***As You Like It***

By William Shakespeare

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Folger Shakespeare Library

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**Characters in the Play**

Large Roles:

ORLANDO, youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys

ROSALIND, daughter to Duke Senior

CELIA, Rosalind’s cousin, daughter to Duke Frederick

DUKE FREDERICK/DUKE SENIOR the usurping duke and his elder brother in exile, respectively

Medium Roles:

TOUCHSTONE, a court Fool

JAQUES

AMIENS

SILVIUS, a young shepherd in love

PHOEBE, a disdainful shepherdess

OLIVER, Orlando’s elder brother

Small Roles:

CHARLES, wrestler at Duke Frederick’s court

LE BEAU, a courtier at Duke Frederick’s court

AUDREY, a goat-keeper

HYMEN, god of marriage

ADAM, servant to Oliver and friend to Orlando

**ACT 1**

**Scene 1**

***[Characters that start on stage: Orlando, Oliver, Charles the Wrestler, Duke Frederick, Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone.]***

**NARRATOR:**

1. Welcome, dear audience, to Shakespeare’s As You
2. Like It! Our tale begins with Act 1 and young Orlando.

***[Orlando steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to cheer. Orlando exits]***

1. Orlando has been mistreated by his elder brother
2. Oliver, who denies him his rightful education and status.

***[Oliver steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to boo and hiss. Oliver exits.]***

1. When Orlando decides to challenge the court wrestler,
2. Charles, Oliver seizes the chance to have him killed,
3. secretly encouraging Charles to fight mercilessly.

***[Charles steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to boo and hiss. Charles exits.]***

1. Meanwhile, Duke Frederick reigns over his banished
2. brother Duke Senior’s former court.

***[Duke Frederick steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to boo and hiss. Duke Frederick exits.]***

1. His niece Rosalind mourns the absence of her father,
2. the banished duke, who now lives in the Forest of Arden.

***[Rosalind steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to cheer.]***

1. Her cousin Celia tries to cheer her.

***[Celia steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to cheer.]***

1. The quick-witted jester, Touchstone, joins in with
2. playful banter.

***[Touchstone steps forward. Audience plant encourages rest of audience to laugh while Touchstone juggles if we get someone who can juggle.]***

1. But the mood shifts as Le Beau enters to announce the
2. upcoming wrestling match.

***[Le Beau runs onstage and starts point enthusiastically to where Duke Frederick, Orlando, Charles, and maybe some Lords and Attendants are about to enter.]***

1. And now, dear audience, let us turn to the moment
2. When Duke Frederick and Orlando arrive for this
3. contest of strength…Scene 2

***[Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando,  
Charles, and Attendants.]***

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ROSALIND*,***

***[to Le Beau]***

1. Is yonder the man?

**LE BEAU**

1. Even he, madam.

**CELIA**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**CELIA**

1. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. Do so. I’ll not be by.

***[He steps aside.]***

**LE BEAU**

***[to Orlando]***

1. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

**ORLANDO**

1. I attend them with all respect and duty.

**CELIA**

1. Young gentleman, you have seen cruel proof of this
2. Strength we pray you for your own sake to embrace
3. your own safety and give over this attempt.

**ROSALIND**

1. Do, young sir.

**ORLANDO**

1. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
2. thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny
3. so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your
4. fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial,
5. wherein, if I be killed, there is but one dead that is
6. willing to be so.

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

1. And mine, to eke out hers.

**CHARLES**

1. Come, where is this young gallant that is so
2. desirous to lie with his mother Earth?

***[Insert lots more WWE style smack talk]***

**ORLANDO**

1. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest
2. working. You mean to mock me after, you should not
3. have mocked me before. But come your ways.

**ROSALIND**

1. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

***[Orlando and Charles wrestle. Orlando throws Charles. A shout from the crowd.]***

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. How dost thou, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

1. He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. Bear him away.

***[Charles is carried off by Attendants****.]*

1. What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
2. The world esteemed thy father honorable,
3. But I did find him still mine enemy.

***[Duke exits with Touchstone, Le Beau]***

**CELIA**

***[to Rosalind]***

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

**ROSALIND**

***[to Celia]***

1. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
2. And all the world was of my father’s mind.

**CELIA**

1. Gentle cousin,
2. Let us go thank him and encourage him.
3. My father’s rough and envious disposition
4. Sticks me at heart.

***To Orlando***

1. Sir, you have well deserved.
2. If you do keep your promises in love
3. But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
4. Your mistress shall be happy.

**ROSALIND*,***

***[giving Orlando a chain from her neck]***

1. Gentleman, wear this for me—one out of suits with
2. Fortune, that could give more but that her hand lacks means.— Shall we go, coz?

**CELIA**

1. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

***[Rosalind and Celia exit.]***

**ORLANDO**

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

***Enter Le Beau.***

**LE BEAU**

1. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
2. To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
3. High commendation, true applause, and love,
4. Yet such is now the Duke’s condition
5. That he misconstrues all that you have done.

**ORLANDO**

1. I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

***[Le Beau exits.]***

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

***[He exits.]***

**Scene 2**

***Enter Celia and Rosalind.***

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. Not one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

1. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
2. upon curs. But is all this for your father?

**ROSALIND**

1. No, some of it is for my child’s father. O,
2. how full of briers is this working-day world!

**CELIA**

1. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

**ROSALIND**

1. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
2. than myself.

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

***[Enter Duke Frederick]***

**ROSALIND**

1. Look, here comes the Duke.

**CELIA**

1. With his eyes full of anger.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

***to Rosalind***

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

**ROSALIND**

1. Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. I do beseech your Grace,
2. Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
3. Never so much as in a thought unborn
4. Did I offend your Highness.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. Thou art thy father’s daughter. There’s enough.

**ROSALIND**

1. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.
2. So was I when your Highness banished him.
3. Treason is not inherited, my lord,
4. Or if we did derive it from our friends,
5. What’s that to me? My father was no traitor.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

1. Firm and irrevocable is my doom
2. Which I have passed upon her. She is banished.

**CELIA**

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

**DUKE FREDERICK**

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

***Duke exits.***

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. I have more cause.

**CELIA**

1. Thou hast not, cousin.
2. Prithee, be cheerful. Know’st thou not the Duke
3. Hath banished me, his daughter?

**ROSALIND**

1. That he hath not.

**CELIA**

1. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
2. Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
3. Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
4. No, let my father seek another heir.
5. Therefore devise with me how we may fly
6. Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
7. Say what thou canst, I’ll go along with thee.

**ROSALIND**

1. Why, whither shall we go?

**CELIA**

1. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

**ROSALIND**

1. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
2. Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

**CELIA**

1. I’ll put myself in poor and mean attire,
2. The like do you. So shall we pass along
3. And never stir assailants.

**ROSALIND**

1. Were it not better,
2. Because that I am more than common tall,
3. That I did suit me all points like a man?

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
2. The clownish fool out of your father’s court?
3. Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

**CELIA**

1. He’ll go along o’er the wide world with me.
2. Leave me alone to woo him. Now go we in content
3. To liberty, and not to banishment.

***They exit.***

**ACT 2**

**Scene 1**

***Onstage: Duke Senior/Frederick, Jaques, Amiens***

**NARRATOR**

1. Now we come to Act 2. Duke Senior is out in the
2. Forest of Arden with the loyal Jaques and Amiens,
3. discussing how much better the honest
4. forest is than the envious court.

***Duke steps forward in Senior apparel when his name is mentioned. Jaques and Amiens step forward as their names are mentioned. The do a little twirl or pose or some shit and then exit. Enter Orlando and Adam.***

1. Orlando, having just found out from his loyal old servant
2. Adam that his brother is trying to kill him, grabs
3. Adam and bolts for the forest.

***Adam pantomimes “he’s trying to kill you!” Then Orlando and Adam link arms and exit. They immediately re-enter for the next bit.***

1. Trouble is, Adam’s not exactly built for the
2. wilderness—he’s starving, exhausted, and ready to
3. drop dead under a tree. But Orlando, all fired up with
4. loyalty and drama, vows to find food and shelter for
5. them both.

***Adam pantomimes, “I can go no further, leave me here to die!” Orlando exit nobly and with purpose. Adam crawl off stage slowly while next bit is happening. Re-enter Duke in Frederick Apparel. With him, Oliver.***

1. Back at court, Duke Frederick is throwing
2. a fit because Celia and Touchstone vanished, and he
3. blames Orlando, who has also disappeared. He
4. strong-arms Oliver into hunting Orlando down.

***Oliver and Duke Frederick shake hands, evilly.***

1. Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone arrive in the Forest of Arden, weary and hungry, and meet an old shepherd who is happy to help them buy his master’s farm.

***[Rosalind and Celia, Touchstone come on looking real tired and weary and then exit opposite direction. Curtains drop and the camp becomes the backdrop]***

Green Island Plays

**Scene 2**

***Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.***

***[Amiens sings a song TBD. If others have musician skills we could have accompaniment as well, otherwise pipe a karaoke backing track through the sound system]***

**JAQUES**

1. More, more, I prithee, more.

**AMIENS**

1. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

**JAQUES**

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

**AMIENS**

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

**JAQUES**

1. I do not desire you to please me. I do desire
2. you to sing. But no matter, I’ll go sleep if I can.
3. If I cannot, I’ll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

1. And I’ll go seek the Duke. His banquet is prepared.

***Jaques exits.***

**Scene 3**

***[Amiens, on stage. Enter Duke Senior with a picnic blanket and picnic basket full of food items which he spreads into a banquet while delivering lines]***

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**AMIENS**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

***Re-Enter Jaques.***

**AMIENS**

1. He saves my labor by his own approach.

**DUKE SENIOR*,***

***to Jaques***

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

**JAQUES**

1. A fool, a fool, I met a fool i’ th’ forest,
2. A motley fool. A miserable world!
3. As I do live by food, I met a fool,
4. Who laid him down and basked him in the sun
5. And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
6. In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
7. “Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,
8. “Call me not ‘fool’ till heaven hath sent me fortune.”
9. O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.
10. O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. Thou shalt have one.

**JAQUES**

1. It is my only suit,
2. Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
3. To speak my mind, and I will through and through
4. Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world,
5. If they will patiently receive my medicine.

***[Enter Orlando, brandishing a sword.]***

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. But who comes here?

**ORLANDO**

1. Forbear, and eat no more.

**JAQUES**

1. Why, I have eat none yet.

**ORLANDO**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

**ORLANDO**

1. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
2. I thought that all things had been savage here,
3. If ever you have looked on better days,
4. And know what ’tis to pity and be pitied,
5. Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
6. In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

***He sheathes his sword.***

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. True is it that we have seen better days,
2. And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

**ORLANDO**

1. Then but forbear your food a little while. There is an
2. old poor man who after me hath many a weary step
3. limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
4. I will not touch a bit.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

***He exits.***

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**JAQUES**

1. All the world’s a stage,
2. And all the men and women merely players.
3. They have their exits and their entrances,
4. And one man in his time plays many parts,
5. His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
6. Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
7. Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
8. And shining morning face, creeping like snail
9. Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
10. Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
11. Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
12. Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
13. Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
14. Seeking the bubble reputation
15. Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
16. In fair round belly with good capon lined,
17. With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
18. Full of wise saws and modern instances;
19. And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
20. Into the lean and slippered pantaloon
21. With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
22. His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
23. For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
24. Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
25. And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
26. That ends this strange eventful history,
27. Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
28. Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

***[Enter Orlando, carrying Adam].***

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ORLANDO**

1. I thank you most for him.

**ADAM**

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

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

***[The Duke and Orlando continue their conversation, apart. Song TBD, maybe Don’t Fear the Reaper – Amiens sings]***

**DUKE SENIOR**

***[to Orlando]***

1. If that you were the good Sir Rowland’s son,
2. Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
3. That loved your father. Give me your hand,
4. And let me all your fortunes understand.

***[They shake hands and exit.]***

**ACT 3**

**Scene 1**

***[Enter Orlando, with a paper, running back and forth across the stage dramatically pointing to his poetry.]***

**NARRATOR**

1. At the beginning of Act 3 we see Orlando, traipsing
2. giddily across the forest writing love poetry on the
3. trees extolling the name of Rosalind. We come
4. upon Rosalind, still dressed up as Ganymede,
5. discovering the verses.

***Orlando exit.***

**ROSALIND*,***

***reading a paper***

1. From the east to western Ind
2. No jewel is like Rosalind.
3. Her worth being mounted on the wind,
4. Through all the world bears Rosalind.
5. Let no face be kept in mind
6. But the fair of Rosalind.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. I’ll rhyme you so eight years together,
2. dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted.

**ROSALIND*,***

1. Out, fool.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. For a taste:
2. If a hart do lack a hind,
3. Let him seek out Rosalind.
4. Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;
5. Such a nut is Rosalind.
6. He that sweetest rose will find
7. Must find love’s prick, and Rosalind.
8. This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you
9. infect yourself with them?

**ROSALIND**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

***Enter Celia, with a writing.***

**ROSALIND**

1. Peace. Here comes my sister reading. Stand aside.

**CELIA*,***

***Reads***

1. *Tongues I’ll hang on every tree*
2. *That shall civil sayings show.*
3. *Twixt the souls of friend and friend.*
4. *But upon the fairest boughs,*
5. *Or at every sentence’ end,*
6. *Will I “Rosalinda” write,*
7. *Heaven willed many gifts she should have*
8. *And I to live and die her slave.*

**ROSALIND**

1. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of love have
2. you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried
3. “Have patience, good people!

**CELIA**

1. Didst thou hear these verses?

**ROSALIND**

1. O yes, I heard them all,

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before
2. you came, for look here what I found on a palm tree.

**CELIA**

1. Trow you who hath done this?

**ROSALIND**

1. Is it a man?

**CELIA**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. I prithee, who? Nay, but who is it?

**CELIA**

1. Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

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

**CELIA**

1. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful
2. wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that
3. out of all whooping! It is young Orlando, that tripped
4. up the wrestler’s heels and your heart both in an instant.

**ROSALIND**

1. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

**CELIA**

1. I’ faith, coz, ’tis he.

**ROSALIND**

1. Orlando?

**CELIA**

1. Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

1. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet
2. and hose? What did he when thou saw’st him? What
3. said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? And
4. when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

**CELIA**

1. You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth first.
2. ’Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age’s size.

**ROSALIND**

1. But doth he know that I am in this forest and
2. in man’s apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the
3. day he wrestled?

***Enter Orlando***

**CELIA**

1. Soft, comes he not here?

**ROSALIND**

***aside to Celia***

1. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that
2. habit play the knave with him.

***To Orlando.***

1. Do you hear, forester?

**ORLANDO**

1. Very well. What would you?

**ROSALIND**

1. I pray you, what is ’t o’clock?

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND*,***

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND*,***

1. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with
2. divers persons.

**ORLANDO**

1. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

**ROSALIND*,***

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

**ORLANDO**

1. Are you native of this place?

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND*,***

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. There were none principal. They were all like one
2. another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming
3. monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

**ORLANDO**

1. I prithee recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

1. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that
2. are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses
3. our young plants with carving “Rosalind” on their
4. barks, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If
5. I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him
6. some good counsel, for he seems to have the
7. quotidian of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. There is none of my uncle’s marks upon you. He
2. taught me how to know a man in love

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

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

**ORLANDO**

1. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

1. Love is merely a madness,
2. yet I profess curing it by counsel.

**ORLANDO**

1. Did you ever cure any so?

**ROSALIND**

1. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me
2. his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo
3. me; at which time would I, being but a moonish
4. youth, grieve, be changeable, longing and liking,
5. proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of
6. tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and
7. for no passion truly anything, that I drave my suitor
8. from his mad humor of love to a living humor of
9. madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the
10. world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And
11. thus I cured him. I would cure you if you would but
12. call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and
13. woo me.

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. Go with me to it, and I’ll show it you; Will you go?

**ORLANDO**

1. With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

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

***They exit.***

**Scene 2**

***Enter Touchstone and Audrey, followed by Jaques.***

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**AUDREY**

1. Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

***aside***

1. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than
2. Jove in a thatched house.

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**AUDREY**

1. I do not know what “poetical” is. Is it honest
2. in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**AUDREY**

1. Would you not have me honest?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

***aside***

A material fool.

**AUDREY**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**AUDREY**

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

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

***aside***

1. I would fain see this meeting. 45

**AUDREY**

1. Well, the gods give us joy.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. Amen.

**JAQUES**

***coming forward***

1. How do you, sir? You are very well met.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. Good even, good Monsieur What-you-call-’t.

**JAQUES**

1. Will you be married, motley?

**TOUCHSTONE**

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

**JAQUES**

1. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be
2. married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to
3. church, and have a good priest that can tell you
4. what marriage is.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of
2. Sir Oliver Martext than of another, for he is not like to
3. marry me well, and not being well married, it will be
4. a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

**JAQUES**

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

**TOUCHSTONE**

1. Come, sweet Audrey. We must be married, or we
2. must live in bawdry.

***Audrey, Touchstone, and Jaques exit.***

**Scene 3**

***Enter Silvius and Phoebe.***

**SILVIUS**

1. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe.
2. Say that you love me not, but say not so
3. In bitterness.

***Enter, unobserved, Rosalind , Celia as  
Aliena.***

**PHOEBE**

1. I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
2. Thou tell’st me there is murder in mine eye.
3. ’Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
4. That eyes, that are the frail’st and softest things,
5. Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
6. Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
7. Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
8. And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
9. Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
10. Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
11. Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

**SILVIUS**

1. O dear Phoebe,
2. If ever—as that ever may be near—
3. You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
4. Then shall you know the wounds invisible
5. That love’s keen arrows make.

**PHOEBE**

1. But till that time come not thou near me.
2. As till that time I shall not pity thee.

**ROSALIND**

***coming forward***

1. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
2. That you insult, exult, and all at once,
3. Over the wretched? What though you have no
4. beauty—Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
5. Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
6. I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.—
7. No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
8. I must tell you friendly in your ear,
9. Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
10. Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.

**PHOEBE**

1. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together.
2. I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

**ROSALIND**

1. He’s fall’n in love with your foulness.
2. And she’ll fall in love with my anger.

***(To Phoebe.)***

1. Why look you so upon me?

**PHOEBE**

1. For no ill will I bear you.

**ROSALIND*,***

1. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
2. For I am falser than vows made in wine.
3. Besides, I like you not.

***[To Celia]***

1. Come, to our flock.

***She exits, with Celia***

**PHOEBE**

***aside***

1. Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
2. “Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”

***[To Silvius]***

1. Know’st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

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

**PHOEBE**

1. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
2. ’Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
3. But what care I for words? Yet words do well
4. When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
5. But sure he’s proud—and yet his pride becomes him.
6. There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
7. In parcels as I did, would have gone near
8. To fall in love with him; but for my part
9. I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
10. I have more cause to hate him than to love him.
11. For what had he to do to chide at me?
12. I’ll write to him a very taunting letter,
13. And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

1. Phoebe, with all my heart.

**PHOEBE**

1. I’ll write it straight.
2. Go with me, Silvius.

***They exit.***

**ACT 4**

**Scene 1**

**NARRATOR**

1. And now we come to Act 4. Orlando has promised to
2. meet with Ganymede whom he has sworn to woo as if
3. he were Rosalind. But he is late, and Rosal… I mean
4. Ganymede is pissed!

***[Enter Rosalind and Celia. Enter Orlando from other direction]***

**ORLANDO**

1. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all
2. this while? You a lover? An you serve me such
3. another trick, never come in my sight more.

**ORLANDO**

1. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of
2. my promise.

**ROSALIND**

1. Break an hour’s promise in
2. love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand
3. parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a
4. minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o’ th’ shoulder, but I’ll
5. warrant him heart-whole.

**ORLANDO**

1. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight.
2. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday
3. humor, and like enough to consent. What would you
4. say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?
5. Am not I your Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

1. I take some joy to say you are because I
2. would be talking of her.

**ROSALIND**

1. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

**ORLANDO**

1. Then, in mine own person I die.

**ROSALIND**

1. Men have died from time to time and worms have
2. eaten them, but not for love.

**ORLANDO**

1. I would not have my right Rosalind of this
2. mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

**ROSALIND**

1. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come; now
2. I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on
3. disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

**ORLANDO**

1. Then love me, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and
2. Saturdays and all.

**ORLANDO**

1. And wilt thou have me?

**ROSALIND**

1. Ay, and twenty such.

**ORLANDO**

1. What sayest thou?

**ROSALIND**

1. Are you not good?

**ORLANDO**

1. I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

1. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?
2. Now tell me how long you would have her after you
3. have possessed her?

**ORLANDO**

1. Forever and a day.

**ROSALIND***,*

1. Say “a day” without the “ever.”

**ORLANDO**

1. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

**ROSALIND**

1. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

**ORLANDO**

1. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two
2. o’clock I will be with thee again.

**ROSALIND**

1. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you
2. would prove. My friends told me as much, and I
3. thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won
4. me. ’Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death. Two
5. o’clock is your hour?

**ORLANDO**

1. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. By my troth, and in good
2. earnest, if you break one jot of
3. your promise or come one minute behind your
4. hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise.
5. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

**ORLANDO**

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

***Orlando exits.***

**CELIA**

1. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.

**ROSALIND**

1. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou
2. didst know how many fathom deep I am in love. But
3. it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an
4. unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.
5. I’ll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

**CELIA**

1. And I’ll sleep.

***They exit.***

**Scene 2**

***[song TBD indicating passage of time. Amiens and Musicians and Flow Artists]***

**Scene 3**

***Enter Rosalind dressed as Ganymede and Celia  
dressed as Aliena***

**ROSALIND**

1. How say you now? Is it not past two o’clock?
2. And here much Orlando.

**CELIA**

1. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain
2. he hath ta’en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep.

***Enter Silvius.***

1. Look who comes here.

**SILVIUS**

***to Rosalind***

1. My errand is to you, fair youth.
2. My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.

***He gives Rosalind a paper****.*

1. I know not the contents, but as I guess
2. By the stern brow and waspish action
3. Which she did use as she was writing of it,
4. It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me.
5. I am but as a guiltless messenger.

***Rosalind reads the letter.***

ROSALIND

1. Patience herself would startle at this letter
2. And play the swaggerer.
3. Why, ’tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
4. Will you hear the letter?

**SILVIUS**

1. So please you, for I never heard it yet,
2. Yet heard too much of Phoebe’s cruelty.

ROSALIND**,**

1. She Phoebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

***(Read.)***

1. *Art thou god to shepherd turned,*
2. *That a maiden’s heart hath burned?*
3. Can a woman rail thus?

**SILVIUS**

1. Call you this railing?

**ROSALIND,**

***(Read.)***

1. *If the scorn of your bright eyne*
2. *Have power to raise such love in mine,*
3. *Alack, in me what strange effect*
4. *Would they work in mild aspect?*
5. *Whiles you chid me, I did love.*
6. *How then might your prayers move?*

**SILVIUS**

1. Call you this chiding?

**CELIA**

1. Alas, poor shepherd.

**ROSALIND**

1. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity.—
2. Wilt thou love such a woman? Well, go your
3. way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
4. snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I
5. charge her to love thee. If you be a true lover, hence,
6. and not a word, for here comes more company.

***Silvius exits. Enter Oliver.***

**OLIVER**

1. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you,
2. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
3. Then should I know you by description—
4. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
5. And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
6. He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

***He shows a stained handkerchief.***

**ROSALIND*,***

1. I am. What must we understand by this?

**OLIVER**

1. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
2. What man I am, and how, and why, and where
3. This handkercheif was stained.

CELIA**,**

1. I pray you tell it.

**OLIVER**

1. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
2. He left a promise to return again
3. Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
4. Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
5. Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside—
6. And mark what object did present itself:
7. Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
8. And high top bald with dry antiquity,
9. A wretched, ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,
10. Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
11. A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
12. Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
13. The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,
14. Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself
15. And, with indented glides, did slip away
16. Into a bush, under which bush’s shade
17. A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
18. Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch
19. When that the sleeping man should stir—for ’tis
20. The royal disposition of that beast
21. To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
22. This seen, Orlando did approach the man
23. And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

**ROSALIND*,***

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

**OLIVER**

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

**CELIA,**

1. Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND,**

1. Was ’t you he rescued?

**CELIA,**

1. Was ’t you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

**OLIVER**

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

ROSALIND**,**

1. But for the bloody napkin?

**OLIVER**

1. By and by. here upon his arm
2. The lioness had torn some flesh away,
3. Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
4. And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
5. Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound,
6. And after some small space, being strong at heart,
7. He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
8. To tell this story, that you might excuse
9. His broken promise, and to give this napkin
10. Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
11. That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

***Rosalind faints.***

**CELIA,**

1. Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

**OLIVER**

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

CELIA**,**

1. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede.

**OLIVER**

1. Look, he recovers.

**ROSALIND**

1. I would I were at home.

**CELIA*,***

1. We’ll lead you thither.—I pray you,
2. will you take him by the arm?

**OLIVER**

1. Be of good cheer,
2. youth. You a man? You lack a man’s heart.

**ROSALIND**

1. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was
2. well-counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I
3. counterfeited. Heigh-ho.

**OLIVER**

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

**ROSALIND*,***

1. Counterfeit, I assure you.

**CELIA**

1. Good sir, go with us.

**OLIVER**

1. That will I, for I must bear answer back
2. How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

***They exit.***

**ACT 5**

**Scene 1**

***[Onstage: Touchstone, Audrey, Celia dressed as Aliena, Oliver, Orlando with his arm in a sling, and Rosalind dressed as Ganymede]***

**NARRATOR**

1. As we come to Act 5, the conclusion of our play, some
2. more things happen. Touchstone is continuing to
3. woo Audrey when a country bumpkin rival suitor shows
4. up. Touchstone isn't having it—and utterly flabbergasts
5. the suitor with a flood of fancy words and mock threats
6. Audrey’s still pretty and still pretty confused.

**AUDREY**

1. I have no idea what’s going on!

***[Audrey giggles good naturedly. Touchstone and Audrey exit.]***

**NARRATOR**

1. Meanwhile Oliver and Celia (disguised as Aliena)
2. have suddenly fallen in love and plan to be married.

***[Oliver and Celia do a little “we’re in love” twirl]***

1. Orlando gives his blessing,

***[Orlando shakes Oliver’s hand and hugs Celia]***

1. but he is a bit melancholy that he cannot likewise
2. marry the real Rosalind. Fortunately Ganymede might
3. have a solution. We enter the scene as Silvius and
4. Phoebe wander in to tell us all a thing or two about love.

**ROSALIND**

1. Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

**PHOEBE*,***

***to Rosalind***

1. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
2. To show the letter that I writ to you.

**ROSALIND***,*

1. I care not if I have. It is my study
2. To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
3. You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
4. Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

**PHOEBE**

***to Silvius***

1. Good shepherd, tell this youth what ’tis to love.

**SILVIUS**

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

**PHOEBE**

1. And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

1. And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

1. It is to be all made of faith and service,
2. And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

1. And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

1. And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

1. And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

1. It is to be all made of fantasy,
2. All made of passion and all made of wishes,
3. All adoration, duty, and observance,
4. And so am I for Phoebe.

**PHOEBE**

1. And so am I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

1. And so am I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND***,*

1. And so am I for no woman.

**PHOEBE**

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

**SILVIUS**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**ROSALIND**

1. Why do you speak too, “Why blame you me to love you?”

**ORLANDO**

1. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

**ROSALIND*,***

1. Pray you, no more of this.
2. ’Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

***(To Silvius.)***

1. I will help you if I can.

***(To Phoebe.)***

1. I would love you if I could.—
2. Tomorrow meet me all together.

***(To Phoebe.)***

1. I will marry you if ever I marry woman,
2. and I’ll be married tomorrow.

***(To Orlando.)***

1. I will satisfy you if ever I satisfy man, and you shall
2. be married tomorrow.

(***To Silvius.)***

1. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you,
2. and you shall be married tomorrow.

***(To Orlando.)***

1. As you love Rosalind, meet.

***(To Silvius.)***

1. As you love Phoebe, meet.—And as I love
2. no woman, I’ll meet. So fare you well. I have left
3. you commands.

**SILVIUS**

1. I’ll not fail, if I live.

**PHOEBE**

1. Nor I.

**ORLANDO**

1. Nor I.

***They exit.***

**Scene 2**

**NARRATOR**

***[either blows a horn, or there’s a horn sound effect. narrator clears their throat and prepares to make a momentus announcement]***

1. It’s tomorrow!

***Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver,  
and Celia dressed as Aliena. Also Touchstone and Audrey.***

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
2. Can do all this that he hath promisèd?

**ORLANDO**

1. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,
2. As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

***Enter Rosalind dressed as Ganymede, Silvius, and Phoebe.***

**ROSALIND*,***

1. Patience once more whiles our compact is urged.

***To Duke.***

1. You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
2. You will bestow her on Orlando here?

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

**ROSALIND**

***to Orlando***

1. And you say you will have her when I bring her?

**ORLANDO**

1. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

**ROSALIND*,***

***to Phoebe***

1. You say you’ll marry me if I be willing?

**PHOEBE**

1. That will I, should I die the hour after.

**ROSALIND**

1. But if you do refuse to marry me,
2. You’ll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

**PHOEBE**

1. So is the bargain.

**ROSALIND**

***to Silvius***

1. You say that you’ll have Phoebe if she will?

**SILVIUS**

1. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

**ROSALIND,**

1. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,—
2. You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.—
3. Keep you your word, Phoebe, that you’ll marry me,
4. Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.—
5. Keep your word, Silvius, that you’ll marry her
6. If she refuse me. And from hence I go
7. To make these doubts all even.

***Rosalind and Celia go behind a bush or something. As Duke and Orlando speak Rosalind’s Ganymede costume goes flying in the air over the bush, as does Celia’s Aliena costume.***

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. I do remember in this shepherd boy
2. Some lively touches of my daughter’s favor.

**ORLANDO**

1. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
2. Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

***[Enter Hymen to Wedding March]***

***[After some time: Enter Rosalind and Celia in wedding costumes]***

**HYMEN**

1. Then is there mirth in heaven
2. When earthly things made even
3. Atone together.
4. Good duke, receive thy daughter.
5. Hymen from heaven brought her,
6. Yea, brought her hither,
7. That thou mightst join her hand with his,
8. Whose heart within his bosom is.

**ROSALIND*,***

***to Duke***

1. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

***To Orlando.***

1. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

**DUKE SENIOR**

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

**ORLANDO**

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

**PHOEBE**

1. If sight and shape be true,
2. Why then, my love adieu.

**ROSALIND**

***to Duke***

1. I’ll have no father, if you be not he.

***To Orlando.***

1. I’ll have no husband, if you be not he,

***To Phoebe.***

1. Nor ne’er wed woman, if you be not she.

**HYMEN**

1. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
2. ’Tis I must make conclusion
3. Of these most strange events.
4. Here’s eight that must take hands
5. To join in Hymen’s bands,
6. If truth holds true contents.

***To Rosalind and Orlando.***

1. You and you no cross shall part.

***To Celia and Oliver.***

1. You and you are heart in heart.

***To Phoebe.***

1. You to his love must accord
2. Or have a woman to your lord.

***To Audrey and Touchstone.***

1. You and you are sure together
2. As the winter to foul weather.

***To All.***

1. Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
2. Feed yourselves with questioning,
3. That reason wonder may diminish
4. How thus we met, and these things finish.

***[Couples kiss. Enter Le Beau]***

**LE BEAU**

1. But wait! There’s more!

***[Everyone groans. “Come on can’t we just finish this thing?” Etc.]***

1. Let me have audience for a word or two.
2. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
3. Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
4. Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot
5. In his own conduct, purposely to take
6. His brother here and put him to the sword;
7. And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
8. Where, meeting with an old religious man,
9. After some question with him, was converted
10. Both from his enterprise and from the world,
11. His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
12. And all their lands restored to them again
13. That were with him exiled. This to be true
14. I do engage my life.

**DUKE SENIOR**

1. Welcome, young man.
2. And, henceforth, every of this happy number
3. That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
4. Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune
5. Meantime, forget this new-fall’n dignity,
6. And fall into our rustic revelry.—
7. Play, music.—And you brides and bridegrooms all,
8. With measure heaped in joy to th’ measures fall.
9. Proceed, proceed. We’ll begin these rites,
10. As we do trust they’ll end, in true delights.

***Song TBD and Dance. End!***