

AS YOU LIKE IT

A line-by-line translation

Act 1, Scene 1

Shakespeare

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM***ORLANDO**

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that "keeping" for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox?

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.

*Enter OLIVER***ADAM**

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Now, sir, what make you here?

ORLANDO

Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER

What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

Shakescleare Translation

*ORLANDO and ADAM enter.***ORLANDO**

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

*OLIVER enters.***ADAM**

Here comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

What are you doing here, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

What are you undoing then, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

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

OLIVER

Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO

O sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER

Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO

40 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
45 there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my
father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming
before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER

What, boy! [*strikes him*]

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

50 Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

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

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM

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

OLIVER

Do you know where you are, sir?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

What, boy! [*He strikes him*]

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Will you lay hands on me, you villain?

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

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

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ADAM

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

 In Shakespeare's time, the policy of primogeniture--in which the eldest son inherited his father's whole estate--was in place.

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
80 your rankness and yet give no thousand crowns
neither.—Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

DENNIS

Calls your Worship?

OLIVER

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

DENNIS

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

OLIVER

Call him in.

Exit DENNIS

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

Enter CHARLES

CHARLES

Good morrow to your Worship.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

100 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

105 Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES

110 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.

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

ORLANDO and ADAM exit.

OLIVER

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

DENNIS enters.

DENNIS

Did you call for me, your Worship ?

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

OLIVER

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

DENNIS

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

OLIVER

Call him in.

DENNIS exits.

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

CHARLES enters.

CHARLES

Good morning to your Worship.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

Where is the old duke living?

CHARLES

They say he is already in the Forest of Arden. He has many
companions with him, and there they live like Robin Hood
and his merry men. They say that many young
gentlemen join him every day. They spend their time
without a care in the world, the way people lived in the
golden days.

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

OLIVER

What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.

Exit CHARLES

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

Exit

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.

CHARLES exits.

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

OLIVER exits.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Shakescleare Translation

CELIA and ROSALIND enter.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me
5 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
10 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
20 monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the
40 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
45 this fool to cut off the argument?

CELIA

Please, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be happy.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

What game should we play, then?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE enters.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

55 Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA

Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

65 Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

75 One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

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

CELIA

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

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

TOUCHSTONE

Mistress, you must come and see your father.

CELIA

Did he make you the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Yes, please, now unleash your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Someone that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

Enter LE BEAU

ROSALIND

85 With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Then shall we be news-crammed.

CELIA

All the better. We shall be the more marketable.—Bonjour,

90 Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

LE BEAU

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA

Sport? Of what color?

LE BEAU

What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROSALIND

As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE

95 Or as the Destinies decrees.

CELIA

Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE

Nay, if I keep not my rank—

ROSALIND

Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU

100 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

105 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

Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU

There comes an old man and his three sons—

CELIA

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

LE BEAU enters.

ROSALIND

With his mouth full of news.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Then we'll be crammed full of news.

CELIA

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

LE BEAU

Fair princess, you've missed some good sport.

CELIA

Sport? Of what color?

LE BEAU

What [color](#), madam? I don't understand. How should I answer that?

ROSALIND

As your wit and fortune permit you.

TOUCHSTONE

Or as the Fates say you should.

CELIA

Well said. You laid *that* on thick.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

You'll lose your old [smell](#).

LE BEAU

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

ROSALIND

Tell us what kind of wrestling.

LE BEAU

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

CELIA

Well, the beginning is already dead and buried.

LE BEAU

There comes an old man and his three sons—

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

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

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

CELIA

I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU

110 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

115 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

120 Alas!

TOUCHSTONE

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

LE BEAU

Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE

125 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

130 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

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

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU

Even he, madam.

CELIA

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

CELIA

It sounds like the beginning of a folk tale.

LE BEAU

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

ROSALIND

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

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

LE BEAU

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

ROSALIND

Oh my!

TOUCHSTONE

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

LE BEAU

Why, the wrestling I just spoke of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

Me too, I promise you.

ROSALIND

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

LE BEAU

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

CELIA

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

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Is that the man?

LE BEAU

Indeed it is, madam.

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

145 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

150 Do so. I'll not be by.

He steps aside.

LE BEAU

Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO

I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO

155 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

160 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

165 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

170 I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only 175 in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

Call him here, good Sir Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

He steps aside.

LE BEAU

Sir Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

And mine too, to join hers.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Your heart's desires be with you.

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA

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

They wrestle

ROSALIND

195 O excellent young man!

CELIA

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

CHARLES is thrown. Shout

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

200 How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CHARLES is carried off

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

205 I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
210 But fare thee well. Thou art a gallant youth.

CELIA

May you get your heart's desires.

CHARLES

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You will only get one round.

CHARLES

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

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Now Hercules ⁷ give you speed, young man!

⁷ Hercules was a famous hero in Greek mythology, known for his strength.

CELIA

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

CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

ROSALIND

Oh, excellent young man!

CELIA

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

ORLANDO defeats CHARLES. Everyone shouts.

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

How are you doing, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CHARLES is carried off by attendants.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
215 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,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties
220 Ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA

Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.— Sir, you have well deserved.
225 If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO

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

Enter LE BEAU

LE BEAU

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
250

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

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

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

ROSALIND

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

[To CELIA] Should we go, cousin?

CELIA

Yes. Good luck, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

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

CELIA

Will you come on, cousin?

ROSALIND

Just a second. Farewell.

ROSALIND and CELIA exit.

ORLANDO

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

LE BEAU enters.

LE BEAU

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

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

ORLANDO

255 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
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
260 And here detained by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
265 Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
270 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

Exit LE BEAU

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

Exit

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

ORLANDO

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

LE BEAU

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

ORLANDO

I am indebted to you. Farewell.

LE BEAU exits.

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

He exits.

Act 1, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

10 But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND

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

Shakesclore Translation

CELIA and ROSALIND enter.

CELIA

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

 *Cupid was the ancient Roman god of love.*

ROSALIND

Not even one to throw at a dog.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

But is all this about your father?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

15 They are but burrs, 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 burrs are in my heart.

CELIA

Hem them away.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

20 Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

ROSALIND

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

Enter DUKE FREDERICK with lords

CELIA

With his eyes full of anger.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

40 Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Cough them away.

ROSALIND

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

 Rosalind vocalizes a cough here.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

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

ROSALIND

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK enters with his lords.

CELIA

With his eyes full of anger.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and lords

CELIA

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

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Dear Highness, let me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

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

 *Juno was the queen of the gods in Roman mythology.*

DUKE FREDERICK

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

CELIA

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool.

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

DUKE FREDERICK and the lords exit.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

110 To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

120 Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
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—
125 As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

135 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?

ROSALIND

I have more reason to be grieved.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

No he has not.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Well, where will we go then?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

What should I call you when you are a man?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

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

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

CELIA

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

*Exeunt***CELIA**

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

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare

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

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

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,
 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.

Shakesclare Translation

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

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

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

AMIENS

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

I'll bring you to him straight.

Exeunt

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this state of contemplation?

SECOND LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

I'll bring you to him right away.

They all exit.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS

DUKE FREDERICK

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

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

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

Shakescleare Translation

DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS enter.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

*Exeunt***DUKE FREDERICK**

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

*They all exit.***Act 2, Scene 3****Shakespeare***Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting***ORLANDO**

Who's there?

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

30 Why, whither, Adam, 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
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

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

Who's there?

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 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,
 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

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***ADAM**

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

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

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

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 4

Shakespeare

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

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

Shakescleare Translation

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

Oh Jove 🗨️, my spirit is worn out!

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

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

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you.
 Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I
 10 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

15 Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

20 I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

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

Exit

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

 Here, Touchstone means "bear" in the sense of "carry."

 Touchstone means a "cross" as a burden, but also an Elizabethan coin stamped with a cross.

ROSALIND

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Yes, be content, good Touchstone.

CORIN and SILVIUS enter.

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

CORIN

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

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

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

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

A thousand, but I have forgotten them all.

SILVIUS

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

SILVIUS exits.

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

And mine, but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

[*to CORIN*] Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace, fool. He's not thy kinsman.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And fains 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
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.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Your words are wiser than you are aware of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

[*To CORIN*] Hey, you clown!

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your superior, sir.

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

[*To TOUCHSTONE*] Quiet, I say.

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

CORIN

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

Exeunt

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

CORIN

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

They all exit.

Act 2, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

10 More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Shakescleare Translation

AMIENS, JAQUES, and some others enter.

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

More, more, please, more.

AMIENS

It will make you sad, Sir Jaques.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

Call them what you want, Sir Jaques.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

30 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

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

EVERYONE

[singing]

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

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

And I'll sing it. *[taking paper from JAQUES]* Thus it
goes:

If it do come to pass
50 That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.
Here shall he see
55 Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMIENS

What's that "ducdame"?

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

Exeunt severally

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

Only because you ask me, not to please myself.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

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

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

JAQUES

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

EVERYONE

[Singing]

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

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

And I'll sing it. *[Taking a paper from JAQUES]* It goes like
this:

If it should come to pass
50 That any man turns into an ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
To please his stubborn will,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.
Here he will see
55 Fools as vulgar as he,
If he will come to me.

AMIENS

What does "ducdame" mean?

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

They all exit in different directions.

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

2 In staged productions, the noblemen may be circling Jaques here, making the visual joke that they are fools.

Act 2, Scene 6

Shakespeare

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee? Live a
5 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
10 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
15 bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for
lack of a dinner if there live anything in this desert.
Cheerly, good Adam.

Exeunt

Shakescleare Translation

ORLANDO and ADAM enter.

ADAM

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

ORLANDO

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

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 7

Shakespeare

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

Enter JAQUES

FIRST LORD

He saves my labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

Why, how now, monsieur? What a life is this
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,

Shakescleare Translation

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

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

JAQUES enters.

FIRST LORD

He saves me the trouble by coming here himself.

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

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

DUKE SENIOR

35 What fool is this?

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

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

DUKE SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

Oh, worthy fool!

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

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

DUKE SENIOR

You will have one then.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

Curse you! I know what you would do.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

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

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES

90 Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not till necessity be served.

JAQUES

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

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

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

ORLANDO enters, with his sword drawn.

ORLANDO

Stop, and eat no more.

JAQUES

Why, I haven't eaten anything yet.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

What kind of fighting rooster is this?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and eat, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.

125 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
145 And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
150 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
155 Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
160 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloone
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.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

He exits.

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO enters, carrying ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

I thank you very much on his behalf.

ADAM

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

AMIENS

[sings]

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

Exeunt

ADAM

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

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

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

AMIENS

[Singing]

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

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

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

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Shakescleare Translation

DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER enter.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Exeunt

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

Then you are even more of a villain.

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

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

ORLANDO

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

Exit

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

No, truly.

Shakescleare Translation

ORLANDO enters, holding a paper.

ORLANDO

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

He exits.

CORIN and TOUCHSTONE enter.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Honestly, no.

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

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

TOUCHSTONE

Then thou art damned.

CORIN

35 Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Instance, briefly. Come, instance.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

55 Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Then you are damned.

CORIN

I hope not.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Besides, our hands are calloused.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes
and the rams together and to offer to get your living by
75 the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bellwether
and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a
crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable
match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil
himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how
80 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.
85 Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
90 But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Out, fool.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND

I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with
a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit 't' th'
country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and
115 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

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Here comes young Master Ganymede.

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

That's enough, fool.

TOUCHSTONE

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

 A "hind" is a doe.

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Honestly, that tree yields rotten fruit.

ROSALIND

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

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

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

ROSALIND

Peace. Here comes my sister reading. Stand aside.

CELIA

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

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CELIA

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

[Reading]

*Why should this place be a desert?
Because it is uninhabited? No.
I'll hang poems on every tree
that will portray the comments of a city.
Some will be on how brief life is--
Which man spends in wandering pilgrimage--
So that the width of an open hand
contains his entire lifetime.
Some will be about broken promises
Between the souls of friends.
But on the most beautiful branches,
Or at the end of every sentence,
I'll write "Rosalinda,"
Teaching everyone who can read to know
That the purest essence of every spirit
Has been contained within this one person.
Heaven commanded Nature
To fill her one body
With all the graces usually spread through all women.
Nature then distilled together
Helen of Troy's beautiful face, without her treacherous
heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
The best parts of Atalanta,
And solemn Lucretia's modesty.
In this way Rosalind was composed of many parts--
By the decree of heaven--
That of the many faces, eyes, and hearts,
She might have only the most prized features of all.
Heaven wanted her to have these gifts,
And wanted me to live and die as her slave.*

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

What now? Move back, my friends.

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

[To TOUCHSTONE] Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN and TOUCHSTONE exit.

CELIA

Did you hear those verses?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

CELIA

170 Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I prithee, who?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Nay, but who is it?

CELIA

Is it possible?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

190

CELIA

So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

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

CELIA

Do you know who has written these?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Please, who is he?

CELIA

Oh, Lord, Lord. It may be hard to bring two friends together, but even mountains can be moved together by [earthquakes](#)⁹.

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

ROSALIND

No, who is it?

CELIA

Is it possible?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

So that you could then put a man in your [belly](#)¹⁰.

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful.
Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me
200 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

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

CELIA

205 I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

210 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.

CELIA

215 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

220 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

225 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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

CELIA

No, he has only a little beard.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

I promise, cousin, it's him.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Let me speak, good madam.

ROSALIND

Continue.

CELIA

There he lay, stretched out like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Oh, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO

Yes, just.

JAQUES

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

What stature is she of?

ORLANDO

Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES

260 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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ORLANDO and JAQUES enter.

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

I too hope that we can be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Your love's name is Rosalind?

ORLANDO

Yes, that's right.

JAQUES

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO

No one thought about pleasing you when she was named.

JAQUES

How tall is she?

ORLANDO

Just as tall as my heart.

jaques

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

265 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

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO

270 '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

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit JAQUES

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Very well. What would you?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

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

¹² Mentioned above in Orlando's poem, Atalanta was a mythological woman who ran quickly in a foot race.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Your worst fault is being in love.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

There I will only see myself.

ORLANDO

Who must then be either a fool or a nothing.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES exits.

ROSALIND

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

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

ORLANDO

Very well. What do you want?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND

300 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'n'night, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO

Who ambles time withal?

ROSALIND

305 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

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

ORLANDO

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

315 Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

325 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

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Please, who does time trot with?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And who does time stroll with?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And who does it gallop with?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And who does time stand still for?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Where do you live, clever youth?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Were you born in this place?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

350 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
355 should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve
unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you
demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such
man. You are rather point-device in your accouterments,
as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

375 Did you ever cure any so?

ORLANDO

Please, tell me some of them.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What were the symptoms he described?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Have you ever cured anyone in this way?

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

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, 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.

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

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

Exeunt

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I don't want to be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

No, you must call me Rosalind now.

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

They all exit.

 In Shakespeare's time, the liver was thought to be the seat of strong emotions, like love.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, and JAQUES behind

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Your features, Lord warrant us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE

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

Shakescleare Translation

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Your features, God protect us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE

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

 Touchstone puns on the similar sound of the words "goats" and "Goths."

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

10 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

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE

25 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

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

TOUCHSTONE

30 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

35 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

[aside] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY

Well, the gods give us joy.

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

[To himself] A fool with good sense.

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

AUDREY

Well, may the gods bless our marriage.

TOUCHSTONE

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

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

50 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

55 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?

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

65 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

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

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

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT enters.

Here comes Sir Oliver.

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

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there no one here to give the bride away?

TOUCHSTONE

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

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

Do you want to get married, fool?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

Come with me, and let me advise you.

TOUCHSTONE

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

[To SIR OLIVER MARTEXT] Farewell, good Master Oliver.

We're not singing that song:
Oh sweet Oliver,
Oh brave Oliver,
Don't leave me behind,

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

Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

Exit

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

JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY exit.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

It doesn't matter to me. None of these crazy fools will ever convince me to abandon my position.

He exits.

Act 3, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROSALIND

Never talk to me. I will weep.

CELIA

Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND

But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA

5 As good cause as one would desire. Therefore weep.

ROSALIND

His very hair is of the dissembling color.

CELIA

Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND

I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

CELIA

10 An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.

ROSALIND

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CELIA

15 He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND

20 Do you think so?

Shakescleare Translation

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) and CELIA (disguised as Aliana) enter.

ROSALIND

Don't talk to me. I'll cry.

CELIA

Go ahead and cry, but at least consider that tears aren't proper for a man.

ROSALIND

But don't I have good reason to cry?

CELIA

As good a reason as you could want. So go on and cry.

ROSALIND

Even his hair is a liar—it's red, the same color as [Judas's hair](#).

 *Rosalind refers to the belief that Judas Iscariot, the biblical betrayer of Jesus Christ, had red hair.*

CELIA

It's a bit browner than Judas'. Although, indeed, his kisses are betrayals, like Judas's kisses were.

ROSALIND

Honestly, his hair is a good color.

CELIA

It is an excellent color. Chestnut is always the best color.

ROSALIND

And his kisses are as holy as Communion bread.

CELIA

He must have bought a cast-off pair of cast-iron lips from [chaste Diana](#). His kisses are more religious than those of a frigid nun. They seem to have the very iciness of chastity in them.

 *As we've seen before in this play, Diana was the ancient Roman goddess of virginity, among other things.*

ROSALIND

But why would he swear to come this morning, and then not come?

CELIA

Well, certainly, he must be a complete liar.

ROSALIND

Do you think so?

CELIA

Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND

Not true in love?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA

30 "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster. They are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROSALIND

I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he. So he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA

35 Oh, that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover, as a puny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave
40 that youth mounts and folly guides.

Enter CORIN

Who comes here?

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
45 Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

CELIA

[As Aliena] Well, and what of him?

CORIN

If you will see a pageant truly played Between the pale complexion of true love
50 And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND

[aside to CELIA] O, come, let us remove.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
55 *(as Ganymede, to CORIN)* Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt

CELIA

Yes. He's not a pickpocket or a horse-thief, but when it comes to honesty in love, I think he's as hollow as a covered cup or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND

You think his love isn't true?

CELIA

I think his love is true when he *is* in love, but I think he's not in love right now.

ROSALIND

But you've heard him swear outright that he was.

CELIA

"Was" is not "is." He may have been in love, but he isn't anymore. Besides, the promises of a lover are no better than those of a swindling bartender: they both swear to their false accounts. Orlando is now staying in the forest and serving the duke your father.

ROSALIND

I met my father yesterday, and he had many questions for me. He asked me what rank my parents were, and I told him that they were as good as he is. He laughed at that, and let me go. But why are we talking about fathers, when such a man as Orlando exists?

CELIA

Oh, he's a brave man indeed. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, makes brave promises--and then bravely breaks them. He's like a bad jousting when it comes to his lover's heart—he strikes sideways instead of head-on, and breaks his lance like a noble fool. But everything a young man does is brave, when he's mounted on his youth and guided by his folly.

CORIN enters.

Who's that coming?

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have often asked me about that lovestruck shepherd, whom you once saw sitting at my side and praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess with whom he was in love.

CELIA

Well, what about him?

CORIN

If you would like to see a performance being played out between someone who is pale with true, unrequited love, and someone red with scorn and proud disdain, then come with me a little ways and you can watch.

ROSALIND

[To CELIA so that only she can hear] Oh, come, let's go. The sight of lovers is nourishment to those already in love.

[To CORIN] Bring us to this scene, and you'll see me take a part in their play.

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 5

Shakespeare

*Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE***SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phoebe.
 Say that you love me not, but say not so
 In bitterness. The common executioner,
 Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard,
 5 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
 But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind***PHOEBE**

I would not be thy executioner.
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 10 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
 15 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
 Now counterfeit to swoon, why, now fall down;
 Or if thou canst not, Oh, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 20 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it. Lean upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,
 25 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not.
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

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

PHOEBE

But till that time
 Come not thou near me. And when that time comes,
 35 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND

[Advancing, as Ganymede] And why, I pray you? Who might
 be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 40 Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed—
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 45 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work.—'Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes, too.
 —No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 50 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 —You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man

55

Shakescleare Translation

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

Sweet Phoebe, don't scorn me. Do not, Phoebe. You can tell
 me you don't love me, but don't do it so bitterly. Even the
 executioner—whose heart has grown hard from seeing so
 much death—still begs his victim's pardon before he lets his
 axe fall. Will you be even crueller than someone who makes
 his living through blood and killing?

*ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), CELIA (disguised as
 Aliena), and CORIN enter, unseen.***PHOEBE**

I don't want to be your executioner. I avoid you so that I
 won't hurt you. You tell me there is murder in my eyes.
 That's a pretty phrase, sure, and very probable  that
 eyes—which are the frailest, softest things, and so cowardly
 that they shut their lids even to something as harmless as
 dust—should be tyrants, butchers, and murderers. Now I'm
 frowning at you with all my strength. And if my eyes really
 can wound, then let them kill you. Now go ahead, pretend
 to faint, go fall down—or if you can't, oh, for shame, don't
 lie and tell me that my eyes are murderers. Now show me
 the wound my eyes have caused you. If you get scratched
 with a pin, it leaves a scar. If you even lean on a rush , it
 leaves a visible impression in your palm for a moment. But
 my eyes, which I've hurled at you, haven't hurt you at all.
 Now I am sure that there is no force in eyes that can cause
 injury.

 Phoebe launches into a sarcastic
 verbal attack on Silvius here. A rush is a type of plant.**SILVIUS**

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

PHOEBE

But until that time comes, don't come near me. And when
 that time comes, then you can mock me. But don't pity me,
 as I won't pity you now.

ROSALIND

[Coming forward, speaking as Ganymede] And why, I ask
 you? Who raised you, that you would insult this wretched
 man and exult over his injuries all at once? Honestly, I don't
 see much in you—no more brightness than could light my
 way to bed in the dark—so why must you be so proud and
 pitiless? Why, what's going on? Why do you look at me?
 There is no more to you than nature's ordinary, mass-
 produced product.

[To herself] God save my life, I think she intends to ensnare
 my affections as well.*[To PHOEBE]* No, proud mistress, don't hope for it. You can't
 tame my spirits and make me worship you—not with your
 ink-black  eyebrows; your black silky hair; your black,
 bead-like eyeballs; or your creamy complexion. Elizabethan standards of beauty
 prioritized fair hair and skin.*[To SILVIUS]* You foolish shepherd: why do you follow her

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.

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,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
65 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
—So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHOEBE

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

ROSALIND

He's fall'n in love with your foulness. *[to SILVIUS]*

70 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

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

75 I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am false than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
—Will you go, sister?— Shepherd, ply her hard.
80 —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

85 Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe—

PHOEBE

Ha, what sayst thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

PHOEBE

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS

90 Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

like the foggy south wind, sighing and raining tears? You are
a thousand times more handsome than she is. It's fools like
you who fill the world with ugly children by marrying
women like her. It's not her mirror but *you* who flatters her,
and she thinks herself more beautiful than she is because of
your reflection of her.

[To PHOEBE] But mistress, know yourself. Get down on your
knees and thank heaven for giving you a good man's love. I
must tell you as a friend that you should sell while you can,
for you won't have buyers for long. Ask for this man's
mercy, love him, and take his offer. Ugliness is at its worst
when it is scornful of others.

[To SILVIUS] So take her, shepherd. Good luck.

PHOEBE

Sweet youth, please keep scorning me all year long. I would
rather hear your scolding than this man's wooing.

ROSALIND

He's fallen in love with your ugliness.

[To SILVIUS] And she's falling in love with my anger. If this is
so, then as soon as she answers you with frowning looks, I'll
rebuke her with bitter words.

[To PHOEBE] Why do you look at me like that?

PHOEBE

I don't mean you any harm.

ROSALIND

Please, don't fall in love with me. I am more false than a
promise made while drunk. Besides, I don't like you. If you
want to know where my house is, it's in the olive grove here
close by.

[To CELIA] Do you want to go, sister?

[To SILVIUS] Shepherd, keep working on her.

[To CELIA] Come on, sister.

[To PHOEBE] Shepherdess, think better of him, and don't
be proud. Even if everyone in the world could see you, no
one would be so blind as he is.

[To CELIA and CORIN] Come, let's go to our flock.

ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN exit.

PHOEBE

Dead shepherd , now I understand the power of what
you said earlier: "You only truly love when you fall in love at
first sight."

 This is a reference to Christopher
Marlowe, a contemporary playwright
of Shakespeare's who had been killed
not long before Shakespeare wrote *As
You Like It*.

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe—

PHOEBE

Ha, what did you say, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, have pity on me.

PHOEBE

Well, I am sorry for you, dear Silvius.

SILVIUS

If you're really sorry for me, you have the means to cure me.
If you are really sorrowing over my grief in love, then love

By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

PHOEBE

Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?

SILVIUS

95 I would have you.

PHOEBE

Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love,
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
100 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

SILVIUS

So holy and so perfect is my love,
105 And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHOEBE

110 Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHOEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
115 'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.
120 He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so—and yet 'tis well.
125 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
130 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.
For what had he to do to chide at me?
135 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
140 And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Phoebe, with all my heart.

PHOEBE

I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
145 Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt

me back, and both your sorrow and my grief will be
eliminated.

PHOEBE

You have my love--my neighborly love. Isn't that enough?

SILVIUS

I would have *you*.

PHOEBE

Well, that's just being greedy. Silvius, I used to hate you,
and I still don't love you. But since you can talk about love
so well, I'll endure your company, and put you to some use
too. But don't expect any more payment than your own
happiness in working for me.

SILVIUS

My love for you is so holy and perfect, and earlier you hated
me so much, that I'll take the leftover scraps of your love's
harvest and consider them a plentiful bounty. Every now
and then let me have a smile, and I'll live on that.

PHOEBE

Do you know the youth who was speaking to me earlier?

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him a few times, and he
bought the cottage and land that the old peasant used to
own.

PHOEBE

Don't start thinking that I love him, just because I'm asking
about him. He is just an irritating boy—though he speaks
well—but what do I care about words? Though words are
good when the man speaking them is pleasant to hear. He
is a fine youth—not very fine—but he's very proud—and yet
his pride suits him well. He'll grow up to be a proper man.
The best part about him is his complexion; as fast as his
words offend me, his appearance heals their wounds. He is
not very tall—but for his age he's tall. His legs are only so-
so—and yet they're nice. He had a pretty redness in his lips,
a little darker and more passionate than the red that was in
his cheeks; one was pure red and the other mingled pink
and white. Silvius, there are some women who would have
almost fallen in love with him after inspecting all his parts
like I have. But for my part I neither love him nor hate him.
Although I have better reason to hate him than to love him.
What right did he have to scold me? He said my eyes were
black and my hair was black and, now that I remember it,
he scorned me too. I'm shocked that I didn't answer him
back in the same way. But that's all right: forgetting to
assert my rights doesn't mean they don't exist. I'll write him
a very taunting letter, and you will deliver it. Will you,
Silvius?

SILVIUS

With all my heart, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

I'll write it immediately. What I want to say is already in my
head and in my heart. I'll be bitter and extremely curt with
him. Come with me, Silvius.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES

I am so. I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND

- 5 Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES

- 10 I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these, but it is a melancholy of mine own,
15 compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND

- 20 A traveler. By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's. Then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

- 25 And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it, too.

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

JAQUES

Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

ROSALIND

- 30 Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost

Shakescleare Translation

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), CELIA (disguised as Aliana), and JAQUES enter.

JAQUES

Please, clever youth, let me get to know you better.

ROSALIND

They say you are a melancholy fellow

JAQUES

I am indeed. I like it better than laughing

ROSALIND

Those who go to extremes of melancholy or laughter are abominable, and open themselves up to common criticism in an even worse way than drunkards do.

JAQUES

Well, it's good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND

Well then, it's good to be a post.

JAQUES

My melancholy is not like the scholar's, which is envy; nor the musician's, which is absurdly elaborate; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is sneaky; nor the lady's, which is petty; nor the lover's, which combines all these qualities. Mine is a melancholy of my own, a compound of many ingredients, extracted from many objects. When I contemplate my travels, my thoughts wrap me up in a moody sadness.

ROSALIND

So you are a traveler. Well then, you truly have good reason to be sad. I'm afraid you have sold your own lands to see the lands of others. To have seen much but have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES

I have something—I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

And your experience makes you sad. I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and you've had to travel to get that sadness, too.

ORLANDO enters.

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness to you, dear [Rosalind](#) 🗨️.

🗨️ Here begins Orlando's feigned courtship with "Ganymede" pretending to be "Rosalind" (though he does not know she is really Rosalind).

JAQUES

Now then, goodbye to you if you're going to speak in blank verse.

ROSALIND

Goodbye, Mister Traveler. Be sure to keep up your foreign accent and wear strange clothes, downplay everything good about your own country, fall out of love with your

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

Exit JAQUES

35 *[as Ganymede pretending to be ROSALIND]* Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

45 Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Of a snail?

ROSALIND

50 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

55 Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO

Virtue is no hornmaker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

ORLANDO

65 I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

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

birthplace, and almost scold God for giving you the appearance that you have. Otherwise I'll hardly believe you've been to Venice and ridden in a gondola.

JAQUES exits.

Well, what's going on, Orlando? Where have you been all this time? You consider yourself a lover? If you pull another trick like that on me, never appear in my sight again.

ORLANDO

My beautiful Rosalind, I've arrived within an hour of when I promised I would.

ROSALIND

You would break a promise made in love by a whole *hour*? You could say that Cupid had nudged a man who would be even a thousandth part of a minute late to meet his beloved—but his heart would still be in one piece. He would have some affection, but I'd bet he wouldn't be in love.

ORLANDO

Forgive me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND

No, if you're so late again, don't bother coming. I would rather be wooed by a snail.

ORLANDO

By a snail?

ROSALIND

Yes, a snail, for even though he comes slowly, he carries his whole house on his head—a better marriage settlement than you can offer a woman, I think. Besides, he brings his destiny along with him.

ORLANDO

What destiny is that?

ROSALIND

Why, his cuckold's horns—the kind you men are always blaming your wives for. The snail comes already armed with horns, so he preempts any slander about his wife's faithfulness.

ORLANDO

A virtuous woman won't give a man horns, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA

It pleases him to call you that, but he has another Rosalind somewhere with a prettier face than yours.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

No, you would do better to speak first, and then kiss only when you ran out of things to discuss. When very good orators are out of things to say, they spit; and for lovers

70 spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What, of my suit?

ROSALIND

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then, in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND

85 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
90 lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of Sestos.
95 But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And wilt thou have me?

lacking words—God help us when that happens—the cleverest strategy is to kiss.

ORLANDO

But what if my kiss is denied?

ROSALIND

Then she's making you beg, and that gives you a new subject to discuss.

ORLANDO

Who could be out of things to say, if he's with his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

Well, you would be if I were your mistress, or else I would think my chastity was less pure than my wit.

ORLANDO

What, would I have to give up my suit? 

ROSALIND

Not out of your clothes, but out of your suit. But aren't I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO

It makes me happy to pretend that you are, because then it's like I'm talking to her.

ROSALIND

Well, as Rosalind, I say I don't want you.

ORLANDO

Then, as myself, I will die.

ROSALIND

No, you won't really die as yourself, but only by proxy. This poor world is almost six thousand years old , and in all this time there hasn't been even a single man who died only from love. Troilus  wanted to die for love, but he actually died because a Greek with a club beat his brains out. And yet now he's one of the great examples of tragic love. Leander would have lived for many more years—even if his beloved Hero had left him and become a nun—if it hadn't been for one hot summer night, when the poor youth went to wash himself in the Hellespont, got a cramp, and drowned. But the foolish poets of that age said he died from love of Hero, not from drowning. All such stories are lies. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but none have died because of love.

ORLANDO

I hope the real Rosalind doesn't think this way, for her frown alone might kill me.

ROSALIND

I swear, her frown couldn't kill a fly. But come on. Now I'll play your Rosalind in a more yielding mood, and whatever you ask of me, I'll give.

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

Very well, I will, on Fridays and Saturdays, and all the rest.

ORLANDO

And will you have me?

 Orlando uses the word "suit" to refer to his courtship of Rosalind. She puns on it the word's literal meaning as "clothing."

 The Elizabethans interpreted the biblical story of creation literally, thus dating the beginning of the world to 4004 BCE.

 In classical mythology, Troilus and Leander both died tragically for love.

ROSALIND

105 Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO

What sayest thou?

ROSALIND

Are you not good?

ORLANDO

I hope so.

ROSALIND

110 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

You must begin "Will you, Orlando—"

CELIA

115 Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why, now, as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

120 I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO

125 So do all thoughts. They are winged.

ROSALIND

Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORLANDO

Forever and a day.

ROSALIND

130 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

ROSALIND

Yes, and twenty more like you.

ORLANDO

What do you mean?

ROSALIND

Aren't you a good man?

ORLANDO

I hope so.

ROSALIND

Why then, can you ever have too much of a good thing?

[To CELIA] Come, sister, you will be the priest and marry us.

[To ORLANDO] Give me your hand, Orlando.

[To CELIA] What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO

Please, marry us.

CELIA

I'm not a priest—I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You should begin "Do you, Orlando—"

CELIA

Oh, fine.

[To ORLANDO] Do you, Orlando, take Rosalind as your wife?

ORLANDO

I do.

ROSALIND

All right, but when?

ORLANDO

Why, now, as fast as she can get us married.

ROSALIND

Then you must say, "I take you, Rosalind, as my wife."

ORLANDO

I take you, Rosalind, as my wife.

ROSALIND

I might ask you by what authority, but I'll go ahead and take you, Orlando, as my husband. Now I've anticipated the priest and answered the question before I was even asked. A woman's thoughts run ahead of her actions.

ORLANDO

So do all thoughts. They have wings.

ROSALIND

Now tell me how long you intend to keep Rosalind now that you have her.

ORLANDO

Forever and a day.

ROSALIND

I think it will be more like "a day" without the "forever." No, Orlando, men are like April when they're wooing—warm and pleasant—but like December—cold and harsh—once they've married. In the same way, women are like

135 Barbary cock- pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

140 By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO

Oh, but she is wise.

ROSALIND

145 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?"

ROSALIND

150 Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

ORLANDO

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND

155 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

160 I must attend the duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

170 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

springtime when they're single, but the climate changes when they become wives. As a wife I'll be more jealous of you than a wild rooster is of his hen, noisier than a parrot scolding the rain, shallower than an ape, and more fickle in my desires than a monkey. I'll weep over nothing--like a statue of Diana in a fountain--and I'll cry even harder when you're in a good mood. And when you're trying to go to sleep, I'll laugh like a hyena.

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do all this too?

ROSALIND

I swear on my life, she'll act just like me.

ORLANDO

Oh, but she is wise.

ROSALIND

If she wasn't wise, she wouldn't have the wits to act so badly. The wiser the woman, the more wayward she is. Lock the doors on a woman's wit, and it will fly out the window. Shut the windows, and it will escape through the keyhole. Stop up the keyhole, and it will fly out the chimney with the smoke.

ORLANDO

If a man had a wife like that, he might ask, "Where are you off to, wit?"

ROSALIND

No, you had better save that question until you find your wife's wit in your neighbor's bed.

ORLANDO

And what witty woman could have the wit to excuse *that*?

ROSALIND

Well, she could say she was at the neighbor's looking for you. You'll never find her without an answer unless you find her without a tongue. Oh, if a woman can't find a way to blame her husband for her own faults, then she's not very smart—never let her have a child, for she will raise it to be a fool.

ORLANDO

Rosalind, I have to leave you for two hours now.

ROSALIND

Alas, dear love, I can't live without you for two hours.

ORLANDO

I must attend to the duke at his lunch. By two o'clock I'll be back with you again.

ROSALIND

Yes, go on, go on. I knew you would end up like this. My friends warned me, and I knew it, too. But I was won over by that flattering tongue of yours. I'm just one more seduced and abandoned woman, so come, take me, death! You'll return at two o'clock?

ORLANDO

Yes, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

I swear honestly, truly, by God, and by all the flowery oaths that aren't actually dangerous, that if you break even the tiniest part of your promise or come even a minute after two o'clock, I will think you the most pitiful promise-breaker, the falsest lover, and the most unworthy match for Rosalind out of every man on earth. So beware of my disapproval, and keep your promise.

my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

Exit ORLANDO

CELIA

180 You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We
must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head
and show the world what the bird hath done to her own
nest.

ROSALIND

185 O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst
know how many fathom deep I am in love. But it cannot
be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like
the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA

Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour
affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND

190 No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of
thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that
blind rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because
his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.
195 I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of
Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CELIA

And I'll sleep.

Exeunt

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Well, time is the old judge who examines men like you, so
only time will tell what kind of man you are. Goodbye.

ORLANDO exits.

CELIA

You have totally slandered our sex in this love-talk of yours.
We should pull off your man's jacket and breeches and
show the world the bird who has attacked her own
nest—the woman who maligns her fellow women.

ROSALIND

Oh, cousin, cousin, cousin, my pretty little cousin, if only
you could know how deeply I am in love. The depths of my
love can't be plumbed; my affection has a bottom of
unknown depth, like the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA

Or rather it's bottomless, so that as quickly as you pour
affection in one end, it runs out the other.

ROSALIND

No. Cupid—that wicked bastard son of Venus , conceived
from imagination and impulse and born of insanity; that
blind naughty boy who makes everyone else go blind just
because *he* can't see—let *him* judge how deeply I am in
love. I tell you, Aliena, I can't live without Orlando. I'll go
find some shade and sigh until he comes back.

CELIA

And I'll sleep.

They exit.

 Venus was the ancient Roman
goddess of love.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter JAQUES and LORDS, like foresters

JAQUES

Which is he that killed the deer?

FIRST LORD

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES

Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror.
And it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his
5 head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song,
forester, for this purpose?

SECOND LORD

Yes, sir.

JAQUES

Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make
noise enough.

Shakescleare Translation

JAQUES and LORDS enter, dressed like forest-dwellers.

JAQUES

Who is the man that killed the deer?

FIRST LORD

It was me, sir.

JAQUES

Let's present this man to the duke like a victorious Roman
conqueror. And we should also put the deer's horns  on
his head, like a victory branch. Do you have a song, forester,
for such an occasion?

SECOND LORD

Yes, sir.

JAQUES

Sing it. It doesn't matter if it's in tune or not, as long as it
makes enough noise.

 Once again, we find an allusion to
cuckold's horns.

SECOND LORD

- 10 *[sings]*
 What shall he have that killed the deer?
 His leather skin and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home.
(The rest shall bear this burden.)
- 15 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn.
 It was a crest ere thou wast born.
 Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
- 20 *Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

Exeunt

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

Enter SILVIUS

Look who comes here.

SILVIUS

- [To ROSALIND]* My errand is to you, fair youth.
 My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.
 I know not the contents, but as I guess
- 30 By the stern brow and waspish action
 Which she did use as she was writing of it,
 It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me.
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.
[Gives the letter]

ROSALIND

- 35 *[Examines the letter as Ganymede]* Patience herself
 would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
- 40 Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will,
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS

- No, I protest, I know not the contents.
 45 Phoebe did write it.

ROSALIND

- Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turned into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colored hand. I verily did think
- 50 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
 She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.
 I say she never did invent this letter.
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SILVIUS

Sure it is hers.

ROSALIND

- 55 Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers. Why, she defies me
 Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

SECOND LORD

- [Singing]*
 What should we give the man who killed the deer?
 Its leather hide and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home with this song.
(The rest will carry the burden of the deer and the chorus.)
 Don't be ashamed to wear the horns.
 They have been worn since before you were born.
 Your father's father wore them,
 And your father wore them.
 The horn, the horn, the lustful horn,
 Is not to be laughed at or scorned.

They all exit.

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) and CELIA (disguised as Aliena) enter.

ROSALIND

What do you say now? Isn't it past two o'clock? And no Orlando here.

CELIA

I promise you: with pure love and a troubled mind he has taken his bow and arrows and gone to take a nap.

SILVIUS enters.

Look who's coming.

SILVIUS

[To ROSALIND] I'm here to find you, fair youth. My lovely Phoebe told me to give you this letter. I don't know what it says, but guessing from her stern expression and spiteful demeanor while she was writing it, it has an angry tone. Forgive me. I'm just the innocent messenger. *[He gives her the letter]*

ROSALIND

[Reading the letter] The goddess of patience herself would be shocked by this letter, and get angry. If I can put up with this, I can put up with anything. Phoebe writes that I'm not handsome, and that I lack good manners. She calls me proud, and says she couldn't love me even if I was the last man on earth. My God, *her* love isn't the rabbit I'm hunting! Why should she write like this to me? Well, shepherd, hmm—you wrote this letter.

SILVIUS

No, I promise, I don't even know what it says. Phoebe wrote it.

ROSALIND

Come, come, you're being a fool: you've been driven to the madness of love. I saw her hands: she has leathery, yellowish-brown hands. I honestly thought she was wearing old gloves, but they were her real hands. She has housewife's hands—but that's not the point. I say she never wrote this letter. These are a man's words, and a man's handwriting.

SILVIUS

It's really hers though.

ROSALIND

Well, it's written in a cruel and rowdy style, like someone asking for a fight. Why, she challenges me like a Turk challenging a Christian. No, a woman's noble brain could never come up with words so crude and violent—words

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
60 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

She Phoebe's me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
[reads] Art thou god to shepherd turned,
65 That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS

Call you this railing?

ROSALIND

[reads]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
70 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
75 If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love.
80 How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me,
And by him seal up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
85 Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS

Call you this chiding?

CELIA

90 *[As Aliena]* Alas, poor shepherd.

ROSALIND

Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity.— Wilt thou
love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and
play false strains upon thee? Not to be endured. Well,
go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
95 snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I
charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never
have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true
lover, hence and not a word, for here comes more
company.

Exit SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER

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

CELIA

[as Aliena] West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom,
105 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself.
There's none within.

black in their ink but even darker in their meanings. Do you
want to hear the letter?

SILVIUS

If it pleases you to read it, for I haven't heard it yet--
although I've already heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND

Well, now she's "Phoebe-ing" me. Listen to how the tyrant
writes. *[Reading]* "Are you a god transformed into a
shepherd, that you have so burned my heart?" How could a
woman rant like this?

SILVIUS

You call that ranting?

ROSALIND

[Reading] "Why have you set aside your godlike nature and
taken human form just to wrestle with a woman's heart?"
Did you ever hear such criticism? *[Reading]* "While other
men have wooed me, they never could hurt me." That
means she thinks I'm a beast. *[Reading]* "If the scorn in your
bright eyes had the power to make me fall in love, what
power might your eyes have if they looked at me more
pleasantly? While you were scolding me, I was falling in
love. Consider then how your prayers might move me. The
man who brings this love letter to you doesn't know about
my feelings. Enclose your thoughts in a letter and send it
back to me through him. Tell me whether your youthful
nature will accept my faithful offer of myself and all that I
can do, or else tell me that you'll deny my love, so I might
figure out how to die."

SILVIUS

You call this scolding?

CELIA

Oh, poor shepherd.

ROSALIND

Do you pity him? No, he doesn't deserve pity.

[To SILVIUS] Do you still insist on loving such a woman? So
she can use you like an instrument and play false tunes on
you? It shouldn't be endured. Well, go back to her if you
want--for I can tell that love has made you into a tame,
impotent snake. Tell her this: if she loves me, then I
command her to love you. And if she won't love you, tell her
that I will never take her unless you beg me on her behalf.
Now if you're a true lover, go away and don't say another
word, because here comes more company.

SILVIUS exits.

OLIVER enters.

OLIVER

Good morning, pretty ones. Tell me please, if you know:
where can I find a shepherd's cottage surrounded by olive
trees, somewhere within the borders of this forest?

CELIA

West of here, in the nearby valley, a row of willows by the
stream on the right leads to the cottage. But right now the
house is keeping itself. There's no one inside.

OLIVER

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 110 Then should I know you by description.
 Such garments, and such years. "The boy is fair,
 Of female favor, and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister; the woman low
 And browner than her brother." Are not you
 115 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,
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND

120 [*as Ganymede*] I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER

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

CELIA

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

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

CELIA

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

OLIVER

And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

OLIVER

If eyes can get a sense of a description that's been spoken,
 then I recognize you. You match the clothing and ages I was
 told: "The boy is pretty and effeminate, and conducts
 himself like a mature woman. The woman is shorter and
 darker than her brother." Are you the owners of the house I
 just asked about?

CELIA

It's not boasting, since you asked, to say that we are.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

Yes. What does this mean?

OLIVER

It's a story with some shame on my part--a story about
 what kind of man I am--and how, why, and where this
 handkerchief was stained.

CELIA

Please, tell it.

OLIVER

When the young Orlando last left you, he promised to
 return again within an hour. He was pacing through the
 forest, musing on the bittersweetness of love, when—oh!
 what a terrible thing happened—he looked off to the side,
 and guess what he saw there? Under an old oak, whose
 lower branches were mossy with age and whose high upper
 branches were leafless, ancient, and dry, he saw a
 wretched, ragged man with overgrown hair lying asleep on
 his back. A green and gold snake had wound itself around
 this man's neck and was slowly approaching his open
 mouth. But suddenly, when it saw Orlando, the serpent
 uncoiled itself and slipped away, gliding into a bush. But
 under this same bush there was a lioness, whose cubs had
 nursed her dry so that she was undernourished and hungry.
 She crouched in the bush's shadow with her head on the
 ground, watching the man in a catlike way and waiting to
 see if he would move—for it is in the lion's royal nature not
 prey on anything that seems dead. Seeing this lioness,
 Orlando approached the sleeping man and saw that it was
 his brother--his older brother.

CELIA

Oh, I've heard him talk about that same brother, and
 describe him as the most inhumane man in the world.

OLIVER

And he would be right to do so. I know very well how
 inhumane he was.

ROSALIND

But back to Orlando: did he leave his brother there to be
 food for the dry and hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Twice he turned away, intending to leave him there. But
 ultimately his brotherly love was nobler than his desire for
 revenge, and his natural goodness was stronger than his
 justifiable excuse to leave his brother to the lioness. He
 battled with the lioness, quickly defeating her, and the

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Was 't you he rescued?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
170 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed—
As how I came into that desert place—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
175 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled. And now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
180 Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
185 Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ROSALIND swoons

CELIA

Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA

There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede.

OLIVER

190 Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

CELIA

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

OLIVER

195 Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? You lack a man's
heart.

noise of their tumult woke me up from my miserable
slumber.

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Was it you he rescued?

CELIA

Was it you who was always trying to kill him?

OLIVER

It was me, but it's not me now. I'm not ashamed to tell you
what I once was, since my conversion to my new self seems
so sweet.

ROSALIND

But what about the bloody handkerchief?

OLIVER

In a minute. When we had been reunited, and tearfully told
each other our entire stories—for me, how I had come to
this deserted place—in brief, he led me to the noble duke,
who gave me fresh clothing and food and drink, and
committed me to my brother's care. Orlando immediately
took me to his cave, where he stripped off his clothing and
saw that he had a wound on his arm where the lioness had
torn off some of his flesh. This wound had been bleeding
the whole time. Orlando fainted then, but as he fainted he
called for "Rosalind." In brief, I helped him recover, and
bound up his wound. After only a little while, for he is strong
at heart, he sent me here—though I am a stranger—to find
you and tell you this story, begging that you might forgive
his broken promise. He wanted me to give this
handkerchief, dyed with his blood, to the shepherd boy
whom he jokingly calls his Rosalind.

ROSALIND faints.

CELIA

Why, what's this now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

OLIVER

Many people faint when they see blood.

CELIA

There is more to it than that.

[To ROSALIND] Cousin Ganymede.

OLIVER

Look, he's recovering.

ROSALIND

I wish I were at home.

CELIA

We'll take you there.

[To OLIVER] Please, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER

Cheer up, boy. Are you a man? It seems you lack a man's
heart.

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

205 So I do. But i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CELIA

Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

Exeunt

ROSALIND

I do indeed, I confess it. Ha, sir, you can see that this was all pretend. Please tell your brother how well I played my part. Heigh-ho.

OLIVER

This was no act. Your flushed cheeks declare that your passion was real.

ROSALIND

I was just pretending, I assure you.

OLIVER

Well then, cheer up and pretend to be a man.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Come, you're getting paler and paler. Please, let's go home.

[To OLIVER] Good sir, come with us.

OLIVER

I'll do that, for I must bring your answer back to my brother and tell him how you forgave him, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

I'll come up with something. But please, tell him how well I kept up my act as Rosalind. Will you come with us?

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE

5 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

10 It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for. We shall be flouting. We cannot hold.

Shakesclare Translation

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.

TOUCHSTONE

We'll find a time to get married soon, Audrey. Patience, kind Audrey.

AUDREY

Honestly, that priest was good enough, despite what the old gentleman said.

TOUCHSTONE

No, Audrey: he was a wicked Sir Oliver, and a vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest who claims that you're his love.

AUDREY

Yes, I know who that is. He has no claim over me, though.

WILLIAM enters.

Here comes the man you mean.

TOUCHSTONE

It's like a feast to me to see such a country bumpkin. I swear, we men with good wits have too much responsibility. We have to be mocking. We can't hold our tongues.

WILLIAM

Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY

God gi' good ev'n, William.

WILLIAM

15 And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head.

Nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM

Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

20 A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM

William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

25 'Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE

"So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not: it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE

30 Why, thou sayst well. I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM

35 I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM

No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

40 Then learn this of me: to have is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that ipse is "he." Now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILLIAM

Which he, sir?

WILLIAM

Good evening, Audrey.

AUDREY

God give you a good evening, William.

WILLIAM

And good evening to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Good evening, noble friend. No, put your hat back on, put your hat back on. Please, cover your head. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM

Twenty-five, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

A mature age. Is your name William?

WILLIAM

William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Yes, sir, thank God.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

To be honest, sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE

"So-so" is good, very good, very excellently good. And yet it also isn't: it's only so-so. Are you wise?

WILLIAM

Yes, sir, I have a good mind.

TOUCHSTONE

Why, you speak well. Which reminds me of a saying: "The fool thinks he is wise, but the wise man knows he is a fool." A classical philosopher, when he wanted to eat a grape, would open his lips and put the grape into his mouth, thereby proving that grapes were made to eat and lips were made to open. Do you love this young lady?

WILLIAM

I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Give me your hand. Are you educated?

WILLIAM

No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Then let me educate you now: to have something is to have it. It's a common figure of speech that when a drink is poured from a cup into a glass, by filling the glass the cup becomes empty. All the authorities agree that *ipse* translates from the Latin as "he himself." Now, you are not *ipse* anymore, for I am he.

WILLIAM

Which "he," sir?

TOUCHSTONE

45 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,
50 to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life
into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in
poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will
bandy with thee in faction. I will o’errun thee with
policy. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
55 Therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY

Do, good William.

WILLIAM

God rest you merry, sir.

Exit

Enter CORIN

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

Exeunt

TOUCHSTONE

"He," sir, who will marry this woman. Therefore, you clown,
abandon—which is, in common language, "leave"—the
society—which in unsophisticated language means
"company"—of this female—which common people would
call "woman." All together that makes: abandon the society
of this female, or, clown, you'll perish. Or perhaps you'll
understand it better if I say "you'll die." Or, rather, I'll kill
you; do away with you; transform your life into death and
your liberty into captivity. I'll poison you, or beat you with
sticks, or stab you. I'll engage in a conflict with you. I'll
overwhelm you with cleverness. I will kill you in a hundred
and fifty ways. Therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY

Do as he says, good William.

WILLIAM

Farewell, sir.

He exits.

CORIN enters.

CORIN

Our master and mistress are seeking you. Come on, let's go.

TOUCHSTONE

Quickly, Audrey, quickly, Audrey.

[To CORIN] I'm coming, I'm coming.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

ORLANDO

Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? That, but seeing, you should love her?
And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant? And will
you persevere to enjoy her?

OLIVER

5 Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the
poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden
wooing, nor her sudden consenting, but say with me "I
love Aliena"; say with her that she loves me; consent
with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to
10 your good, for my father's house and all the revenue
that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and
here live and die a shepherd.

ORLANDO

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

Enter ROSALIND

ROSALIND

[As Ganymede] God save you, brother.

Shakescleare Translation

ORLANDO and OLIVER enter.

ORLANDO

Is it possible that you could like her after knowing her for
such a brief amount of time? And that you could fall in love
after only seeing her once? And that you could woo her as
soon as you fell in love? And that, being wooed, she would
immediately accept your offer? And will you keep on with
your plan to marry her?

OLIVER

Don't raise questions about how quickly it all happened—or
scoff at her poverty, our brief acquaintance, my sudden
courtship, or her sudden consent. Just say with me, "I love
Aliena," and say with her that she loves me. Give your
approval to this match, so that we can enjoy each other. It
will be to your advantage, for I'll leave our father's house,
his wealth, and all his property to you, and I'll stay here to
live and die as a shepherd.

ORLANDO

You have my consent. You can get married tomorrow. I will
invite the duke and all his happy followers. Go and get
Aliena ready, for look—here comes my Rosalind.

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede) enters.

ROSALIND

May God bless you, future brother-in-law.

OLIVER

And you, fair sister.

Exit

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

It is my arm.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND

30 Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND

Why, then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

50 I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are. Neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not 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

65 your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any

OLIVER

And you, fair sister-to-be.

OLIVER exits.

ROSALIND

Oh, my dear Orlando, it pains me to see you wearing your heart in a sling.

ORLANDO

It's my arm, not my heart.

ROSALIND

But I thought your heart had been wounded by the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO

It is wounded, but not by a lion—by the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Yes, and also things more amazing than that.

ROSALIND

Oh, I know what you mean. It's true. It was as sudden as two rams fighting, or Caesar boasting "I came, I saw, I conquered." Your brother and my sister had no sooner met than they looked closely at each other; had no sooner looked than they fell in love; had no sooner loved than they sighed; no sooner sighed than they asked each other why they sighed; and no sooner learned the reason than they looked for the solution to their mutual "problem." And in this way the degrees of their courtship made a flight of stairs leading up towards marriage. They'll climb those stairs immediately, or else they'll sleep together before they get married. They are in the heat of passion, and must be together. You couldn't beat them apart with a club.

ORLANDO

They'll be married tomorrow, and I'll invite the duke to the wedding. But, oh, it's bitter to look at happiness through another man's eyes. And by tomorrow I'll be totally weighed down by misery, thinking how happy my brother is in getting what he wished for.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I can't live in this fantasy anymore.

ROSALIND

I won't weary you with idle talk then. You should know—and now I'm speaking sincerely—that I know you are an intelligent gentleman. I'm not saying this so you'll have a good opinion of my knowledge, as I say I "know" you're intelligent. I'm not trying to increase my reputation either—I only hope you might have some confidence in my ability to do something good for you. I'm not trying to bring favor on myself. Believe me, then, when I say that I can make strange things happen. Since I was three years old I have been in contact with a magician. He is very powerful, but he doesn't practice evil magic. If you love Rosalind as much as your behavior implies, then you will marry her when your brother marries Aliena. I know Rosalind's situation and where she is. And it's not impossible for me to set her before you tomorrow—whole, human, and unharmed--so long as it doesn't seem improper to you.

danger.

ORLANDO

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

70 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

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

PHOEBE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS

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

PHOEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHOEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

90 It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance,
95 And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

ORLANDO

Is what you're saying serious?

ROSALIND

I swear on my life, which I value dearly, even though I said
I'm a magician. Therefore put on your finest clothes and
invite your friends. For if you want to be married tomorrow,
you will, and if you want Rosalind to be the bride, she will.

SILVIUS and PHOEBE enter.

Look, here comes someone who loves me, and someone
who loves her.

PHOEBE

[To ROSALIND] Boy, you were very rude to me when you
showed off the letter I wrote to you.

ROSALIND

I don't care if I was. I am purposefully being contemptuous
and rude to you. You are followed by a faithful shepherd
even now. Look at him, and love him! He worships you.

PHOEBE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what it is to be in love.

SILVIUS

It is to be filled with sighs and tears, as I am for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And as I am for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And as I am for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And as I am for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be filled with faithfulness and servitude, as I am for
Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And as I am for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And as I am for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And as I am for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be filled with fantasy; filled with passion and wishes;
with adoration, duty, and devotion; humility, patience, and
impatience; filled with purity, suffering, and
obedience—just as I am for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And as I am for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And as I am for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And as I am for no woman.

PHOEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Why do you speak, too, "Why blame you me to love you?"?

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

105 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 together. [to PHOEBE] I
will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be
married tomorrow. [to ORLANDO] I will satisfy you if
ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married tomorrow.
110 [to SILVIUS] I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [to
ORLANDO] As you love Rosalind, meet. [to SILVIUS] As
you love Phoebe, meet.— And as I love no woman, I'll
115 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

PHOEBE

[To ROSALIND] If all this is true, then why do you blame me
for loving you?

SILVIUS

[To PHOEBE] And why do you blame me for loving you?

ORLANDO

And why do you blame me for loving you?

ROSALIND

Who are you speaking to, Orlando?

ORLANDO

To the woman who isn't here, and doesn't hear me.

ROSALIND

Please, no more of this. You're like a pack of wolves howling
passionately at the moon.

[To SILVIUS] I will help you, if I can.

[To PHOEBE] I would love you, if I could.

All of you, meet me tomorrow.

[To PHOEBE] If I'm going to ever marry a woman, it will be
you—and I'm getting married tomorrow.

[To ORLANDO] If I'm ever going to satisfy a man, I'll satisfy
you, and you'll be married tomorrow too.

[To SILVIUS] I'll make you happy, if the thing you desire will
make you happy, and you too will be married tomorrow.

[To ORLANDO] By your love for Rosalind, come tomorrow.

[To SILVIUS] By your love for Phoebe, come tomorrow.

And by my love for no woman, I'll meet you all here
tomorrow too. So farewell. You know what I want you to do.

SILVIUS

If I'm alive, I won't miss it.

PHOEBE

Me neither.

ORLANDO

Me neither.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no
dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.

Enter two PAGES

Shakescleare Translation

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.

TOUCHSTONE

Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow we'll be
married.

AUDREY

I desire it with all my heart, and I hope it isn't immodest of
me to desire to be a married, worldly woman.

Two PAGES enter.

5 Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

FIRST PAGE

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE

By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE

We are for you. Sit i' th' middle.

FIRST PAGE

10 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,
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,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.*
25 *Sweet lovers love the spring.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
How that a life was but a flower*
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-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

40 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

45 By my troth, yes. I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you, and God mend your voices.— Come, Audrey.

Exeunt

Here come two of Duke Senior's pages.

FIRST PAGE

Nice to see you, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, it is good to see you. Come sit, sit, and sing a song.

SECOND PAGE

We're here to serve you. Sit between us.

FIRST PAGE

Should we jump right into it, without all that hawking and spitting and saying that we're hoarse—which are only excuses for bad singers?

SECOND PAGE

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

PAGES

[Singing]

*There was a lover and his lady,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
Who went through the wheatfield
In the springtime, the only wedding season,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Between the fields of rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
These pretty country folks would lie
In the springtime, the only wedding season,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.
They began this song that very hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
That life is just as brief as a flower
In the springtime, the only wedding season,
When birds do sing, Hay ding a ding ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.
So therefore seize the present moment,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
For love is crowned by the spring
In the springtime, the only wedding season,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, young gentleman, though there wasn't much to the song, the music was still very off-key.

FIRST PAGE

You're wrong, sir. We kept the song's time. We didn't lose our rhythm.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, yes. But I consider it lost time when I must hear such a foolish song. God be with you, and may he fix your voices too. Come, Audrey.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA

Shakescleare Translation

DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA (disguised as Aliena) enter.

DUKE SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath 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

- 5 *[as Ganymede]* Patience once more whiles our compact is urged.
[to DUKE SENIOR] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

- 10 *[to ORLANDO]* And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND

[to PHOEBE] You say you'll marry me if I be willing?

PHOEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

- 15 But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHOEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

[to SILVIUS] You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will?

SILVIUS

- 20 Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

- I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,
—You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.
—Keep your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me
25 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
—Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me. And from hence I go
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA

DUKE SENIOR

- 30 I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

DUKE SENIOR

Orlando, do you really believe that this boy can do all that he's promised?

ORLANDO

Sometimes I believe and sometimes I don't. I'm hoping,
and also scared to hope.

ROSALIND (disguised as Ganymede), SILVIUS, and PHOEBE enter.

ROSALIND

Be patient while our contract is proclaimed.

[To DUKE SENIOR] You say that if I bring your daughter Rosalind here, you will give her to Orlando to be married?

DUKE SENIOR

I will, even if I had to give kingdoms along with her.

ROSALIND

[To ORLANDO] And you say that you will marry her when I bring her here?

ORLANDO

I will, even if I were already the king of all kingdoms.

ROSALIND

[To PHOEBE] You say you'll marry me if I'm willing to marry you?

PHOEBE

I will, even if I should die the following hour.

ROSALIND

But if you refuse to marry me, you'll marry this faithful shepherd instead?

PHOEBE

That's our bargain.

ROSALIND

[To SILVIUS] And you say that you'll marry Phoebe if she is willing?

SILVIUS

Even if marrying her meant death for me.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make everything clear.

[To DUKE SENIOR] Duke Senior, keep your promise to give away your daughter.

[To ORLANDO] Orlando, keep your promise to marry his daughter.

[To PHOEBE] Phoebe, keep your promise that you'll marry me, or marry this shepherd if you refuse me.

[To SILVIUS] Silvius, keep your promise that you'll marry Phoebe if she refuses me.

[To all] And now I'll go to clear up all your doubts.

ROSALIND and CELIA exit.

DUKE SENIOR

This shepherd boy's appearance reminds me of my daughter.

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born
 And hath been tutored in the rudiments
 35 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician
 Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JAQUES

There is sure another flood toward, and these couples
 are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange
 40 beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all.

JAQUES

Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the
 motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the
 forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE

45 If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.
 I have trod a measure. I have flattered a lady. I have
 been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy. I
 have undone three tailors. I have had four quarrels, and
 like to have fought one.

JAQUES

50 And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE

Faith, we met and found the quarrel was upon the
 seventh cause.

JAQUES

How "seventh cause?"—Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE

55 God 'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I press in
 here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,
 to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds
 and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored
 thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor of mine, sir, to
 60 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

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE

65 According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet
 diseases.

JAQUES

But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel
 on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE

Upon a lie seven times removed.— Bear your body more
 seeming, Audrey.— As thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of

70

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time I saw him I thought he was your
 daughter's brother. But, my good lord, this boy was born in
 the forest and has been taught some dangerous magic by
 his uncle, whom he says is a great magician living hidden
 within the boundaries of this forest.

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY enter.

JAQUES

There must be another flood on its way, with all these
 couples coming two-by-two to Noah's ark. Here comes a
 pair of very strange beasts, which are called "fools" in every
 language.

TOUCHSTONE

Hello and greetings to you all.

JAQUES

My good lord, welcome him. This is the jester gentleman I
 have met so often in the forest. He swears he used to be a
 courtier.

TOUCHSTONE

If any man doubts that, let him put me on trial. I have
 danced a step. I have flattered a lady. I have been polite
 with my friends, and cunning with my enemy. I have ruined
 three tailors. I have had four quarrels, and almost had one
 fight.

JAQUES

And how was that one fight settled?

TOUCHSTONE

Well, we met and then found that the quarrel had reached
 the seventh cause.

JAQUES

What is the "seventh cause?"

[To DUKE SENIOR] My good lord, you will like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE

God bless you, sir. I wish the same compliment for you. Sir, I
 have pushed my way in here, among the rest of these
 country lovers, to be properly married, with binding vows
 to restrain erupting passion. This poor virgin isn't a pretty
 thing, sir, but she's mine. It's a strange tendency of mine,
 sir, to take the thing that no one else wants. Sir, the treasure
 of chastity lives in the vessel of an ugly woman just like a
 rich man living in a shack, or a pearl lodged in a filthy
 oyster.

DUKE SENIOR

I say, he's very quick-witted and full of pithy sayings.

TOUCHSTONE

I have the fool's arrow, that sweet
 disease—wittiness—which is here one minute and gone the
 next.

JAQUES

But back to the "seventh cause." How did you find that your
 quarrel had reached the "seventh cause?"

TOUCHSTONE

The argument went through seven stages.

a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called "the retort courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is called "the quip modest."
 75 If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is called "the reply churlish." If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is called "the reproof valiant." If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is called "the
 80 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
 85 swords and parted.

JAQUES

Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, "the retort courteous;" the second, "the quip
 90 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
 95 "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
 100 in "if."

JAQUES

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Soft music

HYMEN

105 Then is there mirth in heaven
 When earthly things, made even,
 Atone together.
 Good duke, receive thy daughter.
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 110 Yea, brought her hither,
 That thou mightst join her hand with his
 Whose heart within her bosom is.

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

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

[To AUDREY] Stand up straight, Audrey.

[To JAQUES] It was like this, sir: I disliked the way a certain courtier had cut his beard. He then sent me word that he wasn't concerned about my opinion of his beard. This stage is called "the courteous retort." If I were then to send him another message that his beard was not cut well, he would respond that he cut it to please himself, not me. This is called "the moderate quip." If I repeated my insult again, he would try to disqualify my judgment. This is called "the rude reply." If I say yet again that his beard is not well cut, then he would say I wasn't speaking the truth. This is called "the brave retort." If I repeated my insult again, he would call me a liar. This is called "the quarrelsome contradiction," and so on through to "the indirect lie" and "the direct lie."

JAQUES

And how many times did you say that his beard wasn't cut well?

TOUCHSTONE

I didn't dare go past "the indirect lie," and he didn't dare go to "the direct lie." So we measured our swords, found ourselves equal, and parted ways.

JAQUES

Can you name those stages of an argument again, in order?

TOUCHSTONE

Oh sir, we quarrel according to the rulebooks, just as you have rulebooks for good manners. I'll name the degrees again: the first is "the courteous retort;" the second is "the moderate quip;" the third is "the rude reply;" the fourth is "the brave retort;" the fifth is "the quarrelsome contradiction;" the sixth is "the indirect lie;" and the seventh is "the direct lie." But you can avoid all of these stages, even the seventh, by using an "if" properly. I once heard of a quarrel that even seven judges couldn't settle. But when the two parties met on their own, one used an "if" and said "If you said this, then I must have said that." And they shook hands and parted like brothers. "If" is the only peacemaker; there is much virtue in an "if."

JAQUES

Isn't this a remarkable fellow, my lord? He's as smart as anything, and yet also a fool.

DUKE SENIOR

He uses his foolishness to disguise himself while he hunts with the arrows of his wit.

HYMEN (the god of marriage) enters with ROSALIND and CELIA, dressed as themselves. Soft music plays.

HYMEN

There is joy in heaven when earthly affairs are set right, and people are brought together.

[To DUKE SENIOR] Good duke, receive your daughter. Hymen brought her from heaven--yes, brought her here, that you might join her hand with that of the man whose heart resides within your daughter's chest.

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 do not deceive me, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO

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

PHOEBE

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

ROSALIND

[*to DUKE SENIOR*] I'll have no father, if you be not he.
120 [*to ORLANDO*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he,
[*to PHOEBE*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN

Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
125 Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*to ORLANDO and ROSALIND*]
You and you no cross shall part.
130 [*to OLIVER and CELIA*]
You and you are heart in heart.
[*to PHOEBE*]
You to his love must accord
Or have a woman to your lord.
135 [*to TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*]
You and you are sure together
As the winter to foul weather.
[*to all*]
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
140 Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.
[*sings*]
*Wedding is great Juno's crown,
145 O blessèd bond of board and bed.
'Tis Hymen peoples every town.
High wedlock then be honorèd.
Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town.*

DUKE SENIOR

150 O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHOEBE

I will not eat my word. Now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have audience for a word or two.
155 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot
160 In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
165 Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage my life.

ORLANDO

If my eyes do not deceive me, you are my Rosalind.

PHOEBE

If my eyes and your womanly shape aren't deceiving me,
why then, farewell to my love.

ROSALIND

[*To DUKE SENIOR*] If you won't be my father, then I'll have
no father.

[*To ORLANDO*] If you won't be my husband, then I'll have no
husband.

[*To PHOEBE*] If you won't be my wife, then I'll have no wife.

HYMEN

Quiet now! I will clear up the confusion. I am the one who
must bring the conclusion to these strange events. Here
before me are eight people who must join hands and be
married, if the truths revealed to the couples reflect their
genuine feelings.

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND*] No disagreement will ever
part you.

[*To OLIVER and CELIA*] Your two hearts are bound together.

[*To PHOEBE*] You must accept Silvius' love, or else be
married to a woman.

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*] The two of you are bound
together, like winter with bad weather.

[*To all the couples*] While we sing a wedding hymn, ask your
questions, so that your surprise about how we all ended up
here might fade, and we can bring these events to a close.

[*Singing*]
Marriage is the crown of great Juno,
*The blessed bond of a domestic home.
It's Hymen who populates every town,
So that holy marriage should be honored.
Honor, high honor, and fame
Should go to Hymen, the god of every town.*

 Juno was the queen of the
ancient Roman gods.

DUKE SENIOR

[*To CELIA*] Oh, my dear niece, you are welcome here, as
welcome as if you were my own daughter.

PHOEBE

[*To SILVIUS*] I won't break my promise. Now you are mine.
Your faithfulness has won over my love.

JAQUES DE BOYS enters.

JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have your attention for a word or two. I am old Sir
Rowland's middle son, and I come bringing news to this
fine assembly. Duke Frederick had heard that men of great
worth were coming to this forest every day, so he
assembled a powerful army to take this land and kill his
brother. They came to the edge of this forest, and there
Duke Frederick met an old religious man. They discussed
things for a while, and ultimately the man convinced the
duke to abandon his war, and (after a religious conversion)
to retreat from the world. Duke Frederick is now giving his
crown to his banished brother and restoring the lands back
to the men he exiled. I pledge my life that all this is true.

DUKE SENIOR

170 Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
—First, in this forest let us do those ends
175 That here were well begun and well begot,
And, after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune
According to the measure of their states.
180 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
—Play, music.— And you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy to th' measures fall.

JAQUES

Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
185 The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

JAQUES DE BOYS

He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.
190 *[to DUKE SENIOR]*
You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
[to ORLANDO]
You to a love that your true faith doth merit.
195 *[to OLIVER]*
You to your land, and love, and great allies.
[to SILVIUS]
You to a long and well-deservèd bed.
[to TOUCHSTONE]
200 And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled.— So to your pleasures.
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

To see no pastime I. What you would have
205 I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

Exit

DUKE SENIOR

Proceed, proceed. We'll so begin these rites
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Dance

Exeunt all but ROSALIND

ROSALIND

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but
it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
210 prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,
'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to
good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove
the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am
I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot
215 insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. I am
not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, young man. You bring rich gifts to your brothers'
wedding: to Oliver you bring his confiscated lands, and to
Orlando you give a future dukedom, as he will inherit my
lands. But first, let's finish the business we began in this
forest. Afterward, everyone here who has endured hard
days and nights with me will now share in the abundance of
my returned fortune—each according to his own rank and
status. But in the meantime, let's forget this newly acquired
dignity, and have a country party. Play, music.

[To the couples] And you, brides and bridegrooms, dance
with all the fullness of your joy.

JAQUES

[To JAQUES DE BOYS] Sir, with your permission: did I hear
you correctly that the duke has given up the rich and
glamorous life at court and become a religious hermit?

JAQUES DE BOYS

Yes, he has.

JAQUES

Then I will go to him. There is much to be heard and learned
from such converts.

[To DUKE SENIOR] I leave you with all your former honor;
you deserve it for your patience and virtue.

[To ORLANDO] To you I leave the love that your faithfulness
deserves.

[To OLIVER] To you I leave your land, your love, and great
allies.

[To SILVIUS] To you I leave a well-deserved marriage bed
after a long wait.

[To TOUCHSTONE] And to you I leave much arguing, for I
suspect your adventure in love will last only two months at
the most.

So, everyone, return to your celebration. I am off to seek
something other than dancing.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

This isn't relaxing or fun for me. I'll wait for you in your old
cave if you need something from me.

He exits.

DUKE SENIOR

Carry on, carry on. We'll begin these wedding ceremonies
the way we hope they'll end—in true delight.

Everyone dances.

Everyone exits except for ROSALIND.

ROSALIND

You don't usually see the actor ² playing the heroine
deliver the epilogue, but it's not uglier than seeing the hero
deliver the prologue. If it's true that good wine doesn't
need to be advertised with ivy ³, then it should
also be true that a good play doesn't need an epilogue. And
yet people do use good ivy to advertise for good wine, and
good plays are improved with the help of good epilogues.
I'm in a predicament, then, as I don't have a good epilogue.
Nor am I confident that this was a good play. I'm not

² In Shakespeare's time, all the female parts were played by men.

³ Ivy was displayed in tavern windows to advertise that wine was available.

become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And

220 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

225 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

dressed as a beggar, so it wouldn't be right for me to beg. So, then, I'll enchant you, and I'll begin with the women. Oh, women, in the name of your love for men, I tell you to like as much of this play as you want. And you, oh men, in the name of your love for women—and I can see from your silly smiles that none of you hates women—I tell you to like the other parts of the play. If I were actually a woman, I would kiss as many of you men as had beards that pleased me, complexions that I liked, and breaths that weren't bad. And for the sake of my kind offer, I'm sure that all of you who *do* have good beards, or good faces, or sweet-smelling breaths will, sending me off with a round of applause when I curtsy, say goodbye.

ROSALIND exits.

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