin.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
          <p>Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come a&#x00AD;
            <lb/>way, away.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>Trip <hi rend="italic">Audry</hi>, trip <hi
rend="italic">Audry</hi>, I attend,
            <lb/>I attend.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">Soeena Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Orlando &amp;
Oliuer.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
          <p>Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you
            <lb/>should like her<c rend="italic">?</c> that, but seeing,
you should loue her?
            <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And
            <lb/>will you perseuer to enioy her?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
          <p>Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the
            <lb/>pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine
wo&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>: say with her, that she
loues mee; consent with
            <lb/>both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your
            <lb/>good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that
            <lb/>was old Sir <hi rend="italic">Rowlands</hi> will I estate
vpon you, and here
            <lb/>liue and die a Shepherd.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Rosalind.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
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<l>You haue my consent.</l>
<l>Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I</l>
<l>Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:</l>
<l>Go you, and prepare <hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>; for looke you,</l>
<l>Heere comes my <hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>God saue you brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-oli">
<speaker rend="italic">Ol.</speaker>
<l>And you faire sister.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>Oh my deere <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, how it greeues me to see
<lb/>thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<p>It is my arme.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>I thought thy heart had beene wounded with
<lb/>the clawes of a Lion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<p>Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted
<lb/>to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<p>I, and greater wonders then that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there
<lb/>was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two
<lb/>Rammes, and <hi rend="italic">Cesars</hi> Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw,
<lb/>and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no

soo­
<lb/>ner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they
<lb/>lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd
<lb/>but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew
<lb/>the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these
<lb/>degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage,
<lb/>which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee
inconti­
<lb/>nent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of
<lb/>loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part
<lb/>them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>They shall be married to morrow: and I will
      <lb/>bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing
      <lb/>it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies:
      <lb/>by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
      <lb/>of heart heauinesse. by how much I shal thinke my
bro­
      <lb/>ther happie, in hauing what he wishes for.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
      <lb/>for <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
   <p>I can liue no longer by thinking.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal­
      <lb/>king. Know of me then (for now I speake to some
pur­
      <lb/>pose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit:
      <lb/>I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion
      <lb/>of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are:
nei­
      <lb/>ther do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
      <lb/>little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe
      <lb/>good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please,
      <lb/>that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three
      <lb/>yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in
      <lb/>his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue <hi
rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>
      <lb/>so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
      <lb/>brother marries <hi rend="italic">Aliena</hi>, shall you
marrie her. I know in­

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        <lb/>to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
        <lb/>impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">to</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0225-0.jpg" n="205"/>
<fw type="rh">As
        you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
        <lb/>to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
        <lb/>and without any danger.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <p>Speak'st thou in sober meanings?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
        <lb/>I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best
a&#x00AD;

        <lb/>ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to
mor&#x00AD;

        <lb/>row, you shall: and to <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> if
you will.</p>

    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Siluius &amp;
Phebe.</stage>

    <p>Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,</l>
    <l>To shew the letter that I writ to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>I care not if I haue: it is my studie</l>
    <l>To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:</l>
    <l>you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,</l>
    <l>Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
    <l>It is to be all made of sighes and teares,</l>
    <l>And so am I for <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
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    <l>And I for <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>And I for <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>And I for no woman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
    <l>It is to be all made of faith and seruice,</l>
    <l>And so am I for <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>And I for <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>And I for <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>And I for no woman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
    <l>It is to be all made of fantasie,</l>
    <l>All made of passion, and all made of wishes,</l>
    <l>All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,</l>
    <l>All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,</l>
    <l>All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:</l>
    <l>And so am I for <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
    <l>And so am I for <hi rend="italic">Ganimed</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>And so am I for <hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>And so am I for no woman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
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        <l>If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <l>If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
           <lb/>to loue you.</p>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
        <p>Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
           <lb/>of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you
           <lb/>if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet
           <lb/>me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie
Wo&#x00AD;
           <lb/>man, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,
           <lb/>if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to
mor&#x00AD;
           <lb/>row. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
           <lb/>you, and you shal be married to orrow: As you loue
           <lb/><hi rend="italic">Rosalind</hi> meet, as you loue <hi
rend="italic">Phebe</hi> meet, and as I loue no
           <lb/>woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you
com&#x00AD;
           <lb/>mands.</p>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
        <l>Ile not faile, if I liue.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
        <l>Nor I.</l>
      </sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
        <l>Nor I.</l>
      </sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
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          </div>
          <div type="scene" n="3">
            <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Tertia.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
            <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Audrey.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
              <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
              <p>To morrow is the ioyfull day <hi rend="italic">Audrey,</hi>
to morrow
                <lb/>will we be married.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-aud">
              <speaker rend="italic">Aud.</speaker>
              <p>I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is
                <lb/>no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of
y&#x0364; world?
                <cb n="2"/>
                <lb/>Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Pages.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-pag.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1. Pa.</speaker>
              <p>Wel met honest Gentleman.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
              <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
              <p>By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-pag.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2. Pa.</speaker>
              <p>We are for you, sit i'th middle.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-pag.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1. Pa.</speaker>
              <p>Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking,
                <lb/>or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely
                <lb/>prologues to a bad voice.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ayl-pag.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2. Pa.</speaker>
              <p>I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two
                <lb/>gipsies on a horse.</p>
            <stage rend="center" type="business">Song.</stage>
              <lg>
              <l rend="italic">It was a Louer, and his lasse,</l>
              <l rend="italic">With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,</l>
              <l rend="italic">That o're the greene corne feild did passe,</l>
              <l rend="italic">In the spring time, the onely pretty rang
```

time.</l>
   <l rend="italic">When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Sweet Louers loue the spring,</l>
   <l rend="italic">And therefore take the present time.</l>
   <l rend="italic">With a hey, &amp; a ho, and a hey nonino,</l>
   <l rend="italic">For loue is crowned with the prime.</l>
   <l rend="italic">In spring time, &amp;c.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Betweene the acres of the Rie,</l>
   <l rend="italic">With a hey, and a ho, &amp; a hey nonino:</l>
   <l rend="italic">These prettie Country folks would lie.</l>
   <l rend="italic">In spring time, &amp;c.</l>
   <l rend="italic">This Carroll they began that houre,</l>
   <l rend="italic">With a hey and a ho, &amp; a hey nonino:</l>
   <l rend="italic">How that a life was but a Flower,</l>
   <l rend="italic">In spring time, &amp;c.</l>
   </lg>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no
    <lb/>great matter in the dittie, yet y&#x0364; note was very
vntunable</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-pag.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Pa.</speaker>
   <p>you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not
    <lb/>our time.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare
    <lb/>such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your
    <lb/>voices. Come <hi rend="italic">Audrie</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Duke Senior, Amyens,
Iaques, Orlan&#x00AD;
   <lb/>do, Oliuer, Celia.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
   <l>Dost thou beleeue <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, that the
boy</l>
   <l>Can do all this that he hath promised?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>

<l>I sometimes do beleeue, and somtimes do not,</l>
<l>As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, &amp; Phebe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Patience once more, whiles our <choice><abbr>c&#x014D;pact</abbr><expan>compact</expan></choice> is vrg'd:</l>
<l>You say, if I bring in your <hi rend="italic">Rosalinde</hi>,</l>
<l>You wil bestow her on <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi> heere?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
<l>That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
<l>That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>That will I, should I die the houre after.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>But if you do refuse to marrie me,</l>
<l>You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>So is the bargaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>You say that you'l haue <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi> if she will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-sil">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
    <l>Though to haue her and death, were both one
        <lb/>thing.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">S</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Ros.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0226-0.jpg" n="206"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:</l>
    <l>Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,</l>
    <l>You yours <hi rend="italic">Orlando</hi>, to receiue his
daughter:</l>
    <l>Keepe you your word <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>, that you'l
marrie me,</l>
    <l>Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:</l>
    <l>Keepe your word <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>, that you'l
marrie her</l>
    <l>If she refuse me, and from hence I go</l>
    <l>To make these doubts all euen.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Ros. and
Celia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>I do remember in this shepheard boy,</l>
    <l>Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,</l>
    <l>Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:</l>
    <l>But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,</l>
    <l>And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments</l>
    <l>Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,</l>
    <l>Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Audrey.</stage>
    <l>Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <p>There is sure another flood toward, and these
        <lb/>couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
        <lb/>of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
        <lb/>Fooles.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Salutation and greeting to you all.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <p>Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
        <lb/>Motley&#x2011;minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
        <lb/>the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
        <lb/>purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
        <lb/>I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
        <lb/>enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
        <lb/>quarrels, and like to haue fought one.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <p>And how was that tane vp?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
        <lb/>the seuenth cause.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <p>How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this
        <lb/>fellow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
    <p>I like him very well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse
        <lb/>in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues
        <lb/>to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds
        <lb/>and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il&#x2011;fauor'd thing
        <lb/>sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
        <lb/>that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a mi&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ster.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
   <p>By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet
      <lb/>diseases.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
   <p>But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde
      <lb/>the quarrell on the seuenth cause?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your
      <lb/>bodie more seeming <hi rend="italic">Audry</hi>) as
      thus sir: I did dislike the
      <lb/>cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I
      <lb/>said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it
      <lb/>was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him
      <lb/>word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word
      <lb/>he cut it&#x2011;to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip
      modest.
      <lb/>If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment:
      <lb/>this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well
      <lb/>cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the
      <lb/>reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
      <lb/>say, I lie: this is call'd the counter&#x2011;checke
      quarrelsome:
      <lb/>and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
   <p>And how oft did you say his beard was not well
      <lb/>cut?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:
      <cb n="2"/>
      <lb/>nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee
      mea&#x00AD;
      <lb/>sur'd swords, and parted.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
   <p>Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
      <lb/>the lye.</p>
```

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-tou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
      <lb/>haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the
de&#x00AD;
      <lb/>grees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the
      <lb/>Quip&#x2011;modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the
fourth,
      <lb/>the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke
quar&#x00AD;
      <lb/>relsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the
sea&#x00AD;
      <lb/>uenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the
      <lb/>Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I
      <lb/>knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,
      <lb/>but when the parties were met themselues, one of them
      <lb/>thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so:
      <lb/>and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
      <lb/>the onely peace&#x2011;maker: much virtue in if.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
   <p>Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
      <lb/>at any thing, and yet a foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
   <p>He vses his folly like a stalking&#x2011;horse, and
vn&#x00AD;
      <lb/>der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hymen,
Rosalind, and Celia.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Still Musicke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-hym">
   <speaker>Hymen.</speaker>
   <l rend="italic">Still Musicke.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen,</l>
   <l rend="italic">When earthly things made eauen
      <lb/>attone together.</l>
   <l rend="italic">Good Duke receiue thy daughter,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Hymen from Heauen brought her,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Yea brought her hether.</l>
   <l rend="italic">That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,</l>
   <l rend="italic">Whose heart within his bosome is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.</l>

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      <l>To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
      <l>If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-orl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
      <l>If there be truth in sight, you are my <hi
rend="italic">Rosalind</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
      <speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
      <l>If sight &amp; shape be true, why then my loue adieu</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:</l>
      <l>Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:</l>
      <l>Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-hym">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hy.</speaker>
      <l>Peace hoa: I barre confusion,</l>
      <l>'Tis I must make conclusion</l>
      <l>Of these most strange euents:</l>
      <l>Here's eight that must take hands,</l>
      <l>To ioyne in <hi rend="italic">Hymens</hi> bands,</l>
      <l>If truth holds true contents.</l>
      <l>You and you, no crosse shall part;</l>
      <l>You and you, are hart in hart:</l>
      <l>You, to his loue must accord,</l>
      <l>Or haue a Woman to your Lord.</l>
      <l>You and you, are sure together,</l>
      <l>As the Winter to fowle Weather:</l>
      <l>Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,</l>
      <l>Feede your selues with questioning:</l>
      <l>That reason, wonder may diminish</l>
      <l>How thus we met, and these things finish.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Song.</stage>
      <lg>
         <l rend="italic">Wedding is great Iunos crowne,</l>
      <l rend="italic">O blessed bond of boord and bed:</l>
      <l rend="italic">'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,</l>
      <l rend="italic">High wedlock then be honored:</l>
      <l rend="italic">Honor, high honor and renowne</l>
      <l rend="italic">To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.</l>
   </lg>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
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<speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
<l>O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,</l>
<l>Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Phe.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0227-0.jpg" n="207"/>
<fw type="rh">As you like it.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ayl-phe">
<speaker rend="italic">Phe.</speaker>
<l>I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,</l>
<l>Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Second Brother.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ayl-bro.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Bro.</speaker>
<l>Let me haue audience for a word or two:</l>
<l>I am the second sonne of old <hi rend="italic">Sir Rowland,</hi></l>
<l>That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Duke Frederick</hi> hearing how that euerie day</l>
<l>Men of great worth resorted to this forest,</l>
<l>Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote</l>
<l>In his owne conduct, purposely to take</l>
<l>His brother heere, and put him to the sword:</l>
<l>And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;</l>
<l>Where, meeting with an old Religious man,</l>
<l>After some question with him, was conuerted</l>
<l>Both from his enterprize, and from the world:</l>
<l>His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,</l>
<l>And all their Lands restor'd to him againe</l>
<l>That were with him exil'd. This to be true,</l>
<l>I do engage my life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
<speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
<l>Welcome yong man:</l>
<l>Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:</l>
<l>To one his lands with‑held, and to the other</l>
<l>A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.</l>
<l>First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends</l>
<l>That heere vvete well begun, and wel begot:</l>
<l>And after, euery of this happie number</l>
<l>That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,</l>
<l>Shal <choice><orig>sharc</orig><corr>share</corr></choice> the good of our returned fortune,</l>
<l>According to the measure of their states.</l>

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    <l>Meane time, forget this new&#x2011;falne dignitie,</l>
    <l>And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:</l>
    <l>Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride&#x2011;groomes
all,</l>
    <l>With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,</l>
    <l>The Duke hath put on a Religious life,</l>
    <l>And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-bro.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Bro.</speaker>
    <l>He hath.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <l>To him will I: out of these conuertites,</l>
    <l>There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:</l>
    <l>you to your former Honor, I bequeath</l>
    <l>your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.</l>
    <l>you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:</l>
    <l>you to your land, and loue, and great allies:</l>
    <l>you to a long, and well&#x2011;deserued bed:</l>
    <l>And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage</l>
    <l>Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,</l>
    <l>I am for other, then for dancing meazures.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
    <l>Stay, <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi>, stay.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-jaq">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
    <l>To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,</l>
    <l>Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-dks">
    <speaker rend="italic">Du. Se.</speaker>
    <l>Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,</l>
    <l>As we do trust, they'l end in true delights.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ayl-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <p>It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi&#x00AD;
      <lb/>logue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the
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<lb/>Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
<lb/>no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
<lb/>Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good
<lb/>playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
<lb/>What a case am I in then, that am neither a good
Epi&#x00AD;
<lb/>logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a
<lb/>good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore
<lb/>to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure
<lb/>you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
<lb/>women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
<lb/>of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
<lb/>for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
<lb/>simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
<lb/>and the women, the play may please. If I were a
Wo&#x00AD;
<lb/>man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that
<lb/>pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that
<lb/>I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good
<lb/>beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
<lb/>offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
      </div>
      <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
    </div>
  </body>
 </text>
</TEI>
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