

**AS YOU LIKE IT***A line-by-line translation***Act 1, Scene 1****Shakespeare***Enter ORLANDO and ADAM***ORLANDO**

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother 5 Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that "keeping" for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? 10 His horses are bred better, for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage and, to that end, riders dearly hired. But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to 15 him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. 20 This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter OLIVER***ADAM**

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO**

25 Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

**OLIVER**

Now, sir, what make you here?

**ORLANDO**

Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

**OLIVER**

What mar you then, sir?

**ORLANDO**

30 Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

**OLIVER**

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

**ORLANDO**

Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury? 35

**Shakescleare Translation***ORLANDO and ADAM enter.***ORLANDO**

As I remember it, Adam, in my father's will I was left only a thousand crowns. And, as you say, my father gave my older brother Oliver the responsibility of taking care of me. And that is the source of my sadness. My other brother Jacques is away at school, and they say that he is profiting greatly from his education. But for my part, my brother insists that I stay here at home like a peasant. He is supposed to maintain me like a gentleman, but instead he treats me like an ox in a stall. My brother's horses are treated better than I am—at least they get training and riders along with their food. But I, his brother, get nothing from him but food and shelter. So the only thing I owe him like his livestock on their manure piles—is my physical growth. Besides this "nothing" that he so plentifully gives me, his constant frowning at me also takes from me those things that nature gave to me. He makes me eat with his servants, refuses to call me his brother, and denies me the education that I deserve. Adam, this is what grieves me. And lately I have felt my father's independent spirit—which I think is a part of me—beginning to rebel against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though I don't know how to improve my situation.

*OLIVER enters.***ADAM**

Here comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO**

Hide yourself somewhere close by, Adam. And see how he mistreats me.

**OLIVER**

What are you doing here, sir?

**ORLANDO**Nothing. I have not been taught to *do* anything.**OLIVER**

What are you undoing then, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Well  , sir, by being so idle I am helping you to undo something that God made: your poor, unworthy brother.

 In the original text, Orlando uses the word "marry"—a mild Elizabethan oath derived from the Virgin Mary's name.

**OLIVER**

Well, sir, do something more useful, and go away for a while.

**ORLANDO**

Should I keep your hogs and eat slop with them? What portion of my inheritance have I wasted that I should be so poor?

**OLIVER**

Know you where you are, sir?

**ORLANDO**

O sir, very well: here in your orchard.

**OLIVER**

Know you before whom, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you  
are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of  
blood you should so know me. The courtesy of nations  
allows you my better, in that you are the first-born,  
but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were  
there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my  
father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming  
before me is nearer to his reverence.

**OLIVER**

What, boy! [strikes him]

**ORLANDO**

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.  
[seizes him]

**OLIVER**

50 Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

**ORLANDO**

I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain  
that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my  
brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat  
55 till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.  
Thou hast railed on thyself.

**ADAM**

Sweet masters, be patient. For your father's  
remembrance, be at accord.

**OLIVER**

Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO**

60 I will not till I please. You shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

**OLIVER**

And what wilt thou do—beg when that is spent? Well,  
sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you.  
70 You shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.

**ORLANDO**

I will no further offend you than becomes me for my  
good.

**OLIVER**

Get you with him, you old dog.

**ADAM**

75 Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master. He

**OLIVER**

Do you know where you are, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Oh, sir, I know very well: here in your orchard.

**OLIVER**

Do you know who you're talking to, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, better than the one I'm talking to knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and you should know that I am a born gentleman just like you. According to the rules and customs of nations <sup>2</sup> you are my superior, because you were born first. But those rules can't take from me the blood we share, even if there were twenty brothers born between us. I have as much of my father in me as you do--though, I confess, you are closer to him in age and importance.

<sup>2</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the policy of primogeniture—in which the eldest son inherited his father's whole estate—was in place.

**OLIVER**

What, boy! [He strikes him]

**ORLANDO**

Come, come, elder brother! In fighting at least, you are too inexperienced. [He grabs him]

**OLIVER**

Will you lay hands on me, you villain?

**ORLANDO**

I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father, and anyone who says that his sons are villains is three times a villain. If you weren't my brother, I wouldn't let go of your throat until I had pulled out your tongue for your insolence. You have only insulted yourself.

**ADAM**

Sweet masters, please calm down. Be peaceful, for the sake of your father's memory.

**OLIVER**

Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO**

I won't let you go until I want to. You *will* listen to what I have to say. In his will, my father told you to give me a good education. Instead you have raised me like a peasant, keeping anything from me that might make me a gentleman. But now the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore give me the freedom to act like a gentleman, or give me my rightful share of my father's inheritance—small though it is. With that money I can go seek my fortunes on my own.

**OLIVER**

And what will you do—start begging once you've spent that money? Well, sir, go inside. I won't be troubled with you for long. You will get some of what you want. Now please leave me.

**ORLANDO**

I won't offend you any more than is necessary to ensure I get what I deserve.

**OLIVER**

[To ADAM] You go along with him, you old dog.

**ADAM**

Is this my reward for years of service, to be called "old dog?" It's true that I have grown old and lost my teeth in

would not have spoke such a word.

*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM*

**OLIVER**

Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic  
your rankness and yet give no thousand crowns  
80 neither.—Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS*

**DENNIS**

Calls your Worship?

**OLIVER**

Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak  
with me?

**DENNIS**

So please you, he is here at the door and importunes  
access to you.  
85

**OLIVER**

Call him in.

*Exit DENNIS*

'Twill be a good way, and tomorrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES*

**CHARLES**

Good morrow to your Worship.

**OLIVER**

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new  
court?  
90

**CHARLES**

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news.  
That is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother  
the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put  
themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands  
and revenues enrich the new duke. Therefore he gives  
95 them good leave to wander.

**OLIVER**

Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be  
banished with her father?

**CHARLES**

Oh, no, for the duke's daughter her cousin so loves  
her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that  
she would have followed her exile or have died to stay  
behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of  
her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies  
loved as they do.  
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**OLIVER**

Where will the old duke live?  
105

**CHARLES**

They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a  
many merry men with him; and there they live like the  
old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen  
flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly,  
as they did in the golden world.  
110

your service. God bless my old master, your father. He  
would never have treated me like this.

*ORLANDO and ADAM exit.*

**OLIVER**

Can this be? Are you starting to challenge me? I will cure  
you of your insolence and not give you a thousand crowns  
either. Hey, Dennis!

*DENNIS enters.*

**DENNIS**

Did you call for me, your Worship  ?

 "Your Worship" is an honorific title for a high-ranking gentleman.

**OLIVER**

Hasn't the duke's wrestler Charles come here to speak with  
me?

**DENNIS**

Yes, sir. He is here at the door and asks to see you.

**OLIVER**

Call him in.

*DENNIS exits.*

This will be a good plan, and tomorrow is the wrestling  
match.

*CHARLES enters.*

**CHARLES**

Good morning to your Worship.

**OLIVER**

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the latest news at the new  
palace court?

**CHARLES**

There's no news but the old news, sir. The old duke is still  
banished by his younger brother, the new duke. Three or  
four loyal lords have gone into voluntary exile with the old  
duke. And since the new duke has seized their land and  
money, he is happy to let them wander.

**OLIVER**

Do you know if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, has been  
banished with her father?

**CHARLES**

Oh no, because her cousin, the new duke's daughter, loves  
Rosalind deeply, and they were raised together as children.  
The duke's daughter Celia would have followed Rosalind  
into exile or died of grief at her absence. Rosalind is still at  
the court, where her uncle loves her like she is his own  
daughter, and the cousins love each other like no other  
women before them.

**OLIVER**

Where is the old duke living?

**CHARLES**

They say he is already in the Forest of Arden. He has many  
companions with him, and there they live like Robin Hood 

and his merry men. They say that many young  
gentlemen join him every day. They spend their time  
without a care in the world, the way people lived in the  
golden days.

 Robin Hood and his band were  
outlaws who stole from the rich to  
give to the poor in 13th-century  
England.

**OLIVER**

What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

**CHARLES**

Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and, for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honor if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

**OLIVER**

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't, for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other. For I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

**CHARLES**

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so God keep your Worship.

**OLIVER**

Farewell, good Charles.

*Exit CHARLES*

Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soul—yet I know not why—hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

*Exit*

**OLIVER**

So, are you going to wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

**CHARLES**

Yes, sir, and that's what I came to talk to you about. I have been secretly informed that your younger brother Orlando plans to disguise himself and try to wrestle me. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my reputation, and anyone who escapes me without a broken limb will have done quite well. Your brother is young and inexperienced. And because I love you, I would hate to crush him, which I must do for my honor's sake if we fought. Therefore, out of my love for you, I came here to tell you everything, so that you might either keep him from fighting me, or be prepared for his disgrace, which will be his own fault and entirely against my will.

**OLIVER**

Charles, I thank you for your loyalty to me, and you'll see that I will kindly reward you. I had myself learned of my brother's plan to disguise himself and fight you, and I have already been secretly trying to change his mind, but he won't budge. I tell you, Charles: he is the stubbornest young fellow in France, full of ambition, a jealous mimic of other people's good qualities, and a secret, villainous traitor against me, his own brother. So use your discretion. I would be just as pleased if you broke his neck as his finger. And you'd best watch your back, because if you embarrass him or he doesn't thoroughly beat you, then he'll try to poison you later, or else trap you in some treacherous way. He won't rest until he's had you killed by some indirect means. For I assure you—and I say this almost in tears—there is no one alive so young and so villainous. I can only speak in a kind way about him because he's my brother, but if I were to really describe him as he is, I'd have to blush and weep. And you would grow pale and not even believe me.

**CHARLES**

I am very glad I came here to talk to you. If he tries to wrestle me tomorrow, I'll give him what he deserves. If he can walk on his own after I'm through with him, I'll never wrestle professionally again. Farewell, and God bless your Worship.

**OLIVER**

Farewell, good Charles.

*CHARLES exits.*

Now I will cause trouble for my adventurous brother. I hope this will be the end of him, for my soul hates him more than anything in the world, though I don't know why. He is an upright man--uneducated but very smart--with a noble manner about him. And everyone loves him. Even my own people, who know him best, love him and dislike me. But not for long; this wrestler will fix everything. All that remains is to persuade my brother to wrestle, which I will now do.

*OLIVER exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

### Shakescleare Translation

*CELIA and ROSALIND enter.*

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see—what think you of falling in love?

**CELIA**

Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal, but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

**ROSALIND**

What shall be our sport, then?

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

**CELIA**

'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

**ROSALIND**

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

*Enter TOUCHSTONE*

**CELIA**

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

**CELIA**

Please, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be happy.

**ROSALIND**

Dear Celia, I already look happier than I feel, and you want me to look even happier? Unless you can teach me to forget my banished father, you shouldn't try to teach me to remember any great happiness.

**CELIA**

Now I see that you don't love me as much as I love you. If instead *my* uncle (*your* banished father), had banished *your* uncle (the duke *my* father), I could have learned to love your father as my own as long as you were still with me. You would do the same, if your love for me was as true and well-forged as mine is for you.

**ROSALIND**

Well, then I'll try to forget my situation and instead rejoice in yours.

**CELIA**

You know that I'm your father's only child, and he isn't likely to have another. So when he dies you will be his heir—because whatever he took from your father by force, I will return to you with affection. By my honor I will do this, and if I break this oath let me turn into a monster. So my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be happy.

**ROSALIND**

From now on I will, cousin. And I'll make up games for us to play. Let me see—what do you think about falling in love?

**CELIA**

Oh yes, please do, so we can make a game of it. But don't fall in love with a man in earnest, or take the game too far. Otherwise you won't be able to get out of it easily and with your honor intact.

**ROSALIND**

What game should we play, then?

**CELIA**

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune, until she starts bestowing her gifts more equally.

**ROSALIND**

I wish that we could, for her gifts are indeed wrongly distributed. And Fortune makes the most mistakes in the gifts she gives to women.

**CELIA**

It's true, because the women she makes beautiful she rarely makes chaste. And those that she makes chaste she also makes ugly.

**ROSALIND**

No, now you're getting Fortune and Nature confused. Fortune determines what happens to us, while Nature decides how we're made.

*TOUCHSTONE enters.*

**CELIA**

Really? If Nature has made a beautiful woman, can't Fortune then make her fall into a fire? Even though Nature has given us the wit to mock Fortune, hasn't Fortune then sent in this fool to interrupt our conversation?

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone, for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit, whither wander you?

**TOUCHSTONE**

55 Mistress, you must come away to your father.

**CELIA**

Were you made the messenger?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

Where learned you that oath, fool?

**TOUCHSTONE**

60 Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

65 Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**CELIA**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

70 By my knavery (if I had it), then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

**CELIA**

Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

**TOUCHSTONE**

75 One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

**CELIA**

My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough. Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

Indeed, here Fortune is stronger than Nature. Fortune sends a natural  fool to cut off we two women using our Nature-bestowed wit.

 Here, Rosalind uses the word "natural" in the sense of "deriving from nature," and also "half-witted."

**CELIA**

Although maybe this isn't Fortune's work after all, but Nature's instead. Maybe Nature perceives that we aren't witty enough to be discussing goddesses, so she sent us this fool to sharpen our wits against. The dullness of fools always acts as a sharpening stone for witty people.

*[To TOUCHSTONE]* How are you, you wit? Where are you wandering off to?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Mistress, you must come and see your father.

**CELIA**

Did he make you the messenger?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, by my honor. But I was told to come for you.

**ROSALIND**

Where did you learn to swear "by my honor," fool?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I learned it from a certain knight who swore by his honor that the pancakes he was eating were good, and swore by his honor that the mustard on them was bad. Now, I'll swear that the pancakes were bad and the mustard was good, and yet even so the knight wasn't a liar.

**CELIA**

How are you going to prove that, out of your great heap of knowledge?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, please, now unleash your wisdom.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Both of you come forward now: stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a dishonest man.

**CELIA**

By our beards (if we had them), you are a dishonest man.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And I swear by my dishonesty (if I had it) that I am. But if you swear by something that doesn't exist, then your oath isn't binding. So this knight couldn't swear by his honor, for he never had any honor. Or if he ever did, he had sworn it away long before he ever saw those pancakes and that mustard.

**CELIA**

Do tell, who is this knight that you're referring to?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Someone that old Frederick, your father, loves.

**CELIA**

If he has my father's love, then that is honor enough. Speak no more of him. You'll be whipped for slander one of these days.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It's a pity that fools aren't allowed to speak wisely about what wise men do foolishly.

**CELIA**

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

*Enter LE BEAU*

**ROSALIND**

85 With his mouth full of news.

**CELIA**

Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

**ROSALIND**

Then shall we be news-crammed.

**CELIA**

All the better. We shall be the more marketable.—Bonjour,  
90 Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

**LE BEAU**

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

**CELIA**

Sport? Of what color?

**LE BEAU**

What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

**ROSALIND**

As wit and fortune will.

**TOUCHSTONE**

95 Or as the Destinies decrees.

**CELIA**

Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nay, if I keep not my rank—

**ROSALIND**

Thou loshest thy old smell.

**LE BEAU**

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

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**ROSALIND**

You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

**LE BEAU**

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

105

**CELIA**

Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man and his three sons—

**CELIA**

I swear, you speak the truth. For ever since the fools' small wisdom was silenced, the wise men's small foolishness has become much more apparent. Here comes Sir 2 Le Beau.

 As this play is set in France, the original text makes use of the word "monsieur," the French term of address for men.

*LE BEAU enters.*

**ROSALIND**

With his mouth full of news.

**CELIA**

Which he'll shove down our throats like a pigeon feeding its young.

**ROSALIND**

Then we'll be crammed full of news.

**CELIA**

All the better. We'll be worth more when we're fattened up. Good morning, Sir Le Beau. What's the news?

**LE BEAU**

Fair princess, you've missed some good sport.

**CELIA**

Sport? Of what color?

**LE BEAU**

What color 3, madam? I don't understand. How should I answer that?

3 Celia means "of what kind," when she uses the words "of what color." But Le Beau takes Celia's statement literally.

**ROSALIND**

As your wit and fortune permit you.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Or as the Fates say you should.

**CELIA**

Well said. You laid *that* on thick.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, if I don't perform as I should according to my rank—

**ROSALIND**

You'll lose your old smell 4.

4 Rosalind puns here, interpreting Touchstone's use of the word "rank" as "smell" instead of "social rank."

**LE BEAU**

You confuse me, ladies. I was going to tell you about a good wrestling match, which you have missed.

**ROSALIND**

Tell us what kind of wrestling.

**LE BEAU**

I'll tell you about the beginning, and if it's still interesting to your Ladyships, then you can go see the end. The best is yet to come, and they're coming to perform it right here where you are.

**CELIA**

Well, the beginning is already dead and buried.

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man and his three sons—

**CELIA**

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

**LE BEAU**

Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence.  
110

**ROSALIND**

With bills on their necks: "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

**LE BEAU**

The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler, which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.  
115

**ROSALIND**

120 Alas!

**TOUCHSTONE**

But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

**LE BEAU**

Why, this that I speak of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time  
125 that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

**CELIA**

Or I, I promise thee.

**ROSALIND**

But is there any else longs to see this broken music in  
130 his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

**LE BEAU**

You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

**CELIA**

135 Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and attendants*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

**ROSALIND**

Is yonder the man?

**LE BEAU**

Even he, madam.

**CELIA**

140 Alas, he is too young. Yet he looks successfully.

**CELIA**

It sounds like the beginning of a folk tale.

**LE BEAU**

Three proper young men, all good looking and with charismatic presence—

**ROSALIND**

With signs around their necks saying: "Let it be known to all men by these presents."  
145

5 Rosalind puns again, implying that the young men are criminals, forced to wear signs to announce or "present" their crimes—a common practice of Shakespeare's time.

**LE BEAU**

The eldest of the three brothers wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler, and Charles threw him quickly, breaking three of his ribs. There's not much hope that he will survive. Charles then did the same to the second brother, and then to the third. They're lying over there. And the poor old man, their father, weeps so pitifully over them that all the onlookers are crying too.

**ROSALIND**

Oh my!

**TOUCHSTONE**

But what was the sport, sir, that the ladies missed?

**LE BEAU**

Why, the wrestling I just spoke of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Men must be getting wiser every day. This is the first time I ever heard about rib-breaking as a sport for ladies.

**CELIA**

Me too, I promise you.

**ROSALIND**

But doesn't anyone else want to hear the broken music of breathing through broken ribs? Does anyone else love rib-breaking? Should we go see this wrestling, cousin?

**LE BEAU**

You'll have to if you stay here, as this is the place where the wrestling is scheduled, and they are ready to begin.

**CELIA**

Yes, I see them coming from over there. Let's stay and watch.

*Trumpet music plays. DUKE FREDERICK, lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and attendants enter.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Come on. Since the youth can't be reasoned with, let him suffer for his eagerness.

**ROSALIND**

Is that the man?

**LE BEAU**

Indeed it is, madam.

**CELIA**

140 Oh dear, he is too young. But he looks capable.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you,  
145 there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

**CELIA**

Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

150 Do so. I'll not be by.

*He steps aside.*

**LE BEAU**

Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

**ORLANDO**

I attend them with all respect and duty.

**ROSALIND**

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

**ORLANDO**

No, fair princess. He is the general challenger. I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.  
155

**CELIA**

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself 160 with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

**ROSALIND**

Do, young sir. Your reputation shall not therefore be misprized. We will make it our suit to the duke that the 165 wrestling might not go forward.

**ORLANDO**

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only 170 in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

And mine, to eke out hers.

**ROSALIND**

180 Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How goes it, daughter and niece? Have you snuck over here to see the wrestling?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, my lord, if you'll give us your permission.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You won't enjoy it very much, I can tell you, as the odds are stacked against this man. Because of the challenger's youth, I've been trying to discourage him from fighting. But he won't listen. You speak to him, ladies. See if you can convince him.

**CELIA**

Call him here, good Sir Le Beau.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You go ahead--I won't be here.

*He steps aside.*

**LE BEAU**

Sir Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

**ORLANDO**

I'll wait on them with all respect and duty.

**ROSALIND**

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

**ORLANDO**

No, lovely princess. He is the general challenger. I have only come in, like the others, to test the strength of my youth against him.  
155

**CELIA**

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your age. You have seen the cruel proof of this man's strength. If you would take a step back and look at yourself and then use your judgment, your fear of what you are about to try to do would teach you to find an endeavor more suitable for your abilities. We beg you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give up this attempt.

**ROSALIND**

Please do, young sir. Your reputation won't be hurt. We will beg the duke ourselves that the wrestling match be cancelled.  
160

**ORLANDO**

I beg you, don't punish me by thinking poorly of me, though I confess that I must be guilty if I can deny anything to such beautiful and excellent ladies as you. Instead, may your fair eyes and good wishes support me in this fight. If I'm beaten, then the shame belongs solely to me, a man who was never gracious. And if I'm killed, it will only mean the death of a man already willing to die. I won't be hurting any of my friends, for I have no friends to grieve for me. And I won't be hurting the world, for I have nothing in it. I only take up space in the world, and maybe my space can be filled by someone worthier once I'm gone.  
170

**ROSALIND**

I wish that the little strength I have were with you.

**CELIA**

And mine too, to join hers.

**ROSALIND**

Good luck. I pray to God that I'm wrong about you.  
180

**CELIA**

Your heart's desires be with you.

**CHARLES**

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

**ORLANDO**

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

185

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You shall try but one fall.

**CHARLES**

No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

**ORLANDO**

190 You mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.

**ROSALIND**

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

**CELIA**

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

*They wrestle*

**ROSALIND**

195 O excellent young man!

**CELIA**

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

*CHARLES is thrown. Shout*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

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

200 DUKE FREDERICK How dost thou, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*CHARLES is carried off*

**ORLANDO**

Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

205 DUKE FREDERICK I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteemed thy father honorable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy.  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed  
Hadst thou descended from another house.

210 But fare thee well. Thou art a gallant youth.

**CELIA**

May you get your heart's desires.

**CHARLES**

Come, where is this young show-off who is so eager to lie with his mother earth?

**ORLANDO**

Ready, sir; but I have a more modest desire.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You will only get one round.

**CHARLES**

No, I'm sure your Grace <sup>6</sup> won't be able to convince him to try a second round, just as you couldn't convince him *not* to try a first round.

<sup>6</sup> "Your Grace" is a term used to address royalty and other high-ranking people. It is used much like "your Majesty" or "your Highness."

**ORLANDO**

You should mock me *after* the match, not before. But come on.

**ROSALIND**

Now Hercules <sup>7</sup> give you speed, young man!

<sup>7</sup> Hercules was a famous hero in Greek mythology, known for his strength.

**CELIA**

I wish I were invisible, so I could trip the legs of the strong fellow to help the young man.

*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh, excellent young man!

**CELIA**

If I could shoot thunderbolts from my eyes, I can tell you who would be thrown down.

*ORLANDO defeats CHARLES. Everyone shouts.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

Yes, more, I beg your Grace. I'm hardly warmed up yet.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How are you doing, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Carry him away. What is your name, young man?

*CHARLES is carried off by attendants.*

**ORLANDO**

Orlando, my lord, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

I wish you had been some other man's son. The world admired your father as an honorable man, but he was still my enemy. Your victory would have better pleased me if you came from a different family. But good luck. You are a brave youth. I wish you had told me you had another father.

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU*

**CELIA**

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

**ORLANDO**

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son, and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

215

**ROSALIND**

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

220

**CELIA**

Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him.  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.— Sir, you have well deserved.

225

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

**ROSALIND**

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

230

**CELIA**

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

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

235

**ROSALIND**

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

240

**CELIA**

Will you go, coz?

**ROSALIND**

Have with you. Fare you well.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ORLANDO**

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
245 O poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown.  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

245

*Enter LE BEAU*

**LE BEAU**

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved  
High commendation, true applause, and love,

250

*DUKE FREDERICK, his lords and attendants, and LE BEAU*  
exit.

**CELIA**

Cousin, if I were my father, would I act as he did?

**ORLANDO**

I am proud to be Sir Rowland's son—his youngest son—and  
I wouldn't change that even to be Frederick's adopted heir.

**ROSALIND**

My father loved Sir Rowland like he loved his own soul, and  
the rest of the world shared my father's opinion. If had  
known before that this young man was Sir Rowland's son, I  
would have wept and tried even harder to persuade him  
not to wrestle.

**CELIA**

Dear cousin, let us go thank him and encourage him. My  
father's rough and jealous behavior toward him hurts me in  
my heart.

*[To ORLANDO]* Sir, your victory was well deserved. If you  
keep and exceed your promises in love just as you have  
exceeded your promises in this wrestling match, your wife  
will be a happy woman.

**ROSALIND**

*[Giving him a chain from her neck]* Gentleman, wear this for  
me. I have fallen on hard times, and I wish I could give you  
more.

*[To CELIA]* Should we go, cousin?

**CELIA**

Yes. Good luck, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

*[To himself]* Can I not even say "I thank you?" My better  
nature and good manners are overwhelmed as if they have  
been thrown down in a wrestling match, and what's left of  
me is but a mannequin—just a lifeless block.

**ROSALIND**

He's calling us back. I lost my pride when I lost my fortunes,  
so I'll ask him what he wants.

*[To ORLANDO]* Did you call us, sir? Sir, you wrestled well,  
and defeated more than just your enemies.

**CELIA**

Will you come on, cousin?

**ROSALIND**

Just a second. Farewell.

*ROSALIND and CELIA exit.*

**ORLANDO**

What is this passion that makes my tongue so heavy? I can't  
speak to her, even though she urged me to. Oh, poor  
Orlando! You are defeated. Either Charles or some more  
delicate thing has mastered you.

*LE BEAU enters.*

**LE BEAU**

Good sir, let me advise you, as a friend, to leave this place.  
Although you deserve high praise, true applause, and love,  
right now the duke is misinterpreting all of your actions.

Yet such is now the duke's condition  
That he misconsters all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous. What he is indeed  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you, sir, and pray you tell me this:  
255 Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

**LE BEAU**

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

**ORLANDO**

I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

*Exit LE BEAU*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.  
275 But heavenly Rosalind!

*Exit*

The duke is moody. And what he *really* is I can't say, but I'm  
sure you can figure it out.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you, sir, and ask you to tell me this: which of the two  
ladies at the wrestling match was the daughter of the duke?

**LE BEAU**

Neither is his daughter, if we are only judging whether they  
have inherited his bad manners. But in actuality the smaller  
lady, Celia, is his daughter. The other, Rosalind, is the  
daughter of the banished duke, kept here by her uncle who  
usurped the throne, to keep his daughter company. The  
love between the two cousins is stronger than the natural  
bond between sisters. But I can tell you that lately this duke  
has grown displeased with his refined niece, for no other  
reason than that the people praise her virtues and pity her  
for her good father's sake. I swear on my life, the duke's  
malice against the lady Rosalind will erupt very soon. Sir,  
farewell. Later, in a better world than this one, I would like  
to get to know you and love you better.

**ORLANDO**

I am indebted to you. Farewell.

*LE BEAU exits.*

So now I must go from the frying pan and into the fire, from  
a duke who is a tyrant to my brother who is a tyrant. But oh,  
heavenly Rosalind!

*He exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CELIA**

Why, cousin! Why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy, not a  
word?

**ROSALIND**

Not one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
5 curs.  
Throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

**ROSALIND**

Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one  
should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without  
any.

**CELIA**

10 But is all this for your father?

**ROSALIND**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*CELIA and ROSALIND enter.*

**CELIA**

What's going on, Rosalind?  Cupid have mercy, don't you  
have a word to say?

 Cupid was the ancient Roman god  
of love.

**ROSALIND**

Not even one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

No, your words are too precious to be thrown at dogs.  
Throw some of them at me. Come, injure me with your  
wisdom.

**ROSALIND**

Then there would be two cousins who were injured. One  
would be wounded by wisdom, and the other gone crazy  
because she didn't have any.

**CELIA**

10 But is all this about your father?

**ROSALIND**

No, some of it is for my child's father. Oh, this wearisome  
world is full of thorns!

**CELIA**

They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths our very  
15 petticoats will catch them.

**ROSALIND**

I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

**CELIA**

Hem them away.

**ROSALIND**

I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

**CELIA**

20 Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

**CELIA**

25 Oh, a good wish upon you. You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

**ROSALIND**

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

**ROSALIND**

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

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK with lords*

**CELIA**

With his eyes full of anger.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

**ROSALIND**

40 Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You, cousin. Within these ten days if that thou beest found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

**ROSALIND**

45 I do beseech your Grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me. If with myself I hold intelligence Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

**CELIA**

Cousin, they're just burrs thrown on you in your holiday adventuring. If we don't walk on well-worn paths, even our petticoats will catch them.

**ROSALIND**

I could shake those burrs off of my coat, but these burrs are in my heart.

**CELIA**

Cough them away.

**ROSALIND**

I would try to, if I could cry "ahem"  and have him.

 Rosalind vocalizes a cough here.

**CELIA**

Come, come, wrestle with your feelings and take control of them.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, but my feelings are taking the side of a better wrestler than myself.

**CELIA**

25 Oh, good luck to you then. You will wrestle him eventually, and fall  . But let's put these jokes aside and talk in earnest. Is it possible that could have fallen in love with Sir Rowland's youngest son so suddenly?

 Celia uses the word to "fall" as in "be defeated at wrestling," and also "to have sex."

**ROSALIND**

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

**CELIA**

So does that mean that you must love his son dearly? By this logic I should hate him, for my father hated his father. But I don't hate Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

No, please, don't hate him. For my sake.

**CELIA**

Why shouldn't I? Doesn't he deserve it?

**ROSALIND**

Let me love him because your father hated his father, and you should love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

*DUKE FREDERICK enters with his lords.*

**CELIA**

With his eyes full of anger.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

*[To ROSALIND]* Madam, leave here quickly, while you still can, and get out of my court.

**ROSALIND**

Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You, niece. If you are found within twenty miles of our court in ten days time, you will die for it.

**ROSALIND**

I beg your Grace, let me go with the knowledge of what crime I have committed. If I know my own thoughts and desires, and I'm not dreaming or crazy—which I trust that

If that I do not dream or be not frantic—  
 50 As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,  
 Never so much as in a thought unborn  
 Did I offend your Highness.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Thus do all traitors.  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 55 They are as innocent as grace itself.  
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

**ROSALIND**

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.  
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Thou art thy father's daughter. There's enough.

**ROSALIND**

60 So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.  
 So was I when your Highness banished him.  
 Treason is not inherited, my lord,  
 Or if we did derive it from our friends,  
 What's that to me? My father was no traitor.  
 65 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

**CELIA**

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake.  
 Else had she with her father ranged along.

**CELIA**

70 I did not then entreat to have her stay.  
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse.  
 I was too young that time to value her,  
 But now I know her. If she be a traitor,  
 Why so am I. We still have slept together,  
 75 Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,  
 And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans  
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,  
 Her very silence and her patience  
 80 Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
 Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,  
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.  
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
 85 Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

**CELIA**

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.  
 I cannot live out of her company.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself.  
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honor  
 90 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and lords*

**CELIA**

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
 I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

I'm not—then, dear uncle, I've never had so much as a half-formed thought that could have offended your Highness.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

All traitors say things like this. If they could purge their guilt with words, they would be as innocent as God himself. It should be enough for you to know that I don't trust you.

**ROSALIND**

But your mistrust cannot make me a traitor. Tell me on what grounds you think I'm most likely guilty.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You are your father's daughter. That's enough.

**ROSALIND**

I was also my father's daughter when your Highness took my father's dukedom. And I was his daughter when your Highness banished him. Treason is not inherited, my lord. Even if we could inherit it, what is that to me? My father was no traitor. So, my lord, don't make the mistake of assuming that I'm treacherous just because I'm poor.

**CELIA**

Dear Highness, let me speak.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Yes, Celia, we let her stay here for your sake. Otherwise she would have been banished with her father.

**CELIA**

At that time I didn't ask you to have her stay—it was your own decision, made with compassion. I was too young at the time to value her, but now I really know her. If she is a traitor, then so am I. We always slept together, woken up together, learned, played, and eaten together. Wherever we went, we went together, inseparable like the two swans who pulled Juno's  chariot.

 Juno was the queen of the gods in Roman mythology.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

She is too treacherous, and has deceived you. Her smoothness, her silence, and her patience appeal to the people, who pity her suffering. You are a fool. She robs you of your name, and you will seem brighter and more virtuous once she is gone. So don't open your mouth. The judgment I have passed on her is firm and unchangeable. She is banished.

**CELIA**

Then pronounce that sentence on me as well, my lord. I cannot live without her company.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You are a fool.

*[To ROSALIND] You, niece, prepare yourself to leave. If you stay here longer than I have given you, then upon my honor and on my word as a duke, you will die.*

*DUKE FREDERICK and the lords exit.*

**CELIA**

Oh, my poor Rosalind, where will you go? Can we exchange fathers? I will give you mine. I insist, don't be more grieved than I am.

**ROSALIND**

I have more cause.

**CELIA**

95 Thou hast not, cousin.  
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the duke  
Hath banished me, his daughter?

**ROSALIND**

That he hath not.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

Why, whither shall we go?

**CELIA**

110 To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

115 I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
The like do you. So shall we pass along  
And never stir assailants.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

**ROSALIND**

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
130 But what will you be called?

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**ROSALIND**

I have more reason to be grieved.

**CELIA**

You do not, cousin. Please, be cheerful. Don't you realize  
that the duke has also banished me, his daughter?

**ROSALIND**

No he has not.

**CELIA**

No, he hasn't? In that case you lack the love that would  
teach you that you and I are one. Will we be separated?  
Should we part, sweet girl? No, let my father find another  
heir instead. Therefore plan with me how we may escape,  
where to go, and what to take with us. Don't try to take all  
this upon yourself, to bear your grief alone and leave me  
out. I swear by the heavens--which have grown pale in  
sympathy with our sorrows--that I will go along with you no  
matter what you say.

**ROSALIND**

Well, where will we go then?

**CELIA**

To find my uncle--your father--in the Forest of Arden.

**ROSALIND**

But it will be very dangerous for us to travel so far as two  
girls alone. Beauty attracts thieves even more than money  
does.

**CELIA**

I'll put on some poor and ragged clothes and smear my face  
with dirt. You do the same thing. Then we can pass by and  
not attract any attackers.

**ROSALIND**

Wouldn't it be better, since I am unusually tall, if I just  
dressed myself from head to foot like a man? I can wear a  
sword in my belt, carry a boar-hunting spear in my hand,  
and keep all my womanly fear hidden in my heart. We'll  
keep up a swaggering, warlike appearance, like so many  
other cowardly men who hide their feelings behind their  
outward appearance.

**CELIA**

What should I call you when you are a man?

**ROSALIND**

I'll take no less of a name than that of Jove's own cup-  
bearer. So make sure to call me [Ganymede](#)<sup>5</sup>. But what  
will you be called?

<sup>5</sup> In Greek mythology, Zeus (otherwise known as Jove) kidnapped the beautiful Trojan youth Ganymede to serve the gods.

**CELIA**

Something that references my current state. I'll no longer  
be Celia, but rather [Aliena](#).<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Celia's alias refers to her soon-to-be "alienation" from her former home and father.

**ROSALIND**

Cousin, what if we took that clownish fool from your  
father's court and brought him with us? Wouldn't he be a  
comfort during our travels?

**CELIA**

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

140

*Exeunt***CELIA**

He would travel all over the wide world for me. Leave it to me to persuade him. Let's go and gather our jewels and wealth together, and plan the best time and safest way to avoid the people that will chase after us when my absence is discovered. And now we go, happily, to liberty—not to banishment.

*They exit.***Act 2, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS, like foresters*

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

5

10

15

**AMIENS**

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

20

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

25

**FIRST LORD**

Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And in that kind swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.  
30 Today my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag  
35 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt  
Did come to languish. And indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
40 Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase. And thus the hairy fool,  
Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

30

35

40

**Shakescleare Translation**

*DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS enter,  
dressed like forest-dwellers.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Now, my companions and brothers in exile, hasn't our long experience shown this simple life to be sweeter than one of superficial luxury? Aren't these woods less dangerous than the jealousies and treachery of the court? Out here we don't feel the penalty resulting from Adam's sin--the changing seasons. When the icy fangs of the scolding winter wind bite and blow upon my body--even though I shiver with cold--I smile and say to myself: "The wind isn't flattering me. It is like a counselor who makes me feel what I truly am." Adversity has sweet benefits, just like the ugly, venomous toad who wears a precious jewel in his forehead



According to folklore, poisonous toads grew jewels in their foreheads that had medicinal properties.

. And in this new life, far away from society, we can hear the voices of the trees, read books in the running brooks, hear sermons in the stones, and find the good in everything.

**AMIENS**

I wouldn't exchange it for anything. Your Grace, you are lucky to be able to translate your misfortune into such a quiet, happy lifestyle.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Come, should we go and kill some deer for dinner?  
Although it bothers me that these poor spotted innocents--who are the native inhabitants of this uninhabited city--should be gored with arrowheads in their own home.

**FIRST LORD**

Indeed, my lord, the melancholy Jaques grieves at the same thing, and he swears that when you hunt deer you are in fact a worse usurper than your brother who banished you. Today my Lord of Amiens and I snuck up behind Jaques as he lay under an oak tree, whose ancient roots peek out from the earth near the brook that bubbles through this forest. A poor, lonely stag--who had been separated from his herd and hurt by a hunter's arrow--came to rest in that same place. And indeed, my lord, the wretched animal groaned so heavily that he seemed to stretch his leather hide almost to bursting, and big, round tears ran pitifully down his innocent nose. And so the hairy, pitiful creature--watched carefully by the melancholy Jaques--stood on the very edge of the swift brook and added his tears to its flow.

**DUKE SENIOR**

45 But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

**FIRST LORD**

Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
50 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend,  
"Tis right," quoth he. "Thus misery doth part  
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,  
55 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.  
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
60 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
65 In their assigned and native dwelling place.

**DUKE SENIOR**

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

**SECOND LORD**

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**FIRST LORD**

I'll bring you to him straight.

*Exeunt*

**DUKE SENIOR**

But what did Jaques say? Didn't he find some moral in this scene?

**FIRST LORD**

Oh yes, he translated it into a thousand similes. First he spoke about the deer weeping needlessly into the stream's water. "Poor deer," he said, "you make your will and testament just like humans do, and leave what you have to something that already has too much." Then, about the deer being alone, abandoned by his velvety friends, he said: "It is right that misery should separate itself from company." Soon after a carefree herd of deer--their stomachs full of pasture grass--jumped past without stopping to greet the wounded stag. "Yes," said Jaques, "hurry on, you fat and citizens, ready to be hunted. This is just the way life is. Why should you stop and look at that poor, broken, bankrupt creature there?" In this way, with bitter criticism, he pierced the heart of the country, the city, the court, and even our lives here in the woods--swearing that we are only usurpers and tyrants, frightening and killing the animals in their own rightful dwelling places.

**DUKE SENIOR**

And did you leave him in this state of contemplation?

**SECOND LORD**

We did, my lord, as he wept and commented on the sobbing deer.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Show me the place where this happened. I love to talk with him when he's in these melancholy moods, for then he's full of things to say.

**FIRST LORD**

I'll bring you to him right away.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be. Some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

**FIRST LORD**

I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
5 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber  
Saw her abed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

**SECOND LORD**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS enter.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Can it be possible that no man saw them leave? It cannot be. Some villains in my court must be complicit in this.

**FIRST LORD**

I cannot find anyone that saw her leave. The ladies who attend her in her rooms helped her into bed last night, but in the early morning they found the bed empty of their mistress.

**SECOND LORD**

My lord, the base clown--whom your Grace used to laugh at so often--is also missing. And Hisperia, the Princess's servant, confesses that she secretly overhead your daughter and her cousin praising the good looks and manners of the wrestler who recently defeated the muscular Charles. And she believes that wherever they have gone, that young man is surely with them.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

*Exeunt***DUKE FREDERICK**

Send a message to his brother. Fetch that pretty-boy Orlando here. If he is absent, then bring his brother to me. I'll make Oliver find Orlando. Do this immediately, and don't let your searching and questioning falter until you've brought home these foolish runaways.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

**Shakespeare***Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting***ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

What, my young master, O my gentle master,  
O my sweet master, O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?  
5 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny prizer of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
10 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
Oh, what a world is this when what is comely  
15 Envenoms him that bears it!

**ORLANDO**

Why, what's the matter?

**ADAM**

O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors. Within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.  
20 Your brother—no, no brother—yet the son—  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son—  
Of him I was about to call his father  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
25 And you within it. If he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

**ORLANDO**

30 Why, whither, Adam, wouldest thou have me go?

**ADAM**

No matter whither, so you come not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, wouldest thou have me go and beg my food,  
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
35 This I must do, or know not what to do.  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

**Shakescleare Translation***ORLANDO and ADAM enter from opposite sides of the stage and meet.***ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

My young master; oh, my gentle master; oh, my sweet master; oh, you living memory of old Sir Rowland! Why, what are you doing here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And why are you noble, strong, and brave? Why would you be so foolish as to beat the moody duke's prized wrestler? Praise of your victory has reached home before you did. Don't you know, master, that to some men their good qualities serve them only as enemies? Yours are like this. Noble master, your virtues are both blessed and holy traitors to you. Oh, what a world this is, when what is good in a man poisons him!

**ORLANDO**

Why, what's the matter?

**ADAM**

Oh, unlucky young man: don't walk through these doors. Under this roof lives a man who is the enemy of all your good qualities. Your brother—no, no brother of yours—yet the son, but not the son, I will not call him son—of the man I was about to call his father. He has heard of your success, and tonight he plans to burn down the hut where you usually sleep, with you inside it. And if he fails at that, he will find other ways to kill you. I overheard him and his plans. This is no place for you. This house is now a slaughterhouse. Hate it, fear it, do not enter it.

**ORLANDO**

Well, where would you suggest I go then, Adam?

**ADAM**

It doesn't matter where, as long as it isn't here.

**ORLANDO**

What, would you have me go and beg for my food, or use a lowly, rough sword to lead a life of thievery on the common road? That's what I'll have to do, because I don't know what else I could do. And yet that is something I won't do, no matter what. I would rather give myself up to the hatred of an estranged, violent brother.

**ADAM**

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold.  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood  
Nor did not with unashamed forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you.  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

**ORLANDO**

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that do choke their service up  
Even with the having. It is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways. We'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

**ADAM**

Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek,  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week.  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt***ADAM**

But don't do that. I have five hundred gold coins, which I carefully saved while working under your father. I kept it so it would be a retirement fund for when my old body grew lame with service and lay forgotten in some corner. Take this money, and God—who feeds the ravens and provides for the sparrows—will comfort me as well in my old age. Here is the gold. All this I give to you. Let me be your servant. Though I look old, I'm still strong and healthy, since in my youth I never drank alcohol, or lived dangerously in a way that would court weakness and injury through foolishness. Therefore my old age is like a strong, vigorous winter: frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you. I'll do everything a younger man could do for you regarding your business and needs.

**ORLANDO**

Oh, good old man, you are a prime example of the work ethic of the old days, when people worked for duty, not just for money. You are not made for these present times, where no one will work except for a promotion, and when they have that, they stop working. But, poor old man, with me you are pruning a rotten tree that cannot yield even a single blossom, no matter how hard and well you work. But come. We'll go along together, and we'll find some way to make a modest living before we've spent all the money you saved in your youth.

**ADAM**

Master, go on, and I will follow you to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. I have lived in this house from age seventeen to now, almost eighty, but now I will live here no more. Many seek their fortunes at age seventeen, but eighty is a bit late for that. Yet fortune cannot reward me better than to die well, without owing my master anything.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 4

**Shakespeare**

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and TOUCHSTONE*

**ROSALIND**

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**Shakescleare Translation**

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), CELIA (disguised as Aliena), and TOUCHSTONE enter.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh Jove , my spirit is worn out!

 In the original text, Rosalind invokes Jupiter, also known as Jove, who was king of the gods in Roman mythology.

**TOUCHSTONE**

I wouldn't care about my spirit, if my legs weren't so tired.

**ROSALIND**

I could insult my manly clothes by crying like a woman  .  
But instead I must comfort my weaker feminine side, just as the man's jacket and breeches must act brave for the woman's petticoat. Therefore have courage, good Aliena.

 Here, Rosalind plays with gender stereotypes common in Shakespeare's day, mingling "weak" "feminine" traits with masculine ones.

**CELIA**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

10

**ROSALIND**

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

15

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS*

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

**CORIN**

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

**SILVIUS**

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

**CORIN**

20

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

**SILVIUS**

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

25

**CORIN**

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.  
30 If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress's praise,  
35 Thou hast not loved.  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.  
O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

40

Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

**CELIA**

Please bear with me. I can't go any further.

**TOUCHSTONE**

As for me, I'd rather bear with you than bear you <sup>3</sup>. But if I did carry you it would be no cross <sup>4</sup> to bear, because I think you have no money in your purse.

<sup>3</sup> Here, Touchstone means "bear" in the sense of "carry."

<sup>4</sup> Touchstone means a "cross" as a burden, but also an Elizabethan coin stamped with a cross.

**ROSALIND**

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Yes, now I am in Arden, which makes me even more of a fool. When I was at home, I was in a better place. But travelers must be content with what they can get.

**ROSALIND**

Yes, be content, good Touchstone.

*CORIN and SILVIUS enter.*

Look who's coming this way--a young man and an old man having a serious discussion.

**CORIN**

That's only going to make her keep scorning you.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, Corin, if you only knew how much I love her!

**CORIN**

I can probably guess, as I have been in love before.

**SILVIUS**

No, Corin, being old, you cannot guess—even if in your youth you were as true a lover as ever sighed into your pillow all night long. But if your love was anything like mine—and I'm sure that no man has ever loved as I do—tell me how many ridiculous actions did your desires lead you to perform?

**CORIN**

A thousand, but I have forgotten them all.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, then you never loved as fully as I do. If you cannot remember even the smallest foolish act that love drove you to, then you have not loved. Or if you have not sat as I do now, wearying your listener with the praise of your beloved, then you have not loved. Or if you have not broken away from all company, as my passion now leads me to do, then you have not loved. Oh Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

*SILVIUS exits.*

**ROSALIND**

Alas, poor shepherd, hearing you describe your injured heart has reminded me of my own lovelorn suffering.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile. And I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chpped hands had milked. And I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers. But as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

**ROSALIND**

Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

**ROSALIND**

55 Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And mine, but it grows something stale with me.

**CELIA**

I pray you, one of you question yond man, if he for gold will give us any food. I faint almost to death.

**TOUCHSTONE**

60 *[to CORIN]* Holla, you clown!

**ROSALIND**

Peace, fool. He's not thy kinsman.

**CORIN**

Who calls?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Your betters, sir.

**CORIN**

Else are they very wretched.

**ROSALIND**

65 Peace, I say. —Good even to you, friend.

**CORIN**

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

**ROSALIND**

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed. 70 Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed, And faints for succor.

**CORIN**

Fair sir, I pity her  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.  
75 But I am shepherd to another man  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.  
My master is of churlish disposition  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.  
80 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,

**TOUCHSTONE**

And mine as well. I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone and told the sword to "take that" for coming at night to visit Jane Smile. And I remember kissing Jane's washing stick, and the cow's udders that her pretty chapped hands had milked. And I remember wooing a peapod, and taking two peas from it and giving them to her, and tearfully asking her to "Wear these for my sake" 5. We who are true lovers do many strange things. But just as everything in nature is mortal, so all lovers show their humanity through their foolishness.

5 Folklore held that giving a beloved a peapod, or "cod," could win that person's love. Touchstone could also be punning on "cod" as Elizabethan slang for "testicle."

**ROSALIND**

Your words are wiser than you are aware of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, I will never be aware of my own wit, until I break my shins against it.

**ROSALIND**

Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion is much like my own.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And mine too, but I am getting somewhat tired of it.

**CELIA**

Please, one of you go ask that man if he will sell us any food for gold. I am fainting almost to death with hunger.

**TOUCHSTONE**

*[To CORIN]* Hey, you clown!

**ROSALIND**

Quiet, you fool. He's not a clown like you.

**CORIN**

Who calls?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Your superior, sir.

**CORIN**

If they weren't my superiors, they would have to be very wretched.

**ROSALIND**

*[To TOUCHSTONE]* Quiet, I say.

*[To CORIN]* Good evening to you, friend.

**CORIN**

And to you, noble sir, and to you all.

**ROSALIND**

Please, shepherd, if kindness or gold can buy food and lodging in this uninhabited place, lead us to where we can rest ourselves and eat. With us here is a young lady who is very weary from traveling and faint with hunger.

**CORIN**

Good-looking sir, I pity her and wish, for her sake more than my own, that I was better able to help her. But I am the hired shepherd of another man, and I do not shear the wool from the sheep I tend. 6 My master is a stingy man and doesn't care to get to heaven by doing things that are hospitable. Besides, his cottage, his flocks, and his pastures are now for sale. And because he's away right now, there's nothing to eat at our cottage. But let's see what we can find, and as far as I have any influence, you will be most welcome.

6 Corin explains that he only tends sheep, and doesn't make any profit other than his meager pay as a shepherd.

By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

**ROSALIND**

85 What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

**CORIN**

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying anything.

**ROSALIND**

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
90 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

**CELIA**

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

**CORIN**

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.  
Go with me. If you like upon report  
95 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

*Exeunt*

**ROSALIND**

Who is the person who wants to buy the flock and pasture?

**CORIN**

That young shepherd you saw here just a little while ago,  
but in truth he hardly cares about buying anything.

**ROSALIND**

I ask you--if it can be honorably done--please buy the  
cottage, the pasture, and the flock, and we will give you the  
money to pay for it.

**CELIA**

And we will improve your wages. I like this place, and would  
willingly spend my time here.

**CORIN**

The thing will certainly be sold. Come with me. If you like  
what you see of the land, its potential profit, and this  
shepherd's life, then I will be your faithful servant and buy it  
with your gold immediately.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 5

**Shakespeare**

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others*

**AMIENS**

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

**JAQUES**

10 More, more, I prithee, more.

**AMIENS**

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

**JAQUES**

I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck  
melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I  
prithee, more.

**AMIENS**

15 My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

**JAQUES**

I do not desire you to please me. I do desire you to  
sing.  
Come, more, another stanza. Call you 'em "stanzos?"

**AMIENS**

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

**Shakescleare Translation**

*AMIENS, JAQUES, and some others enter.*

**AMIENS**

[Singing]  
*Who wants to lie with me,  
Under the greenwood tree,  
And tune his merry notes  
To the sweet bird's singing,  
Come here, come here, come here.  
Here he will see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.*

**JAQUES**

More, more, please, more.

**AMIENS**

It will make you sad, Sir Jaques.

**JAQUES**

I will be glad about that. More, please, more. I can suck  
sadness out of a song like a weasel sucks the yolk out of an  
egg. More, please, more.

**AMIENS**

My voice has grown ragged. I know it won't please you.

**JAQUES**

I don't want you to please me. I want you to sing. Come,  
more, another verse. Is that what you call them, "verses?"

**AMIENS**

Call them what you want, Sir Jaques.

**JAQUES**

20 Nay, I care not for their names. They owe me nothing.  
Will you sing?

**AMIENS**

More at your request than to please myself.

**JAQUES**

Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you.  
But that they call "compliment" is like th' encounter of  
25 two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily,  
methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the  
beggarly thanks. Come, sing. And you that will not, hold  
your tongues.

**AMIENS**

Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the  
30 duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this  
day to look you.

**JAQUES**

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too  
disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as  
he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them.  
35 Come, warble, come.

**EVERYONE**

[singing]  
*Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' th' sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
40 And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.*

**JAQUES**

45 I'll give you a verse to this note that I made  
yesterday in despite of my invention.

**AMIENS**

And I'll sing it. [taking paper from JAQUES] Thus it  
goes:  
*If it do come to pass  
50 That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.  
Here shall he see  
55 Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.*

**AMIENS**

What's that "duc dame"?

**JAQUES**

'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.  
I'll go sleep if I can. If I cannot, I'll rail against  
60 all the first-born of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

And I'll go seek the duke. His banquet is prepared.

*Exeunt severally*

**JAQUES**

No, the only names I care about are those of people who  
owe me money. Will you sing?

**AMIENS**

Only because you ask me, not to please myself.

**JAQUES**

Well then, if I've ever thanked any man, I'll thank you. But  
two men complimenting each other are like two baboons  
scratching each others' backs: insincere politeness. When a  
man thanks me heartily for a compliment, it feels like I have  
given a beggar a penny and in return he thanks me far too  
much. Come, sing. And those of you who won't sing, stay  
quiet.

**AMIENS**

Well, I'll sing the end of the song.

*[To the others] Sirs, you set the table in the meantime; the  
duke will drink under this tree.*

*[To JAQUES] He has been looking for you all day.*

**JAQUES**

And I have been avoiding him all day. He is too  
argumentative for my company. I think about just as many  
things as he does, but I thank heaven for them instead of  
boasting about them. Come, sing, come.

**EVERYONE**

[Singing]  
*Whoever shuns ambition  
And loves to live in the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
40 And pleased with what he gets,  
Come here, come here, come here.  
Here he will see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.*

**JAQUES**

I'll give you a verse I wrote for this tune yesterday, though  
it's not very imaginative.

**AMIENS**

And I'll sing it. [Taking a paper from JAQUES] It goes like  
this:  
*If it should come to pass  
That any man turns into an ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
To please his stubborn will,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.  
Here he will see  
55 Fools as vulgar as he,  
If he will come to me.*

**AMIENS**

What does "duc dame" mean?

1 "Ducdame" is probably just  
nonsense syllables, but Jaques uses  
them to make fun of the noblemen  
accompanying Duke Senior.

**JAQUES**

It's a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.2. I'm  
going to sleep, if I can. If I can't, I'll curse all the first-born  
children of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

And I'll go seek the duke. His meal is ready.

*They all exit in different directions.*

## Act 2, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*

#### ADAM

Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food.  
Here lie  
I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

#### ORLANDO

Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable. Hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said. Thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

*Exeunt*

### Shakescleare Translation

*ORLANDO and ADAM enter.*

#### ADAM

Dear master, I can't go any further. Oh, I'm dying of hunger. I will lie down here and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

#### ORLANDO

Why, what's this now, Adam? Don't you have a braver heart than that? Live a little, comfort yourself a little, cheer up a little. If this wild forest has any animals in it, I will either be food for them or bring them as food for you. Your body isn't close to death. It's only your imagination. For my sake, be comfortable. Keep death at arm's length a while. I will be back with you soon, and if I don't bring you something to eat, then I will give you permission to die. But if you die before I return, then you will be mocking my effort to help you. I said that well: you look more cheerful already, and I'll be back quickly. But you're lying in the cold. Come, I will carry you to some shelter, and you won't die for lack of dinner if there is anything alive and edible in this uninhabited forest. Cheer up, good Adam.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS like outlaws.*

#### DUKE SENIOR

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

#### FIRST LORD

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

#### DUKE SENIOR

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

*Enter JAQUES*

#### FIRST LORD

He saves my labor by his own approach.

#### DUKE SENIOR

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

#### JAQUES

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS enter, dressed like outlaws.*

#### DUKE SENIOR

I think he must have transformed into an animal, because I cannot find him anywhere looking like a man.

#### FIRST LORD

My lord, he just left from here. Here he was happy, listening to a song.

#### DUKE SENIOR

If that man, who is made up of internal conflict, should become musical, then we will soon have discord among even the planets.  Go find him. Tell him I would speak with him.

 Duke Senior's comment references the idea that the planets all moved in relative proportion to each other, in harmony comparable to music.

*JAQUES enters.*

#### FIRST LORD

He saves me the trouble by coming here himself.

#### DUKE SENIOR

Why, what's going on, sir? What a life is this that your poor friends must come begging for your company? Hmm...you look happy.

#### JAQUES

A fool, a fool, I met a fool in the forest, a jester dressed in mixed colors. What a miserable world! As sure as I live off of food, I met a fool who was lying down and basking in the sun, complaining against Lady Fortune using good, well-practiced language, and yet he was a professional fool.

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,  
 "Call me not 'fool' till heaven hath sent me fortune."  
 20 And then he drew a dial from his poke  
 And, looking on it with lackluster eye,  
 Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.  
 Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.  
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
 25 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.  
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 30 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer  
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
 And I did laugh sans intermission  
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

**DUKE SENIOR**

35 What fool is this?

**JAQUES**

O worthy fool!— One that hath been a courtier  
 And says, "If ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it." And in his brain,  
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
 40 After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms. Oh, that I were a fool!  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Thou shalt have one.

**JAQUES**

45 It is my only suit,  
 Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 50 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.  
 And they that are most gallèd with my folly,  
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
 The "why" is plain as way to parish church:  
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
 55 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomized  
 Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.  
 Invest me in my motley. Give me leave  
 60 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldest do.

**JAQUES**

What, for a counter, would I do but good?

**DUKE SENIOR**

65 Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin,  
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself,  
 And all th' embossèd sores and headed evils  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught  
 70 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

**JAQUES**

Why, who cries out on pride  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea

"Good morning, fool," I said. "No, sir," he said, "Don't call me 'fool' until heaven has sent me my fortune." And then he pulled a sundial from his pocket and, looking at it gravely, said very wisely, "It is ten o'clock. So we may see," he said, "how the world moves. It was nine only an hour ago, and in one more hour it will be eleven. And so from hour to hour we ripen and ripen, and from hour to hour we rot and rot, and there's a story in all this." When I heard that fool moralizing about time in this way, I began to laugh and exclaim like a rooster. That fools should be so contemplative made me laugh without a break for a full hour, as recorded by the fool's sundial. Oh, noble fool! A worthy fool! Jester's clothing is the only thing to wear.

**DUKE SENIOR**

What fool is this?

**JAQUES**

Oh, worthy fool!

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* A fool who has been at court, and who says, "If ladies are young and fair, they also always know it." He has a brain as dry  as a sailor's biscuit after a voyage, and he has crammed strange parts of it with observations, which he expresses in a twisted, roundabout way. Oh, I wish I were a fool! My ambition is to wear a jester's coat.

 In Shakespeare's time, dryness had associations with learning and knowledge retention.

**DUKE SENIOR**

You will have one then.

**JAQUES**

It is the only suit I will wear, and the only request I will make too, as long as you will rid yourself of any wild-growing ideas that I am wise. Along with my jester's suit, I must have the freedom--like the wind--to blow my satiric comments on anyone I please, just like real fools do. And whoever is most wounded by my foolishness also has to laugh the most. And why, sir, must he? The answer is as plain as the path to a parish church: any man a fool happens to satirize would be foolish (even if he's smart) not to pretend to ignore the barbed joke. Otherwise, the wise man's foolishness would be exposed even by jokes not meant to mock him. Dress me up in jester's clothes. Give me permission to speak my mind, and I will through and through cleanse the sick body of the infected world—if it can accept my medicine.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Curse you! I know what you would do.

**JAQUES**

I'll give you a penny if you tell me: what would I do besides good?

**DUKE SENIOR**

You would be committing a mischievous, foul sin by criticizing other people's sins. For you yourself have been a shameless sinner--as lustful as carnal appetite itself. And all the swollen boils and pimples of sin that you acquired in your free roaming you would now burst and return to the general public.

**JAQUES**

Why, if I cry out against pride in general, should that mean that I'm criticizing a particular person? Doesn't pride flow as much as a moving sea, which exhausts even its own

Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
 75 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say the city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she such is her neighbor?  
 80 Or what is he of basest function  
 That says his bravery is not of my cost,  
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then. How then, what then? Let me see wherein  
 85 My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,  
 Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,  
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies  
 Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn*

**ORLANDO**

Forbear, and eat no more.

**JAQUES**

90 Why, I have eat none yet.

**ORLANDO**

Nor shalt not till necessity be served.

**JAQUES**

Of what kind should this cock come of?

**DUKE SENIOR**

Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 95 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

**ORLANDO**

You touched my vein at first. The thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
 Of smooth civility, yet am I inland bred  
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.  
 100 He dies that touches any of this fruit  
 Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

**JAQUES**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

**ORLANDO**

105 I almost die for food, and let me have it.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

**ORLANDO**

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

source? Am I naming any specific woman of the city when I say that the clothes a city-woman wears are rich enough for a prince? Who can come in and say that I mean her specifically, when all her neighbors are the same? Or if some low-ranking man tells me that his fancy clothes are none of my business, then isn't he just admitting that his foolishness is exactly what I'm talking about? Well then. How then, what then? Tell me how my words have wronged him. If they describe him accurately, then he has done wrong himself. If they don't describe him, why, then my criticisms fly past like a wild goose, unclaimed by any man. But who is this coming?

*ORLANDO enters, with his sword drawn.*

**ORLANDO**

Stop, and eat no more.

**JAQUES**

Why, I haven't eaten anything yet.

**ORLANDO**

And you won't until what has to be done is done.

**JAQUES**

What kind of fighting rooster is this?

**DUKE SENIOR**

Are you acting so boldly, man, because you are in distress?  
 Or do you just despise good manners, that you should seem  
 so lacking in civility?

**ORLANDO**

You described me right the first time. The painful thorn of  
 distress has robbed me of the performance of good  
 manners, though I was raised in civilized society and had a  
 proper upbringing. But stop, I say. Whoever touches this  
 fruit before my business is taken care of will die.

**JAQUES**

If you won't listen to reason, then I must die.

**DUKE SENIOR**

What do you want? Your gentlemanly manners will  
 persuade us to act, more than your force will persuade us to  
 act gentlemanly.

**ORLANDO**

I am almost dying with hunger, so let me have some food.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Sit down and eat, and welcome to our table.

**ORLANDO**

Do you really speak like such a gentleman? Forgive me, I  
 beg you. I thought that everything in this forest was savage  
 and wild, so I made myself act stern and demanding. But  
 whoever you are—you who sit under the shade of gloomy  
 branches, losing track of the creeping hours of time in this  
 inaccessible wilderness—if you have ever seen better days,  
 or ever heard bells calling you to church, or ever sat at a  
 good man's table for a feast, or ever wiped a tear from your  
 eyes; if you know what it is to pity and be pitied, then let my  
 gentle manners persuade you. In the hope of this, I will  
 blush at my former rudeness, and put away my sword.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ORLANDO**

I thank you; and be blessed for your good comfort.

*Exit*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.  
This wide and universal theater  
140 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

**JAQUES**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
145 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
150 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
155 Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
160 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloons  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
165 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childhood and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Enter ORLANDO bearing ADAM*

**DUKE SENIOR**

170 Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
And let him feed.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you most for him.

**DUKE SENIOR**

It is true that we have seen better days, and have been summoned to church by the ringing of holy bells, and have sat at good men's feasts, and have wiped away tears caused by sacred pity. Therefore sit down with us and ask for whatever it is you need, so that we may provide it.

**ORLANDO**

Then if you will please stop eating for a little while, I--like a mother deer--will go find my fawn and give it food. There is a poor old man who has limped after me for many weary miles, purely out of love. He is oppressed by two evils, age and hunger, and until he gets food I won't eat a bit.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Go find him, and we won't eat anything until you return.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you, and God bless you for your kind hospitality.

*He exits.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

You see that we are not the only unhappy ones here. This wide and universal theater presents more sad plays than just the small scene we are acting in.

**JAQUES**

The whole world is a stage, and all the men and women merely actors. They have their exits and their entrances, and in his lifetime one man plays many parts, with the ages of his life in seven acts. In the first act he is the infant, crying and puking in the nurse's arms. Then he plays the whining schoolboy with his book bag and bright youthful face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school. And then he is the lover, sighing like a furnace and writing sad songs about his beloved's eyebrows. Then he is a soldier, full of foreign curses and bearded like a leopard, quick to fight and jealously responding to any slight to his honor, seeking fleeting fame and reputation even if it means putting himself in front of the cannon's mouth. Then he plays the judge, with a nice round belly lined with the bribes he's taken, with stern eyes and a beard cut to a respectable shape, full of wise sayings and everyday examples of his points; and in this way he plays his part. In the sixth act he shifts into the skinny, ridiculous old man, wearing slippers on his feet, glasses on his nose, and a money bag at his side. The stockings he has saved since his youth are now way too wide for his shriveled legs, and his big manly voice becomes like a child's voice, squeaking and whistling. In the last scene of all, which ends this strange, eventful story, the man enters his second childhood and goes mentally blank--without teeth, without eyes, without taste, without everything.

*ORLANDO enters, carrying ADAM.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome. Set down your honorable old burden, and let the old man eat.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you very much on his behalf.

**ADAM**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**AMIENS**

[sings]  
*Blow, blow, thou winter wind.  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.*  
185 *Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot.  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.*  
195 *Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
This life is most jolly.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
200 As you have whispered faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limned and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke  
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune  
205 Go to my cave and tell me.— Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

*Exeunt***ADAM**

As you need to, for I can barely speak to thank you for myself.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome. Start eating. I won't trouble you with questions about your situation yet.

[To AMIENS] Now give us some music, and, good cousin 3, sing for us.

3 In Shakespeare's time, "cousin" was used to express kinship, and may not express a familial relationship by blood here.

**AMIENS**

[Singing]  
*Blow, blow, you winter wind.  
You are not as cruel  
As man's ingratitude.  
Your teeth are not so sharp,  
For you cannot be seen,  
Although your breath is harsh.  
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, sing to the green holly.  
Most friendship is false, most love is only folly.  
Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
This life is so jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, you bitter sky,  
Your bite is not as piercing  
As when good deeds are forgotten.  
Though you can freeze the waters,  
Your sting is not as sharp  
As a friend who is forgotten.  
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, sing to the green holly.  
Most friendship is false, most love is only folly.  
Then heigh-ho, the holly.  
This life is so jolly.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

If you really are the good Sir Rowland's son, as you convincingly whispered that you are—and as I can see his likeness perfectly portrayed and alive in your face—you are truly welcome here. I am the duke who loved your father. Come to my cave and tell me the rest of what has happened to you.

[To ADAM] Good old man, you are just as welcome as your master is.

[To ORLANDO] Support him with your arm. Give me your hand, and explain your situation.

*They all exit.***Act 3, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**Shakescleare Translation**

DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER enter.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You haven't seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be true. If I weren't so merciful, I would forget about your absent brother and take my revenge on you in his place. But do this: find your brother, wherever he is. Seek him without resting. Bring him to me, dead or alive, within the next year, or else you can give up ever living in my territory again. Until you find your brother--and he gives some testimony to defend you from my accusations--I am seizing all your lands and possessions of any value.

**OLIVER**

Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:  
I never loved my brother in my life.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

*Exeunt*

**OLIVER**

Oh, I wish that your Highness knew my true feelings about  
this. I have never loved my brother in my life.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Then you are even more of a villain.

[*To the LORDS*] Well, throw him out. And have my officers  
make an inventory of his house and lands, and take  
possession of them. Do this immediately, and get him  
going.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper*

**ORLANDO**

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

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

**CORIN**

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master  
Touchstone?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good  
life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is  
15 naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very  
well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very  
vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it  
pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court,  
it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits  
20 my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it  
goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in  
thee, shepherd?

**CORIN**

No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse  
at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and  
25 content is without three good friends; that the  
property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good  
pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the  
night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no  
wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or  
30 comes of a very dull kindred.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in  
court, shepherd?

**CORIN**

No, truly.

### Shakescleare Translation

*ORLANDO enters, holding a paper.*

**ORLANDO**

Hang there on this tree, you verse of my poetry, as a  
witness for my love. And you, goddess  Diana, queen of  
the night: with your virginal eye from your pale home in the  
moon above, survey your huntress Rosalind, whose name  
rules my whole life. Oh, Rosalind, these trees will be my  
books, and I'll write down my thoughts in their bark. That  
way, everyone who looks around in this forest will see your  
excellence described everywhere. Run, run, Orlando, and  
on every tree carve verses about the beautiful, the chaste,  
the indescribable Rosalind.

 In the original text, Orland uses  
the term "thrice-crownèd" to refer to  
Diana's three iterations as goddess of  
the moon, chastity, and the  
underworld.

*He exits.*

*CORIN and TOUCHSTONE enter.*

**CORIN**

And how do you like this shepherd's life, Master  
Touchstone?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, shepherd, in itself it is a good life. But considering  
that it's a shepherd's life, it's worthless. In that it's solitary, I  
like it very well. But since it's lonely, it's a terrible life.  
Because it's in the fields, it pleases me greatly. But because  
it isn't in the court, it's boring. Because it is a simple life, it  
suits my nature well. But as there is no plenty in it, it goes  
against my taste. Are you any kind of philosopher,  
shepherd?

**CORIN**

Only in the fact that I know that the sicker you get, the  
worse you feel. And that if you lack money, a job, and  
contentment, then you are without three good friends. And  
that rain is wet and fire is burning; and that good grass  
makes fat sheep; and that the main cause of night is the  
lack of sun; and that he who isn't witty by nature or  
education can complain that he comes from dull parents or  
lacked a good upbringing.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then you are a natural  philosopher. Were you ever at the  
court, shepherd?

 Again, we see the word "natural"  
as a potential pun, meaning both  
"derived from nature" and "half-  
witted."

**CORIN**

Honestly, no.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then thou art damned.

**CORIN**

35 Nay, I hope.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

**CORIN**

For not being at court? Your reason.

**TOUCHSTONE**

40 Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

**CORIN**

Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Instance, briefly. Come, instance.

**CORIN**

50 Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say. Come.

**CORIN**

55 Besides, our hands are hard.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance. Come.

**CORIN**

And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Most shallow man. Thou worms' meat in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed. Learn of the wise and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

**CORIN**

65 You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man. God make incision in thee; thou art raw.

**CORIN**

70 Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then you are damned.

**CORIN**

I hope not.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, you are damned, like an egg cooked only on one side.

**CORIN**

Just because I've never been at court? Explain your reasoning.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, if you were never at court, then you never saw good manners. And so your own manners must be wicked, and wickedness is a sin, and sin is damnation. You are in a perilous state, shepherd.

**CORIN**

Not at all, Touchstone. What passes for good manners at the court looks just as ridiculous in the country as country behavior is so mockable at the court. You told me that you don't greet each other at the court without kissing your hands. If courtiers were shepherds, that kind of courtesy would be vulgar.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me proof, briefly. Come, give me an example.

**CORIN**

Why, because we shepherds are always handling our sheep, and their fleece is greasy, you know.

**TOUCHSTONE**

What, don't courtiers' hands sweat? And isn't the grease of a sheep as good as the sweat of a man? Poor example, poor. Give me better proof, I say. Come on.

**CORIN**

Besides, our hands are calloused.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then your lips will feel them even sooner. Come on, a more sound example.

**CORIN**

And they are often covered with tar from treating the wounds of our sheep. And would you have us kiss tar? Courtiers' hands are expensively perfumed.

**TOUCHSTONE**

You most shallow man. Indeed, you are like rotting flesh in the middle of a good steak. Learn from those wiser than you, and consider: the perfume used by courtiers—civet—is filthier than tar, as it is made from the unclean secretions of a cat. Improve your proof, shepherd.

**CORIN**

65 Your wit is too courtly for me. I'll rest my case.

**TOUCHSTONE**

You'll rest while still damned? God help you, you foolish man. I hope that God does some surgery on you; you are sick.

**CORIN**

Sir, I am a true and simple laborer. I earn what I eat and wear; hate no man; envy no man's happiness; am glad of others' good fortune; am resigned to my own bad luck; and

lambs suck.

### TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes  
and the rams together and to offer to get your living by  
the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bellwether  
and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a  
crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable  
match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil  
himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how  
thou shouldst 'scape.

75

80

### CORIN

Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's  
brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading*

### ROSALIND

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

85

90

### TOUCHSTONE

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and  
suppers and sleeping hours excepted. It is the right  
butter-women's rank to market.

### ROSALIND

Out, fool.

### TOUCHSTONE

For a taste:  
If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
100 Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;  
105 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find  
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.  
This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you  
infect yourself with them?

95

100

105

### ROSALIND

110 Peace, you dull fool. I found them on a tree.

### TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

### ROSALIND

I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with  
a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' th'  
country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and  
115 that's the right virtue of the medlar.

110

115

### TOUCHSTONE

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

*Enter CELIA, with a writing*

the greatest source of my pride is to see my ewes graze and  
my lambs feed.

### TOUCHSTONE

That's another sin you weren't aware of: bringing ewes and  
rams together and making a living by their copulation. You  
play the pimp for the year-old ewe, betraying her by forcing  
her to mate with a crooked-headed, horny old ram. That's  
totally outside the realm of acceptable pairings. If you're  
not damned for this, it must mean that the devil wants no  
shepherds in hell. I can't see how else you could escape.

### CORIN

Here comes young Master Ganymede.

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) enters, reading a piece  
of paper.*

### ROSALIND

[Reading] "From the east to the west Indies,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth is carried by the wind,  
Through all the world it bears the name Rosalind.  
All the brightest, most beautiful paintings  
Are black compared to Rosalind.  
Don't think of any beauty  
But the beauty of Rosalind."

### TOUCHSTONE

I could rhyme like that for eight years straight, taking breaks  
only to eat and sleep. The verses plod on monotonously like  
dairy women marching off to the market.

### ROSALIND

That's enough, fool.

### TOUCHSTONE

Here's a taste: If a buck should need a hind 3, let him seek  
out Rosalind. If a cat should look for a mate in  
kind, certainly also will Rosalind. Winter garments must be  
lined, and so must skinny Rosalind. Those who harvest  
must shear and bind, then throw on the market cart ripe  
Rosalind. The sweetest nut has the sourest rind, and such a  
nut is Rosalind. He who the sweetest rose will find, will also  
find love's thorn, and Rosalind. This is the way those verses  
gallop unevenly along. Why infect yourself by listening to  
them?

3 A "hind" is a doe.

### ROSALIND

Quiet, you dull fool. I found them attached a tree.

### TOUCHSTONE

Honestly, that tree yields rotten fruit.

### ROSALIND

I'll graft you onto that tree, which will be grafting it with a  
medlar 4. The fruit the tree bears will then be the earliest  
ripe fruit in the country, for you'll be rotten before you're  
half-ripe, which is the way medlars should be.

4 A kind of pear that isn't ready to  
eat until it starts to rot, and also a pun  
on genitalia, which the medlar fruit  
resembled.

### TOUCHSTONE

You've had your say now, but let the forest judge whether  
your words are wise or not.

*CELIA (disguised as Aliena) enters with something written  
on a piece of paper.*

**ROSALIND**

Peace. Here comes my sister reading. Stand aside.

**CELIA**

[as Aliena, reads] Why should this a desert be?

120 For it is unpeopled? No.  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree  
That shall civil sayings show.  
Some how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
125 That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age;  
Some of violated vows  
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
130 Or at every sentence end,  
Will I "Rosalinda" write,  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
135 Therefore heaven nature charged  
That one body should be filled  
With all graces wide-enlarged.  
Nature presently distilled  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
140 Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
145 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts  
To have the touches dearest prized.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have  
And I to live and die her slave.

**ROSALIND**

O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of love have  
150 you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried,  
"Have patience, good people."

**CELIA**

[as Aliena] How now?—Back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little.—Go with him, sirrah.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat,  
155 though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

**CELIA**

Didst thou hear these verses?

**ROSALIND**

Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

**CELIA**

160 That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

**ROSALIND**

Quiet. Here comes my cousin, reading something. Step aside.

**CELIA**

[Reading]

*Why should this place be a desert?*

*Because it is uninhabited? No.*

*I'll hang poems on every tree*

*that will portray the comments of a city.*

*Some will be on how brief life is--*

*Which man spends in wandering pilgrimage--*

*So that the width of an open hand*

*contains his entire lifetime.*

*Some will be about broken promises*

*Between the souls of friends.*

*But on the most beautiful branches,*

*Or at the end of every sentence,*

*I'll write "Rosalinda,"*

*Teaching everyone who can read to know*

*That the purest essence of every spirit*

*Has been contained within this one person.*

*Heaven commanded Nature*

*To fill her one body*

*With all the graces usually spread through all women.*

*Nature then distilled together*

*Helen of Troy [5]'s beautiful face, without her treacherous*

*heart,*

*Cleopatra's majesty,*

*The best parts of Atalanta,*

*And solemn Lucretia's modesty.*

*In this way Rosalind was composed of many parts--*

*By the decree of heaven--*

*That of the many faces, eyes, and hearts,*

*She might have only the most prized features of all.*

*Heaven wanted her to have these gifts,*

*And wanted me to live and die as her slave.*

5 The poem makes a series of references to famous women of antiquity—Helen of Troy; the Egyptian queen Cleopatra; the mythological Atalanta; and the Roman woman Lucretia.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, most noble Jupiter, what a tedious sermon of love you have been wearying your congregation with! You should have warned them, "Have patience, good people."

**CELIA**

What now? Move back, my friends.

[To CORIN] Shepherd, go off a little ways.

[To TOUCHSTONE] Go with him, sir [6].

6 In the original text, "sirrah" is used as a derivative, familiar form of "sir," a term sometimes reserved for addressing social inferiors.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come, shepherd. Let us make an honorable retreat, though not like an army with its equipment, but rather like a shepherd with his pouch and what he keeps in it.

*CORIN and TOUCHSTONE exit.*

**CELIA**

Did you hear those verses?

**ROSALIND**

Oh yes, I heard them all, and more too—for some of the lines had more feet [7] in them than the verses could bear.

7 Rosalind puns on the idea of metrical feet (divisions of poetic verse into accented syllables).

**CELIA**

That's no matter. The feet can bear the verses.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

**CELIA**

But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

165

**ROSALIND**

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came, for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

**CELIA**

170 Trow you who hath done this?

**ROSALIND**

Is it a man?

**CELIA**

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

**ROSALIND**

I prithee, who?

**CELIA**

175 O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, but who is it?

**CELIA**

Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

180 Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

**CELIA**

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

**ROSALIND**

185 Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle—either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink up thy tidings.

**CELIA**

So you may put a man in your belly.

**ROSALIND**

195 Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, but the feet were lame and couldn't carry themselves without the verses, and therefore stood badly within the verse.

**CELIA**

But did you hear all that without wondering why your name should be written and hung upon all these trees?

**ROSALIND**

I was almost through with my time of wonder when you arrived, for look here what I found on a palm tree. I haven't been rhymed about this since my past life as an Irish rat<sup>8</sup>, which I can hardly remember.

<sup>8</sup> There was a belief that Irish sorcerers could kill rats by using rhyming spells.

**CELIA**

Do you know who has written these?

**ROSALIND**

Is it a man?

**CELIA**

A man who has a chain, which you once wore, hanging around his neck. Do you blush?

**ROSALIND**

Please, who is he?

**CELIA**

Oh, Lord, Lord. It may be hard to bring two friends together, but even mountains can be moved together by earthquakes.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Celia mocks Rosalind's failure to realize who is writing the love poems about her.

**ROSALIND**

No, who is it?

**CELIA**

Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

Please, I'm begging you now most sincerely, tell me who it is.

**CELIA**

Oh this is wonderful, wonderful, and most wondrously wonderful, and another wonderful, and after that, wonderful beyond measure!

**ROSALIND**

Good grief, do you think that because I am dressed like a man, I also have a man's patience? One more second of delay is as endless to me as a journey exploring the South Seas. Please, tell me who it is quickly, and speak fast. I wish you could stammer this hidden man out of your mouth like wine flowing from a narrow-necked bottle—either too much at once, or none at all. I beg you, take the cork out of your mouth, that I might drink up your news.

**CELIA**

So that you could then put a man in your belly.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Celia puns with the sexual connotations of the words "drink" (as in "to have sex with") and "belly" (as in "womb").

**ROSALIND**

Is he a real, flesh-and-blood man? What kind of man is he? Is he enough of a man to wear a hat on his head and grow a beard on his chin?

**CELIA**

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

**ROSALIND**

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful.  
Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me  
not the knowledge of his chin.

200

**CELIA**

It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's  
heels and your heart both in an instant.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and  
true maid.

**CELIA**

205 I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

**ROSALIND**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and  
hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he?  
How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes him here? Did  
he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with  
thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in  
one word.

210

**CELIA**

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a  
word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say  
ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in  
a catechism.

215

**ROSALIND**

But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's  
apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he  
wrestled?

220

**CELIA**

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the  
propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding  
him, and relish it with good observance. I found him  
under a tree like a dropped acorn.

**ROSALIND**225 It may well be called Jove's tree when it drops forth  
such fruit.

220

**CELIA**

Give me audience, good madam.

**ROSALIND**

Proceed.

**CELIA**

There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

**ROSALIND**230 Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes  
the ground.

230

**CELIA**

Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee. It curvets  
unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

**CELIA**

No, he has only a little beard.

**ROSALIND**

Well, God will send him a bigger beard, if the man is  
thankful. I'll wait for his beard to grow, if you will stop  
delaying in telling me what chin that beard grows on.

**CELIA**

It is young Orlando, who conquered both the wrestler and  
your heart in the same moment.

**ROSALIND**

No--curse you if you're mocking me. Speak seriously and  
truthfully.

**CELIA**

I promise, cousin, it's him.

**ROSALIND**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

Oh no, what will I do with my man's outfit? What did he do  
when you saw him? What did he say? How did he look?  
What did he wear? What brings him here? Did he ask for  
me? Where is he staying? How did he say goodbye to you?  
And when will you see him again? Answer me in one word.

**CELIA**

You must lend me a giant's mouth first, as such a word  
would be too big for any mouth these days. To say "yes"  
and "no" to these questions is harder than answering the  
questions of a [catechism](#).

 [The catechism](#) was a series of  
questions and answers used to teach  
religious principles in Shakespeare's  
time.

**ROSALIND**

But does he know that I am here in this forest and dressed  
like a man? Does he look as healthy as he did the day he  
wrestled?

**CELIA**

It's easier to count dust particles than to answer a lover's  
many questions. But have a taste of my story, and add  
sauce to it by paying attention. I found Orlando under a  
tree, like a dropped acorn.

**ROSALIND**

The oak is truly Jove's tree, as it drops such divine fruit.

**CELIA**

Let me speak, good madam.

**ROSALIND**

Continue.

**CELIA**

There he lay, stretched out like a wounded knight.

**ROSALIND**

Though it would be sad to see such a sight, he must have  
made even the ground beneath him look better.

**CELIA**

Tell your tongue to halt, please. It's leaping around out of  
turn. He was dressed like a hunter.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

235 I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bring'st me out of tune.

**ROSALIND**

Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

**CELIA**

You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES*

**ROSALIND**

240 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

**JAQUES**

I thank you for your company, but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

**ORLANDO**

And so had I, but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

**JAQUES**

245 God be wi' you. Let's meet as little as we can.

**ORLANDO**

I do desire we may be better strangers.

**JAQUES**

I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

**ORLANDO**

250 I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

**JAQUES**

Rosalind is your love's name?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, just.

**JAQUES**

I do not like her name.

**ORLANDO**

255 There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

**JAQUES**

What stature is she of?

**ORLANDO**

Just as high as my heart.

**JAQUES**

You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives and conned them out of rings?

260

**ORLANDO**

Not so. But I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, how ominous! He comes to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

I would like to sing my song solo. You throw me off key.

**ROSALIND**

Don't you know that I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Now go on, sweet one.

**CELIA**

You've made me forget the tune. But quiet, isn't he coming here now?

*ORLANDO and JAQUES enter.*

**ROSALIND**

It's him. Let's sneak away and watch him.

**JAQUES**

I thank you for your company. But, really, I would just as soon be alone.

**ORLANDO**

And the same with me. But still, for appearances' sake, I'll thank you also for your company.

**JAQUES**

God be with you. Let's meet as infrequently as we can.

**ORLANDO**

I too hope that we can be better strangers.

**JAQUES**

Please don't wound any more trees by carving love poems in their bark.

**ORLANDO**

Please don't wound any more of my verses by reading them so badly.

**JAQUES**

Your love's name is Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, that's right.

**JAQUES**

I do not like her name.

**ORLANDO**

No one thought about pleasing you when she was named.

**JAQUES**

How tall is she?

**ORLANDO**

Just as tall as my heart.

**jaques**

You are full of pretty answers. Are you friends with goldsmith's wives from whom you've stolen their rings, memorizing the love mottoes engraved on them?

**ORLANDO**

No, but I can answer you with the stock sayings of painted wall hangings, which is where you must have learned all these questions you're asking.

**JAQUES**

You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

265

**ORLANDO**

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

**JAQUES**

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

**ORLANDO**

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

270

**JAQUES**

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

**ORLANDO**

He is drowned in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him.

**JAQUES**

There I shall see mine own figure.

**ORLANDO**

275

Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

**JAQUES**

I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

**ORLANDO**

I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

*Exit JAQUES*

**ROSALIND**

280

*[aside to CELIA]* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

**ORLANDO**

Very well. What would you?

**ROSALIND**

*[As Ganymede]* I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

285

You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

**ROSALIND**

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

**ORLANDO**

290

And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

**ROSALIND**

By no means, sir. Time travels in diverse paces with diverse persons. I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

295

**JAQUES**

You have a fast wit. It seems as quick as Atalanta's <sup>12</sup> feet. Will you sit down with me? Together we can complain about our mistress—the world—and all our misery.

 Mentioned above in Orlando's poem, Atalanta was a mythological woman who ran quickly in a foot race.

**ORLANDO**

I won't blame any living thing in this world except myself, whose faults I know best.

**JAQUES**

Your worst fault is being in love.

**ORLANDO**

It's a fault I wouldn't trade for your best virtue. I'm tired of you.

**JAQUES**

I swear, I was looking for a fool when I found you, and I seem to have been successful.

**ORLANDO**

Your fool drowned in the brook. Just look in, and you'll see him.

**JAQUES**

There I will only see myself.

**ORLANDO**

Who must then be either a fool or a nothing.

**JAQUES**

I won't waste my time with you any more. Farewell, good Mister Love.

**ORLANDO**

I am glad to see you leave. Farewell, good Mister Gloom.

JAQUES exits.

**ROSALIND**

*[To CELIA so that only she can hear]* I will speak to him as if I'm an insolent servant, and in that disguise I can trick him.

*[To ORLANDO]* Can you hear me, forest-dweller?

**ORLANDO**

Very well. What do you want?

**ROSALIND**

*[As Ganymede]* Please, what time does the clock say?

**ORLANDO**

You should ask me what time of day it is instead. There's no clock in the forest.

**ROSALIND**

Then there is no true lover in the forest either, for they are as regular as a clock— their sighing every minute and groaning every hour would easily mark the lazy progress of time.

**ORLANDO**

Why do you say the "lazy progress" and not the "swift progress" of time? Wouldn't that have been just as accurate?

**ROSALIND**

By no means, sir. Time travels at different speeds for different people. I can tell you who time strolls with, who time trots with, who time gallops with, and who time stands still for.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'night, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

300

**ORLANDO**

Who ambles time withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain—the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

305

**ORLANDO**

Who doth he gallop withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

310

**ORLANDO**

Who stays it still withal?

**ROSALIND**

With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

**ORLANDO**315  

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

**ROSALIND**

With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest like fringe upon a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Are you native of this place?

**ROSALIND**

As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

**ORLANDO**320  

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

**ROSALIND**

I have been told so of many. But indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

325

**ORLANDO**330  

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

**ROSALIND**

There were none principal. They were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

**ORLANDO**

Please, who does time trot with?

**ROSALIND**

Well, it trots painfully for a young maid between her engagement and the day she gets married. This time period might be only seven days, but time's pace is so torturous that it seems like seven years.

**ORLANDO**

And who does time stroll with?

**ROSALIND**

With a priest who doesn't know Latin and a rich man who doesn't have gout—for the one sleeps easily because he can't stay up late studying, and the other lives merrily because he isn't in pain. One lacks the burden of hard, exhausting study, and the other doesn't have the burden of heavy, tedious poverty. Time ambles along for both of these.

**ORLANDO**

And who does it gallop with?

**ROSALIND**

With a thief on his way to the gallows. He walks as slowly as he possibly can, but he still gets there too soon.

**ORLANDO**

And who does time stand still for?

**ROSALIND**

For lawyers on vacation, because they sleep between court session and court session, and so have no perception of how time moves.

**ORLANDO**

Where do you live, clever youth?

**ROSALIND**

With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the outskirts of the forest, which is like fringe on a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Were you born in this place?

**ROSALIND**

I am as much a native here as the rabbit you see, who lives where she is born.

**ORLANDO**

Your accent is more refined than the one usually acquired in such a remote place.

**ROSALIND**

Many people have told me this. But actually an old religious uncle of mine taught me how to speak, and he was a city-dweller in his youth—one who knew both courtliness and courtship too well, for he fell in love in the city. I have since heard him read many lectures condemning falling in love. And I thank God that I'm not a woman, to be corrupted by the many faults of giddiness that trouble that entire sex.

**ORLANDO**

Can you remember any of the greatest evils your uncle ascribed to women?

**ROSALIND**

There were no greatest ones. They were all as similar as one halfpenny to another, with each fault seeming the most monstrous until the next fault came along to match it.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

335 No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could  
340 meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

**ROSALIND**

345 There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

**ORLANDO**

What were his marks?

**ROSALIND**

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and  
350 sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

**ORLANDO**

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

**ROSALIND**

360 Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in  
365 good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

**ROSALIND**

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

370 Love is merely a madness and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do, and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

**ORLANDO**

375 Did you ever cure any so?

**ORLANDO**

Please, tell me some of them.

**ROSALIND**

No, I won't give away my medicine except to those who are sick. There is a man haunting this forest who abuses our young trees by carving "Rosalind" in their bark. He hangs odes on the hawthorns and elegies on the brambles, and every single one of those poems—I'm being honest here—worships the name of "Rosalind." If I could meet this man—whose business seems to be advertising love—I would give him some good advice, for he seems to have the constant fever of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

I am that man, the one who is so shaken by love. Please tell me about your medicine.

**ROSALIND**

But you don't have any of the symptoms my uncle described. He taught me how to recognize a man in love, and I am sure that you aren't a prisoner of that flimsy cage.

**ORLANDO**

What were the symptoms he described?

**ROSALIND**

A thin face, which you don't have; dark circles under the eyes from sleeplessness, which you don't have; a neglected beard, which you don't have—but I can forgive you for that, since you are young and barely have a beard anyway. Your stockings should be falling down; your hat missing its band; your sleeves unbuttoned; your shoes untied; and everything about you demonstrating carelessness and anguish. But you are no such man as this. You are perfect in your dress, like someone who loves himself more than anyone else.

**ORLANDO**

Handsome youth, I wish I could make you believe that I'm in love.

**ROSALIND**

Make me believe it? You might as well make the one you love believe it, which I suspect she's more likely to *do* than to *admit* to doing. That is one of the ways in which women contradict what they know to be true in their hearts. But truly, are you the man who hangs those love poems to Rosalind on the trees?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to you by Rosalind's fair hand, young man: I am that unfortunate man.

**ROSALIND**

But are you really as in love as your poems say you are?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how in love I am.

**ROSALIND**

Love is merely insanity, I tell you. And lovers deserve the madhouse<sup>13</sup> just like insane people do. The only reason they don't get the punishment and cure of the madhouse is that this form of insanity is so common that all the doctors have it too. But I claim that it can be cured with counseling.

**ORLANDO**

Have you ever cured anyone in this way?

<sup>13</sup> In the original text, Rosalind refers to darkness and the whip, commonly used to treat the insane in Shakespeare's time.

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, 380 proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I 385 cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

**ORLANDO**

I would not be cured, youth.

**ROSALIND**

I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

**ORLANDO**

395 Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

**ROSALIND**

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

**ORLANDO**

400 With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

*Exeunt*

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and here's how I did it: I had him imagine *me* as the woman he loved, and I made him woo me every day. When he did I-being but a fickle youth--would mope; act effeminate; shift my moods; long for him; like him; act proud and distant; be irrational; be foolishly mocking; shallow; inconstant; full of tears; full of smiles; be passionate about everything, and then passionate about nothing—as most young boys and women naturally act. I would like him one minute and hate him the next; accompany him and then send him away; cry for him and then spit at him, until finally I drove out the whim of love and replaced it with the truer state of anger. My suitor then turned away from the flow of life, abandoning the world and hiding himself away as a monk. And so I cured him, and in this way I will cure you too—washing your liver <sup>14</sup> as clean as a healthy sheep's heart, until there isn't a single spot of love left in it.

<sup>14</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the liver was thought to be the seat of strong emotions, like love.

**ORLANDO**

I don't want to be cured, youth.

**ROSALIND**

I could cure you, though, if you would only call me "Rosalind" and come to my cottage every day to woo me.

**ORLANDO**

By the strength of my love, I will then. Tell me where it is.

**ROSALIND**

Come with me to it, and I'll show you. Along the way you can tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go with me?

**ORLANDO**

With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

No, you must call me Rosalind now.

*[To CELIA]* Sister, will you come with us?

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, and JAQUES behind

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**AUDREY**

Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

**TOUCHSTONE**

5 I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

### Shakescleare Translation

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter, with JAQUES following behind them unseen.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come along, good Audrey. I will fetch your goats for you, Audrey. And now, Audrey? Am I the man for you? Do the features of my simple appearance please you?

**AUDREY**

Your features, God protect us! What features?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, I am here with you and your goats, just as the witty poet, honest Ovid, was exiled among the Goths <sup>15</sup>.

<sup>15</sup> Touchstone puns on the similar sound of the words "goats" and "Goths."

**JAQUES**

[aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house.

**TOUCHSTONE**

When a man's verses cannot be understood nor a man's  
10 good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding,  
it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a  
little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee  
poetical.

**AUDREY**

I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed  
15 and word? Is it a true thing?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning,  
and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in  
poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

**AUDREY**

Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

**TOUCHSTONE**

20 I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest.  
Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou  
didst feign.

**AUDREY**

Would you not have me honest?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

[aside] A material fool.

**AUDREY**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were  
30 to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**AUDREY**

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness;  
sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be,  
I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir  
35 Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath  
promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to  
couple us.

**JAQUES**

[aside] I would fain see this meeting.

**AUDREY**

Well, the gods give us joy.

**TOUCHSTONE**

40 Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger  
in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the  
wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?  
Courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is  
said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right:  
45 many a man has good horns and knows no end of

**JAQUES**

[To himself] Oh, knowledge existing in someone as  
unworthy as this fool is worse than the king of the gods  
living in a thatched hut.

**TOUCHSTONE**

When a man's verses can't be understood and his good  
jokes aren't acknowledged or appreciated, it's worse than  
getting a large bill for renting a little room. Truly, I wish the  
gods had made you more poetical, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

I don't know what "poetical" means. Does it mean honest in  
word and deed? Does it mean being truthful?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most imaginative and  
deceptive. Lovers are inclined towards poetry, and what  
they promise to be true in their poems is often a lie in real  
life.

**AUDREY**

Do you still wish that the gods had made me poetical, then?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I do, truly. For you swore to me that you were a virgin, and if  
you were a poet, I might have some hope that you were  
lying.

**AUDREY**

What, you don't want me to be chaste?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly, not unless you were ugly. For chastity alongside  
beauty in one woman is like sweetening sugar with honey.

**JAQUES**

[To himself] A fool with good sense.

**AUDREY**

Well, I am not beautiful, so I pray that the gods will at least  
keep me chaste.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Yes, but to waste chastity on an ugly slut is like putting good  
meat into a dirty dish.

**AUDREY**

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods that I am ugly.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, may the gods be praised for your ugliness then. Maybe  
sluttishness will come later. But be that as it may, I will  
marry you. To that end, I have spoken to Sir Oliver Martext,  
the priest from the nearby village, and he has promised to  
meet us in this part of the forest and marry us.

**JAQUES**

[To himself] I'd love to see this.

**AUDREY**

Well, may the gods bless our marriage.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Amen. Another man, if he had a fearful heart, might falter at  
this point--for this forest isn't a real temple, and there is no  
audience here but horned beasts.  But who cares? Horns  
are hateful, but they are necessary. It is said, "Many men are  
so wealthy that they don't even know how much they own."  
I agree: many men have good horns, and don't even know

 It was a common joke that  
cuckolds (men whose wives cheated  
on them) grew horns.

them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no. The noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a walled town  
50 is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor. And by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT*

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or  
55 shall we go with you to your chapel?

#### SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there none here to give the woman?

#### TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

#### SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not  
60 lawful.

#### JAQUES

*[advancing]* Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

#### TOUCHSTONE

Good even, good Monsieur What-ye-call't. How do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand  
65 here, sir. Nay, pray be covered.

#### JAQUES

Will you be married, motley?

#### TOUCHSTONE

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

#### JAQUES

70 And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot. Then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like  
75 green timber, warp, warp.

#### TOUCHSTONE

*[aside]* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

#### JAQUES

80 Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

#### TOUCHSTONE

Come, sweet Audrey.  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—  
Farewell, good Master Oliver, not  
85 *O sweet Oliver,*  
*O brave Oliver,*  
*Leave me not behind thee*  
*But*

how big they are. Well, that is what the wife brings to the marriage; the man has nothing to do with getting his horns or his children. Horns? There they are. Are they only for poor men? No, no. The noblest deer's horns are as huge as those of the inferior deer. Is the single man the luckiest, then? No. As a town protected by a wall is worth more than a small village, so is a married man's horned forehead more honorable than a bachelor's bare forehead. Just as it's better to be skilled at defending oneself than to be defenseless, so is a horn more precious than no horn at all.

*SIR OLIVER MARTEXT enters.*

Here comes Sir Oliver.

*[To SIR OLIVER MARTEXT]* Sir Oliver Martext, I'm glad to see you. Will you finish our business here under this tree, or should we go with you to your chapel?

#### SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there no one here to give the bride away?

#### TOUCHSTONE

I won't take her as a secondhand gift from another man.

#### SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Truly, someone has to give her away, or the marriage isn't legal.

#### JAQUES

*[Coming forward]* Continue, continue. I'll give her away.

#### TOUCHSTONE

Good evening, good Mister What's-his-name. How do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you. May God reward you for being here right now. I am very glad to see you. This is just an unimportant matter here, sir. No, please keep your hat on.

#### JAQUES

Do you want to get married, fool?

#### TOUCHSTONE

As the ox has his yoke, the horse his bridle, and the falcon her tether, so a man has his desires, which must be restrained somehow

#### JAQUES

But will you—as a man of your breeding—get married like a beggar under a bush, by an uneducated priest? Get yourself to a church and have a proper priest teach you the obligations of marriage. This fellow here will just set you two alongside each other like two pieces of paneling. Then one of you will warp like green wood, and you will both be out of alignment.

#### TOUCHSTONE

*[To himself]* I think I'd rather have this fellow marry us than any other, for he isn't likely to marry us properly. And if we're not married properly, then I'll have a good excuse to leave my wife later on.

#### JAQUES

Come with me, and let me advise you.

#### TOUCHSTONE

Come, sweet Audrey. We must be married, or else live in sin.

*[To SIR OLIVER MARTEXT]* Farewell, good Master Oliver. We're not singing that song:  
*O sweet Oliver,*  
*O brave Oliver,*  
*Don't leave me behind,*

Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
90 I will not to wedding with thee.

*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY*

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all  
shall flout me out of my calling.

*Exit*

But  
Wind, go away,  
Go away, I say,  
For it's not you I'm marrying.

*JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY exit.*

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

It doesn't matter to me. None of these crazy fools will ever  
convince me to abandon my position.

*He exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ROSALIND**

Never talk to me. I will weep.

**CELIA**

Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that  
tears do not become a man.

**ROSALIND**

But have I not cause to weep?

**CELIA**

5 As good cause as one would desire. Therefore weep.

**ROSALIND**

His very hair is of the dissembling color.

**CELIA**

Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are  
Judas's own children.

**ROSALIND**

I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

**CELIA**

10 An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only  
color.

**ROSALIND**

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of  
holy bread.

**CELIA**

15 He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of  
winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The  
very ice of chastity is in them.

**ROSALIND**

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and  
comes not?

**CELIA**

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

**ROSALIND**

20 Do you think so?

### Shakescleare Translation

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) and CELIA (disguised  
as Aliena) enter.

**ROSALIND**

Don't talk to me. I'll cry.

**CELIA**

Go ahead and cry, but at least consider that tears aren't  
proper for a man.

**ROSALIND**

But don't I have good reason to cry?

**CELIA**

As good a reason as you could want. So go on and cry.

**ROSALIND**

Even his hair is a liar—it's red, the same color as Judas's  
hair.

 Rosalind refers to the belief that Judas Iscariot, the biblical betrayer of Jesus Christ, had red hair.

**CELIA**

It's a bit browner than Judas'. Although, indeed, his kisses  
are betrayals, like Judas's kisses were.

**ROSALIND**

Honestly, his hair is a good color.

**CELIA**

It is an excellent color. Chestnut is always the best color.

**ROSALIND**

And his kisses are as holy as Communion bread.

**CELIA**

He must have bought a cast-off pair of cast-iron lips from  
chaste Diana. His kisses are more religious than those of  
a frigid nun. They seem to have the very iciness of chastity  
in them.

 As we've seen before in this play, Diana was the ancient Roman goddess of virginity, among other things.

**ROSALIND**

But why would he swear to come this morning, and then  
not come?

**CELIA**

Well, certainly, he must be a complete liar.

**ROSALIND**

Do you think so?

**CELIA**

Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

**ROSALIND**

Not true in love?

**CELIA**

25 Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

**ROSALIND**

You have heard him swear downright he was.

**CELIA**

"Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster. They are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

**ROSALIND**

I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he. So he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

**CELIA**

35 Oh, that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover, as a puny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave  
40 that youth mounts and folly guides.

*Enter CORIN*

Who comes here?

**CORIN**

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complained of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
45 Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

**CELIA**

[As Aliena] Well, and what of him?

**CORIN**

If you will see a pageant truly played  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
50 And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

**ROSALIND**

[aside to CELIA] O, come, let us remove.  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
55 (as Ganymede, to CORIN) Bring us to this sight, and you  
shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*Exeunt*

**CELIA**

Yes. He's not a pickpocket or a horse-thief, but when it comes to honesty in love, I think he's as hollow as a covered cup or a worm-eaten nut.

**ROSALIND**

You think his love isn't true?

**CELIA**

I think his love is true when he *is* in love, but I think he's not in love right now.

**ROSALIND**

But you've heard him swear outright that he was.

**CELIA**

"Was" is not "is." He may have been in love, but he isn't anymore. Besides, the promises of a lover are no better than those of a swindling bartender: they both swear to their false accounts. Orlando is now staying in the forest and serving the duke your father.

**ROSALIND**

I met my father yesterday, and he had many questions for me. He asked me what rank my parents were, and I told him that they were as good as he is. He laughed at that, and let me go. But why are we talking about fathers, when such a man as Orlando exists?

**CELIA**

Oh, he's a brave man indeed. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, makes brave promises--and then bravely breaks them. He's like a bad jousting when it comes to his lover's heart—he strikes sideways instead of head-on, and breaks his lance like a noble fool. But everything a young man does is brave, when he's mounted on his youth and guided by his folly.

*CORIN enters.*

Who's that coming?

**CORIN**

Mistress and master, you have often asked me about that lovestruck shepherd, whom you once saw sitting at my side and praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess with whom he was in love.

**CELIA**

Well, what about him?

**CORIN**

If you would like to see a performance being played out between someone who is pale with true, unrequited love, and someone red with scorn and proud disdain, then come with me a little ways and you can watch.

**ROSALIND**

[To CELIA so that only she can hear] Oh, come, let's go. The sight of lovers is nourishment to those already in love.

[To CORIN] Bring us to this scene, and you'll see me take a part in their play.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE*

**SILVIUS**

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

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind*

**PHOEBE**

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

**SILVIUS**

O dear Phoebe,  
If ever—as that ever may be near—  
30 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

**PHOEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me. And when that time comes,  
35 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

**ROSALIND**

[Advancing, as Ganymede] And why, I pray you? Who might  
be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
40 Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
45 I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work.— 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.  
—No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
50 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
—You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man

### Shakescleare Translation

*SILVIUS and PHOEBE enter.*

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, don't scorn me. Do not, Phoebe. You can tell me you don't love me, but don't do it so bitterly. Even the executioner—whose heart has grown hard from seeing so much death—still begs his victim's pardon before he lets his axe fall. Will you be even crueler than someone who makes his living through blood and killing?

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), CELIA (disguised as Aliena), and CORIN enter, unseen.*

**PHOEBE**

I don't want to be your executioner. I avoid you so that I won't hurt you. You tell me there is murder in my eyes. That's a pretty phrase, sure, and very probable<sup>1</sup> that eyes—which are the frailest, softest things, and so cowardly that they shut their lids even to something as harmless as dust—should be tyrants, butchers, and murderers. Now I'm frowning at you with all my strength. And if my eyes really can wound, then let them kill you. Now go ahead, pretend to faint, go fall down—or if you can't, oh, for shame, don't lie and tell me that my eyes are murderers. Now show me the wound my eyes have caused you. If you get scratched with a pin, it leaves a scar. If you even lean on a rush<sup>2</sup>, it leaves a visible impression in your palm for a moment. But my eyes, which I've hurled at you, haven't hurt you at all. Now I am sure that there is no force in eyes that can cause injury.

<sup>1</sup> Phoebe launches into a sarcastic verbal attack on Silvius here.

<sup>2</sup> A rush is a type of plant.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, dear Phoebe, if you ever should fall in love with some fresh face, then you will know about the invisible wounds that love's sharp arrows make.

**PHOEBE**

But until that time comes, don't come near me. And when that time comes, then you can mock me. But don't pity me, as I won't pity you now.

**ROSALIND**

[Coming forward, speaking as Ganymede] And why, I ask you? Who raised you, that you would insult this wretched man and exult over his injuries all at once? Honestly, I don't see much in you—no more brightness than could light my way to bed in the dark—so why must you be so proud and pitiless? Why, what's going on? Why do you look at me? There is no more to you than nature's ordinary, mass-produced product.

[To herself] God save my life, I think she intends to ensnare my affections as well.

[To PHOEBE] No, proud mistress, don't hope for it. You can't tame my spirits and make me worship you—not with your ink-black<sup>3</sup> eyebrows; your black silky hair; your black, bead-like eyeballs; or your creamy complexion.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabethan standards of beauty prioritized fair hair and skin.

[To SILVIUS] You foolish shepherd: why do you follow her

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.  
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
—But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
—So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

**PHOEBE**

Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together.  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

**ROSALIND**

He's fall'n in love with your foulness. *[to SILVIUS]*  
And she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as  
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sause  
her with bitter words. *[to PHOEBE]* Why look you so upon  
me?

**PHOEBE**

For no ill will I bear you.

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine.  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.  
—Will you go, sister?— Shepherd, ply her hard.  
—Come, sister.— Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.  
—Come, to our flock.

*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN*

**PHOEBE**

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:  
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe—

**PHOEBE**

Ha, what sayst thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

**PHOEBE**

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

like the foggy south wind, sighing and raining tears? You are a thousand times more handsome than she is. It's fools like you who fill the world with ugly children by marrying women like her. It's not her mirror but *you* who flatters her, and she thinks herself more beautiful than she is because of your reflection of her.

*[To PHOEBE]* But mistress, know yourself. Get down on your knees and thank heaven for giving you a good man's love. I must tell you as a friend that you should sell while you can, for you won't have buyers for long. Ask for this man's mercy, love him, and take his offer. Ugliness is at its worst when it is scornful of others.

*[To SILVIUS]* So take her, shepherd. Good luck.

**PHOEBE**

Sweet youth, please keep scorning me all year long. I would rather hear your scolding than this man's wooing.

**ROSALIND**

He's fallen in love with your ugliness.

*[To SILVIUS]* And she's falling in love with my anger. If this is so, then as soon as she answers you with frowning looks, I'll rebuke her with bitter words.

*[To PHOEBE]* Why do you look at me like that?

**PHOEBE**

I don't mean you any harm.

**ROSALIND**

Please, don't fall in love with me. I am more false than a promise made while drunk. Besides, I don't like you. If you want to know where my house is, it's in the olive grove here close by.

*[To CELIA]* Do you want to go, sister?

*[To SILVIUS]* Shepherd, keep working on her.

*[To CELIA]* Come on, sister.

*[To PHOEBE]* Shepherdess, think better of him, and don't be proud. Even if everyone in the world could see you, no one would be so blind as he is.

*[To CELIA and CORIN]* Come, let's go to our flock.

*ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN exit.*

**PHOEBE**

Dead shepherd <sup>4</sup>, now I understand the power of what you said earlier: "You only truly love when you fall in love at first sight."

<sup>4</sup> This is a reference to Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary playwright of Shakespeare's who had been killed not long before Shakespeare wrote *As You Like It*.

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe—

**PHOEBE**

Ha, what did you say, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, have pity on me.

**PHOEBE**

Well, I am sorry for you, dear Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

If you're really sorry for me, you have the means to cure me.  
If you are really sorrowing over my grief in love, then love

By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.

**PHOEBE**

Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?

**SILVIUS**

95 I would have you.

**PHOEBE**

Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love,  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
100 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

**SILVIUS**

So holy and so perfect is my love,  
105 And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then  
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

**PHOEBE**

110 Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I have met him oft,  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

**PHOEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
115 'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—  
But what care I for words? Yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—  
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.  
120 He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.  
His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.  
125 There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mixed in his cheek: 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him  
130 In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but for my part  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
135 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black  
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.  
I marvel why I answered not again.  
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
140 And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Phoebe, with all my heart.

**PHOEBE**

I'll write it straight.  
The matter's in my head and in my heart.  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
145 Go with me, Silvius.

me back, and both your sorrow and my grief will be eliminated.

**PHOEBE**

You have my love--my neighborly love. Isn't that enough?

**SILVIUS**

I would have you.

**PHOEBE**

Well, that's just being greedy. Silvius, I used to hate you, and I still don't love you. But since you can talk about love so well, I'll endure your company, and put you to some use too. But don't expect any more payment than your own happiness in working for me.

**SILVIUS**

My love for you is so holy and perfect, and earlier you hated me so much, that I'll take the leftover scraps of your love's harvest and consider them a plentiful bounty. Every now and then let me have a smile, and I'll live on that.

**PHOEBE**

Do you know the youth who was speaking to me earlier?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I have met him a few times, and he bought the cottage and land that the old peasant used to own.

**PHOEBE**

Don't start thinking that I love him, just because I'm asking about him. He is just an irritating boy—though he speaks well—but what do I care about words? Though words are good when the man speaking them is pleasant to hear. He is a fine youth—not very fine—but he's very proud—and yet his pride suits him well. He'll grow up to be a proper man. The best part about him is his complexion; as fast as his words offend me, his appearance heals their wounds. He is not very tall—but for his age he's tall. His legs are only so-so—and yet they're nice. He had a pretty redness in his lips, a little darker and more passionate than the red that was in his cheeks; one was pure red and the other mingled pink and white. Silvius, there are some women who would have almost fallen in love with him after inspecting all his parts like I have. But for my part I neither love him nor hate him. Although I have better reason to hate him than to love him. What right did he have to scold me? He said my eyes were black and my hair was black and, now that I remember it, he scorned me too. I'm shocked that I didn't answer him back in the same way. But that's all right: forgetting to assert my rights doesn't mean they don't exist. I'll write him a very taunting letter, and you will deliver it. Will you, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

With all my heart, Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

I'll write it immediately. What I want to say is already in my head and in my heart. I'll be bitter and extremely curt with him. Come with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt*

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES*

**JAQUES**

I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

**ROSALIND**

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

**JAQUES**

I am so. I do love it better than laughing.

**ROSALIND**

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

**JAQUES**

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

**ROSALIND**

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

**JAQUES**

10 I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these, but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

**ROSALIND**

20 A traveler. By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's. Then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

**JAQUES**

Yes, I have gained my experience.

**ROSALIND**

25 And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it, too.

*Enter ORLANDO*

**ORLANDO**

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

**JAQUES**

Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

**ROSALIND**

30 Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost

### Shakescleare Translation

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), CELIA (disguised as Aliena), and JAQUES enter.*

**JAQUES**

Please, clever youth, let me get to know you better.

**ROSALIND**

They say you are a melancholy fellow

**JAQUES**

I am indeed. I like it better than laughing

**ROSALIND**

Those who go to extremes of melancholy or laughter are abominable, and open themselves up to common criticism in an even worse way than drunkards do.

**JAQUES**

Well, it's good to be sad and say nothing.

**ROSALIND**

Well then, it's good to be a post.

**JAQUES**

My melancholy is not like the scholar's, which is envy; nor the musician's, which is absurdly elaborate; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is sneaky; nor the lady's, which is petty; nor the lover's, which combines all these qualities. Mine is a melancholy of my own, a compound of many ingredients, extracted from many objects. When I contemplate my travels, my thoughts wrap me up in a moody sadness.

**ROSALIND**

So you are a traveler. Well then, you truly have good reason to be sad. I'm afraid you have sold your own lands to see the lands of others. To have seen much but have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

**JAQUES**

I have something—I have gained my experience.

**ROSALIND**

And your experience makes you sad. I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and you've had to travel to get that sadness, too.

*ORLANDO enters.*

**ORLANDO**

Good day and happiness to you, dear Rosalind.

1 Here begins Orlando's feigned courtship with "Ganymede" pretending to be "Rosalind" (though he does not know she is really Rosalind).

**JAQUES**

Now then, goodbye to you if you're going to speak in blank verse.

**ROSALIND**

Goodbye, Mister Traveler. Be sure to keep up your foreign accent and wear strange clothes, downplay everything good about your own country, fall out of love with your

chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

*Exit JAQUES*

35 *[as Ganymede pretending to be ROSALIND]* Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

**ORLANDO**

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

**ROSALIND**

40 Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

**ORLANDO**

45 Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

**ORLANDO**

Of a snail?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, of a snail, for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

**ORLANDO**

What's that?

**ROSALIND**

Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

**ORLANDO**

Virtue is no hornmaker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

**ROSALIND**

And I am your Rosalind.

**CELIA**

60 *[as Aliena]* It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

**ROSALIND**

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

65 I would kiss before I spoke.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were graved for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will

birthplace, and almost scold God for giving you the appearance that you have. Otherwise I'll hardly believe you've been to Venice and ridden in a gondola.

*JAQUES exits.*

Well, what's going on, Orlando? Where have you been all this time? You consider yourself a lover? If you pull another trick like that on me, never appear in my sight again.

**ORLANDO**

My beautiful Rosalind, I've arrived within an hour of when I promised I would.

**ROSALIND**

You would break a promise made in love by a whole *hour*? You could say that Cupid had nudged a man who would be even a thousandth part of a minute late to meet his beloved—but his heart would still be in one piece. He would have some affection, but I'd bet he wouldn't be in love.

**ORLANDO**

Forgive me, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

No, if you're so late again, don't bother coming. I would rather be wooed by a snail.

**ORLANDO**

By a snail?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, a snail, for even though he comes slowly, he carries his whole house on his head—a better marriage settlement than you can offer a woman, I think. Besides, he brings his destiny along with him.

**ORLANDO**

What destiny is that?

**ROSALIND**

Why, his cuckold's horns—the kind you men are always blaming your wives for. The snail comes already armed with horns, so he preempts any slander about his wife's faithfulness.

**ORLANDO**

A virtuous woman won't give a man horns, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

**ROSALIND**

And I am your Rosalind.

**CELIA**

It pleases him to call you that, but he has another Rosalind somewhere with a prettier face than yours.

**ROSALIND**

Come on, woo me, woo me, for I'm in a good mood now, and likely enough to consent to what you want. What would you say to me now, if I really were your very precious Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

65 I would kiss before I spoke.

**ROSALIND**

No, you would do better to speak first, and then kiss only when you ran out of things to discuss. When very good orators are out of things to say, they spit; and for lovers

70 spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

**ORLANDO**

How if the kiss be denied?

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

What, of my suit?

**ROSALIND**

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

80 I take some joy to say you are because I would be talking of her.

**ROSALIND**

Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

**ORLANDO**

Then, in mine own person I die.

**ROSALIND**

No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost  
85 six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have  
90 lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of Sestos.  
95 But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

**ORLANDO**

I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

**ROSALIND**

100 By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come; now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

**ORLANDO**

Then love me, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

And wilt thou have me?

lacking words—God help us when that happens—the cleverest strategy is to kiss.

**ORLANDO**

But what if my kiss is denied?

**ROSALIND**

Then she's making you beg, and that gives you a new subject to discuss.

**ORLANDO**

Who could be out of things to say, if he's with his beloved mistress?

**ROSALIND**

Well, you would be if I were your mistress, or else I would think my chastity was less pure than my wit.

**ORLANDO**

What, would I have to give up my suit? 2

2 Orlando uses the word "suit" to refer to his courtship of Rosalind. She puns on it the word's literal meaning as "clothing."

**ROSALIND**

Not out of your clothes, but out of your suit. But aren't I your Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

It makes me happy to pretend that you are, because then it's like I'm talking to her.

**ROSALIND**

Well, as Rosalind, I say I don't want you.

**ORLANDO**

Then, as myself, I will die.

**ROSALIND**

No, you won't really die as yourself, but only by proxy. This poor world is almost six thousand years old 3, and in all this time there hasn't been even a single man who died only from love. Troilus 4 wanted to die for love, but he actually died because a Greek with a club beat his brains out. And yet now he's one of the great examples of tragic love. Leander would have lived for many more years—even if his beloved Hero had left him and become a nun—if it hadn't been for one hot summer night, when the poor youth went to wash himself in the Hellespont, got a cramp, and drowned. But the foolish poets of that age said he died from love of Hero, not from drowning. All such stories are lies. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but none have died because of love.

**ORLANDO**

I hope the real Rosalind doesn't think this way, for her frown alone might kill me.

**ROSALIND**

I swear, her frown couldn't kill a fly. But come on. Now I'll play your Rosalind in a more yielding mood, and whatever you ask of me, I'll give.

**ORLANDO**

Then love me, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Very well, I will, on Fridays and Saturdays, and all the rest.

**ORLANDO**

And will you have me?

**ROSALIND**

105 Ay, and twenty such.

**ORLANDO**

What sayest thou?

**ROSALIND**

Are you not good?

**ORLANDO**

I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—  
110 Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give  
me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

**ORLANDO**

Pray thee, marry us.

**CELIA**

I cannot say the words.

**ROSALIND**

You must begin "Will you, Orlando—"

**CELIA**

115 Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I will.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, but when?

**ORLANDO**

Why, now, as fast as she can marry us.

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

120 I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

**ROSALIND**

I might ask you for your commission, but I do take  
thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes  
before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs  
before her actions.

**ORLANDO**

125 So do all thoughts. They are winged.

**ROSALIND**

Now tell me how long you would have her after you have  
possessed her.

**ORLANDO**

Forever and a day.

**ROSALIND**

Say "a day" without the "ever." No, no, Orlando, men  
130 are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids  
are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when  
they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a

**ROSALIND**

Yes, and twenty more like you.

**ORLANDO**

What do you mean?

**ROSALIND**

Aren't you a good man?

**ORLANDO**

I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

Why then, can you ever have too much of a good thing?

[To CELIA] Come, sister, you will be the priest and marry us.

[To ORLANDO] Give me your hand, Orlando.

[To CELIA] What do you say, sister?

**ORLANDO**

Please, marry us.

**CELIA**

I'm not a priest—I cannot say the words.

**ROSALIND**

You should begin "Do you, Orlando—"

**CELIA**

Oh, fine.

[To ORLANDO] Do you, Orlando, take Rosalind as your wife?

**ORLANDO**

I do.

**ROSALIND**

All right, but when?

**ORLANDO**

Why, now, as fast as she can get us married.

**ROSALIND**

Then you must say, "I take you, Rosalind, as my wife."

**ORLANDO**

I take you, Rosalind, as my wife.

**ROSALIND**

I might ask you by what authority, but I'll go ahead and take  
you, Orlando, as my husband. Now I've anticipated the  
priest and answered the question before I was even asked.  
A woman's thoughts run ahead of her actions.

**ORLANDO**

125 So do all thoughts. They have wings.

**ROSALIND**

Now tell me how long you intend to keep Rosalind now that  
you have her.

**ORLANDO**

Forever and a day.

**ROSALIND**

I think it will be more like "a day" without the "forever." No,  
Orlando, men are like April when they're wooing—warm  
and pleasant—but like December—cold and harsh—once  
they've married. In the same way, women are like

Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

135

**ORLANDO**

But will my Rosalind do so?

**ROSALIND**

140 By my life, she will do as I do.

**ORLANDO**

Oh, but she is wise.

**ROSALIND**

Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement. Shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole. Stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

145

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

150 Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

**ORLANDO**

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

155

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

**ORLANDO**

I must attend the duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

160

**ROSALIND**

Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?

165

**ORLANDO**

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware

springtime when they're single, but the climate changes when they become wives. As a wife I'll be more jealous of you than a wild rooster is of his hen, noisier than a parrot scolding the rain, shallower than an ape, and more fickle in my desires than a monkey. I'll weep over nothing—like a statue of Diana in a fountain--and I'll cry even harder when you're in a good mood. And when you're trying to go to sleep, I'll laugh like a hyena.

**ORLANDO**

But will my Rosalind do all this too?

**ROSALIND**

I swear on my life, she'll act just like me.

**ORLANDO**

Oh, but she is wise.

**ROSALIND**

If she wasn't wise, she wouldn't have the wits to act so badly. The wiser the woman, the more wayward she is. Lock the doors on a woman's wit, and it will fly out the window. Shut the windows, and it will escape through the keyhole. Stop up the keyhole, and it will fly out the chimney with the smoke.

**ORLANDO**

If a man had a wife like that, he might ask, "Where are you off to, wit?"

**ROSALIND**

No, you had better save that question until you find your wife's wit in your neighbor's bed.

**ORLANDO**

And what witty woman could have the wit to excuse *that*?

**ROSALIND**

Well, she could say she was at the neighbor's looking for you. You'll never find her without an answer unless you find her without a tongue. Oh, if a woman can't find a way to blame her husband for her own faults, then she's not very smart—never let her have a child, for she will raise it to be a fool.

**ORLANDO**

Rosalind, I have to leave you for two hours now.

**ROSALIND**

Alas, dear love, I can't live without you for two hours.

**ORLANDO**

I must attend to the duke at his lunch. By two o'clock I'll be back with you again.

**ROSALIND**

Yes, go on, go on. I knew you would end up like this. My friends warned me, and I knew it, too. But I was won over by that flattering tongue of yours. I'm just one more seduced and abandoned woman, so come, take me, death! You'll return at two o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, sweet Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

I swear honestly, truly, by God, and by all the flowery oaths that aren't actually dangerous, that if you break even the tiniest part of your promise or come even a minute after two o'clock, I will think you the most pitiful promise-breaker, the falsest lover, and the most unworthy match for Rosalind out of every man on earth. So beware of my disapproval, and keep your promise.

my censure, and keep your promise.

**ORLANDO**

175 With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind.  
So, adieu.

**ROSALIND**

Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu.

*Exit ORLANDO*

**CELIA**

180 You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

**ROSALIND**

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love. But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

190 No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

**CELIA**

And I'll sleep.

*Exeunt*

*ORLANDO exits.*

**CELIA**

You have totally slandered our sex in this love-talk of yours. We should pull off your man's jacket and breeches and show the world the bird who has attacked her own nest—the woman who maligns her fellow women.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, cousin, cousin, cousin, my pretty little cousin, if only you could know how deeply I am in love. The depths of my love can't be plumbed; my affection has a bottom of unknown depth, like the Bay of Portugal.

**CELIA**

Or rather it's bottomless, so that as quickly as you pour affection in one end, it runs out the other.

**ROSALIND**

No. Cupid—that wicked bastard son of [Venus](#), conceived from imagination and impulse and born of insanity; that blind naughty boy who makes everyone else go blind just because he can't see—let him judge how deeply I am in love. I tell you, Aliena, I can't live without Orlando. I'll go find some shade and sigh until he comes back.

[Venus](#) was the ancient Roman goddess of love.

**CELIA**

And I'll sleep.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter JAQUES and LORDS, like foresters*

**JAQUES**

Which is he that killed the deer?

**FIRST LORD**

Sir, it was I.

**JAQUES**

Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror. And it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his 5 head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

**SECOND LORD**

Yes, sir.

**JAQUES**

Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

### Shakescleare Translation

*JAQUES and LORDS enter, dressed like forest-dwellers.*

**JAQUES**

Who is the man that killed the deer?

**FIRST LORD**

It was me, sir.

**JAQUES**

Let's present this man to the duke like a victorious Roman conqueror. And we should also put the deer's horns [on](#) on his head, like a victory branch. Do you have a song, forester, for such an occasion?

[On](#)ce again, we find an allusion to *cukcold's* horns.

**SECOND LORD**

Yes, sir.

**JAQUES**

Sing it. It doesn't matter if it's in tune or not, as long as it makes enough noise.

**SECOND LORD**

10 [sings]  
*What shall he have that killed the deer?  
 His leather skin and horns to wear.  
 Then sing him home.  
 (The rest shall bear this burden.)*  
 15 *Take thou no scorn to wear the horn.  
 It was a crest ere thou wast born.  
 Thy father's father wore it,  
 And thy father bore it.  
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
 20 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

*Exeunt**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA***ROSALIND**

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando.

**CELIA**

I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep.

*Enter SILVIUS*

Look who comes here.

**SILVIUS**

[To ROSALIND] My errand is to you, fair youth. My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this. I know not the contents, but as I guess 30 By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me. I am but as a guiltless messenger. [Gives the letter]

**ROSALIND**

35 [Examines the letter as Ganymede] Patience herself would startle at this letter And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all. She says I am not fair, that I lack manners. She calls me proud, and that she could not love me 40 Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will, Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

**SILVIUS**

No, I protest, I know not the contents. 45 Phoebe did write it.

**ROSALIND**

Come, come, you are a fool, And turned into the extremity of love. I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand, A freestone-colored hand. I verily did think 50 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands. She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter. I say she never did invent this letter. This is a man's invention, and his hand.

**SILVIUS**

Sure it is hers.

**ROSALIND**

55 Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers. Why, she defies me Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

**SECOND LORD**

[Singing]  
*What should we give the man who killed the deer?  
 Its leather hide and horns to wear.  
 Then sing him home with this song.  
 (The rest will carry the burden of the deer and the chorus.)  
 Don't be ashamed to wear the horns.  
 They have been worn since before you were born.  
 Your father's father wore them,  
 And your father wore them.  
 The horn, the horn, the lustful horn,  
 Is not to be laughed at or scorned.*

*They all exit.**ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) and CELIA (disguised as Aliena) enter.***ROSALIND**

What do you say now? Isn't it past two o'clock? And no Orlando here.

**CELIA**

I promise you: with pure love and a troubled mind he has taken his bow and arrows and gone to take a nap.

*SILVIUS enters.*

Look who's coming.

**SILVIUS**

[To ROSALIND] I'm here to find you, fair youth. My lovely Phoebe told me to give you this letter. I don't know what it says, but guessing from her stern expression and spiteful demeanor while she was writing it, it has an angry tone. Forgive me. I'm just the innocent messenger. [He gives her the letter]

**ROSALIND**

[Reading the letter] The goddess of patience herself would be shocked by this letter, and get angry. If I can put up with this, I can put up with anything. Phoebe writes that I'm not handsome, and that I lack good manners. She calls me proud, and says she couldn't love me even if I was the last man on earth. My God, her love isn't the rabbit I'm hunting! Why should she write like this to me? Well, shepherd, hmm—you wrote this letter.

**SILVIUS**

No, I promise, I don't even know what it says. Phoebe wrote it.

**ROSALIND**

Come, come, you're being a fool: you've been driven to the madness of love. I saw her hands: she has leathery, yellowish-brown hands. I honestly thought she was wearing old gloves, but they were her real hands. She has housewife's hands—but that's not the point. I say she never wrote this letter. These are a man's words, and a man's handwriting.

**SILVIUS**

It's really hers though.

**ROSALIND**

Well, it's written in a cruel and rowdy style, like someone asking for a fight. Why, she challenges me like a Turk challenging a Christian. No, a woman's noble brain could never come up with words so crude and violent—words

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
60 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

**SILVIUS**

So please you, for I never heard it yet,  
Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

**ROSALIND**

She Phoebe's me. Mark how the tyrant writes.  
[reads] Art thou god to shepherd turned,  
65 That a maiden's heart hath burned?  
Can a woman rail thus?

**SILVIUS**

Call you this railing?

**ROSALIND**

[reads]  
Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
70 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?  
Did you ever hear such railing?  
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.  
Meaning me a beast.  
75 If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love.  
80 How then might your prayers move?  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me,  
And by him seal up thy mind  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
85 Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make,  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

**SILVIUS**

Call you this chiding?

**CELIA**

90 [As Aliena] Alas, poor shepherd.

**ROSALIND**

Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity.— Wilt thou  
love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and  
play false strains upon thee? Not to be endured. Well,  
go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame  
95 snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I  
charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never  
have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true  
lover, hence and not a word, for here comes more  
company.

*Exit SILVIUS*

*Enter OLIVER*

**OLIVER**

100 Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?

**CELIA**

[as Aliena] West of this place, down in the neighbor  
bottom,  
105 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself.  
There's none within.

black in their ink but even darker in their meanings. Do you  
want to hear the letter?

**SILVIUS**

If it pleases you to read it, for I haven't heard it yet--  
although I've already heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

**ROSALIND**

Well, now she's "Phoebe-ing" me. Listen to how the tyrant  
writes. [Reading] *"Are you a god transformed into a  
shepherd, that you have so burned my heart?"* How could a  
woman rant like this?

**SILVIUS**

You call that ranting?

**ROSALIND**

[Reading] *"Why have you set aside your godlike nature and  
taken human form just to wrestle with a woman's heart?"*  
Did you ever hear such criticism? [Reading] *"While other  
men have woed me, they never could hurt me."* That  
means she thinks I'm a beast. [Reading] *"If the scorn in your  
bright eyes had the power to make me fall in love, what  
power might your eyes have if they looked at me more  
pleasantly? While you were scolding me, I was falling in  
love. Consider then how your prayers might move me. The  
man who brings this love letter to you doesn't know about  
my feelings. Enclose your thoughts in a letter and send it  
back to me through him. Tell me whether your youthful  
nature will accept my faithful offer of myself and all that I  
can do, or else tell me that you'll deny my love, so I might  
figure out how to die."*

**SILVIUS**

You call this scolding?

**CELIA**

Oh, poor shepherd.

**ROSALIND**

Do you pity him? No, he doesn't deserve pity.

[To SILVIUS] Do you still insist on loving such a woman? So  
she can use you like an instrument and play false tunes on  
you? It shouldn't be endured. Well, go back to her if you  
want--for I can tell that love has made you into a tame,  
impotent snake. Tell her this: if she loves me, then I  
command her to love you. And if she won't love you, tell her  
that I will never take her unless you beg me on her behalf.  
Now if you're a true lover, go away and don't say another  
word, because here comes more company.

*SILVIUS exits.*

*OLIVER enters.*

**OLIVER**

Good morning, pretty ones. Tell me please, if you know:  
where can I find a shepherd's cottage surrounded by olive  
trees, somewhere within the borders of this forest?

**CELIA**

West of here, in the nearby valley, a row of willows by the  
stream on the right leads to the cottage. But right now the  
house is keeping itself. There's no one inside.

**OLIVER**

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
 Then should I know you by description.  
 Such garments, and such years. "The boy is fair,  
 Of female favor, and bestows himself  
 Like a ripe sister; the woman low  
 And browner than her brother." Are not you  
 The owner of the house I did inquire for?

**CELIA**

It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

**OLIVER**

Orlando doth command him to you both,  
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
 He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

**ROSALIND**

120 [as Ganymede] I am. What must we understand by this?

**OLIVER**

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

**CELIA**

I pray you, tell it.

**OLIVER**

125 When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
 He left a promise to return again  
 Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,  
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
 Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside—  
 130 And mark what object did present itself:  
 Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck  
 135 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached  
 The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself  
 And, with indented glides, did slip away  
 140 Into a bush, under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch  
 When that the sleeping man should stir—for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 145 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

**CELIA**

Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother,  
 And he did render him the most unnatural  
 150 That lived amongst men.

**OLIVER**

And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

**ROSALIND**

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

**OLIVER**

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

**OLIVER**

If eyes can get a sense of a description that's been spoken,  
 then I recognize you. You match the clothing and ages I was  
 told: "The boy is pretty and effeminate, and conducts  
 himself like a mature woman. The woman is shorter and  
 darker than her brother." Are you the owners of the house I  
 just asked about?

**CELIA**

It's not boasting, since you asked, to say that we are.

**OLIVER**

Orlando sends his regards to you both, and to the youth he  
 calls "his Rosalind" he sends this bloody handkerchief. Is  
 that you?

**ROSALIND**

Yes. What does this mean?

**OLIVER**

It's a story with some shame on my part—a story about  
 what kind of man I am--and how, why, and where this  
 handkerchief was stained.

**CELIA**

Please, tell it.

**OLIVER**

When the young Orlando last left you, he promised to  
 return again within an hour. He was pacing through the  
 forest, musing on the bittersweetness of love, when—oh!  
 what a terrible thing happened—he looked off to the side,  
 and guess what he saw there? Under an old oak, whose  
 lower branches were mossy with age and whose high upper  
 branches were leafless, ancient, and dry, he saw a  
 wretched, ragged man with overgrown hair lying asleep on  
 his back. A green and gold snake had wound itself around  
 this man's neck and was slowly approaching his open  
 mouth. But suddenly, when it saw Orlando, the serpent  
 uncoiled itself and slipped away, gliding into a bush. But  
 under this same bush there was a lioness, whose cubs had  
 nursed her dry so that she was undernourished and hungry.  
 She crouched in the bush's shadow with her head on the  
 ground, watching the man in a catlike way and waiting to  
 see if he would move—for it is in the lion's royal nature not  
 prey on anything that seems dead. Seeing this lioness,  
 Orlando approached the sleeping man and saw that it was  
 his brother--his older brother.

**CELIA**

Oh, I've heard him talk about that same brother, and  
 describe him as the most inhumane man in the world.

**OLIVER**

And he would be right to do so. I know very well how  
 inhumane he was.

**ROSALIND**

But back to Orlando: did he leave his brother there to be  
 food for the dry and hungry lioness?

**OLIVER**

Twice he turned away, intending to leave him there. But  
 ultimately his brotherly love was nobler than his desire for  
 revenge, and his natural goodness was stronger than his  
 justifiable excuse to leave his brother to the lioness. He  
 battled with the lioness, quickly defeating her, and the

**CELIA**

Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND**

Was 't you he rescued?

**CELIA**

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

**OLIVER**

'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame

165 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

**ROSALIND**

But for the bloody napkin?

**OLIVER**

By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two

170 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed—  
As how I came into that desert place—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love,  
175 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled. And now he fainted,  
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.

180 Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound,  
And after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
185 Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*ROSALIND swoons*

**CELIA**

Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

**OLIVER**

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

**CELIA**

There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede.

**OLIVER**

190 Look, he recovers.

**ROSALIND**

I would I were at home.

**CELIA**

We'll lead you thither.

—I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

**OLIVER**

Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? You lack a man's  
195 heart.

noise of their tumult woke me up from my miserable slumber.

**CELIA**

Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND**

Was it you he rescued?

**CELIA**

Was it you who was always trying to kill him?

**OLIVER**

It was me, but it's not me now. I'm not ashamed to tell you what I once was, since my conversion to my new self seems so sweet.

**ROSALIND**

But what about the bloody handkerchief?

**OLIVER**

In a minute. When we had been reunited, and tearfully told each other our entire stories—for me, how I had come to this deserted place—in brief, he led me to the noble duke, who gave me fresh clothing and food and drink, and committed me to my brother's care. Orlando immediately took me to his cave, where he stripped off his clothing and saw that he had a wound on his arm where the lioness had torn off some of his flesh. This wound had been bleeding the whole time. Orlando fainted then, but as he fainted he called for "Rosalind." In brief, I helped him recover, and bound up his wound. After only a little while, for he is strong at heart, he sent me here—though I am a stranger—to find you and tell you this story, begging that you might forgive his broken promise. He wanted me to give this handkerchief, dyed with his blood, to the shepherd boy whom he jokingly calls his Rosalind.

*ROSALIND faints.*

**CELIA**

Why, what's this now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

**OLIVER**

Many people faint when they see blood.

**CELIA**

There is more to it than that.

*[To ROSALIND] Cousin Ganymede.*

**OLIVER**

Look, he's recovering.

**ROSALIND**

I wish I were at home.

**CELIA**

We'll take you there.

*[To OLIVER] Please, will you take him by the arm?*

**OLIVER**

Cheer up, boy. Are you a man? It seems you lack a man's heart.

**ROSALIND**

I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well-counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho.

**OLIVER**

This was not counterfeit. There is too great testimony 200 in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

**ROSALIND**

Counterfeit, I assure you.

**OLIVER**

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

**ROSALIND**

So I do. But i' faith, I should have been a woman by 205 right.

**CELIA**

Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

**OLIVER**

That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

210 I shall devise something. But I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

*Exeunt*

**ROSALIND**

I do indeed, I confess it. Ha, sir, you can see that this was all pretend. Please tell your brother how well I played my part. Heigh-ho.

**OLIVER**

This was no act. Your flushed cheeks declare that your passion was real.

**ROSALIND**

I was just pretending, I assure you.

**OLIVER**

Well then, cheer up and pretend to be a man.

**ROSALIND**

That's what I'm doing. But honestly, I should have been born a woman.

**CELIA**

Come, you're getting paler and paler. Please, let's go home.

*[To OLIVER]* Good sir, come with us.

**OLIVER**

I'll do that, for I must bring your answer back to my brother and tell him how you forgave him, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

I'll come up with something. But please, tell him how well I kept up my act as Rosalind. Will you come with us?

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**TOUCHSTONE**

We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience, gentle Audrey.

**AUDREY**

Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. 5 But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

**AUDREY**

Ay, I know who 'tis. He hath no interest in me in the world.

*Enter WILLIAM*

Here comes the man you mean.

**TOUCHSTONE**

10 It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for. We shall be flouting. We cannot hold.

### Shakescleare Translation

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

We'll find a time to get married soon, Audrey. Patience, kind Audrey.

**AUDREY**

Honestly, that priest was good enough, despite what the old gentleman said.

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, Audrey: he was a wicked Sir Oliver, and a vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest who claims that you're his love.

**AUDREY**

Yes, I know who that is. He has no claim over me, though.

*WILLIAM enters.*

Here comes the man you mean.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It's like a feast to me to see such a country bumpkin. I swear, we men with good wits have too much responsibility. We have to be mocking. We can't hold our tongues.

**WILLIAM**

Good ev'n, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

God gi' good ev'n, William.

**WILLIAM**

15 And good ev'n to you, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head.  
Nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

**WILLIAM**

Five-and-twenty, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

20 A ripe age. Is thy name William?

**WILLIAM**

William, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

**WILLIAM**

Ay, sir, I thank God.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"Thank God." A good answer. Art rich?

**WILLIAM**

25 'Faith, sir, so-so.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not: it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

**WILLIAM**

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, thou sayst well. I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

**WILLIAM**

35 I do, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

**WILLIAM**

No, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then learn this of me: to have is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is "he." Now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

**WILLIAM**

Which he, sir?

**WILLIAM**

Good evening, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

God give you a good evening, William.

**WILLIAM**

And good evening to you, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good evening, noble friend. No, put your hat back on, put your hat back on. Please, cover your head. How old are you, friend?

**WILLIAM**

Twenty-five, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A mature age. Is your name William?

**WILLIAM**

William, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A nice name. Were you born in the forest here?

**WILLIAM**

Yes, sir, thank God.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"Thank God"—a good answer. Are you rich?

**WILLIAM**

To be honest, sir, so-so.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"So-so" is good, very good, very excellently good. And yet it also isn't: it's only so-so. Are you wise?

**WILLIAM**

Yes, sir, I have a good mind.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, you speak well. Which reminds me of a saying: "The fool thinks he is wise, but the wise man knows he is a fool." A classical philosopher, when he wanted to eat a grape, would open his lips and put the grape into his mouth, thereby proving that grapes were made to eat and lips were made to open. Do you love this young lady?

**WILLIAM**

I do, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Are you educated?

**WILLIAM**

No, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then let me educate you now: to have something is to have it. It's a common figure of speech that when a drink is poured from a cup into a glass, by filling the glass the cup becomes empty. All the authorities agree that *ipse* translates from the Latin as "he himself." Now, you are not *ipse* anymore, for I am he.

**WILLIAM**

Which "he," sir?

**TOUCHSTONE**

He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you  
 45 clown, abandon—which is, in the vulgar, “leave”—the  
 society—which in the boorish is “company”—of this  
 female—which in the common is “woman”; which together  
 is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou  
 perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or,  
 50 to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life  
 into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in  
 poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will  
 bandy with thee in faction. I will o’errun thee with  
 policy. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.  
 55 Therefore tremble and depart.

**AUDREY**

Do, good William.

**WILLIAM**

God rest you merry, sir.

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN*

**CORIN**

Our master and mistress seeks you. Come away, away.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt*

*He exits.*

*CORIN enters.*

**CORIN**

Our master and mistress are seeking you. Come on, let’s go.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Quickly, Audrey, quickly, Audrey.

*[To CORIN] I’m coming, I’m coming.*

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER*

**ORLANDO**

Is’t possible that on so little acquaintance you  
 should like her? That, but seeing, you should love her?  
 And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant? And will  
 you persevere to enjoy her?

**OLIVER**

5 Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the  
 poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden  
 wooing, nor her sudden consenting, but say with me “I  
 love Aliena”; say with her that she loves me; consent  
 with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to  
 10 your good, for my father’s house and all the revenue  
 that was old Sir Rowland’s will I estate upon you, and  
 here live and die a shepherd.

**ORLANDO**

You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow.  
 Thither will I invite the duke and all’s contented  
 15 followers.  
 Go you and prepare Aliena, for look you, here comes my  
 Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND*

**ROSALIND**

*[As Ganymede]* God save you, brother.

### Shakescleare Translation

*ORLANDO and OLIVER enter.*

**ORLANDO**

Is it possible that you could like her after knowing her for  
 such a brief amount of time? And that you could fall in love  
 after only seeing her once? And that you could woo her as  
 soon as you fell in love? And that, being wooed, she would  
 immediately accept your offer? And will you keep on with  
 your plan to marry her?

**OLIVER**

Don’t raise questions about how quickly it all happened—or  
 scoff at her poverty, our brief acquaintance, my sudden  
 courtship, or her sudden consent. Just say with me, “I love  
 Aliena,” and say with her that she loves me. Give your  
 approval to this match, so that we can enjoy each other. It  
 will be to your advantage, for I’ll leave our father’s house,  
 his wealth, and all his property to you, and I’ll stay here to  
 live and die as a shepherd.

**ORLANDO**

You have my consent. You can get married tomorrow. I will  
 invite the duke and all his happy followers. Go and get  
 Aliena ready, for look—here comes my Rosalind.

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) enters.*

**ROSALIND**

May God bless you, future brother-in-law.

**OLIVER**

And you, fair sister.

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

It is my arm.

**ROSALIND**

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

**ORLANDO**

25 Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

**ORLANDO**

They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

**ROSALIND**

Why, then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I can live no longer by thinking.

**ROSALIND**

50 I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are. Neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not 55 damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before 60 your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any

**OLIVER**

And you, fair sister-to-be.

*OLIVER exits.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh, my dear Orlando, it pains me to see you wearing your heart in a sling.

**ORLANDO**

It's my arm, not my heart.

**ROSALIND**

But I thought your heart had been wounded by the claws of a lion.

**ORLANDO**

It is wounded, but not by a lion—by the eyes of a lady.

**ROSALIND**

Did your brother tell you how well I pretended to faint when he showed me your handkerchief?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, and also things more amazing than that.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, I know what you mean. It's true. It was as sudden as two rams fighting, or Caesar boasting "I came, I saw, I conquered." Your brother and my sister had no sooner met than they looked closely at each other; had no sooner looked than they fell in love; had no sooner loved than they sighed; no sooner sighed than they asked each other why they sighed; and no sooner learned the reason than they looked for the solution to their mutual "problem." And in this way the degrees of their courtship made a flight of stairs leading up towards marriage. They'll climb those stairs immediately, or else they'll sleep together before they get married. They are in the heat of passion, and must be together. You couldn't beat them apart with a club.

**ORLANDO**

They'll be married tomorrow, and I'll invite the duke to the wedding. But, oh, it's bitter to look at happiness through another man's eyes. And by tomorrow I'll be totally weighed down by misery, thinking how happy my brother is in getting what he wished for.

**ROSALIND**

Well then, can't I play Rosalind for you tomorrow?

**ORLANDO**

I can't live in this fantasy anymore.

**ROSALIND**

I won't weary you with idle talk then. You should know—and now I'm speaking sincerely—that I know you are an intelligent gentleman. I'm not saying this so you'll have a good opinion of my knowledge, as I say I "know" you're intelligent. I'm not trying to increase my reputation either—I only hope you might have some confidence in my ability to do something good for you. I'm not trying to bring favor on myself. Believe me, then, when I say that I can make strange things happen. Since I was three years old I have been in contact with a magician. He is very powerful, but he doesn't practice evil magic. If you love Rosalind as much as your behavior implies, then you will marry her when your brother marries Aliena. I know Rosalind's situation and where she is. And it's not impossible for me to set her before you tomorrow—whole, human, and unharmed—so long as it doesn't seem improper to you.

danger.

**ORLANDO**

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

**ROSALIND**

By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I  
am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid  
70 your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you  
shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE*

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

**PHOEBE**

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

**ROSALIND**

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

**PHOEBE**

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

**SILVIUS**

80 It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

85 It is to be all made of faith and service,  
And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

90 It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance,  
95 And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And so am I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And so am I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And so am I for no woman.

**ORLANDO**

Is what you're saying serious?

**ROSALIND**

I swear on my life, which I value dearly, even though I said  
I'm a magician. Therefore put on your finest clothes and  
invite your friends. If you want to be married tomorrow,  
you will, and if you want Rosalind to be the bride, she will.

*SILVIUS and PHOEBE enter.*

Look, here comes someone who loves me, and someone  
who loves her.

**PHOEBE**

[*To ROSALIND*] Boy, you were very rude to me when you  
showed off the letter I wrote to you.

**ROSALIND**

I don't care if I was. I am purposefully being contemptuous  
and rude to you. You are followed by a faithful shepherd  
even now. Look at him, and love him! He worships you.

**PHOEBE**

Good shepherd, tell this youth what it is to be in love.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be filled with sighs and tears, as I am for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And as I am for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And as I am for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And as I am for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be filled with faithfulness and servitude, as I am for  
Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And as I am for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And as I am for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And as I am for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be filled with fantasy; filled with passion and wishes;  
with adoration, duty, and devotion; humility, patience, and  
impatience; filled with purity, suffering, and  
obedience—just as I am for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And as I am for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And as I am for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And as I am for no woman.

**PHOEBE**

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

**SILVIUS**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

Why do you speak, too, "Why blame you me to love you?"?

**ORLANDO**

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

**ROSALIND**

Pray you, no more of this. 'Tis like the howling of  
105 Irish wolves against the moon. [to SILVIUS] I will help  
you, if I can. [to PHOEBE] I would love you if I  
could.— Tomorrow meet me all together. [to PHOEBE] I  
will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be  
married tomorrow. [to ORLANDO] I will satisfy you if  
ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married tomorrow.  
110 [to SILVIUS] I will content you, if what pleases you  
contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [to  
ORLANDO] As you love Rosalind, meet. [to SILVIUS] As  
you love Phoebe, meet.— And as I love no woman, I'll  
meet. So fare you well. I have left you commands.

115

**SILVIUS**

I'll not fail, if I live.

**PHOEBE**

Nor I.

**ORLANDO**

Nor I.

*Exeunt*

**PHOEBE**

[To ROSALIND] If all this is true, then why do you blame me  
for loving you?

**SILVIUS**

[To PHOEBE] And why do you blame me for loving you?

**ORLANDO**

And why do you blame me for loving you?

**ROSALIND**

Who are you speaking to, Orlando?

**ORLANDO**

To the woman who isn't here, and doesn't hear me.

**ROSALIND**

Please, no more of this. You're like a pack of wolves howling  
passionately at the moon.

[To SILVIUS] I will help you, if I can.

[To PHOEBE] I would love you, if I could.

All of you, meet me tomorrow.

[To PHOEBE] If I'm going to ever marry a woman, it will be  
you—and I'm getting married tomorrow.

[To ORLANDO] If I'm ever going to satisfy a man, I'll satisfy  
you, and you'll be married tomorrow too.

[To SILVIUS] I'll make you happy, if the thing you desire will  
make you happy, and you too will be married tomorrow.

[To ORLANDO] By your love for Rosalind, come tomorrow.

[To SILVIUS] By your love for Phoebe, come tomorrow.

And by my love for no woman, I'll meet you all here  
tomorrow too. So farewell. You know what I want you to do.

**SILVIUS**

If I'm alive, I won't miss it.

**PHOEBE**

Me neither.

**ORLANDO**

Me neither.

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow will we be  
married.

**AUDREY**

I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no  
dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.

*Enter two PAGES*

### Shakescleare Translation

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow we'll be  
married.

**AUDREY**

I desire it with all my heart, and I hope it isn't immodest of  
me to desire to be a married, worldly woman.

*Two PAGES enter.*

5 Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

**FIRST PAGE**

Well met, honest gentleman.

**TOUCHSTONE**

By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

**SECOND PAGE**

We are for you. Sit i' th' middle.

**FIRST PAGE**

Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or  
10 spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only  
prologues to a bad voice?

**SECOND PAGE**

I' faith, i' faith, and both in a tune like two gypsies  
on a horse.

**PAGES**

[sing]

15 *It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
These pretty country folks would lie  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hhey-nonny-no,  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

40 Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great  
matter in the ditty, yet the note was very unturnable.

**FIRST PAGE**

You are deceived, sir. We kept time. We lost not our  
time.

**TOUCHSTONE**

45 By my troth, yes. I count it but time lost to hear such  
a foolish song. God be wi' you, and God mend your  
voices.—Come, Audrey.

*Exeunt*

Here come two of Duke Senior's pages.

**FIRST PAGE**

Nice to see you, honest gentleman.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, it is good to see you. Come sit, sit, and sing a song.

**SECOND PAGE**

We're here to serve you. Sit between us.

**FIRST PAGE**

Should we jump right into it, without all that hawking and  
spitting and saying that we're hoarse—which are only  
excuses for bad singers?

**SECOND PAGE**

Yes, yes, and let's sing in unison, like two gypsies riding one  
horse.

**PAGES**

[Singing]

*There was a lover and his lady,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
Who went through the wheatfield  
In the springtime, the only wedding season,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the fields of rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
These pretty country folks would lie  
In the springtime, the only wedding season,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
They began this song that very hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
That life is just as brief as a flower  
In the springtime, the only wedding season,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
So therefore seize the present moment,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
For love is crowned by the spring  
In the springtime, the only wedding season,  
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, young gentleman, though there wasn't much to the  
song, the music was still very off-key.

**FIRST PAGE**

You're wrong, sir. We kept the song's time. We didn't lose  
our rhythm.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, yes. But I consider it lost time when I must hear such  
a foolish song. God be with you, and may he fix your voices  
too. Come, Audrey.

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA

### Shakescleare Translation

DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and  
CELIA (disguised as Aliena) enter.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promisèd?

**ORLANDO**

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

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHOEBE*

**ROSALIND**

5 [as Ganymede] Patience once more whiles our compact is urged.  
[to DUKE SENIOR] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ROSALIND**

10 [to ORLANDO] And you say you will have her when I bring her?

**ORLANDO**

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

**ROSALIND**

[to PHOEBE] You say you'll marry me if I be willing?

**PHOEBE**

That will I, should I die the hour after.

**ROSALIND**

15 But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

**PHOEBE**

So is the bargain.

**ROSALIND**

[to SILVIUS] You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will?

**SILVIUS**

20 Though to have her and death were both one thing.

**ROSALIND**

I have promised to make all this matter even.  
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,  
—You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.  
—Keep your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me  
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.  
—Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her  
If she refuse me. And from hence I go  
To make these doubts all even.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Orlando, do you really believe that this boy can do all that he's promised?

**ORLANDO**

Sometimes I believe and sometimes I don't. I'm hoping, and also scared to hope.

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), SILVIUS, and PHOEBE enter.*

**ROSALIND**

Be patient while our contract is proclaimed.

[To DUKE SENIOR] You say that if I bring your daughter Rosalind here, you will give her to Orlando to be married?

**DUKE SENIOR**

I will, even if I had to give kingdoms along with her.

**ROSALIND**

[To ORLANDO] And you say that you will marry her when I bring her here?

**ORLANDO**

I will, even if I were already the king of all kingdoms.

**ROSALIND**

[To PHOEBE] You say you'll marry me if I'm willing to marry you?

**PHOEBE**

I will, even if I should die the following hour.

**ROSALIND**

But if you refuse to marry me, you'll marry this faithful shepherd instead?

**PHOEBE**

That's our bargain.

**ROSALIND**

[To SILVIUS] And you say that you'll marry Phoebe if she is willing?

**SILVIUS**

Even if marrying her meant death for me.

**ROSALIND**

I have promised to make everything clear.

[To DUKE SENIOR] Duke Senior, keep your promise to give away your daughter.

[To ORLANDO] Orlando, keep your promise to marry his daughter.

[To PHOEBE] Phoebe, keep your promise that you'll marry me, or marry this shepherd if you refuse me.

[To SILVIUS] Silvius, keep your promise that you'll marry Phoebe if she refuses me.

[To all] And now I'll go to clear up all your doubts.

*ROSALIND and CELIA exit.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

I do remember in this shepherd boy  
30 Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

**DUKE SENIOR**

This shepherd boy's appearance reminds me of my daughter.

**ORLANDO**

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born  
And hath been tutored in the rudiments  
35 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician  
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**JAQUES**

There is sure another flood toward, and these couples  
are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange  
40 beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Salutation and greeting to you all.

**JAQUES**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

45 If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.  
I have trod a measure. I have flattered a lady. I have  
been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy. I  
have undone three tailors. I have had four quarrels, and  
like to have fought one.

**JAQUES**

50 And how was that ta'en up?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

I like him very well.

**TOUCHSTONE**

55 God 'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I press in  
here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,  
to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds  
and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored  
thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor of mine, sir, to  
take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells  
60 like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in  
your foul oyster.

**DUKE SENIOR**

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel  
on the seventh cause?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more  
seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of

**ORLANDO**

My lord, the first time I saw him I thought he was your  
daughter's brother. But, my good lord, this boy was born in  
the forest and has been taught some dangerous magic by  
his uncle, whom he says is a great magician living hidden  
within the boundaries of this forest.

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

**JAQUES**

There must be another flood on its way, with all these  
couples coming two-by-two to Noah's ark. Here comes a  
pair of very strange beasts, which are called "fools" in every  
language.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Hello and greetings to you all.

**JAQUES**

My good lord, welcome him. This is the jester gentleman I  
have met so often in the forest. He swears he used to be a  
courtier.

**TOUCHSTONE**

If any man doubts that, let him put me on trial. I have  
danced a step. I have flattered a lady. I have been polite  
with my friends, and cunning with my enemy. I have ruined  
three tailors. I have had four quarrels, and almost had one  
fight.

**JAQUES**

And how was that one fight settled?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, we met and then found that the quarrel had reached  
the seventh cause.

**JAQUES**

What is the "seventh cause?"

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* My good lord, you will like this fellow.

**DUKE SENIOR**

I like him very well.

**TOUCHSTONE**

God bless you, sir. I wish the same compliment for you. Sir, I  
have pushed my way in here, among the rest of these  
country lovers, to be properly married, with binding vows  
to restrain erupting passion. This poor virgin isn't a pretty  
thing, sir, but she's mine. It's a strange tendency of mine,  
sir, to take the thing that no one else wants. Sir, the treasure  
of chastity lives in the vessel of an ugly woman just like a  
rich man living in a shack, or a pearl lodged in a filthy  
oyster.

**DUKE SENIOR**

I say, he's very quick-witted and full of pithy sayings.

**TOUCHSTONE**

I have the fool's arrow, that sweet  
disease—wittiness—which is here one minute and gone the  
next.

**JAQUES**

But back to the "seventh cause." How did you find that your  
quarrel had reached the "seventh cause?"

**TOUCHSTONE**

The argument went through seven stages.

a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called "the retort courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is called "the quip modest."  
 75 If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is called "the reply churlish." If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is called "the reproof valiant." If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is called "the countercheck quarrelsome," and so to "the lie circumstantial" and "the lie direct."

**JAQUES**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial, nor  
 85 he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords and parted.

**JAQUES**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, "the retort courteous;" the second, "the quip modest;" the third, "the reply churlish;" the fourth, "the reproof valiant;" the fifth, "the countercheque quarrelsome;" the sixth, "the lie with circumstance;" the seventh, "the lie direct." All these you may avoid but the lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if;" as: "If you said so, then I said so." And they shook hands and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peacemaker: much virtue in "if."

100

**JAQUES**

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything and yet a fool.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

*Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Soft music*

**HYMEN**

105 Then is there mirth in heaven  
 When earthly things, made even,  
 Atoned together.  
 Good duke, receive thy daughter.  
 Hymen from heaven brought her,  
 110 Yea, brought her hither,  
 That thou mightst join her hand with his  
 Whose heart within her bosom is.

**ROSLIND**

*[to DUKE SENIOR]* To you I give myself, for I am yours.  
*[to ORLANDO]* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

*[To AUDREY]* Stand up straight, Audrey.

*[To JAQUES]* It was like this, sir: I disliked the way a certain courtier had cut his beard. He then sent me word that he wasn't concerned about my opinion of his beard. This stage is called "the courteous retort." If I were then to send him another message that his beard was not cut well, he would respond that he cut it to please himself, not me. This is called "the moderate quip." If I repeated my insult again, he would try to disqualify my judgment. This is called "the rude reply." If I say yet again that his beard is not well cut, then he would say I wasn't speaking the truth. This is called "the brave retort." If I repeated my insult again, he would call me a liar. This is called "the quarrelsome contradiction," and so on through to "the indirect lie" and "the direct lie."

**JAQUES**

And how many times did you say that his beard wasn't cut well?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I didn't dare go past "the indirect lie," and he didn't dare go to "the direct lie." So we measured our swords, found ourselves equal, and parted ways.

**JAQUES**

Can you name those stages of an argument again, in order?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Oh sir, we quarrel according to the rulebooks, just as you have rulebooks for good manners. I'll name the degrees again: the first is "the courteous retort;" the second is "the moderate quip;" the third is "the rude reply;" the fourth is "the brave retort;" the fifth is "the quarrelsome contradiction;" the sixth is "the indirect lie;" and the seventh is "the direct lie." But you can avoid all of these stages, even the seventh, by using an "if" properly. I once heard of a quarrel that even seven judges couldn't settle. But when the two parties met on their own, one used an "if" and said "If you said this, then I must have said that." And they shook hands and parted like brothers. "If" is the only peacemaker; there is much virtue in an "if."

**JAQUES**

Isn't this a remarkable fellow, my lord? He's as smart as anything, and yet also a fool.

**DUKE SENIOR**

He uses his foolishness to disguise himself while he hunts with the arrows of his wit.

*HYMEN (the god of marriage) enters with ROSALIND and CELIA, dressed as themselves. Soft music plays.*

**HYMEN**

There is joy in heaven when earthly affairs are set right, and people are brought together.

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* Good duke, receive your daughter. Hymen brought her from heaven--yes, brought her here, that you might join her hand with that of the man whose heart resides within your daughter's chest.

**ROSLIND**

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* I give myself to you, for I am yours.

*[To ORLANDO]* I give myself to you, for I am yours.

**DUKE SENIOR**

If my eyes do not deceive me, you are my daughter.

**ORLANDO**

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

**PHOEBE**

If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu.

**ROSALIND**

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

**HYMEN**

Peace, ho! I bar confusion.  
'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events.

125 Here's eight that must take hands  
To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.  
*[to ORLANDO and ROSALIND]*  
You and you no cross shall part.

130 *[to OLIVER and CELIA]*  
You and you are heart in heart.  
*[to PHOEBE]*

You to his love must accord  
Or have a woman to your lord.

135 *[to TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY]*  
You and you are sure together  
As the winter to foul weather.

*[to all]*  
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning,  
That reason wonder may diminish  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

*[sings]*  
*Wedding is great Juno's crown,*  
*O blessed bond of board and bed.*  
*'Tis Hymen peoples every town.*  
*High wedlock then be honorèd.*  
*Honor, high honor, and renown,*  
*To Hymen, god of every town.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

150 O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

**PHOEBE**

I will not eat my word. Now thou art mine,  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOYS*

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Let me have audience for a word or two.  
155 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot  
160 In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword.  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
165 Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true  
I do engage my life.

**ORLANDO**

If my eyes do not deceive me, you are my Rosalind.

**PHOEBE**

If my eyes and your womanly shape aren't deceiving me,  
why then, farewell to my love.

**ROSALIND**

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* If you won't be my father, then I'll have no father.

*[To ORLANDO]* If you won't be my husband, then I'll have no husband.

*[To PHOEBE]* If you won't be my wife, then I'll have no wife.

**HYMEN**

Quiet now! I will clear up the confusion. I am the one who must bring the conclusion to these strange events. Here before me are eight people who must join hands and be married, if the truths revealed to the couples reflect their genuine feelings.

*[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND]* No disagreement will ever part you.

*[To OLIVER and CELIA]* Your two hearts are bound together.

*[To PHOEBE]* You must accept Silvius' love, or else be married to a woman.

*[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY]* The two of you are bound together, like winter with bad weather.

*[To all the couples]* While we sing a wedding hymn, ask your questions, so that your surprise about how we all ended up here might fade, and we can bring these events to a close.

*[Singing]*

*Marriage is the crown of great Juno*   
*The blessed bond of a domestic home.*  
*It's Hymen who populates every town,*  
*So that holy marriage should be honored.*  
*Honor, high honor, and fame*  
*Should go to Hymen, the god of every town.*

 Juno was the queen of the ancient Roman gods.

**DUKE SENIOR**

*[To CELIA]* Oh, my dear niece, you are welcome here, as welcome as if you were my own daughter.

**PHOEBE**

*[To SILVIUS]* I won't break my promise. Now you are mine. Your faithfulness has won over my love.

*JAQUES DE BOYS enters.*

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Let me have your attention for a word or two. I am old Sir Rowland's middle son, and I come bringing news to this fine assembly. Duke Frederick had heard that men of great worth were coming to this forest every day, so he assembled a powerful army to take this land and kill his brother. They came to the edge of this forest, and there Duke Frederick met an old religious man. They discussed things for a while, and ultimately the man convinced the duke to abandon his war, and (after a religious conversion) to retreat from the world. Duke Frederick is now giving his crown to his banished brother and restoring the lands back to the men he exiled. I pledge my life that all this is true.

**DUKE SENIOR**

170 Welcome, young man.  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 —First, in this forest let us do those ends  
 175 That here were well begun and well begot,  
 And, after, every of this happy number  
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 180 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustic revelry.  
 —Play, music.— And you brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heaped in joy to th' measures fall.

**JAQUES**

Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,  
 185 The duke hath put on a religious life  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

He hath.

**JAQUES**

To him will I. Out of these convertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and learned.  
 190 [to DUKE SENIOR]  
 You to your former honor I bequeath;  
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.  
 [to ORLANDO]  
 You to a love that your true faith doth merit.  
 195 [to OLIVER]  
 You to your land, and love, and great allies.  
 [to SILVIUS]  
 You to a long and well-deservèd bed.  
 [to TOUCHSTONE]  
 200 And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage  
 Is but for two months victualled.— So to your pleasures.  
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Stay, Jaques, stay.

**JAQUES**

To see no pastime I. What you would have  
 205 I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

*Exit*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Proceed, proceed. We'll so begin these rites  
 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

*Dance*

*Exeunt all but ROSALIND*

**ROSALIND**

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but  
 it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the  
 210 prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,  
 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to  
 good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove  
 the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am  
 I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot  
 215 insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. I am  
 not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome, young man. You bring rich gifts to your brothers'  
 wedding: to Oliver you bring his confiscated lands, and to  
 Orlando you give a future dukedom, as he will inherit my  
 lands. But first, let's finish the business we began in this  
 forest. Afterward, everyone here who has endured hard  
 days and nights with me will now share in the abundance of  
 my returned fortune—each according to his own rank and  
 status. But in the meantime, let's forget this newly acquired  
 dignity, and have a country party. Play, music.

*[To the couples]* And you, brides and bridegrooms, dance  
 with all the fullness of your joy.

**JAQUES**

*[To JAQUES DE BOYS]* Sir, with your permission: did I hear  
 you correctly that the duke has given up the rich and  
 glamorous life at court and become a religious hermit?

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Yes, he has.

**JAQUES**

Then I will go to him. There is much to be heard and learned  
 from such converts.

*[To DUKE SENIOR]* I leave you with all your former honor;  
 you deserve it for your patience and virtue.

*[To ORLANDO]* To you I leave the love that your faithfulness  
 deserves.

*[To OLIVER]* To you I leave your land, your love, and great  
 allies.

*[To SILVIUS]* To you I leave a well-deserved marriage bed  
 after a long wait.

*[To TOUCHSTONE]* And to you I leave much arguing, for I  
 suspect your adventure in love will last only two months at  
 the most.

So, everyone, return to your celebration. I am off to seek  
 something other than dancing.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Stay, Jaques, stay.

**JAQUES**

This isn't relaxing or fun for me. I'll wait for you in your old  
 cave if you need something from me.

*He exits.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Carry on, carry on. We'll begin these wedding ceremonies  
 the way we hope they'll end—in true delight.

*Everyone dances.*

*Everyone exits except for ROSALIND.*

**ROSALIND**

You don't usually see the actor playing the heroine  
 deliver the epilogue, but it's not uglier than seeing the hero  
 deliver the prologue. If it's true that good wine doesn't  
 need to be advertised with ivy , then it should  
 also be true that a good play doesn't need an epilogue. And  
 yet people do use good ivy to advertise for good wine, and  
 good plays are improved with the help of good epilogues.  
 I'm in a predicament, then, as I don't have a good epilogue.  
 Nor am I confident that this was a good play. I'm not

In Shakespeare's time, all the female parts were played by men.

Ivy was displayed in tavern windows to advertise that wine was available.

become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

220

225

*Exit*

dressed as a beggar, so it wouldn't be right for me to beg. So, then, I'll enchant you, and I'll begin with the women. Oh, women, in the name of your love for men, I tell you to like as much of this play as you want. And you, oh men, in the name of your love for women—and I can see from your silly smiles that none of you hates women—I tell you to like the other parts of the play. If I were actually a woman, I would kiss as many of you men as had beards that pleased me, complexions that I liked, and breaths that weren't bad. And for the sake of my kind offer, I'm sure that all of you who *do* have good beards, or good faces, or sweet-smelling breaths will, sending me off with a round of applause when I curtsy, say goodbye.

*ROSALIND exits.*

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