

# Act 1 Scene 1

*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 Jaques 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? 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 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. 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.

*ORLANDO and ADAM enter.*

**ORLANDO**

I remember, Adam, that's **exactly** why my father only left me a thousand crowns in his will. And as you know, my father commanded my brother, Oliver, to make sure that I was brought up well—and that's where my sadness begins. Oliver keeps my brother Jaques away at school, and everyone says he's doing extremely well there. But he keeps me at home in the country—to be precise, he keeps me stuck at home but doesn't support me. I ask you, is this any way to treat a gentleman as nobly born as I am, to pen me in like an ox? His horses get treated better than I do—at least he feeds them and trains them properly, and spends a lot of money on trainers for them. All I've gained from his care is weight, which makes me as indebted to him as his animals on the manure pile are. He gives me plenty of nothing, and takes away everything else, letting me eat with his servants, refusing me what's owed me as his brother, and ruining my good birth with a poor education. This is what angers me, Adam. My father's temper and spirit, which I think I share, makes me want to mutiny against my brother's tyranny. I won't stand for it any longer, though I haven't yet figured out how to revolt.

*Enter **OLIVER***

**ADAM**

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO**

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

**OLIVER**

<sup>25</sup> Now, sir, what make you here?

**ORLANDO**

Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

**OLIVER**

What mar you then, sir?

**ORLANDO**

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

**OLIVER**

<sup>30</sup> 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?

***OLIVER** enters.*

**ADAM**

Here comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO**

Go hide, Adam, and you'll hear how he abuses me.

**OLIVER**

Hey, you! What are you [making](#) here?

**ORLANDO**

Nothing. I've never been taught how to make anything.

**OLIVER**

Well, then, what are you messing up?

**ORLANDO**

I'm helping *you* mess up one of God's creations—your poor, unworthy brother—by having him do nothing.

**OLIVER**

Indeed, sir, find something better to do and get lost for a while.

**ORLANDO**

Should I tend your pigs and eat husks with them? When did I [waste](#) so much money that I ended up this poor?

**OLIVER**

Know you where you are, sir?

**ORLANDO**

35 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**

45 Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. (*seizes him*)

**OLIVER**

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

**OLIVER**

Do you know where you are, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, sir, very well—I'm here in your orchard.

**OLIVER**

Do you know whom you're talking to?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, better than you know me. I know you're my oldest brother, and deserve more respect. But we're in the same family, so you should acknowledge that I am a gentleman too. According to custom, as the first-born you are my superior. But it's not customary to treat me like I'm not even a gentleman, even if there were twenty brothers between you and me. I have as much of our father in me as you do, though I admit you're closer to him and matter more because you're older.

**OLIVER**

(*hitting ORLANDO*) What nerve!

**ORLANDO**

(*grabbing hold of OLIVER*) Come on, big brother; you don't know anything about fighting.

**OLIVER**

What, you dare put your 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 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**

55 Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO**

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. You shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.

**ORLANDO**

I'm no villain. I'm the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, and anyone who claims my father's sons are villains is a villain himself. If you weren't my brother, I'd leave this hand of mine on your neck until I'd pulled out your tongue for talking like this. You've only insulted yourself.

**ADAM**

Gentlemen, calm down. For the sake of your father's memory, make peace.

**OLIVER**

Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO**

I won't until I'm ready. You will listen to me. My father instructed you in his will to give me a good education. But you've raised me as a peasant, hiding from me what I needed to become a gentleman. My father's spirit is growing in me, and I won't take this any longer. Either give me the freedom to act like someone of my own rank or give me my share of the inheritance, so that I can seek my fortune elsewhere.

**OLIVER**

And what are you going to do after you've spent your money? Beg? Well, sir, go inside. I'm not going to be bothered by you

**ORLANDO**

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

**OLIVER**

Get you with him, you old dog.

**ADAM**

Is “old dog” my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master. He 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 neither.—Holla, Dennis!

*Enter **DENNIS***

**DENNIS**

<sup>75</sup> Calls your Worship?

**OLIVER**

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

for long. You'll get some of what you want. Now please leave me alone.

**ORLANDO**

I won't bother you any more than necessary.

**OLIVER**

(*to ADAM*) And you get lost too, you old dog.

**ADAM**

Is that my reward—to be called “old dog?” Well, it's true, I've served this family so long I've gotten old and toothless, like a dog. God bless my old master. He would never have spoken to me like this.

***ORLANDO** and **ADAM** exit.*

**OLIVER**

Is that how it's going to be? Are you starting to challenge me? I'll cure you of your insolence, and I'm not going to give you a thousand crowns, either!—Hey, Dennis!

***DENNIS** enters.*

**DENNIS**

Did you call for me, your Worship?

**OLIVER**

Wasn't 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.

**OLIVER**

80 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?

**CHARLES**

85 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 them good leave to wander.

**OLIVER**

**DENNIS**

Yes, sir, he's here at the door right now and asks to see you.

**OLIVER**

Call him in.

*DENNIS exits.*

I have a good plan. And tomorrow is the wrestling match.

*CHARLES enters.*

**CHARLES**

Good morning, sir.

**OLIVER**

Good Mr. Charles! Tell me, what's the latest news at the new court?

**CHARLES**

No news but the old news: the old Duke Senior has been banished by his younger brother, the new Duke Frederick. A few loyal lords have gone into exile with Duke Senior, and given up their lands and money to Frederick—so he's happy enough to have them leave.

**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.

**OLIVER**

Where will the old duke live?

**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.

**OLIVER**

What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

**CHARLES**

<sup>105</sup> 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

Can you tell me whether Rosalind, Duke Senior's daughter, has also been banished?

**CHARLES**

Oh, no. Duke Frederick's daughter, Celia, grew up with Rosalind, and Celia loves her cousin so much that she would have either followed her into exile or died of grief. Rosalind has stayed at court, where Duke Frederick loves her like his own daughter. No two women ever loved each other like they do.

**OLIVER**

Where will the old duke live?

**CHARLES**

They say he's already in the Forest of Arden. He has many cheerful men with him, and they live like Robin Hood and his outlaws. People say that new batches of young men flock there every day, and that they all pass the time without a care, like people did in the [Golden Age](#) .

**OLIVER**

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

**CHARLES**

Indeed I do, sir, and I've come to let you in on a certain problem. I've been informed by certain sources I can't disclose that your younger brother Orlando plans to fight me in disguise. Tomorrow, sir, I'm fighting for my reputation, and any

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

man who gets away without a broken bone or two is an exceptional wrestler indeed. Your brother is young and inexperienced, and because of my affection for you, I'd hate to crush him—though I'd have to, if he challenged me. I'm telling you all this out of affection for you, so you can either keep him from carrying out his plans or prepare to accept his disgrace, which will be his own fault, not mine.

### **OLIVER**

Charles, I thank you for your loyalty to me, and you'll see that I'll reward you. I'd heard about my brother's plan and have been subtly trying to change his mind, but he's determined. I tell you, Charles, he's the stubbornest young fellow in France: overly ambitious, jealous of other people's good qualities, and a traitor against me, his own blood brother. So use your discretion. I'd be just as happy if you broke his neck as his finger. And you'd better be careful, because if you embarrass him at all—in fact, if he doesn't beat you thoroughly—he'll come after you and won't leave you alone till he's poisoned you or trapped you—killed you, in other words, one way or another. It brings me to tears to say this, but there isn't another person alive who is so young and at the same time so wicked. Because he's my brother, I have to take his side. But if I really laid him bare, I'd have to weep and hang my head, and you would not believe me, his behavior is so shocking.



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**

135 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*

140 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*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CHARLES**

I'm very glad I came to see you. If he shows up tomorrow, I'll give him what's coming to him. If he can manage to walk after our fight, I'll never wrestle for money again. Farewell, my lord.

**OLIVER**

Take care, Charles.

*CHARLES exits.*

Now it's time to get this playboy brother of mine all worked up. I hope I'll see the end of him soon—I don't know why, but I hate nothing in the world as much as him, though he's an upstanding guy. He's never gone to school but he's smart, with good values, and everyone is delighted by him and loves him, especially my subjects, who know him the best. They love him, and therefore they despise me. But not for long; Charles will take care of everything. All I have to do is get Orlando to fight, which I'll do now.

*He exits.*

*CELIA and ROSALIND enter.*

## Act 1 Scene 2

**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 wouldst 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.

**CELIA**

Please, Rosalind, my sweet cousin—be happy.

**ROSALIND**

Dear Celia—I already look much happier than I feel, but you want me to look even happier? Unless you can also teach me how to forget my banished father, you shouldn't try to teach me how to be happy.

**CELIA**

Well, by this I can see that you don't love me as much as I love you. If *your* father had banished my father, I could have learned to love your father as my own, as long as I still had you. You'd do the same, if your love for me were as true as mine for you.

**ROSALIND**

Well, I'll just forget the difficulties of my situation, in order to focus on the happiness of yours.

**CELIA**

You know I'm my father's only child, and he isn't likely to have another. And when he dies, you will inherit his fortune—because whatever he took from your father by force, I will return to you as affection. I swear I will, and if I ever break my promise let me turn into a monster. So please, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be happy.

**ROSALIND**

20 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**

25 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.

**ROSALIND**

From now on I will, cousin, and I'll think of all kinds of games  
for us. Let me see—what do you think about falling in love?

**CELIA**

Yes, please do, so we can have a good laugh about it. But don't  
fall in love for real, and don't take the game too far. You want to  
get out of it easily, and with your honor intact.

**ROSALIND**

Well, then, what should we do for fun instead?

**CELIA**

Let's go find that hussy, Fortune, and and mock her till she  
starts distributing her gifts more equally.

**ROSALIND**

I wish we could do that, because Fortune gives all of her gifts  
to the wrong people, and she especially gets things wrong  
where women are concerned.

**CELIA**

It's true: the women she makes beautiful she also makes slutty,  
and the women she makes pure and virginal she also makes  
ugly.

**ROSALIND**

35 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?

**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**

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

No, you're getting Fortune and Nature mixed up: Nature determines how we're made, and Fortune decides what happens to us.

***TOUCHSTONE** enters.*

**CELIA**

Oh, really? Well, when Nature makes a person beautiful, can't Fortune make her fall into a fire, thereby making her ugly after all? And even though Nature has given us the wit to have this argument, hasn't Fortune sent this fool here to stop us?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, and now Fortune is playing a nasty trick on Nature: she's breaking up a show of wit between two naturally witty women with the arrival of a natural fool.

**CELIA**

Well, maybe this is Nature's work after all. Maybe Nature sensed that we're not smart enough to be having this high-flown discussion about goddesses, so she sent us this fool to use as a mental [whetstone](#). After all, smart peoples' wits are always sharpened by the presence of a fool. What's up, you wit? Where are you wandering off to?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Mistress, you have to go see your father.

**CELIA**

Were you made the messenger?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

Where learned you that oath, fool?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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**

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**

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

**CELIA**

Did they make you the messenger?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, by my honor, but they told me to come [get you](#) .

**ROSALIND**

Where'd you learn a phrase like, "by my honor," fool?

**TOUCHSTONE**

From a certain knight who swore on his honor that the  
pancakes he was eating were good, and that the mustard on  
top of them—he swore on his honor—was bad. Now, I'll swear  
to the opposite—that the pancakes were rotten, and the  
mustard was fine—but even so, the knight wasn't lying.

**CELIA**

And how, out of your great heap of knowledge, will you  
manage to prove that?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, please; unleash your wisdom.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Watch me: stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I  
am a knave.

**CELIA**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

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**

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**

The more pity that fools may not speak wisely 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*

**TOUCHSTONE**

And I swear by my wickedness (if I had any) that I am a knave. But you can't swear by what you don't have—and this knight had no honor, or if he did, he swore it off before he ever saw those pancakes and that mustard.

**CELIA**

Tell me, who is this knight?

**TOUCHSTONE**

A man old Frederick, your father, loves.

**CELIA**

If he has my father's love, then that's enough honor for me. Enough of this. No more talk about my father; you'll be whipped for slander one of these days.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It's a pity that fools aren't allowed to speak wisely about the foolish things that wise men do.

**CELIA**

Honestly, you're speaking the truth—ever since the fools were [silenced](#), the foolishness of wise men has become all the more apparent. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*LE BEAU enters.*

**ROSALIND**

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,  
80 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**

85 Or as the Destinies decrees.

**ROSALIND**

With his mouth full of news.

**CELIA**

Which he'll shove down our throats the way pigeons feed their young.

**ROSALIND**

Then we'll be stuffed with news.

**CELIA**

Well that's good. If we're **fattened** up, we'll be worth more.  
Hello, Monsieur 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, madam? I don't understand—how should I answer that?

**ROSALIND**

However your wit and luck allow.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Or however the Destinies say you should.

**CELIA**

Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nay, if I keep not my rank—

**ROSALIND**

Thou lovest thy old smell.

**LE BEAU**

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

**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.

**CELIA**

95 Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man and his three sons—

**CELIA**

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

**CELIA**

Nicely done; you laid *that* on thick.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, if I don't keep up my rank—

**ROSALIND**

—you'll lose your [smell](#) .

**LE BEAU**

You're confusing me, ladies. I was going to tell you all about a good wrestling match that's going on, which you're missing.

**ROSALIND**

Tell us about this wrestling.

**LE BEAU**

I'll tell you about the beginning, and if you find that interesting you can see the end. The best is yet to come, and they're going to perform it right here.

**CELIA**

Well, we've missed the beginning; it's dead and buried.

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man with his three sons—

**CELIA**

It sounds like the beginning of an old folktale.



**LE BEAU**

Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence.

**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.

**ROSALIND**

Alas!

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**LE BEAU**

Why, this that I speak of.

**TOUCHSTONE****LE BEAU**

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

**ROSALIND**

Right, and they wore proclamations around their necks, saying, "Be it known to all men by these presents —"

**LE BEAU**

The eldest of the three brothers wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler. Immediately, Charles threw the brother, breaking three of his ribs; it's not likely he will survive. Charles did the same to the second brother, and the third. They're lying over there, and the poor old man, their father, weeps so piteously over them that the whole audience has joined him in grieving.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, dear!

**TOUCHSTONE**

But tell me, monsieur—what sport are the ladies missing?

**LE BEAU**

Why, the one I just told you about.

**TOUCHSTONE**

110 Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time 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 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**

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?

Men must be getting wiser every day; that's the first time I've  
heard that rib-breaking was appropriate entertainment for  
ladies.

**CELIA**

Me too, I swear.

**ROSALIND**

Doesn't anyone else want to see this, and hear breath  
wheezing out from broken ribs? Does anyone else love rib  
breaking? Shall we go watch this wrestling, cousin?

**LE BEAU**

You're going to have to, if you stay here. This is the place  
they're scheduled to wrestle, and they're ready to go.

**CELIA**

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

*Trumpets play. **DUKE FREDERICK**, lords, **ORLANDO**, **CHARLES**,  
and attendants enter.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Come on. Since the youth won't be reasoned with, he'll have to  
suffer for his stubbornness.

**ROSALIND**

Is that the man?

**LE BEAU**

Even he, madam.

**CELIA**

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

**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, 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**

Do so. I'll not be by.

*He steps aside.*

**LE BEAU**

Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

**LE BEAU**

That's him, madam.

**CELIA**

Alas, he is too young. Yet he seems capable.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

What's up, daughter and niece? Have you snuck over here to watch the wrestling?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, my lord, if you give us permission.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You won't enjoy it much, I can tell you, the odds are so against this young man. Because he's so young, I've tried to discourage him, but he won't listen. Talk to him, ladies. See if you can persuade him.

**CELIA**

Call him over here, good Monsieur Le Beau.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Go ahead. I'll make myself scarce.

*He steps aside.*

**LE BEAU**

Mister Challenger, the princess wants to speak to you.

**ORLANDO**

I attend them with all respect and duty.

**ROSALIND**

135 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.

**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 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 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

**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 have—to try to fight him with the strength of my youth.

**CELIA**

Young gentleman, you are too bold for your age. You have seen the cruel proof of this man's strength. If you took a good look at yourself, or if you thought about this more carefully, your fear would teach you to act more cautiously. We beg you, for your own sake, to respect your safety and give up.

**ROSALIND**

Please, young sir. We'll make sure your reputation isn't hurt; we'll take it upon ourselves to argue with the duke that the wrestling match should be called off.

**ORLANDO**

I beg you not to think poorly of me—though I suppose anyone who could deny anything to such beautiful women deserves to be scorned. But please, send me good thoughts in this

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 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**

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

**CELIA**

Your heart's desires be with you.

**CHARLES**

<sup>160</sup> 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.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You shall try but one fall.

match. If I'm beaten, the shame is all mine, and I wasn't in anyone's good graces to begin with. If I'm killed, it will only be the death of a man who was willing to be dead. I won't wrong any of my friends, because I don't have any to mourn for me, and I won't have wronged the world, because I don't have anything in the world. In this world, I'm only taking up space. If I leave, maybe someone more worthy will fill it.

**ROSALIND**

I wish I could give you the little strength that I have.

**CELIA**

Mine too, to join hers.

**ROSALIND**

Good luck. I hope to God I'm wrong about your chances.

**CELIA**

I hope you get what you desire!

**CHARLES**

Come on, where's the young [show-off](#) who's so eager to lie with mother earth?

**ORLANDO**

Ready, sir, but I have more modest ambitions.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You get only one round.

**CHARLES**

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

**ORLANDO**

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**

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**

**CHARLES**

No, I'm sure your Grace won't be able to persuade him to try a second round, even though you couldn't dissuade him from trying the first.

**ORLANDO**

You should mock me *after* you've beaten me, not before. Come on.

**ROSALIND**

[Hercules](#) give you speed, young man!

**CELIA**

I wish I were invisible, so I could grab that strong fellow by the leg.

*They wrestle.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh, what an excellent young man!

**CELIA**

If I could shoot lightning bolts from my eyes, I can tell you who'd be on the ground.

*ORLANDO throws Charles. The crowd shouts.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How dost thou, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**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  
185 Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well. Thou art a gallant youth.  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exeunt **DUKE FREDERICK**, train, and **LE BEAU***

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

Oh, come on, your Grace—I'm barely out of breath.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How are you doing, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He can't speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

I wish you were someone else's son. The whole world thought  
your father was an honorable man, but he was always my  
enemy. Your victory would have pleased me more if you'd  
been someone else's son. But good luck; you are a brave  
young man. I wish you had told me you had a different father.

***DUKE FREDERICK**, his train, and **LE BEAU** exit.*

**CELIA**

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

**ORLANDO**

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

190 His youngest son, and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

**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,  
195 I should have given him tears unto entreaties  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

**CELIA**

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him.

My father's rough and envious disposition

200 Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved.

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

**ROSALIND**

Gentleman,

205 *(giving him a chain from her neck)*

Wear this for me—one out of suits with fortune

**CELIA**

If I were my father, cousin, would I do this?

**ORLANDO**

I'm proud to be Sir Rowland's son—his youngest son—and I  
would never change that, not even to be Frederick's adopted  
heir.

**ROSALIND**

My father loved Sir Rowland as much as he loved his own soul,  
and the rest of the world shared my father's opinion. If I had  
known this young man was his son, I would have tried harder  
to convince him not to fight.

**CELIA**

Gentle cousin, let's go thank him and encourage him. My my  
father's rude and envious behavior is like a knife through my  
heart. *(to ORLANDO)* Sir, you fought very well. If you live up to  
your potential in love as well, your wife will be a very happy  
woman.

**ROSALIND**

*(giving him a chain from her neck)* Gentleman, wear this for me.

I'm a woman who's down on her luck, and I'd give more if I  
could. Shall we go, cousin?



That could give more but that her hand lacks means.  
—Shall we go, coz?

**CELIA**

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.  
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?

215 Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

**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?  
220 I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando! Thou art overthrown.

**CELIA**

Yes. Good luck, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

*(to himself)* Can't I even say “thank you”? I left my brain back on  
the wrestling field. What's left of me is a dummy, just a lifeless  
block.

**ROSALIND**

He's calling us back. My **pride** fell when my fortunes did; I'll ask  
him what he wants.—Did you call us, sir? Sir, you wrestled well  
and conquered more than just your enemies.

**CELIA**

Will you come on, cousin?

**ROSALIND**

I'm coming. Farewell.

*ROSALIND and CELIA exit.*

**ORLANDO**

What is this passion that ties up my tongue? I can't speak to  
her, even though she asked me to. Oh, poor Orlando, you've

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Enter LE BEAU*

**LE BEAU**

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

230 I thank you, sir, and pray you tell me this:  
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  
235 The other is daughter to the banished duke,  
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

been overthrown! Either Charles or some prettier thing has  
mastered you.

*LE BEAU enters.*

**LE BEAU**

Good sir, as a friend, I advise you to leave this place. Although  
you deserve praise, applause, and love, right now the duke  
misconstrues everything you've done. The duke is  
temperamental. I'm sure you can imagine what I mean without  
my having to spell it out.

**ORLANDO**

Thank you, sir. Now please tell me this: which of the two ladies  
who were at the wrestling match is the duke's daughter?

**LE BEAU**

Neither one is his daughter, to judge from their good manners.  
But really, the smaller one is his daughter. The other is the  
daughter of the banished duke. Duke Frederick keeps her for  
his daughter's sake; the love between the two of them is  
stronger than the bond between sisters. But I will tell you that  
lately the duke has been displeased with his niece, and for no  
other reason than that people praise her virtues and pity her

240 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
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  
245 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.  
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,  
250 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.  
But heavenly Rosalind!

*Exit*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

for her father's sake. I swear, one day the duke's malice toward  
Rosalind will suddenly erupt. Goodbye, sir. Later, in a better  
world than this, I'd love to get to know you.

**ORLANDO**

I'm indebted to you. Goodbye.

*LE BEAU exits.*

Out of the frying pan and into the fire—from a tyrant duke to a  
tyrant brother! But, oh, heavenly Rosalind!

*He exits.*

## Act 1 Scene 3

*CELIA and ROSALIND enter.*

**CELIA**

What's going on, Rosalind? Cupid have mercy! You won't utter  
a single word?

**ROSALIND**

Not one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs.  
5 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**

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!

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

15 Hem them away.

I don't even have one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

No, your words are too precious to be wasted on dogs. Throw  
some of your words at me. Come on, throw your words at me  
like you would throw stones at a dog.

**ROSALIND**

Then there would be two cousins lying sick in bed: one hurt by  
reasons and the other gone crazy without any.

**CELIA**

Is all of this about your father?

**ROSALIND**

No, some of it is about my child's father. Oh, this [working-day](#)  
world is full of thorns!

**CELIA**

They're only burrs, cousin, thrown at you because you took a  
holiday from conventional behavior. If we walk on the well-  
worn paths, they won't get caught in our petticoats.

**ROSALIND**

Those burrs I could shake off my clothing, but these are in my  
heart.

**CELIA**

Cough them up.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

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**

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**

I'd try it, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

**CELIA**

Come on, take control of your feelings.

**ROSALIND**

But they're siding with a better wrestler than myself.

**CELIA**

Oh, that's a good wish! You'll fight with him eventually, and [fall](#). But let's put these jokes aside for a moment, and speak earnestly. Is it possible that you could have fallen in love with Orlando, Sir Rowland's youngest son, this suddenly?

**ROSALIND**

The duke, my father, loved his father very much.

**CELIA**

Does that necessarily mean you should love his son? By that kind of logic, I should hate Orlando, since my father hates 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 for that, and do you love him because I do.

30 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**

Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

35 You, cousin.

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

**ROSALIND**

I do beseech your Grace,  
40 Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.  
If with myself I hold intelligence  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,  
If that I do not dream or be not frantic—

**ROSALIND**

Let me love him because he deserves it, and you can love him  
because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

*DUKE FREDERICK enters, with lords*

**CELIA**

He looks angry.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Madam, hurry as fast as you can get out of my court.

**ROSALIND**

Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You, niece. In ten days time, if you're found within twenty miles  
of the court, you'll die for it.

**ROSALIND**

Please, your Grace, tell me what crime I have committed. If I  
know my own thoughts and desires, and I'm not dreaming or  
crazy—which I'm sure I'm not—then, dear uncle, I've never had  
so much as a half-formed thought that would have offended  
you.

As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,  
45 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,  
They are as innocent as grace itself.  
50 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**

So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.  
55 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.  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
60 To think my poverty is treacherous.

**CELIA**

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

All traitors protest like this. If they could purge their guilt simply  
by saying that they were innocent, they'd all be as innocent as  
God Himself. I don't trust you. Enough said.

**ROSALIND**

But your mistrust alone can't make me a traitor—on what basis  
do you suspect me?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ROSALIND**

I was his daughter when your Highness took my father's  
dukedom. I was his daughter when you banished him. Treason  
is not inherited, my lord. But even if we did inherit it from our  
family, what does that have to do with me? My father wasn't a  
traitor. So, please, my lord, don't assume that I'm treacherous  
just because I'm poor, with no titles to my name.

**CELIA**

Dear master, listen to me.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**CELIA**

I did not then entreat to have her stay.  
65 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,  
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,  
70 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  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
75 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  
Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

**CELIA**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**CELIA**

At that time, I didn't beg you to keep her here; you wanted her  
here, and you felt guilty. I was too young at the time to  
appreciate her value, but now I know her. If she's a traitor, why  
then, so am I. We have always slept together, woken up  
together, learned, played, and eaten together. Wherever we  
went, we went together and inseparable.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

She's too devious for you. Her smoothness, her silence, and  
her patient suffering appeal to the people, and they pity her.  
You're a fool. She's robbing you of the attention you deserve.  
You will seem even brighter and more virtuous when she's out  
of the picture. So be quiet. The sentence I've passed down on  
her is firm and unshakeable. She is banished.

**CELIA**

Then lay that sentence on me too, my lord. I cannot live  
without her.



**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

*DUKE FREDERICK and lords exit.*

**CELIA**

85 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.

**ROSALIND**

I have more cause.

**CELIA**

Thou hast not, cousin.  
90 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  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
95 Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?  
No, let my father seek another heir.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You are a fool.—You, niece, prepare to leave. On my honor and  
by my word, if you outstay the ten days, you will die.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and lords*

**CELIA**

Oh, my poor Rosalind, where will you go? Do you want to  
exchange fathers? I'll give you mine. I insist, don't be more  
distressed than I am.

**ROSALIND**

I have more reason to be distressed.

**CELIA**

No you haven't, cousin. Please, be cheerful. Don't you realize  
the duke has also banished me, his daughter?

**ROSALIND**

No, he hasn't.

**CELIA**

Oh, he hasn't? Well, then, you don't have the affection 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.  
So, help me plan how we'll escape, where we'll go, and what

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
100 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**

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
110 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,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?

we'll take with us. Don't even try to take this all upon yourself,  
bearing your grief alone and leaving me out. I swear by the  
heavens, which have grown pale in sympathy with us, I'm  
going with you, whatever you say.

**ROSALIND**

But where will we go?

**CELIA**

To the Forest of Arden, to find your father.

**ROSALIND**

But what danger we'll put ourselves in, two young, innocent  
women traveling so far! Fresh beauty attracts thugs and  
thieves even more than money.

**CELIA**

I'll put on some poor and ragged clothes and smudge my face  
with dirt. You do the same, and we'll be able to travel without  
attracting any attackers' attention.

**ROSALIND**

Wouldn't it be better—since I'm unusually tall for a woman—to  
dress myself like a man?

115 A gallant curtal-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—  
As many other mannish cowards have  
120 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.  
But what will you be called?

**CELIA**

125 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?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

**CELIA**

130 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,

I'll wear a big sword in my belt, carry a boar-spear in my hand,  
and hide all my womanish fear in my heart. We'll maintain a  
swaggering, warrior look, like so many cowardly men, whose  
manner has nothing to do with what they're feeling.

**CELIA**

What should I call you when you're a man?

**ROSALIND**

I'll take no lesser name than that of [Jove's](#) own servant. So call  
me Ganymede. And what will you be called?

**CELIA**

Something that refers to my current state. Instead of Celia, call  
me Aliena.

**ROSALIND**

Cousin, what if we brought that clownish fool of your father's  
court, Touchstone? Wouldn't he be a comfort to us in our  
travels?

**CELIA**

He'd walk the whole wide world with me. Leave me alone to  
go convince him. Let's go gather our jewels and money. We'll  
figure out the best time and safest route to avoid being found

Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
135 After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

*Exeunt*

out by my father's guards, whom he'll send out as soon as he  
discovers I've gone. Now, we go contentedly to freedom—not  
banishment.

*They exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 1

*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,

***DUKE SENIOR**, **AMIENS**, and two or three **LORDS** enter, dressed  
like foresters.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Now, my companions and brothers in exile, hasn't experience  
made this simple life sweeter than a life of glittery pomp and  
circumstance? Aren't these woods less perilous than the court,  
with all its jealousies and intrigues? Out here we feel the  
changing of the seasons, but we're not bothered by it. When  
the icy fangs of the brutal, scolding wind bite and blow on my  
body, even though I'm shivering with cold, I can appreciate the  
weather's honesty. I smile and think, "Thank goodness the wind  
doesn't flatter me: it's like a councilor who makes me feel what  
I'm really made of." Adversity can have its benefits—like the  
ugly, poisonous toad that wears a precious jewel in its  
forehead. In this life, far away from the civilized world, we can  
hear the language of the trees, read the books of the running  
streams, hear sermons in the stones, and discover the good in  
every single thing.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

### **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.

### **DUKE SENIOR**

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

### **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,

### **AMIENS**

I wouldn't change my situation for anything. You're lucky, my  
lord, to be able to see the peace and sweetness even in what  
bad luck has brought you.

### **DUKE SENIOR**

Come, shall we hunt some deer for dinner? It bothers me,  
though, that these poor spotted innocents, who, after all, are  
this deserted city's native citizens, should be gouged with  
arrows.

### **FIRST LORD**

Indeed, my lord, the gloomy Jaques grieves over these deaths.  
He swears that when you kill the deer, you're a worse usurper  
than your brother was for banishing you. Today, Lord Amiens  
and I followed Jaques. We saw him lie down along a brook  
under an oak tree whose ancient roots peeked out from the  
earth. A poor, lonely stag who had been hurt by a hunter's  
arrow came to rest there, where he heaved such heavy groans  
that the effort seemed to stretch his hide to bursting. Big,  
round tears ran piteously down the animal's innocent nose.  
The hairy fool, watched closely by sad Jaques, stood on the

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

**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?"

very edge of the brook, adding his own tears to the streaming water.

**DUKE SENIOR**

And what did Jaques say? Didn't he take the opportunity to draw a moral from the scene?

**FIRST LORD**

Oh, yes, he created a thousand comparisons. First, he spoke of the deer's needless addition to the stream's water supply. "Poor deer," he said, "you're just like a human: you add more to what already has too much." Then, about the deer's being alone, abandoned by his velvety companions: "It's appropriate," he said, "that a miserable creature should excuse itself from company." Just then, a carefree herd of deer, having just eaten their fill of pasture grass, bounded along without stopping to greet their wounded brother. "Sure," said Jaques, "hurry on, you fat and greasy citizens. Why stop and notice this poor, broken, bankrupt creature here?" In this way, he most insightfully pierced to the heart of the country, the city, the court, and even our lives out here in the forest, swearing that we are mere

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*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

usurpers and tyrants, frightening and killing animals in their  
own homes.

**DUKE SENIOR**

And did you leave him like this?

**SECOND LORD**

We did, my lord, weeping and carrying on about the sobbing  
deer.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Take me to him. I love to argue with him when he's having one  
of these fits, because then he always has a lot to say.

**FIRST LORD**

I'll bring you to him right away.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 2

*DUKE FREDERICK enters, 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.

**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.

Can it be possible that no one saw them leave? It cannot be.  
Some villains in my court must have known about this and let it  
happen.

**FIRST LORD**

I can't find anyone who saw her leave. Her ladies-in-waiting  
saw her go to bed, and early this morning the bed was empty.

**SECOND LORD**

My lord, that dirty clown whom you laughed at so often is also  
missing. Hisperia, the princess's gentlewoman, confesses that  
she overheard your daughter and her cousin praising the good  
looks and skills of the wrestler who recently beat the muscular  
Charles. Hisperia believes that, wherever they have gone, that  
young man is likely with them.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Send a message to his brother. Bring that swinger Orlando  
here. If he's not around, bring his brother Oliver to me. I'll make  
Oliver find him. Do this immediately, and don't stop searching  
and interrogating until you've brought home these foolish  
runaways.



*Exeunt*

*They all exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 3

*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**

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

**ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

My young master! Oh, my gentle master! My sweet master! Oh,

you living memory of old Sir Rowland! What are you doing

here? Why are you so strong and good? 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 favorite

champion? Your praise has beaten you home. Don't you know,

master, that some men's best qualities do them in? Yours are

like that—complete and utter traitors to you. Oh, what a world

this is, when even what is beautiful in a man poisons him!

**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, wouldst thou have me go?

**ADAM**

No matter whither, so you come not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, wouldst 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

Oh, unlucky boy! Don't walk through these doors. In this house  
lives a man who despises all that is good in you. Oliver, your  
brother—no, not your brother; and yet he's the son—but no, I  
won't call him the son—of that great man I was about to call his  
father, has heard about how well you did in the wrestling  
match, and tonight he's planning on burning your house down,  
with you in 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 home is now a slaughterhouse. Hate it, fear it, do not come  
inside.

**ORLANDO**

Then where would you have me go, Adam?

**ADAM**

It doesn't matter where, so long as it's not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, would you have me beg for my food? Or become a  
lowlife, sticking up travelers on the road? This is all that's left  
for me to do, but I won't do it. I'd rather give myself up to the  
hatred of a violent brother who refuses to recognize that we  
are brothers.

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

### ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
40 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,  
45 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  
50 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you.  
55 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.  
60 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

### ADAM

But don't do that. I have five-hundred gold coins, which I  
carefully saved when I was working for your late father. I meant  
to use it for my retirement, to help me when my old body was  
lame and forgotten in some dark corner. But take the money,  
and God, who feeds even the raven and looks after even the  
sparrow, will comfort me in my old age. Here is the gold, I give  
it all to you. Let me be your servant. I know I may be old, but  
I'm strong and healthy, because in my youth I never drank nor  
lived recklessly. Therefore, my old age is like a blustery winter:  
cold, but kindly. Let me go with you. I'll do everything a  
younger man could do for you.

### ORLANDO

Oh, good old man, you're a great example of that old work  
ethic, where people worked because it was their duty, not just  
for the money. Your approach isn't the fashion these days,  
when no one works hard except for a promotion, and, as soon

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  
65 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**

70 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,  
75 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*

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

**ROSALIND**

as they've got it, they stop working. But in working for me, old  
man, you are pruning a rotten tree: despite all your pains and  
efforts, it won't yield a single blossom. Come along, though.  
We'll go together, and before we've spent all the savings of  
your youth, we'll find a way to make a living.

**ADAM**

Go on, master, and I will follow you—with truth and loyalty to  
my last breath. From the time I was seventeen, over sixty years  
ago, I have lived in this house, but now I will live here no more.  
Many men seek their fortune at seventeen; at eighty, it's a bit  
late. But fortune could not reward me better than to let me die  
well, without owing my master anything.

*They exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 4

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

**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.

**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.

**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**

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Oh Lord, my spirits are tired!

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**ROSALIND**

I'd insult my manly wardrobe by weeping like a woman if I didn't have to comfort the weaker vessel here, as the [jacket and hose](#) ought to be brave for the sake of the petticoat. So, have courage, good Aliena.

**CELIA**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

I'd rather bear with you than [bear](#) you. But if I did carry you, it would be no [cross](#) to bear, because I'm pretty sure you don't have any money.

**ROSALIND**

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Yes, now I'm in Arden, and that makes me the bigger fool. When I was at home, I was in a better place. But travelers have to be content.

**ROSALIND**

Yes, be content, good Touchstone.

*Enter **CORIN** and **SILVIUS***

15 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**

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

**SILVIUS**

20 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—  
As sure I think did never man love so—  
25 How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

**CORIN**

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

**SILVIUS**

***CORIN** and **SILVIUS** enter.*

Look who's coming: a young man and an old man, having a  
serious talk.

**CORIN**

What you're doing is the way to make her scorn you  
continually.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, Corin, I wish you could understand how much I love her!

**CORIN**

I'm sure I can guess. I have been in love too, you know.

**SILVIUS**

No Corin, since you're old, you cannot guess—even if you were  
as dedicated a lover in your youth as there ever was, sighing  
and mooning all night long. If your love was anything like mine  
—and I'm sure that no man has loved as I love now—exactly  
how many ridiculous actions did your fantasizing lead you to?

**CORIN**

Oh, a thousand of them, all of which I've forgotten.

**SILVIUS**

Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.  
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly  
30 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,  
Thou hast not loved.  
35 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**

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

**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 chopped 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

Oh, then you never loved as wholeheartedly as me. If you can't  
remember the stupidest little thing love made you do, you  
haven't loved. Or if you haven't sat as I do now, boring your  
listener with all your lover's virtues, then you haven't loved. Or  
if you haven't broken away from human company, as my  
feelings now lead me to do, you haven't loved. O Phoebe,  
Phoebe, Phoebe!

*He exits.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh, poor shepherd! Listening to you speak of your wounded  
heart reminds me of my own pain.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Me too. I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword on a  
stone, and told him to take that for coming at night to see Jane  
Smile. I remember kissing her washing stick and the cow's  
udders that her pretty, chapped hands had milked. I remember  
wooing a pea plant in her name, and then taking two pea pods  
and begging her to wear them "for my sake." Those of us who  
are really in love will do the strangest things. But everything  
that lives is mortal, including the foolishness of love.

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**

Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion  
55 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**

(to CORIN) Holla, you clown!

**ROSALIND**

60 Peace, fool. He's not thy kinsman.

**CORIN**

Who calls?

**ROSALIND**

You speak more wisely than you know.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nah, I'll never be aware of my own wit, until I break my shins on  
it.

**ROSALIND**

By God! This shepherd's condition is like my own.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And like mine, but I'm getting a little tired of it.

**CELIA**

Please, one of you go ask that man over there if we can buy  
some food off him. I'm faint with hunger.

**TOUCHSTONE**

(to CORIN) Hey, clown!

**ROSALIND**

Shut up, fool. He's not your relative.

**CORIN**

Who's calling?



**TOUCHSTONE**

Your betters, sir.

**CORIN**

Else are they very wretched.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CORIN**

65 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.  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,

70 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.  
But I am shepherd to another man  
75 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.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Your superiors.

**CORIN**

If they weren't my betters, they'd be pretty wretched indeed.

**ROSALIND**

(to TOUCHSTONE) Stop it, I say.—Good evening to you, friend.

**CORIN**

Good evening to you, too, noble sir, and to all of you.

**ROSALIND**

Please sir, if love or money can buy anything in this empty  
place, tell us where we can rest and feed ourselves. We'll pay  
you for the information. We have a young woman here who is  
very tired from traveling and faint with hunger.

**CORIN**

Dear sir, I pity the lady and wish—more for her sake than my  
own—that I was more able to help her. But I'm a hired hand: I  
don't profit from the flocks I tend. My master is a brutish man  
and doesn't care much if he gets to heaven by deeds of  
hospitality or not. Besides, his cottage, his flocks, and his  
grazing rights are on sale now, and since he's not there, there's  
nothing to eat at our house. But let's see what's on hand. If I  
have anything to say about it, you will be most welcome there.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
80 Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

**ROSALIND**

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

**CORIN**

85 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,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

**CELIA**

90 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  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
95 I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

**ROSALIND**

Who wants to buy the flock and the pasture?

**CORIN**

That young man who was just here. But he doesn't really care  
about buying anything.

**ROSALIND**

Please, if you can do it without taking advantage of the young  
man, buy the cottage, pasture, and flock for us, and we'll pay  
you for it.

**CELIA**

And we will raise your wages. I like this place. I could see  
myself wasting time here.

**CORIN**

The thing is definitely going to be sold. Come with me. If you  
like what you see of the land, the profit that's possible, and this  
rustic life, I'll be your faithful servant, and buy the place with  
your gold right away.

*Exeunt*

*They all exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 5

*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**

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

*AMIENS, JAQUES, and others enter.*

**AMIENS**

*(singing)*

*Whoever wants to lie with me,*

*Under the greenwood tree,*

*And turn his merry song*

*To follow the sweet bird's singing,*

*Come here, come here, come here.*

*Here you will find*

*No enemy*

*Besides winter and rough weather.*

**JAQUES**

*More, more, please, more.*

**AMIENS**

*It's only going to make you sad, Monsieur Jaques.*

**JAQUES**

*I'm glad about that. More, please, more. I can suck sadness out of a song the way a weasel sucks eggs. More, please, more.*

**AMIENS**

*My voice is ragged. I know I won't please you.*

**JAQUES**

15 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.

**JAQUES**

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

**AMIENS**

20 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 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 duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

**JAQUES**

**JAQUES**

I don't want you to please me, I want you to sing. Come on, another stanza—is that what you call 'em, "stanzas"?

**AMIENS**

Call them whatever you want, Monsieur Jaques.

**JAQUES**

Nah, I don't care what their [names](#) are; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

**AMIENS**

Okay, but only because you want me to.

**JAQUES**

Well then, if I've ever thanked a man, I'll thank you now. But two men complimenting each other is like two baboons getting together. Whenever a man compliments me, I feel like he's a beggar and I just gave him a penny—an embarrassing exchange. Come on, sing—and those of you who won't sing, shut up.

**AMIENS**

Well, I'll finish the song I started.—Meanwhile, sirs, set the table. The duke will drink under this tree.—He's been looking for you all day, you know.

**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. Come, warble, come.

### EVERYONE

*(singing)*

*Who doth ambition shun*

35 *And loves to live i' th' sun,*

*Seeking the food he eats*

*And pleased with what he gets,*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither.*

*Here shall he see*

40 *No enemy*

*But winter and rough weather.*

### JAQUES

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:

45 *If it do come to pass*

*That any man turn ass,*

*Leaving his wealth and ease*

*A stubborn will to please,*

*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.*

And I've been avoiding him all day. He's too argumentative for me. I think of as many things as he does, but I just thank heaven and don't show off about it. Come, warble for me.

### EVERYONE

*(singing)*

*Whoever shuns ambition*

*And loves to live in the sun,*

*Hunting the food he eats*

*Pleased with what he finds,*

*Come here, come here, come here.*

*Here he will find*No enemy

*But winter and rough weather.*

### JAQUES

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

### AMIENS

And I'll sing it. *(taking a paper from JAQUES)* It goes like this:

*(sings)*

*If it should come to pass*

*That any man turns into an ass*

*And leaves his wealth and ease*

*Simply to please his stubborn will*

50 *Here shall he see  
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 all the first-born of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

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

*Exeunt severally*

*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**

*Duc dame, duc dame, duc dame.  
Here he will see  
Fools as stupid as he  
If he will only come to me.*

**AMIENS**

What's that word " duc dame"?

**JAQUES**

It's a Greek invocation, calling fools into a circle. I'm going to take a nap, if I can—if I can't, I'll curse all the first-born children of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

And I'll go find the duke; his banquet is ready.

*They all exit in separate directions.*

## Act 2 Scene 6

*ORLANDO and ADAM enter.*

**ADAM**

Dear master, I can't go any farther. Oh, I'm dying of hunger. I'll lie down here 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*

Hey, what's this, Adam? No braver than this? Live a little, be comforted a little, cheer up a little. If I can find any animal in this wild forest, I'll either be food for it or bring it as food for you. You're not as close to death as you think you are. For my sake, make yourself comfortable; keep death at arm's length for a while. I'll be back soon, and if I haven't brought you anything to eat, I will give you permission to die. But if you die before I return, you'll have made a mockery of my efforts. There we go! You look happier already, and I'll be back quickly. But you're lying out in the cold. Come, I'll carry you to shelter. And you won't die for lack of dinner, if there's anything at all to eat in this desert-like forest. Cheer up, good Adam.

*They exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 7

*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**

<sup>5</sup> If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

I think he must have turned into an animal, because I can't find him anywhere looking like a man.

**FIRST LORD**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

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  
10 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,  
15 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun  
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
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.

If that man, who's made up of conflicts, becomes musical, then  
there must be something wrong with the universe. Go find him.  
Tell him I want to speak with him.

*JAQUES enters.*

**FIRST LORD**

He saved me the trouble: here he comes.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Well, what's going on, mister? What kind of life do you lead  
that your poor friends must beg for your company? What, you  
look amused.

**JAQUES**

A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest, wearing motley. What a  
miserable world! As sure as I eat to stay alive, I met a fool who  
was lying in the sun and complaining about his fortune. He  
spoke smartly, though he was a fool. "Good morning, fool," I  
said. "No, sir," he said, "don't call me a fool until heaven has sent  
me my fortune."

Then he pulled a watch from his bag and, looking at it  
solemnly, said, "It's ten o'clock. This way, we can see how the  
world moves. Only an hour ago it was nine, and in another hour  
it will be eleven. And so, from hour to hour we ripen, and from



'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.

hour to hour we rot. And there's a story behind that." When I  
heard that motley fool moralizing on the subject of time, I  
began to crow like a rooster. Hearing a fool speaking so  
contemplatively made me laugh non-stop for an hour. Oh,  
noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley is the only thing to wear.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Who is this fool?

**JAQUES**

A worthy fool! He's been a courtier and says, "If ladies are  
young and pretty, they always know it." His [brain](#) is dry as a  
sailor's biscuit and crammed with all sorts of strange  
observations, which he presents in mangled fashion. Oh, I wish  
I were a fool! I'm ambitious for one of those motley coats.

**DUKE SENIOR**

You shall 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 wouldst do.

**JAQUES**

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

**DUKE SENIOR****JAQUES**

That's all I ask from you, as long as you promise to rid yourself  
of any rotten idea that I am wise. Like the wind, I must have the  
freedom to blast anyone I please, as fools do. And whoever is  
most irritated by my foolishness has to laugh the hardest. Why,  
sir, must he? Well, it's as plain as the beaten path to a parish  
church. Any person who thinks I'm satirizing them would be  
stupid if they didn't pretend not to be hurt by my joke.  
Otherwise, they'd be admitting I was talking about them, and  
the fool would expose the wise man's foolishness with a joke  
that wasn't even meant for him. Dress me up in motley. Let me  
speak my mind, and I'll rid the world of its sickness—if it will  
only tolerate my medicine.

**DUKE SENIOR**

To hell with you! I know what you'd do.

**JAQUES**

What would I do besides 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  
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

You would be committing a wicked sin by chiding other people for sinning, because you yourself have been a terrible sinner, as carnal in your appetites as lust itself, and all the swollen pustules of sin that you acquired in your freedom you now want to burst and shoot back into the world at large.

### JAQUES

But if I cry out against pride in general, how can anyone say I'm accusing a particular person? Aren't we talking about a problem as vast as the sea, that keeps flowing until all the wealth in the world is almost used up by everyone showing off?

What woman in the city am I talking about when I say that the clothes on a city-woman's unworthy back are rich enough to suit a prince? Who can say I mean just her when all her neighbors are exactly like her? And when some lowlife protests that *his* fancy clothes aren't my problem, isn't he basically admitting that I'm talking about him? Well, then. Tell me how I've wronged him. If I was right about him, he's the one who's done wrong. If he isn't guilty of the faults I'm talking about, well then, my accusations fly by like wild geese, whom no one owns, since they don't apply to any man. But who is this?

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.

***ORLANDO** enters with his sword drawn.*

**ORLANDO**

Stop, and eat no more.

**JAQUES**

But I haven't eaten anything yet.

**ORLANDO**

And you won't until the needy eat.

**JAQUES**

What kind of fighting cock is this?

**DUKE SENIOR**

Are you acting so boldly from hardship or because you despise good manners? Why do you seem so lacking in civility?

**ORLANDO**

You were right the first time. My piercing distress has stripped me of smooth manners. But I wasn't raised in the forest, and I was somewhat well-bred. But stop, I say. Whoever eats this fruit before I've been taken care of dies.

**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.

**JAQUES**

If you won't listen to reason, I'll have to die.

**DUKE SENIOR**

What would you like? Gentlemanly manners have more sway  
around here than force does.

**ORLANDO**

I'm dying for food, so let me have some.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Sit down and eat, and welcome to our table.

**ORLANDO**

Do you really speak like such a gentleman? I beg your pardon. I  
thought everything out here was wild, which is why I acted so  
stern and commanding. But whoever you are—you who sit in  
the dark shade, losing track of time in this remote forest—if you  
have ever seen better days or been to church or sat at a man's  
table for a feast or wiped a tear from your eye, if you know  
what it is to pity and be pitied, let my kindness and nobility  
persuade you. With that hope, I'll blush at my 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**

We have in fact seen better days and been summoned to  
church by the ringing of the holy bell and sat at good men's  
feasts and cried tears of pity—therefore, sit down and take  
whatever will satisfy your needs.

**ORLANDO**

Then please, put off your eating for a little while I, like a mother  
doe, find my fawn and bring it food. There is a poor old man  
who, purely out of love, has limped after me for miles. He's  
burdened by two debilitating evils—age and hunger. Until he's  
fed, I won't eat a thing.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Go find him. We won't touch a thing till you return.

**ORLANDO**

Thank you, and God bless you for your hospitality.

*He exits.*

### 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

### DUKE SENIOR

You see, we're not alone in our unhappiness. This wide,  
universal theater has more sad plays than our own little scene.

### 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 a man will play many parts, his life separated into  
seven acts. In the first act he is an infant, whimpering and  
puking in his nurse's arms. Then he's the whining schoolboy,  
with a book bag and a bright, young face, creeping like a snail  
unwillingly to school. Then he becomes a lover, huffing and  
puffing like a furnace as he writes sad poems about his  
mistress's eyebrows. In the fourth act, he's a soldier, full of  
foreign curses, with a beard like a panther, eager to defend his  
honor and quick to fight.

On the battlefield, he puts himself in front of the cannon's  
mouth, risking his life to seek fame that is as fleeting as a soap  
bubble. In the fifth act, he is a judge, with a nice fat belly from  
all the bribes he's taken. His eyes are stern, and he's given his  
beard a respectable cut. He's full of wise sayings and up-to-  
the-minute anecdotes: that's the way he plays his part. In the

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon  
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 childishness 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.

**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.

sixth act, the curtain rises on a skinny old man in slippers,  
glasses on his nose and a money bag at his side. The stockings  
he wore in his youth hang loosely on his shriveled legs now,  
and his bellowing voice has shrunk back down to a childish  
squeak. In the last scene of our play—the end of this strange,  
eventful history—our hero, full of forgetfulness, enters his  
second childhood: without teeth, without eyes, without taste,  
without everything.

***ORLANDO** enters carrying **ADAM**.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome. Set the honorable old man down and let him eat.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you very much on his behalf.

**ADAM**

You had better do that. I can barely speak to thank you myself.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome. Eat. I won't trouble you yet with questions about  
your situation.—Some music, please, and, good friend, sing.



## AMIENS

*(sings)*

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*

180 *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,*

190 *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,*

## AMIENS

*(singing)*

*Blow, blow, winter wind.*

*You aren't as harsh*

*As men's ingratitude. Your teeth aren't as sharp,*

*As you are invisible,*

*Even though your breath is an assault.*

*Heigh-ho! Sing, heigh-ho! Sing to the green holly.*

*Most friendship is false, most love simply foolishness.*

*Then heigh-ho, to the holly.*

*This life is really jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, you bitter sky,*

*Your bite isn't as painful*

*As when good deeds are forgotten.*

*Even though you can freeze water*

*Your sting is not as sharp*

*As the friend who is forgotten.*

*Heigh-ho! Sing, heigh-ho! Sing to the green holly.*

*Most friendship is false, most love simply foolishness.*

*Then heigh-ho, to the holly.*

*This life is really jolly.*

## DUKE SENIOR

*If you really are Sir Rowland's son, as you've just whispered to me—and I can absolutely see the likeness in your face— you*

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*

*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.

are truly welcome here. I am the duke who loved your father.  
Come to my cave and tell me the rest of your story.—Good old  
man, you are as welcome here as your master is. Give him your  
arm. Give me your hand, and explain your situation to me.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3 Scene 1

*DUKE FREDERICK enters, with lords and OLIVER.*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You haven't seen him since? Sir, sir, that can't be true. If I  
weren't a merciful man, I'd forget about your missing brother  
and punish you in his place. But do this: find your brother,  
wherever he is. Bring him here dead or alive within the next  
year, or get out off my land. I'm seizing your lands and all that  
you possess until your brother gives testimony that absolves  
you of any guilt.

**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*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper*

**ORLANDO**

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.  
And thou, thrice-crownéd 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.

**OLIVER**

I wish your Highness knew my true feelings in this matter: I  
have never in my life loved my brother.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

That makes you an even bigger villain.—Well, throw him out,  
and have my officers seize his house and lands. Do this  
immediately, and send him packing.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3 Scene 2

*ORLANDO enters, holding a piece of paper.*

**ORLANDO**

Hang there on this tree, you lines of poetry, and bear witness  
to my love. And you, goddess of the moon, queen of the night  
—with your chaste eye, from your pale home up above—watch  
your huntress, who has the power to control my life. Oh,  
Rosalind, these trees will be my books—I'll write my thoughts  
down on their bark. That way, everyone who passes through  
this forest will find your virtues everywhere. Run, run, Orlando,  
on every tree carve praises of her beauty, her virtue, and her  
inexpressibility.

*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 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 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**

20 No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and 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 comes of a very dull kindred.

**TOUCHSTONE**

*He exits.*

*CORIN and TOUCHSTONE enter.*

**CORIN**

And how are you liking the shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, in and of itself, it is a good life, but given that it's a shepherd's life, it's worthless. In the fact that it's solitary, I enjoy it very much; but in the sense that it's private, it's terrible. Now, I'm very pleased with it being outdoors, but in its not being at the court, it is boring. Being a simple life, it suits me very well, but being a life without plenty, it doesn't suit me at all. Are you any kind of philosopher yourself, shepherd?

**CORIN**

Only in that I know that the sicker one gets, the worse one feels, and that the man who lacks money, employment, and happiness is without three good friends. I know that rain makes things wet and fire burns things. I know that a good pasture makes sheep fat, that the main cause of night is the absence of sun, and that the man who isn't smart by nature and hasn't learned anything from his schooling will complain of his lack of good manners, or he comes from very dull parents indeed.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**CORIN**

No, truly.

**TOUCHSTONE**

30 Then thou art damned.

**CORIN**

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**

35 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

You're a natural-born philosopher! Were you ever at court, shepherd?

**CORIN**

Honestly, no.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then you are damned.

**CORIN**

I hope not.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Yep, you're damned like a roasted [egg](#): all on one side.

**CORIN**

I'm damned for not having been at court? Explain.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, if you were never at court, you were never exposed to good manners; if you never witnessed good manners, your manners must be wicked; wickedness is a sin, and committing sins leads to damnation. You are in a perilous state, shepherd.

**CORIN**

Not at all, Touchstone. The good manners of the court look as silly in the country as country behavior is laughable at the court. You told me that you don't salute at the court but kiss

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**

45 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**

50 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**

hands. Now, if courtiers were shepherds, that kind of courtesy would be unclean.

### **TOUCHSTONE**

Give a quick example. Come, explain.

### **CORIN**

Why, because we're always handling our ewes, and their fleece, as you know, is greasy.

### **TOUCHSTONE**

What, don't courtiers' hands sweat? And isn't a sheep's grease as wholesome as a man's sweat? That's a poor example. A better example—come on.

### **CORIN**

Besides, our hands are hard and calloused.

### **TOUCHSTONE**

Then your lips will feel them more quickly. Shallow thinking, yet again. Come on.

### **CORIN**

Our hands are often covered in tar, from performing surgery on our [sheep](#). Would you have us country folks kiss each other's tarred hands? Courtiers' hands are perfumed.

### **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**

60 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**

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 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

You shallow thinker! You worthless man! You are about as much of a thinker as worm's meat is a nice steak. Learn from the wise, and comprehend: the courtier's perfume is made from cat discharge—much more disgusting than tar. Fix your example, shepherd.

### **CORIN**

Your wit is too courtly for me. I'll rest now.

### **TOUCHSTONE**

You're going to rest while you're still damned? God help you, foolish man. Pray God does some surgery on you: you need to be fixed.

### **CORIN**

Sir, I'm a true, simple laborer: I earn what I eat, get what I wear, hate no man, envy no man's happiness, am happy for other men's good fortune and satisfied with my own bad fortune, and the source of my greatest pride is watching my ewes graze and my lambs feed.

### **TOUCHSTONE**

That's another sin arising from your ignorance: you bring ewes and rams together and make your living by their copulation. You act as a pimp to a young ewe by forcing her to have sex with a crooked-headed, horny old ram—a totally unreasonable match. If you're not damned for that, then the devil must be

this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

**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.

80 All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.

**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.

keeping shepherds out of hell; I can't see how else you can  
hope to escape.

**CORIN**

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

*ROSALIND enters, reading from a sheet of paper.*

**ROSALIND**

*(reading, as Ganymede)* From the far east to the west Indies  
There is no jewel like Rosalind.

Her worth is carried on the wind  
And it blows throughout the world, carrying the name of  
Rosalind.

All the most beautiful paintings  
Are black when compared to Rosalind.  
Don't think of any beauty  
But the beauty of Rosalind.

**TOUCHSTONE**

I could rhyme like that for eight years in a row, excepting meal  
times and sleeping hours. That awful, plodding rhyme  
sounded like a row of dairy women stomping off to market.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, stop, fool.



### TOUCHSTONE

For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,

90 Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lined,

So must slender Rosalind.

95 They that reap must sheaf and bind,

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find

100 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect  
yourself with them?

### ROSALIND

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

### TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

### ROSALIND

105 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

### TOUCHSTONE

Let me try:

If there's a buck who needs a doe

Tell him Rosalind will do.

A cat in heat will look for a mate,

And Rosalind certainly will too.

Winter garments need to be filled with something,

And so does skinny Rosalind.

After you harvest, you have to sheaf and bind

So throw ripe Rosalind on the harvest cart.

The sweetest nut has the sourest rind

And Rosalind is that kind of nut.

The man who finds the sweetest rose

Will be pricked by it, and by Rosalind.

This is exactly the false way that verses gallop along. Why  
bother with them?

### ROSALIND

Quiet, you stupid fool. I found them on a tree.

### TOUCHSTONE

Well, the tree bears rotten fruit.

### ROSALIND

I'll graft you onto that tree, and when I do I'll be grafting onto it  
a [medlar](#). The fruit the tree bears will be the earliest to ripen in

rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

### TOUCHSTONE

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

*Enter CELIA, with a writing*

### ROSALIND

Peace. Here comes my sister reading. Stand aside.

### CELIA

*(as Aliena, reads)* Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree

115 That shall civil sayings show.

Some how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

120 Some of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I "Rosalinda" write,

125 Teaching all that read to know

the country because, God knows, *you'll* be rotten before you're half-ripe, which is how medlars are.

### TOUCHSTONE

All right, you've had your say, but we'll let the forest judge whether or not you spoke wisely.

*CELIA enters with a piece of paper.*

### ROSALIND

Quiet! Here comes my cousin, reading something; step aside.

### CELIA

*(reading, as Aliena)* Why should this place be a desert

Just because there are no people in it? No,

I'll hang these poems on every tree,

And they will voice the thoughts of a city.

Some will be about how man's brief life

is spent in wandering,

his entire life contained

in the width of an open hand.

Some poems will be about betrayals

Committed by friends.

But on the prettiest branches

Or at the end of every sentence

I'll write "Rosalinda,"

Teaching everyone who can read

The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore heaven nature charged  
That one body should be filled  
130 With all graces wide-enlarged.  
Nature presently distilled  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
135 Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts  
To have the touches dearest prized.  
140 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 you  
wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have  
patience, good people."

### CELIA

145 (*as Aliena*) How now?—Back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a  
little.—Go with him, sirrah.

that the essence of every spirit  
Is contained in this one woman.  
Heaven commanded Nature  
To fill her one body  
With all the graces that women contain.  
Nature took  
Helen's beautiful face, but not her fickle heart;  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
The best of Atalanta,  
And unhappy Lucretia's modesty.

So, by heaven's decree, Rosalind  
Was composed  
Of different faces, eyes, and hearts,  
so that she might have the most prized touches of all.  
Heaven wanted Rosalind to have these gifts  
And me to live and die as her slave.

### ROSALIND

Oh, Lord—what tedious sayings about love have you been  
wearing out your congregation with? Shouldn't you have  
warned, "Be patient, good people"?

### CELIA

What are you saying?—Shoo, Shepherd, go a little ways away.  
—Go with him, Touchstone.

## TOUCHSTONE

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

*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

## CELIA

150 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

That's no matter. The feet might 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?

## 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

## TOUCHSTONE

Come on, shepherd, let's make an honorable retreat, though not with all the trappings of a full army; just with a shepherd's pouch and the stuff he puts in it.

*CORIN and TOUCHSTONE exit.*

## CELIA

Were you listening to these verses?

## ROSALIND

Oh yes, I heard them all, and more, too. Some of those lines had more feet than the [verses](#) could bear.

## CELIA

That's not a problem: the feet can bear the verses.

## ROSALIND

Sure, but these feet were [lame](#) , and couldn't have stood up without the support of the verses. They stood lamely in the verse.

## CELIA

But did you listen to all that poetry without even wondering about what your name is doing on all these trees?

## ROSALIND

I was working through my wonder when you arrived. Look at what I found on a palm tree. I haven't been rhymed about like

so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

**CELIA**

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**

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

**ROSALIND**

170 Nay, but who is it?

**CELIA**

Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

this since my past life, when I was an [Irish rat](#) , but I can hardly remember that.

**CELIA**

Do you know who wrote these?

**ROSALIND**

Was it a man?

**CELIA**

And he had a chain that once belonged to you hanging around his neck. Are you blushing?

**ROSALIND**

Please, who?

**CELIA**

Oh God, God! It's difficult to bring two friends together, but even mountains can be moved together by earthquakes.

**ROSALIND**

No, who are you talking about?

**CELIA**

Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

No, I'm begging you now, tell me who it is.

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**

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 thy tidings.

**CELIA**

So you may put a man in your belly.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

**CELIA**

Oh, this is wonderful, wonderful—just wonderful wonderful! And another wonderful, and beyond-my-ability-to-express wonderful!

**ROSALIND**

Good grief, do you think that just because I'm dressed like a man, I have a man's patience? Every second you delay is as long and dull as a journey to South Seas. I'm begging you, tell me who it is quickly, and speak fast. I wish you could just stammer this hidden man out of your mouth like wine out of a narrow-necked bottle: either too much at once or none at all. I'm begging you, take the cork out of your mouth so I can drink the news.

**CELIA**

So you want to put a man in your belly.

**ROSALIND**

Did God make him? I mean, what sort of man is he? Is he enough of a man to wear a hat and grow a beard?

**CELIA**

No, he has only a little beard.

**ROSALIND**

190 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.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

**ROSALIND**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

200 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.

**ROSALIND**

Well, eventually God will send him some more hair, if he thanks Him. I'll wait till his beard grows in, if you'll just hurry up and tell me what chin that beard is on.

**CELIA**

It's Orlando, who triumphed over both the wrestler and you in the same instant.

**ROSALIND**

Damn you for mocking me. Speak seriously and honestly.

**CELIA**

Really, cousin, it's him.

**ROSALIND**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

Oh no! What am I going to do in my man's clothing? What did he do when you saw him? What did he say? How did he look? Where did he go? What brings him here? Did he ask about me? Where is he staying? How did he say good-bye? And when will you see him again? Answer me in a word.

**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.

**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?

**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**

<sup>215</sup> It may well be called Jove's tree when it drops forth such fruit.

**CELIA**

Give me audience, good madam.

**ROSALIND**

Proceed.

**CELIA**

There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

**CELIA**

You'd better get me [Gargantua's](#) mouth first. The word's too big for any mouth nowadays. Answering "yes" and "no" to all those questions would be harder than answering a [catechism](#).

**ROSALIND**

But does he know that I'm here in the forest and dressed in men's clothing? Does he look as bright and handsome as the day we saw him wrestling?

**CELIA**

It's easier to count specks than to answer a lover's millions of questions. But taste my story, and relish it by paying attention. I found Orlando under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

**ROSALIND**

That tree could be called God's tree, since it drops such wonderful fruit.

**CELIA**

Let me talk, good lady.

**ROSALIND**

Go on.

**CELIA**

He lay there, stretched out like a wounded knight.



**ROSALIND**

220 Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

Oh, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

225 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**

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

**JAQUES**

**ROSALIND**

Though that must have been a pitiful sight, the ground looked beautiful.

**CELIA**

Cry, "whoa!" to your tongue, please. It's leaping about like a frisky horse. He was dressed like a hunter.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, that's ominous! He has come to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

I'd like to sing my song solo. You're making me go off-key.

**ROSALIND**

Don't you know that I'm a woman? Whatever I think, I have to say. Sweetheart, go on.

**CELIA**

You've made me lose the tune. Quiet! Isn't that him heading this way?

*ORLANDO and JAQUES enter.*

**ROSALIND**

That's him. Let's slink off, and watch him from a hiding place.

**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**

235 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**

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.

Thanks for your company but, really, I would have preferred being alone.

**ORLANDO**

Me too, but still, for the sake of good manners, I'll say thanks for your company.

**JAQUES**

Goodbye. Let's meet as little as we can.

**ORLANDO**

I also hope that we can be better strangers.

**JAQUES**

Please don't ruin any more trees by carving love poems on their barks.

**ORLANDO**

Please don't ruin any more of my poems by reading them so badly.

**JAQUES**

Your love's name is Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, that's it.

**JAQUES**

I don't like her name.

**ORLANDO**

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?

**ORLANDO**

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

**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.

**ORLANDO**

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

**JAQUES**

**ORLANDO**

They weren't looking to please you when they christened her.

**JAQUES**

How tall is she?

**ORLANDO**

Just as tall as my heart.

**JAQUES**

You're sure full of smooth answers. Are you friendly with goldsmiths' wives, and memorized your little speeches off of their [rings](#)?

**ORLANDO**

No, but I can answer you just like those [painted cloths](#), where I suppose you memorized all your questions.

**JAQUES**

You have a quick wit; I think it must be made out of [Atalanta's](#) heels. Why don't you sit down with me? The two of us can complain about our mistress—the world—and all our miseries.

**ORLANDO**

I won't blame anyone in this world but myself, whose faults I'm most familiar with.

**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.

**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**

<sup>265</sup> 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*

Your worst fault is being in love.

**ORLANDO**

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

**JAQUES**

Well, I *was* looking for a fool when I found you, so I suppose I shouldn't be surprised.

**ORLANDO**

He's drowned in the brook: look in, and you'll see him.

**JAQUES**

There I'll see only myself.

**ORLANDO**

Which is either a fool or a nothing.

**JAQUES**

I'm not going to waste any more time with you. Goodbye, good Mr. Love.

**ORLANDO**

I'm glad to see you go. Adieu, good Mr. Depression.

*JAQUES exits.*

**ROSALIND**

*(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**

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**

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

**ROSALIND**

*(speaking so that only CELIA can hear)* I'm going to talk to him like I'm an insolent boy, so I can play a trick on him.—Can you hear me, forester?

**ORLANDO**

Very well. What do you want?

**ROSALIND**

*(as Ganymede)* Please, what's the hour?

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

Then there must be no lovers in the forest, either, because they're as good as a clock, marking the lazy foot of time with a sigh every minute and a groan every hour.

**ORLANDO**

Why didn't you say "the swift steps" of time instead of the "lazy foot"? Wouldn't that have been just as appropriate?

**ROSALIND**

No, not at all, sir. Time travels at different speeds for different people. I can tell you who time strolls for, who it trots for, who it gallops for, and who it stops cold for.

withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still  
withal.

**ORLANDO**

285 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'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length  
of seven year.

**ORLANDO**

290 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.

**ORLANDO**

Who doth he gallop withal?

**ROSALIND**

**ORLANDO**

Okay, who does it trot for?

**ROSALIND**

Well, it trots for a young woman between the time she gets  
engaged and the time she marries: the time that's passed may  
only be a week, but it always feels like seven years.

**ORLANDO**

Who does time amble for?

**ROSALIND**

For a priest who doesn't know his Latin or a rich man who is  
free from the gout. The one sleeps easily because he isn't up  
late studying and the other lives merrily because he's free from  
pain. The first lacks the burden of intense, exhausting study,  
and the second is spared the burden of heavy, exhausting  
poverty. Time ambles for both men.

**ORLANDO**

Who does it gallop for?

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

300 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**

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**

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

**ROSALIND**

For a thief on his way to the gallows. Such a man walks as slowly as possible and, even so, gets there too soon.

**ORLANDO**

Who does it stand still for?

**ROSALIND**

For lawyers on vacation, because they sleep their holidays away, with no sense of how time moves.

**ORLANDO**

Where do you live, pretty young man?

**ROSALIND**

With this shepherdess, my sister, on the outskirts of the forest. We live like fringe on the edges of a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Were you born here?

**ROSALIND**

Just like the rabbit, who lives where she is born.

**ORLANDO**

Your speech is more refined than I would expect in such a remote place as this.

**ROSALIND**

310 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.

**ORLANDO**

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**

I prithee, recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

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 meet that fancy-

Many people have told me so. Actually, an old religious uncle of mine taught me how to speak, and he was brought up in the city. He knew too much about courtship, because he fell in love back there, and when he came here he constantly lectured against it. Thank God I'm not a woman and afflicted with all the giddiness that troubles that entire sex.

**ORLANDO**

What were the primary evils he claimed women were guilty of?

**ROSALIND**

There were no primary ones. All of women's faults are as alike as one half-pence is to another. Each of a woman's faults seems monstrous until you're presented with the next one, which is just as bad.

**ORLANDO**

Please, tell me some of them.

**ROSALIND**

No, I won't give my medicine away to anyone but the sick. There's a man haunting this forest who abuses the trees by carving "Rosalind" on their barks. He hangs his odes on the hawthorns and his elegies on the brambles—each of these poems praising to the heavens one "Rosalind." Now if I could



monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

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**

335 What were his marks?

**ROSALIND**

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a 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**

find this man, this dream-catcher, I would give him some good advice, because he is truly love-sick.

**ORLANDO**

Well, I'm the man you're speaking of. Please, tell me your cure.

**ROSALIND**

But you don't have any of the symptoms my uncle told me about. He taught me how to recognize a man in love, and you're not a prisoner of love, I'm sure.

**ORLANDO**

What did he say the symptoms were?

**ROSALIND**

A thin face, which you don't have; a sleepless, sunken eye, which you don't have; an irritable temper, which you don't have; a neglected beard, which you don't have—but that might not be so telling, since you don't have much beard anyway. Your stockings should be falling down around your ankles, your hat flying off your head, your sleeves unbuttoned, your shoes untied, and everything about you demonstrating carelessness and misery. But you're no such man. You're so neat and well put-together that you look like you love yourself more than anyone else.

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

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 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**

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

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

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**

Young boy, 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 she's more likely to do than admit that she does—that's one of the ways that women fool their own consciences. But really, are you the one who's been hanging on the trees those poems that speak so admiringly of Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to you by Rosalind's own pretty hand that I am that unfortunate man.

**ROSALIND**

Are you really as in love as your poems declare?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much I love her.

**ROSALIND**

Love is merely a form of insanity, and I tell you, lovers deserve the nuthouse just like crazy people do. The only reason they don't get punished and cured is that the disease is so commonplace that the nuthouse nurses are usually suffering from it, too. But I promise it can be cured with some guidance.

**ORLANDO**

Did you ever cure any so?

**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, 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 drave 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 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**

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

Have you ever cured anyone this way before?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and this is how I did it. He had to imagine that I was the girl he was in love with. I made him woo me every day. When he did, being the changeable boy I am, I'd mope, act effeminate, switch moods, long for him, like him, be proud and standoffish, be dreamy, full of mannerisms, unpredictable, full of tears and then smiles; be passionate about everything, then nothing. Most boys and women act just like this. I'd like him one minute and despise him the next; cry for him, then spit at him—until finally I drove love out and anger in. He abandoned the world, and hid himself away in a monastery. So I cured him, and I'll cure you just the same, leaving you as clean as a sheep's heart, without one spot of love in you.

**ORLANDO**

I don't want to be cured, boy.

**ROSALIND**

I could cure you, if you just called me Rosalind and came by my cottage every day to woo me.

**ORLANDO**

By my faith in love, I will, then. Tell me where you live.

**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**

With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

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

*Exeunt*

**ROSALIND**

Come with me, I'll show you, and along the way, you can tell me where you live. Will you come?

**ORLANDO**

Wholeheartedly, good young man.

**ROSALIND**

No, you have to call me Rosalind.—Sister, you're coming?

*They all exit.*

## Act 3 Scene 3

*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.

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter, with JAQUES following unseen.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come on, sweet Audrey. I'll get your goats, Audrey. Well now, what do you think, Audrey? Am I the man for you, Audrey? Do my simple features please you?

**AUDREY**

Your features, God help us! What features?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, I'm out here with you and your goats, in the same way that the witty poet Ovid was abandoned to the barbaric 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 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 and word? Is it a true thing?

**TOUCHSTONE**

<sup>15</sup> 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**

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?

**JAQUES**

*(to himself)* Oh, knowledge put to such bad use is worse than a god cooped up in a hut.

**TOUCHSTONE**

When a man's jokes fall that flat, it's as depressing as getting a large bill for a short stay in a little room. Really, Audrey, I wish you were more poetical.

**AUDREY**

I don't know what "poetical" means. Is it "chaste in word and action"? Does it mean being truthful?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Not really, for the truest poetry is often the most artificial. Lovers are fond of poetry and often concoct great lies in their poems.

**AUDREY**

But you still wish the gods had made me poetical?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I do, in fact. Right now you swear to me that you are a virgin; if you were a poet, I might have some hope you were lying.

**AUDREY**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

*(aside)* A material fool.

**AUDREY**

25 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 to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**AUDREY**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

30 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 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**

35 *(aside)* I would fain see this meeting.

**AUDREY****TOUCHSTONE**

Not really, unless you were ugly. Chastity and beauty together in one woman is like sweetening sugar with honey.

**JAQUES**

*(to himself)* A sensible fool.

**AUDREY**

Well, I'm not beautiful, so I hope that I can at least be chaste.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Yes, but wasting chastity on a dirty slut is like putting good meat in a dirty dish.

**AUDREY**

I'm not a slut—I keep myself clean—but I thank God I am ugly.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, praise the Lord you're ugly. Maybe sluttishness will follow. Be that as it may, I'm going to marry you. To that end, I've spoken with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar from the next village, and he's promised to meet us here and marry us.

**JAQUES**

*(to himself)* This I'd like to see.

**AUDREY**

Well, the gods give us joy.

### TOUCHSTONE

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: many a man has good horns and knows no end of 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 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 shall we go with you to your chapel?

Well, God bless this marriage!

### TOUCHSTONE

Amen. You know, some men, who have fear in their hearts, might falter at this point. After all, these woods aren't a proper [church](#), and there's no congregation here but horned animals. But who cares? I'll be brave. Horns may be hateful, but they're also necessary.

They say, "Many a man doesn't know the full extent of what he owns." Exactly: many a man will see no end to the horns his wife furnishes him with.

Well, that's what the wife brings to the marriage. He didn't do anything to get them. Horns? Well, there they are. Only for poor men? No, no. The nobleman's are as huge as the underfed villager's. Is the single man lucky, then? No. Just as a town protected by a wall around it is worth more than a low-lying village, a married man's horned forehead is more honorable than a bachelor's bare forehead. Just as it's better to be skilled at self-defense than it is to avoid fighting, it's better to risk a horn by marrying. Here comes Sir Oliver.

### *SIR OLIVER MARTEXT enters.*

Sir Oliver Martext, we're glad to see you. Will you marry us here, under this tree, or should we follow you to your chapel?

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

Is there none here to give the woman?

**TOUCHSTONE**

55 I will not take her on gift of any man.

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not 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 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**

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

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

Is there anyone to give the bride away?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I don't want to take another man's second-hand goods.

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

No, someone has to give her away or the marriage isn't legal.

**JAQUES**

*(coming forward)* Go on, proceed—I'll give her away.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good evening, Mr. What'shisname. How are you, sir? We're glad to see you. God bless you for being here. I'm very glad to see you. This is just a trifling matter here, sir. No, no, put your hat back on.

**JAQUES**

Do you want to get married, fool?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Just as the ox has his yoke, the horse its bridle, the falcon a tether, a man has his desires—to keep in check.

**JAQUES**

And, being a man of your breeding, you're going to be married under some shrubs like a beggar? Get yourself to a church and



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 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**

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

*O sweet Oliver,*

80 *O brave Oliver,*

*Leave me not behind thee*

*But*

*Wind away,*

*Begone, I say,*

85 *I will not to wedding with thee.*

*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY*

have a proper priest, who can tell you what marriage is all about, marry you. This man here will slap you two together like two pieces of wood panelling. Then one of you will warp and pull away—and there goes your marriage.

**TOUCHSTONE**

*(to himself)* I'd rather have this guy marry us, because he is not likely to marry us well, and if we're not married properly, I'll have a better excuse later to leave my wife.

**JAQUES**

Come with me and let me advise you.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come, sweet Audrey. We have to be married properly.

Otherwise, we'll be living in sin.—Goodbye, Sir Oliver. We're not singing,

*Oh, sweet Oliver*

*Oh, sweet Oliver*

*Don't leave me behind—*

*but,*

*Go away, wind*

*Go, I say,*

*I'm not going to marry you.*

*JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY exit.*

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

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

*Exit*

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

It doesn't matter to me. None of these deranged rascals can shake me from my profession.

*He exits.*

## Act 3 Scene 4

*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 and CELIA enter.*

**ROSALIND**

Don't talk to me. I'm going to cry.

**CELIA**

Go ahead if you want, but remember that crying doesn't suit a man.

**ROSALIND**

But don't I have good reason to cry?

**CELIA**

As good a reason as any. So go ahead and cry.

**ROSALIND**

I mean, his hair is even red—the same color as that lying Judas.

**CELIA**

No, it's a shade browner than Judas's—but his kisses are just like Judas's.

**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**

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**

Do you think so?

**CELIA**

20 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**

No, really, his hair is a nice color.

**CELIA**

A very good color, this chestnut.

**ROSALIND**

His kiss is as holy as bread blessed by a priest.

**CELIA**

He must have bought a cast-iron pair of [Diana's](#) lips: an elderly nun isn't anymore devoted in her kissing than he is. His kiss is cold and chaste.

**ROSALIND**

But why would he promise to come visit me this morning and then not come?

**CELIA**

Really, he's a total liar.

**ROSALIND**

Do you think so?

**CELIA**

Yes. He's not a pickpocket or a horse thief, but when it comes to truth in love, he's as hollow as a cup or a nut hollowed out by a worm.

**ROSALIND**

Not true in love?

**CELIA**

Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

**ROSALIND**

25 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**

30 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**

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 that youth mounts and folly guides.

**ROSALIND**

You think his feelings aren't true?

**CELIA**

Oh, I think they are—when he's in love. But he's not in love.

**ROSALIND**

But you heard him swear up and down that he was.

**CELIA**

He "was," but that doesn't mean he is anymore. Besides, the promises of a lover are as untrustworthy as a bartender handing you an inflated tab: they both swear to their lies. He's staying in the forest with your father now.

**ROSALIND**

I met my father in the woods yesterday and had a long conversation with him. He asked me who my parents were, and I told him they were as good as he was. He laughed at that and let me go. But why are we talking about my father, when a man like Orlando exists?

**CELIA**

Oh, sure, he's a brave man! He writes brave poems, speaks brave words, makes brave promises, and then breaks them just as bravely. He's like a cowardly [joust](#)er, who breaks his lance across his opponent's shield, rather than directly against it. But

*Enter CORIN*

40 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,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

45 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  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
50 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.  
—*(as Ganymede)* Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

everything's brave that a young man does and foolishness  
leads.

**CORIN enters.**

Who's coming here?

**CORIN**

Mistress and master, you've often asked about that lovelorn  
shepherd you once saw me sitting with, the one who  
complained about the disdainful shepherdess he was in love  
with.

**CELIA**

Yes, what about him?

**CORIN**

If you'd like to see a scene played out between a man growing  
pale with unrequited love and a woman glowing with scorn  
and proud disdain, come with me a short distance and you'll  
witness it.

**ROSALIND**

*(speaking so that only CELIA can hear)* Come on, let's go. The  
sight of lovers nourishes whoever else is in love. *(to CORIN)*  
Bring us to this little show, and I'll take a part in their play.

55 I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*Exeunt*

*They all exit.*

## Act 3 Scene 5

*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,

*SILVIUS and PHOEBE enter.*

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe. Go ahead  
and say you don't love me, but not so bitterly. The executioner,  
who's seen death so much his heart has grown hard, still says,  
"forgive me" before he drops the axe on the criminal's neck. Are  
you going to be crueller than the man who makes his living by  
killing?

*ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN enter at the back of the stage,  
unseen.*

**PHOEBE**

I don't want to be your executioner: I'm trying to avoid you so  
that I won't hurt you. You tell me my eyes are murderous—  
that's a very pretty sentiment, and oh-so-probable, that my  
frail, soft eyes (which are so cowardly that they close their  
gates against dust) are tyrants, butchers, and murderers. I'm  
frowning at you with all my might right now. If my eyes can  
injure, let them kill you now. Go ahead. Faint, fall down—if you  
don't, then you're lying about my eyes being murderers. Come

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**

on, show me the wound that my eyes have caused. If you get  
scratched with a pin, it leaves a scar; even if you lean on a rush,  
it leaves an impression on your palm. But my eyes, which I've  
darted at you, haven't even left a mark. Now I am sure that  
eyes can't hurt a person.

#### **SILVIUS**

Oh, darling Phoebe, if you ever fall in love with some fresh  
face, then you'll know about the invisible wounds that love's  
sharp arrows can make.

#### **PHOEBE**

Well, until that time, don't come near me. And when that time  
comes, then you can mock me, but please don't pity me,  
because I won't pity you.

#### **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  
55 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.  
60 —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,

*(coming forward, speaking as Ganymede)* And why, please tell  
me? Is your mother a goddess that you would insult a  
wretched man, and exult over the injury you've caused him, all  
at the same time? You're not beautiful—really, you're not so  
pretty that you could go to bed with the lights on—so why  
must you act so proud and pitiless? Wait a minute, what's  
going on? Why are you looking at me like that? I don't see  
anything in you but nature's usual handiwork.—Oh, for God's  
sake, I think she also wants me to fall in love with her. No,  
proud woman, don't hope for that. Not even your black  
eyebrows, your silky black hair, your beady black eyeballs, or  
your yellowish-white complexion can make me worship you.  
You foolish shepherd: why are you following her, raining tears  
and puffing hot air like a foggy south wind? You are a thousand  
times better than she. It's fools like you who, marrying badly, fill  
the world with ugly children. It's not her mirror but you who  
insists she's beautiful. The image of herself that she gets from  
you is better than her actual features.



Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.

65 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

—So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

—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,

70 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.

75 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 sauce her with bitter words. (*to*

PHOEBE) Why look you so upon me?

#### PHOEBE

80 For no ill will I bear you.

#### ROSALIND

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

But mistress, know yourself. Get down on your knees and thank heaven for sending you such a good man. I'm telling you, as a friend, that you should sell while the market's good—you're not going to have many more buyers. Ask this man's forgiveness, love him, and accept his offer. You're already ugly, don't make matters worse by being scornful, too. So take her, shepherd, and God bless you.

#### PHOEBE

Sweet boy, I'd rather hear you scold me for a whole year than this man woo me for a minute.

#### ROSALIND

He's fallen in love with your sheer ugliness. (*To SILVIUS*) And I

think she's falling in love with my anger. If I'm right, as soon as

she answers you with frowns, I'll rebuke her with bitter words.

(*to PHOEBE*) Why are you looking at me like that?

#### PHOEBE

I don't wish you any harm.

#### ROSALIND

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.

85 —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**

90 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**

95 Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

I'm telling you, don't fall in love with me. I'm more false than the promises a man makes while drunk. Besides, I don't like you. If you'd like to know where I live, my house is in the olive grove close by. —Come on, sister. —Shepherd, keep working on her. —Come on, sister. —Shepherdess, give him another chance. And don't be proud. The whole world could look at you, and no one would be as blind as he is, thinking you're beautiful. —Come on, to our sheep.

*ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN exit.*

**PHOEBE**

Dead [shepherd](#), now I understand what you meant when you said, "You've never loved until you've fallen in love at first sight."

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe—

**PHOEBE**

What? Did you say something, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, have pity on me.

**PHOEBE**

Well, I'm sorry for you, gentle Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.

**PHOEBE**

100 Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?

**SILVIUS**

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,  
105 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
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**

110 So holy and so perfect is my love,  
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  
115 A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

But if you're really sorry for me, you can cure me. If you're sorry  
for the grief I feel in loving you, you can love me back. Then  
both my grief and your sorrow will be cured.

**PHOEBE**

You have my friendship. Isn't that enough?

**SILVIUS**

I want you.

**PHOEBE**

Well, that's just greedy. Silvius, I used to hate you. I still don't  
love you, but since you're well-spoken when it comes to love,  
I'll keep you around and make use of you. But don't expect any  
more than that.

**SILVIUS**

My love for you is so pure and perfect, and I'm in such a bad  
way, that I'll be grateful for whatever leftover love you throw  
my way. Every once in a while, toss me a distracted smile, and  
I'll live on that.

**PHOEBE**

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**

- 120 Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
'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—  
125 But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.  
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.  
130 His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.  
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.  
135 There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but for my part

**PHOEBE**

Do you know the boy who was just speaking to me?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I've met him several times. He's bought the  
cottage and the grounds that the old peasant used to own.

**PHOEBE**

Don't think I'm in love with him just because I'm asking about  
him. He's an irritable boy, though he speaks well. But what do I  
care about words? And yet, words are a good thing when the  
man speaking them is pleasant to listen to. He's good-looking,  
but not too good-looking. He's awfully proud, but his pride  
suits him. He'll grow up to be a proper man. The best thing  
about him is his complexion: as fast as he offends me with  
words, his pretty face heals the wound. He's not very tall, but  
he's tall enough for his age. His legs aren't great, but they're  
alright. His lips were nice and red, a little more lively and  
passionate than the red that was in his cheeks—one was pure  
red and the other more pink. There are women out there,  
Silvius, who would have nearly fallen in love with him after  
inspecting him as closely as I have. But I don't love him or hate  
him—though I suppose I have more reason to hate him than  
love him. What right did he have to scold me like that? He said  
my eyes and my hair were black and, now that I think of it, he  
scorned me. I'm surprised I didn't bite back. But no matter—I'll

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.  
140 For what had he to do to chide at me?  
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.  
145 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
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.  
150 I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES*

**JAQUES**

I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

**ROSALIND**

get back at him soon enough. I'll write him a taunting letter,  
and you can deliver it. Will you do that for me, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

With all my heart, Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

I'll write it right now—the whole thing is pressing on my mind,  
and on my heart. I'll be bitter toward him, and curt. Come with  
me, Silvius.

*They exit.*

## Act 4 Scene 1

*ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES enter.*

**JAQUES**

Please, pretty young man, I'd like to get to know you better.

**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.

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

**JAQUES**

I am. I like it better than laughing.

**ROSALIND**

People who are either too serious or too silly are awful. They make themselves targets for ridicule even faster than drunks do.

**JAQUES**

Well, I think it's good to be serious and keep quiet.

**ROSALIND**

In that case it's good to be a post.

**JAQUES**

I'm not a scholar's kind of melancholy, which is all about impressing one's peers, or a musician's, which comes from his passion for his art. I don't have the proud melancholy of a courtier or the ambitious melancholy of a soldier or the calculated melancholy of a lawyer. My melancholy is not like a lady's—which is nothing more than an affectation—nor like a lover's, which combines all of these qualities. My melancholy is purely my own—a compound made from many ingredients. I'm serious because I've traveled so much. When I think about all the things I've seen, I sink into deep thoughts.

**ROSALIND**

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**

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**

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 chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

**ROSALIND**

You're a traveler. Well then, you have good reason to be sad. I'm afraid you've sold your own land to see other men's. To have seen much but own nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

**JAQUES**

Not true. I gained my experience.

**ROSALIND**

And your experience makes you sad. I'd rather have a jester to make me happy than experience to make me sad—and to travel for all that trouble, no less!

*ORLANDO enters.*

**ORLANDO**

Good day and happiness to you, darling Rosalind.

**JAQUES**

No—I'll say goodbye if you're going to talk in [blank verse](#) .

**ROSALIND**

Goodbye, Mr. Traveler. Make sure to keep up your foreign accent, wear strange clothes, belittle all the benefits you receive from your native land and fall out of love with it, and nearly curse God for making you look like the Englishman you

*Exit* **JAQUES**

*(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**

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**

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

45 Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

**ORLANDO**

are, or else I'll never believe you've paddled in a gondola in a Venetian canal, as you say you have.

**JAQUES** *exits.*

*(as Ganymede pretending to be ROSALIND)* What's going on, Orlando? Where have you been all this time? And you call yourself a lover? If you ever insult me like this again, don't bother coming around here again.

**ORLANDO**

My beautiful Rosalind, I'm only an hour late.

**ROSALIND**

You'd break a date with your beloved by a whole hour? A man who will dare to meet his lover even a thousandth part of a minute late—well, it's possible he likes her, but I doubt he really loves the woman.

**ORLANDO**

Forgive me, darling Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

No, if you're ever late like this again, I'll refuse to see you. I'd rather be wooed by 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**

55 Virtue is no hornmaker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

**ROSALIND**

And I am your Rosalind.

**CELIA**

*(as Aliena)* It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

**ROSALIND**

A snail?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, a snail. Because even though he's slow, he carries his house on his head—a better offer than you can make a woman, I think. Besides, he brings his fate with him.

**ORLANDO**

What fate is that?

**ROSALIND**

Why, his cuckold's horns, of course—the kind you men are always blaming on your wives. See, the snail already has its horns, which prevents nasty rumors from spreading about his wife's infidelity.

**ORLANDO**

A virtuous woman won't give her husband horns, and my Rosalind is definitely virtuous.

**ROSALIND**

And I am your Rosalind.

**CELIA**

*(as Aliena)* He likes calling you that, but he's got another Rosalind out there with a prettier face.

**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**

I would kiss before I spoke.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will 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**

70 Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Come on, woo me, woo me. I'm in a good mood now and likely to give you what you want. What would you say to me now if I really were your precious little Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I'd kiss you before I spoke.

**ROSALIND**

No, it would be better to speak first and kiss only after you've run out of things to say. When good orators finish talking, they spit; when lovers do (God help us if they ever do), they kiss.

**ORLANDO**

What if she won't kiss me?

**ROSALIND**

Then she's making you beg, and that gives you a whole new set of things to talk about.

**ORLANDO**

Who could be out of things to say if he were with the girl he loves?

**ROSALIND**

Indeed, you would be out if I were your mistress—if my chastity is worth as much as 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**

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**

80 No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost 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 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

**ORLANDO**

Would I be out of my [suit](#) ?

**ROSALIND**

No, you'd still have your clothes on—but, yes, I wouldn't think much of you. Aren't I your Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I like to pretend you are, because then it's almost like actually talking to her.

**ROSALIND**

Well, on behalf of Rosalind, I'll tell you I don't want you.

**ORLANDO**

Then, on behalf of myself, I'll tell you I'll die.

**ROSALIND**

No, you won't die yourself, but only by proxy. This world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time not one man has ever actually died from love. [Troilus](#) may have wanted to die from love, and he's now considered one of the great, tragic love heroes, but, in fact, a Greek with a club beat his brains out. It had nothing to do with love. Leander would have lived many more years if it hadn't been for a particularly hot summer night, when he went swimming in the Hellespont, got a cramp, and drowned. The foolish poets of the time insisted he died for love, but they're lying. All the love stories are lies. Men have

Sestos. 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**

95 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**

100 And wilt thou have me?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, and twenty such.

**ORLANDO**

What sayest thou?

**ROSALIND**

Are you not good?

died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not because of love.

**ORLANDO**

I hope Rosalind doesn't feel as you do. Her frown alone would kill me.

**ROSALIND**

No, her frown wouldn't kill a fly. But come on, now I'll play your Rosalind, and in a more friendly state of mind. Whatever you ask for, I'll give.

**ORLANDO**

Then love me, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Okay, I will—on Fridays and Saturdays, and the rest.

**ORLANDO**

And will you have me?

**ROSALIND**

Sure, and twenty others just like you.

**ORLANDO**

What's that?

**ROSALIND**

Well, aren't you a good man?

**ORLANDO**

I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

105 Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?— 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**

110 You must begin “Will you, Orlando—”

**CELIA**

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.

**ORLANDO**

I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

And can a person ever have too much of a good thing?—Come on, sister, you can be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

**ORLANDO**

Please, marry us.

**CELIA**

I can't say the [words](#) .

**ROSALIND**

You just have to say, “Do you, Orlando—”

**CELIA**

Oh, stop it.—Do you, Orlando, take Rosalind to be your lawfully wedded wife?

**ORLANDO**

I do.

**ROSALIND**

Okay, but when?

**ORLANDO**

Right now; as fast as she can say the vows.

**ROSALIND**

115 Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

**ORLANDO**

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**

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**

125 Say "a day" without the "ever." No, no, Orlando, men 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 Barbary cock-

**ROSALIND**

Then you have to say, "I take you, Rosalind, to be my lawfully wedded wife."

**ORLANDO**

I take you, Rosalind, to be my lawfully wedded wife.

**ROSALIND**

Maybe I should ask you what right you have to take me, but I'll take you, Orlando, to be my husband. Look, I've sped ahead of the priest and answered the question before he even asked. A woman's thoughts are always running ahead of her actions.

**ORLANDO**

So do all thoughts. They have wings.

**ROSALIND**

Now tell me how long you intend to keep her.

**ORLANDO**

Forever and a day.

**ROSALIND**

You might as well just say for "a day," and forget the "ever" part. No, Orlando, men are like April when they're wooing a girl— young, and passionate—but like December once they're married and their passions have cooled. Women are as sweet

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.

**ORLANDO**

135 But will my Rosalind do so?

**ROSALIND**

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.

**ORLANDO**

A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?"

and temperate as springtime when they're single, but the climate changes once they're married. I'll be more jealous of you than a wild rooster over his hen; more noisy than a parrot chattering about the rain; more fond of new things than an ape; more giddy about getting what I want than a monkey. I'll cry at nothing, and I'll always do it when you're in a good mood. And when you want to go to sleep, I'll be up laughing like a hyena.

**ORLANDO**

But will my Rosalind do this, too?

**ROSALIND**

Indeed, she'll act just like me.

**ORLANDO**

But she is wise.

**ROSALIND**

Right. If she weren't wise, she wouldn't be smart enough to behave badly. The wiser the woman, the wilder. If you close the doors on a woman's wit, it'll fly out the window. If you shut the windows, it will pour out the keyhole. If you stop up the keyhole, it will escape from the chimney along with the smoke.

**ORLANDO**

A man with a wife like that might ask, "Hey, wandering wit, where are you off to?"

**ROSALIND**

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.

**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.

**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.

**ROSALIND**

Nah, better save the questions for when you find her in your neighbor's bed.

**ORLANDO**

And what wit could excuse *that*?

**ROSALIND**

She'll 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. A woman who doesn't know how to make her own indiscretions look like her husband's fault is hardly a woman. And she's hardly fit to be a mother—her child will turn out to be a fool.

**ORLANDO**

Rosalind, I have to leave you for two hours.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, no! Darling, I can't live without you for two hours.

**ORLANDO**

I must join the duke for lunch. I'll be back here with you by two o'clock.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, go, leave me. I knew you'd turn out this way. My friends told me as much, and I knew it, too. But I was won over by your



That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?

**ORLANDO**

160 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 pathological 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 my censure, and keep your promise.

**ORLANDO**

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind.  
170 So, adieu.

**ROSALIND**

Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu.

*Exit ORLANDO*

**CELIA**

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and

flattering words. I'm just another girl whom you've cast aside. So, take me, death! You'll be back at two o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, sweet Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Honestly, truly, in God's name, and by all those little girly oaths that don't actually have any power, if you break even a little bit of your promise, or if you come even a minute after two o'clock, I'll think you the most pathetic promise breaker, the most lying lover, and the most unworthy partner for Rosalind that could be found anywhere. So beware of my contempt, and keep your promise.

**ORLANDO**

I'll keep my promise just as if you really were Rosalind. So, goodbye.

**ROSALIND**

Well, time is the old judge that tries your kind of criminal. Time will tell what kind of a man you are. Goodbye.

*ORLANDO exits.*

**CELIA**

You have absolutely abused our sex in this love talk of yours. We should rip off your man's clothing and show the world the

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**

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*

*Enter JAQUES and LORDS, like foresters*

**JAQUES**

woman who has represented her own kind so badly.

**ROSALIND**

Oh cousin, cousin, cousin, my sweet little cousin, I wish you knew how deep in love I am. The bottom of my love is so deep it can't be reached. It's as deep as the bay of Portugal.

**CELIA**

Or it's bottomless, at least: pour affection in one end, and it runs out the other.

**ROSALIND**

Cupid—that blind bastard son of Venus, conceived from a thought and anger, born from insanity, that blind, naughty boy who makes everyone else go blind just because he can't see himself—let Cupid judge how deep my love runs. I'm telling you, Aliena, I can't stand being apart from Orlando. I'm going to find some shade and sigh until he returns.

**CELIA**

And I'm going to sleep.

*They exit.*

## Act 4 Scene 2

*JAQUES enters with LORDS, dressed 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 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.

**SECOND LORD**

<sup>10</sup> *(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.)*

<sup>15</sup> *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.*

Which one of you killed the deer?

**FIRST LORD**

It was me, sir.

**JAQUES**

Let's bring this man to the duke, like a triumphant Roman conqueror. Put the deer's horns on his head, like a victory branch. Do you have a song, forester, for this occasion?

**SECOND LORD**

Yes, sir.

**JAQUES**

Then sing it. It doesn't matter if it's in tune so long as it's loud enough.

**SECOND LORD**

*(sings)*

*What should we give to the man who killed this deer?*

*Give him the hide and the horns to wear.*

*Then sing this song to send him home*

*(The other LORDS pick up the deer)*

*Don't be ashamed to wear the horns.*

*They've been worn since before you were born.*

*Your father's father wore it,*

*And your father endured 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*

25 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

By the stern brow and waspish action

30 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)*

*The horn, the horn, the lustful horn*  
*Is not to be laughed at or scorned.*

*They all exit.*

*ROSALIND and CELIA enter.*

**ROSALIND**

What do you say now? Isn't it past two o'clock? And I see a lot of Orlando here.

**CELIA**

I'm telling you, he's taken his bow and arrows and, with a pure love and a worried brain, has gone to take a nap.

*SILVIUS enters.*

Look who's coming.

**SILVIUS**

*(to ROSALIND)* I've been sent to find you, young man. My lovely Phoebe told me to give you this letter. I don't know what's in it, but guessing from her stern expression and her wasp-like demeanor as she was writing it, I bet she's angry. You'll have to excuse me, as I'm just the messenger.

**ROSALIND**

*(Examines the letter) (as Ganymede)* Patience herself would  
startle at this letter

35 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

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will,

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.

40 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.

Phoebe did write it.

**ROSALIND**

Come, come, you are a fool,

45 And turned into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand,

A freestone-colored hand. I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.

She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.

50 I say she never did invent this letter.

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

**SILVIUS**

Sure it is hers.

**ROSALIND**

*(reading the letter as Ganymede)* Patience herself would be  
shocked by this letter and become feisty. If I can take this, I can  
take anything. She says I'm not handsome and have no  
manners. She says I'm arrogant and that she couldn't love me  
even if men were as rare as the mythical phoenix. Honestly! I'm  
not hunting after her love. Why would she write this way to  
me? Tell the truth, shepherd: you wrote this letter.

**SILVIUS**

No, I swear, I don't even know what's in it. Phoebe wrote it.

**ROSALIND**

Come on, you're a fool, and driven to extreme measures by  
love. I saw her hands: they were as rough as leather and just as  
brown; I thought she was wearing old gloves, but they were, in  
fact, her hands. These are the hands of a hard-working  
housewife, but that's not the point. The point is that she didn't  
write this letter. These are a man's words, and his handwriting.

**SILVIUS**

I'm telling you, it's hers.

**ROSALIND**

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me  
55 Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

**SILVIUS**

So please you, for I never heard it yet,  
60 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,  
That a maiden's heart hath burned?  
Can a woman rail thus?

**SILVIUS**

65 Call you this railing?

**ROSALIND**

(*reads*)  
Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?  
Did you ever hear such railing?  
70 Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.

**ROSALIND**

Well, it's written in a boisterous and rude style—someone is up for a fight. Why, she challenges me like a Muslim would challenge a Christian. No, a woman's gentle brain could never have come up with such crude expressions and even harsher meanings. Do you want to hear what she says?

**SILVIUS**

If you want to read it, as I haven't heard it yet, though I've heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

**ROSALIND**

She's Phoebe-ing me. Listen to what the tyrant says. (*reading*)  
"Are you a god disguised as a shepherd, that you know so expertly how to burn my heart?" Now, honestly, would a woman rant like this?

**SILVIUS**

You call that ranting?

**ROSALIND**

(*reading*) "Why have you set aside your divine nature just to battle with a woman's affections?" Did you ever hear such ranting? (*reading*) "When other men have wooed me, they didn't hurt me." In other words, she thinks I'm not a man, but an animal.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
75 Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love.  
How then might your prayers move?  
He that brings this love to thee  
80 Little knows this love in me,  
And by him seal up thy mind  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make,  
85 Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

**SILVIUS**

Call you this chiding?

**CELIA**

*(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

*(reading)* "If the scorn in your bright eyes can make me fall so deeply in love, can you imagine what power they might have if they looked at me more kindly? While you sneered at me, I loved you. Consider what effect kind prayers might have. The man that brings you this letter doesn't know how I feel about you. Send me your answer via him. Tell me via him whether you will accept my faithful offer of myself and all that I can do. Or tell him you will deny my love, in which case I'll figure out how to die."

**SILVIUS**

You call this sneering?

**CELIA**

*(as Aliena)* Oh, you poor shepherd!

**ROSALIND**

Why do you pity him? He doesn't deserve any pity. *(to SILVIUS)* Why would you love such a woman? So she can turn you into an instrument and play lousy tunes on you? It's unbearable.

to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame 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**

Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieu of this forest stands  
A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?

**CELIA**

<sup>100</sup> *(as Aliena)*

West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom,  
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.

<sup>105</sup> There's none within.

**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

Well, go back to her—I can tell she's turned you into a perfectly  
tame snake—and tell her this: if she loves me, I command her  
to love you. And if she won't love you, tell her I'll never take her  
unless you beg me to. If you're a true lover, get out of here. No,  
don't say another word, because here comes more company.

***SILVIUS** exits.*

***OLIVER** enters.*

**OLIVER**

Good morning, pretty ones. Tell me, if you know: where in this  
forest is there a shepherd's cottage surrounded by olive trees?

**CELIA**

West of here, in the valley next to us. Passing by on your right,  
there is a row of willows. Follow them straight to the cottage.  
But right now, the house is keeping to itself— there's no one  
home.

**OLIVER**

I think I recognize you from a description I was given of your  
clothing and age: "The boy is pretty and feminine, and carries  
himself like a blooming young woman. The woman is short,



110 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 commend him to you both,  
115 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

**ROSALIND**

(*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  
120 This handkercher was stained.

**CELIA**

I pray you, tell it.

**OLIVER**

When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,  
125 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

with a darker complexion than her brother." Aren't you the  
owners of the house I was just asking about?

**CELIA**

Since you asked, I suppose it's not bragging to say that we are.

**OLIVER**

Orlando sends his regards to you both, and he sends this  
bloody handkerchief to the boy he calls "his Rosalind." Is that  
you?

**ROSALIND**

It is. What does this mean?

**OLIVER**

It's a story that involves some shame on my part. It's about who  
I am, and how, why, and where this handkerchief was stained.

**CELIA**

Please, tell us.

**OLIVER**

When young Orlando left you last, he promised to return within  
an hour. He was pacing through the forest, thinking bittersweet  
thoughts of love, and listen what happened! He looked to the  
side, and pay attention to what he saw then: under an oak tree

Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside—  
And mark what object did present itself:  
Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
130 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached  
The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,  
135 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself  
And, with indented glides, did slip away  
Into a bush, under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch  
140 When that the sleeping man should stir—for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
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**

145 Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother,  
And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived amongst men.

**OLIVER**

And well he might so do,

—whose lower branches were mossy with age and top  
branches ancient and brittle—he saw a wretched beggar, with  
overgrown hair and beard, asleep on his back. A green and  
gold snake had wound itself around this man's neck and was  
slowly making its way toward the man's mouth. However, when  
it saw Orlando, it unwound itself and slunk away into a bush.  
But there happened to be a lioness crouching under that bush.  
Her cubs had nursed from her until she was dry, so she was  
ravenously hungry, and she was lying with her head on the  
ground, watching the man as cats do and waiting to see if he  
would wake up—a lion won't prey on anything that seems  
dead. Seeing the lioness, Orlando approached the sleeping  
man. He discovered that the man was his older brother.

**CELIA**

Oh, I've heard him talk about that brother, and he described  
him as the most inhumane man alive.

**OLIVER**

And he was right. I know exactly how inhumane he was.

For well I know he was unnatural.

**ROSALIND**

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

**OLIVER**

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

**CELIA**

Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND**

Was 't you he rescued?

**CELIA**

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

**OLIVER**

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

**ROSALIND**

**ROSALIND**

But, back to Orlando, did he leave his brother there, to be food  
for the hungry mother-lioness?

**OLIVER**

He turned away twice and almost left him there. But his  
kindness was nobler than even his desire for revenge, his  
natural goodness was stronger than his need to give his  
brother what he deserved. He fought the lioness and quickly  
defeated her. I woke from my miserable sleep when I heard  
the noise of their struggle.

**CELIA**

Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND**

Was it you that he rescued?

**CELIA**

Was it you that was always plotting to kill him?

**OLIVER**

That was me, but it's not me— I'm not ashamed to tell you  
what I once was, since I'm so happy to have since converted.

**ROSALIND**

But for the bloody napkin?

**OLIVER**

165 By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed—  
As how I came into that desert place—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

170 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love,  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,

175 Which all this while had bled. And now he fainted,

And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.  
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,

180 To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

**ROSALIND** *swoons*

**CELIA**

But what about the bloody handkerchief?

**OLIVER**

I'll get there. When we had told each other our entire stories  
and cried, and I'd told him how I'd ended up in in the forest—  
well, he brought me to the duke, who gave me fresh clothing  
and hospitality, and put me in my brother's care. My brother  
immediately took me to his cave, where he took off his clothing  
and there on his arm was a wound where the lioness had  
attacked him, ripping off some of his flesh. The wound had  
been bleeding the entire time. So, now he fainted, and as he  
fainted, he called out, "Rosalind!" Quickly, I resuscitated him  
and bound up his wound. After a brief time—as he is a strong,  
brave man—

he sent me out to find you, even though I'm a stranger to you.  
He wanted me to tell you this story and beg your forgiveness  
for his having broken his promise. He wanted me to give this  
handkerchief, soaked in his blood, to the boy that he jokingly  
calls his Rosalind.

**ROSALIND** *faints.*

**CELIA**

Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

**OLIVER**

185 Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

**CELIA**

There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede.

**OLIVER**

Look, he recovers.

**ROSALIND**

I would I were at home.

**CELIA**

We'll lead you thither.

190 —I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

**OLIVER**

Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? 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**

195 This was not counterfeit. There is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Oh no! Ganymede! Ganymede, sweetheart?

**OLIVER**

Many people faint when they see blood.

**CELIA**

There's more to it than that.—Ganymede!

**OLIVER**

Look, he's recovering.

**ROSALIND**

I want to go home.

**CELIA**

We'll take you there. Please, will you take his arm?

**OLIVER**

Buck up, boy! You're a man? You don't have a man's courage.

**ROSALIND**

It's true, I confess. Oh, sir, someone would think I was a good fake. Please tell your brother what a convincing show I put on. Whoo-hoo!

**OLIVER**

That was no show. Your cheeks are too flushed for me to believe that was a fake faint.

**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 right.

**CELIA**

200 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**

I shall devise something. But I pray you commend my  
counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

*Exeunt*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**TOUCHSTONE**

We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience, gentle Audrey.

**ROSALIND**

Fake, I'm telling you.

**OLIVER**

Well, then, be brave and pretend to be a man.

**ROSALIND**

That's what I'm doing. But honestly, I should have been a  
woman.

**CELIA**

Come on, you keep getting paler. Please, let's go home. Sir,  
please come with us.

**OLIVER**

I'll do that, because I have to tell my brother how you forgave  
him, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

I'll think of something. But please, tell him how well I faked a  
faint. Will you come with us?

*They all exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 1

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

We'll get married at some point, Audrey. Be patient.

**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. 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**

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.

**WILLIAM**

Good ev'n, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

God gi' good ev'n, William.

**WILLIAM**

And good ev'n to you, sir.

**AUDREY**

Really, the priest was good enough, no matter what that old guy said.

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, he was wicked and vile. But Audrey, there's a boy in the forest who claims you're his girl.

**AUDREY**

Yes, I know who you're talking about, but he has no claim on me.

*WILLIAM enters.*

Here comes the man himself.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It warms my heart to encounter such a country bumpkin. Truly, we witty men can't hold our tongues. We have to mess with the likes of him, we just can't help it.

**WILLIAM**

Good evening, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

Good evening, William.

**WILLIAM**

And good evening to you, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

15 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**

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

**WILLIAM**

William, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

20 A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

**WILLIAM**

Ay, sir, I thank God.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"Thank God." A good answer. Art rich?

**WILLIAM**

'Faith, sir, so-so.

**TOUCHSTONE**

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good evening to you, good friend. No, no, put your hat back on, put it back on. No, please, keep your head covered. How old are you, friend?

**WILLIAM**

Twenty-five, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A mature age. Is your name William?

**WILLIAM**

Yes, it's William, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A good name. Were you born here in the forest?

**WILLIAM**

Yes sir, thank God.

**TOUCHSTONE**

"Thank God"—that's a good answer. Are you rich?

**WILLIAM**

Well, 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**

I do, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

**WILLIAM**

35 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.

"So-so" is good, very good, an excellent answer. And then again, it's not so good, but only so-so. Are you wise?

**WILLIAM**

Yes sir, I'm fairly witty.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, that's a fine answer. I seem to remember a saying: "Only a fool thinks he's wise; the [wise man](#) knows that he is, in fact, a fool." When one self-described philosopher wanted to eat grapes, he opened his lips when they entered his mouth, thereby making the theoretical point that grapes were made to be eaten, and lips to open. Do you love this girl?

**WILLIAM**

I do, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Are you educated?

**WILLIAM**

No, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then learn this from me: if you have something, you have it. Everyone knows that when you pour a drink out of a cup and into a glass, the cup becomes empty. And all the authorities

**WILLIAM**

Which he, sir?

**TOUCHSTONE**

He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you 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, 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. Therefore tremble and depart.

**AUDREY**

Do, good William.

**WILLIAM**

God rest you merry, sir.

*Exit*

know that *ipse* is Latin for “he.” You are no longer *ipse*, because I am he.

**WILLIAM**

Which he, sir?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, the he that will marry this woman. Therefore, idiot, abandon (or, in common language, “leave”) the society (which in the boorish tongue is “company”) of this female—maybe you’ll get it if I say “woman,” instead. Say it all at once, now: abandon the society of this female, or, simpleton, you’ll perish. Let me put it in a way you’ll understand: you’ll die. Or, rather, I’ll kill you, or I’ll do away with you, or I’ll turn your life into death and your freedom into captivity. I’ll poison you, or beat you with a club, or stab you with a sword. I’ll bandy you about and overwhelm you with my cleverness. I will, in other words, kill you in three hundred and fifty ways. Therefore, tremble with fear and leave.

**AUDREY**

Do what he says, William.

**WILLIAM**

Farewell, sir.

*He exits.*

*Enter **CORIN***

**CORIN**

55 Our master and mistress seeks you. Come away, away.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt*

***CORIN** enters.*

**CORIN**

Our master and mistress are looking for you. Let's go.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Hurry up, Audrey, hurry.—I'm coming, I'm coming.

*They all exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 2

*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 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** and **OLIVER** enter.*

**ORLANDO**

Is it really possible that you could like her right after meeting her? And fall in love with her after merely seeing her? And as soon as you fall in love, with her, woo her? And as soon as you woo her, have her accept? And do you really mean to marry her?

**OLIVER**

Don't question the foolish haste of it all—or her poverty or our short time together or the abruptness of my courtship or the abruptness of her consent—but say with me, "I love Aliena." And say with me that she loves me. Agree to this match, so we can enjoy each other. It will be to your advantage, because I'll leave our father's house and all his property to you, while I live and die a shepherd here in the forest.

**ORLANDO**

You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow.  
Thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers.  
Go you and prepare Aliena, for look you, here comes my

15 Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND*

**ROSALIND**

*(as Ganymede)* God save you, brother.

**OLIVER**

And you, fair sister.

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy  
heart in a scarf.

**ORLANDO**

20 It is my arm.

**ROSALIND**

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a  
lion.

**ORLANDO**

Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

**ORLANDO**

You have my consent. You can be married tomorrow if you  
want. I'll invite the duke and all of his followers. Go get Aliena  
ready—because, look, here comes my Rosalind.

*ROSALIND enters.*

**ROSALIND**

Hello, brother.

**OLIVER**

And hello to you, fair sister.

*He exits.*

**ROSALIND**

Oh, darling Orlando, it's so hard to see you wearing your heart  
in a sling.

**ORLANDO**

Actually, it's my arm.

**ROSALIND**

I thought your heart had been wounded by a lion's claws.

**ORLANDO**

My heart *has* been wounded, but by a lady, not a lion.

**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

**ROSALIND**

Did your brother tell you how well I pretended to faint when he showed me the handkerchief?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, and he told me some things that were even more amazing.

**ROSALIND**

Oh, I know what you're talking about. It's true: it was as sudden as two rams rushing at each other, and as quick as Julius Caesar's "I came, I saw, I conquered." Your brother and my sister had no sooner met than they gave each other a good once over; they had no sooner looked at each other than they fell in love; no sooner fell in love than they sighed; no sooner sighed than they asked each other why they had sighed; no sooner answered than they sought a solution. And in this way, degree by degree, they've built a staircase toward marriage. And they had better climb those stairs immediately, or else they'll end up in bed before they ought to. They're in the heat of passion; they simply have to be together. You couldn't beat the two of them apart.

**ORLANDO**

They'll be married tomorrow, and I'll invite the duke to the ceremony. But, oh, it makes me bitter to look at happiness through another man's eyes. Tomorrow I'll be at the depths of

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**

45 I can live no longer by thinking.

**ROSALIND**

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 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 your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

**ORLANDO**

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

my misery thinking about the happiness my brother has achieved, in having what he wished for.

**ROSALIND**

Well then, can't I act as Rosalind for you tomorrow?

**ORLANDO**

I can't live by pretending anymore.

**ROSALIND**

I won't exhaust you anymore with idle chitchat. You should know that I think you're a smart man. I really mean it. I'm not telling you this so you'll think well of me (who wouldn't think well of someone who thought well of him, after all?) And I'm not trying to enhance my own reputation, but only to do you good. Believe me, then, that I have special powers. Since I was three years old, I've been in contact with a powerful but virtuous magician—no black magic here. If you love Rosalind as much as you say you do, you will marry her when your brother marries Aliena. I know where she is and, if you don't mind, I will set her before you tomorrow, whole and unharmed.

**ORLANDO**

Are you serious?

**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 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**

70 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**

75 It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
And so am I for Phoebe.

**ROSALIND**

I swear on my life, which I take pretty seriously, even if I am a magician. So put on your best clothes and tell your friends to come. Because if you want to be married tomorrow, you will, and if you want to be married to Rosalind, you will.

***SILVIUS** and **PHOEBE** enter.*

Look, here comes someone who loves me, along with  
someone who loves her.

**PHOEBE**

Young man, it was very rude of you to show him the letter I wrote you.

**ROSALIND**

I don't care. I'm being contemptuous and cruel toward you on purpose. A faithful shepherd worships you. Why don't you pay attention to him? Why don't you love him? He adores you.

**PHOEBE**

Silvius, tell this youth what it means to be in love.

**SILVIUS**

It means being full of sighs and tears, like I am for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

80 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**

85 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,  
90 And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And like I am for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And like I am for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And like I am for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It means being faithful and ready to serve, just like I am for  
Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

And like I am for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And like I am for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And like I am for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It means being filled with fantasy; with passion and wishes;  
with adoration, loyalty, and devotion. It means being humble,  
being patient, being impatient, being pure, being put-upon,  
being obedient. Just as I am for Phoebe.



**PHOEBE**

And so am I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And so am I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And so am I for no woman.

**PHOEBE**

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

**SILVIUS**

95 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 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

**PHOEBE**

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**PHOEBE**

Since you know all this is true, why do you blame me for loving you?

**SILVIUS**

And why do you blame me for loving you?

**ORLANDO**

And why do you blame me for loving you?

**ROSALIND**

Who are you talking to?

**ORLANDO**

I'm saying it to the girl who isn't here and doesn't hear me.

**ROSALIND**

All right, stop this. You sound like a pack of wolves howling at the moon. *(to SILVIUS)* I'll help you, if I can. *(to PHOEBE)* If I could love you, I would. All of you, meet me here tomorrow. *(to*

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. *(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.

**SILVIUS**

I'll not fail, if I live.

**PHOEBE**

Nor I.

**ORLANDO**

Nor I.

*Exeunt*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow will we be married.

PHOEBE) If I'm ever going to marry a woman, I'll marry you. And I *am* getting married tomorrow. *(to ORLANDO)* If I will ever satisfy a man, I'll satisfy you. And you will get married tomorrow. *(to SILVIUS)* If the thing you desire will make you happy, I'll make you happy. And you'll get married tomorrow. *(to ORLANDO)* By the love you have for Rosalind, come back tomorrow. *(to SILVIUS)* By the love you have for Phoebe, come here tomorrow.—And by my love for no woman, I'll also be here tomorrow. So, goodbye for now. You all know what to do.

**SILVIUS**

As long as I'm alive, I'll be here.

**PHOEBE**

Me too.

**ORLANDO**

Me too.

*They all exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 3

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Tomorrow is the happy day, Audrey. We'll be married tomorrow.

**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*

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 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,*

**AUDREY**

I can't wait. I hope it doesn't make me unchaste that I really want to be a married woman.

*Two PAGES enter.*

Here come two of Duke Senior's pages.

**FIRST PAGE**

Good afternoon, good gentleman.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It really is good to see you. Come, sit, sit, and sing me a song.

**SECOND PAGE**

Sounds good to us. Sit between us.

**FIRST PAGE**

Should we just get down to it? Should we skip all that hacking and spitting and saying that we're hoarse, which only makes clear what lousy singers we are?

**SECOND PAGE**

Yes, yes, and let's sing in unison, like two gypsies riding on a single horse.

**PAGES**

*(singing)*

*There was a lover and his girl,*

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.  
20 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,  
25 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 hey-nonny-no,  
How that a life was but a flower  
30 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 hey hey-nonny-no,  
35 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**

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
Who walked through the cornfield  
In the springtime, the only proper wedding time,  
The time when birds sing, Hey ding-a-ding-ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of rye,  
  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no  
The pretty country folk would lie  
In the springtime, the only proper wedding-time,  
The time when birds sing, Hey ding-a-ding-ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
They wrote this song at that time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
About how life was as short-lived as a flower  
In the springtime, the only proper wedding time,  
The time when birds sing, hey ding-a-ding-ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
So seize the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
For love is all perfection  
In the springtime, the only proper wedding time,  
The time when birds sing, Hey ding-a-ding-ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

#### FIRST PAGE

You are deceived, sir. We kept time. We lost not our time.

#### TOUCHSTONE

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*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA*

#### DUKE SENIOR

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

#### 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

Really, young men, though it wasn't a very hard song to get right, the music was still all out of tune.

#### FIRST PAGE

No, sir, you're wrong; we kept the [song's](#) time, we didn't lose any.

#### TOUCHSTONE

Oh, yes you did—I lost time listening to your foolish song. God be with you, and I hope He fixes your voices! Come on, Audrey.

*They all exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 4

*DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA enter.*

#### DUKE SENIOR

Orlando, do you really believe that this boy can do everything he's promised?

#### ORLANDO

Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. I'm afraid of hoping, but I hope anyway.

*ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHOEBE enter.*

#### 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**

*(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**

But if you do refuse to marry me,  
15 You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

**PHOEBE**

So is the bargain.

*(as Ganymede)* Be patient for a bit longer while I go over the terms of our agreement. *(to DUKE SENIOR)* You say that if I bring Rosalind here, you will give her to Orlando in marriage?

**DUKE SENIOR**

Yes, even if I had whole kingdoms to give along with her.

**ROSALIND**

*(to ORLANDO)* And you promise to marry her, when I bring her here?

**ORLANDO**

I will, even if I were king of all kingdoms.

**ROSALIND**

*(to PHOEBE)* And you say you'll marry me, if I'm willing to marry you?

**PHOEBE**

Yes, even if I die an hour later.

**ROSALIND**

But if you decide not to marry me, you'll marry this faithful shepherd instead?

**PHOEBE**

That's the deal.

**ROSALIND**

(to SILVIUS ) You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will?

**SILVIUS**

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

**ROSALIND**

I have promised to make all this matter even.

20 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

25 If she refuse me. And from hence I go

To make these doubts all even.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

**DUKE SENIOR**

I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

**ORLANDO**

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

30 Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

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

And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

**ROSALIND**

(to SILVIUS ) And you agree to marry Phoebe, if she is willing?

**SILVIUS**

Even if marrying her meant I died.

**ROSALIND**

I've promised to make everything right. Duke Senior, keep your

promise to give away your daughter. Orlando, keep your

promise to marry his daughter. Phoebe, keep your promise to

marry me, and to marry this shepherd if you choose to refuse

me. Silvius, keep your promise to marry Phoebe if she refuses

me. I'll leave now, to set all these things right.

*ROSALIND and CELIA exit.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

This shepherd boy reminds me quite vividly of my daughter.

**ORLANDO**

My lord, when I first saw him I thought he was your daughter's

brother. But, my lord, this boy was born in the forest and has

been schooled not in the usual subjects but only in magic. His

uncle, who the boy says is a great magician and lives

concealed within the boundaries of this forest, taught him.

Whom he reports to be a great magician  
35 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 beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Salutation and greeting to you all.

**JAQUES**

40 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**

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**

And how was that ta'en up?

**TOUCHSTONE**

*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.*

Well, look: there must be another flood coming, with these couples also on their way to Noah's ark. Here comes a pair of those strange creatures called "fools" in any language.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Hello, and greetings to you all.

**JAQUES**

My lord, welcome this man. This is the jester I have met so many times in the forest. He swears he used to be a courtier.

**TOUCHSTONE**

If anyone doubts this, let him put me on trial. I have danced a round, I have flattered a lady, I have been polite with my friends, smooth and cunning with my enemies. I have bankrupted three tailors. I have quarreled four times, and almost got in a fight.

**JAQUES**

And how was that one settled?

**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**

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 like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

**DUKE SENIOR**

60 By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

**TOUCHSTONE**

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

**JAQUES**

Well, we almost fought and then realized that we had reached the seventh cause.

**JAQUES**

What do you mean, the seventh cause? (*to DUKE SENIOR* ) My good lord, I hope you like this fellow.

**DUKE SENIOR**

I like him very well.

**TOUCHSTONE**

God bless you, sir. I want the same thing as all these other people. I've come here to be married, like all these other would-be couples. This poor virgin isn't much to look at, sir, but she's mine. It's a strange habit of mine to take the thing that no one else wants: virginity in an ugly girl is like a rich man living in a broken-down house or a pearl in the hideous oyster.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Really, he's very witty, and full of wise sayings.

**TOUCHSTONE**

His wittiness, a sweet disease, is here one minute and gone the next, sir, as with most fools.

**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 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." 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 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?

But back to that argument you mentioned. What's the "seventh cause"?

### **TOUCHSTONE**

Our argument went through seven stages—watch your posture, Audrey.—It went like this. I didn't like the way a particular courtier had cut his beard. He sent me word that, whether I liked it or not, he liked it fine. They call this "the courteous retort." If I repeat that it isn't cut well, and he responds that he isn't trying to please me, just himself, with his beard. They call this "the modest quip." If I say again it is poorly cut, and he responds that my judgment is no good, they call this "the sullen reply." If I say yet again that his beard is poorly cut, and he says that I'm not speaking the truth, they call this "the brave retort." One more time I say it's not well cut, and he says I'm lying. They call this "the argumentative countercheck." And so on through "the circumstantial lie" and "the direct lie."

### **JAQUES**

And how many times did you say his beard wasn't cut well?

### **TOUCHSTONE**

I didn't dare take it past "the circumstantial lie," and he didn't dare go to the "[direct lie](#)," so we compared the lengths of our swords and then ended the fight.

### **JAQUES**

Can you name the steps of that argument again?

## 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."

## JAQUES

95 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

Then is there mirth in heaven

## TOUCHSTONE

Of course, sir. There are rulebooks for arguing just as there are rulebooks for manners. Here are the steps. First is "the courteous retort"; second, "the modest quip"; third, "the sullen reply"; fourth, "the valiant retort"; fifth, "the argumentative countercheck"; sixth, "the circumstantial lie"; seventh, "the direct lie." You can avoid getting to that final stage if you can properly use an "if." I once heard of an argument that seven judges couldn't settle. The two parties met up on their own, and one said, "Well, if you said this-and-that, then I must have said such-and-such," and they shook hands and parted on good terms. "If" is the only peacemaker. "If" is a very valuable word.

## JAQUES

Isn't he a remarkable fellow, my lord? He's as smart as they come, but just a jester.

## DUKE SENIOR

He uses his clownishness to disguise his deadly wit.

***HYMEN** enters with **ROSALIND** and **CELIA**, dressed as themselves. Soft music plays.*

## HYMEN

There is laughter in heaven

100 When earthly things, made even,  
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter.  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither,

105 That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within his bosom is.

**ROSALIND**

(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**

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

**ORLANDO**

110 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,  
115 (to PHOEBE ) Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

**HYMEN**

When earthly affairs are put right  
And people unite.

Good duke, come receive your daughter.  
Hymen brought her from heaven  
Yes, brought her here.

**ROSALIND**

(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 don't deceive me, you are my daughter.

**ORLANDO**

If my eyes don't deceive me, you are my Rosalind.

**PHOEBE**

If my eyes aren't deceiving me, goodbye, love.

**ROSALIND**

(to DUKE SENIOR ) If you won't be my father, I won't have any.  
(to ORLANDO ) If you won't be my husband, I won't have any.  
(to PHOEBE ) If you won't be my wife, I won't have any.

**HYMEN**

Peace, ho! I bar confusion.  
'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events.  
Here's eight that must take hands  
120 To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.  
(to ORLANDO and ROSALIND) You and you no cross shall  
part.  
(to OLIVER and CELIA ) You and you are heart in heart.  
(to PHOEBE ) You to his love must accord  
125 Or have a woman to your lord.  
(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,  
130 That reason wonder may diminish  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

(sings)  
*Wedding is great Juno's crown,  
O blessèd bond of board and bed.*  
135 *'Tis Hymen peoples every town.  
High wedlock then be honorèd.  
Honor, high honor, and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town.*

Quiet! Stop chattering until I've made everything clear. There  
are eight people here that I will join in marriage, if the truth you  
see before you pleases you. (to ORLANDO and ROSALIND ) No  
hardship can part you. (to OLIVER and CELIA ) Your hearts are  
together. (to PHOEBE ) You must consent to having Silvius as  
your husband, unless you'd rather be married to a woman. (to  
TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ) You are bound to each other as  
closely as winter is to bad weather. (to all the married couples)  
While we sing a wedding hymn, satisfy your curiosity with  
questioning. Your surprise will fade, and you'll learn how all this  
came to be.

(singing)  
*Marriage is the crown Juno wears,  
It's a holy bond of domesticity.  
It's marriage that populates each town,  
So marriage should be honored.  
Honor, honor, and fame  
Is due to Hymen, the god of every town.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,  
140 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.  
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
145 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  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
150 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  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
155 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.

**DUKE SENIOR**

My niece, you are welcome here as if you were my own  
daughter.

**PHOEBE**

(to SILVIUS ) I won't go back on my promise; I'll marry you.  
You've won me over with your faith.

*JAQUES DE BOYS enters.*

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Let me have your attention for a moment. I'm Sir Rowland's  
middle son, and I bring you news. When Duke Frederick heard  
that great, worthy men were coming to this forest every day, he  
raised a large army to invade this land and fight his brother. But  
just at the edge of the forest, he met an old religious man. He  
spoke with him for a while and decided not only to abandon  
his pursuit of his brother but even to retreat from the world.  
He's giving the throne to his banished brother and restoring all  
the men he'd exiled to their rightful lands. I swear on my life  
that I'm speaking the truth.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome, young man.

- 160 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  
That here were well begun and well begot,  
165 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.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
170 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,  
The duke hath put on a religious life  
175 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.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome, young man: you bring a great present to your  
brothers' wedding. To Oliver, you return his lands; to Orlando,  
you give a whole dukedom, since he will inherit my land. But  
first, let's finish the things we started out here. Then I'll share  
the abundance of my returned fortune with all those that have  
stayed out here with me, according to the rank and status each  
of you enjoy. But until then, let's forget our nobility and enjoy  
some fun. Music, please. Brides and bridegrooms, dance your  
happiness away.

**JAQUES**

Wait a minute, sir. Do you mean to say that the duke has  
abandoned the glamorous court to live as a monk?

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Yes, he has.

**JAQUES**

I will go find him. There is much to be learned from these  
converts. (to DUKE SENIOR ) I bestow on you your former

(to DUKE SENIOR )

180 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.

(to OLIVER )

185 You to your land, and love, and great allies.

(to SILVIUS )

You to a long and well-deservèd bed.

(to TOUCHSTONE )

And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage

190 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  
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

*Exit*

**DUKE SENIOR**

195 Proceed, proceed. We'll so begin these rites  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

honor, for your patience and virtue. (to ORLANDO ) I give you  
the love that your faithfulness deserves (to OLIVER ) and you  
your land, your love, and your great allies. (to SILVIUS ) You get  
a long and well-deserved stay in bed, with your new wife.

(to TOUCHSTONE) And you I expect to be up fighting soon. The  
honeymoon will last two months, tops.— And with that, you  
may all return to your dancing. I'm bound for another fate.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Stay, Jaques, stay here for a bit.

**JAQUES**

No, this fun is not for me. I'll wait for you in your cave, where  
you can tell me what you need from me.

*He exits.*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Let's proceed. We'll begin the ceremony the way we hope it  
will end—with delight.



*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 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 insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not 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.

*Exit*

*Everyone dances.*

*Everyone exits except **ROSALIND**.*

**ROSALIND**

You don't usually see a woman deliver an epilogue, but it's no worse than seeing a man deliver the prologue. If it's true that you don't need **ivy** to sell good wine, then it should also be true that a good play doesn't need an epilogue. But they use good-quality ivy to sell good wine, and a good play is improved by a good epilogue. But then I'm in a strange position, as I not only do not have a good epilogue, I'm not sure this was a good play. I'm not dressed like a beggar, so it wouldn't be becoming for me to beg. No, instead I'll bewitch you, and I'll start with the women. Women, in the name of the love you have for men, I demand that you like as much of this play as you feel like. Men, in the name of the women you love—and I can guess by your goofy smiles that none of you exactly hates them—the play will act as a nice toy for you and the **ladies** to share. If I actually were a woman, I'd kiss all of you that have beards that pleased me, complexions that I liked, and breath that wasn't foul. And I'm sure that all of you with nice beards, good faces, and sweet breath will, when I curtsy good night, give me a nice round of applause.

*She exits.*