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SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

OF

AS YOU LIKE IT.

With Introductory Remarks; Explanatory, Grammatical,
and Philological Notes; etc.

BY

SAMUEL NEIL,
Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland;
EDITOR OF 'THE LIBRARY SHAKESPEARE'; AND AUTHOR OF 'SHAKESPEARE,
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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SECTION I.—PRELIMINARY NOTICE—THE CHARACTER AND PURPOSE OF THE PLAY</strong></td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SECTION II.—THE LITERARY SOURCES OF THE PLOT</strong></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PART I.—'THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN,'</strong></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PART II.—LODGE'S 'ROSALYNDE,'</strong></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PART III.—TWO GREEK IDYLLS,</strong></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SECTION III.—THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PLAY,</strong></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SECTION IV.—DATE OF THE COMPOSITION OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT,'</strong></td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SECTION V.—NOTES ON THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,</strong></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Argument</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Persons Represented</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Text</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Questions for Examination</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION.

SECTION I.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE—CHARACTER AND PURPOSE OF THE PLAY.

As You Like It is, as Professor Edward Dowden says, 'the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an intense eager life; there is no tragic interest in it. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite.'* 'The Poet in conceiving this fine work, first generated a lofty ideal. His aim was to set forth the power of patience as the panacea for earth's ills and the injustice of fortune, and self-command as the condition without which the power would be inoperative. Neither this power nor its conditions can be easily illustrated in the life of courts, but the sylvan life, such as the banished Duke and his companions live in Arden, is favourable to both. In the contrast between the two states of life lies the charm of the play, and the reconciliation of these formal opposites is the fulfilment of its ideal.'†

The whole play is alit with sunshine of spirit, and aglow with the tenderest love; and yet it is intensely wise, serious, and winning. It is so pure, and natural, touched with such a chastened grace, so delicate and refined—a lily breathing odours in the summer's sun—that none, probably, of Shakespeare's plays are so often read with heartfelt delight as that wherein the romance of passion, in which Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, Phebe and Silvius, take part, is

* Shakespeare: his Mind and Art, p. 80.
† Shakespeare: his Inner Life, by John Abraham Heraud, p. 235.
portrayed. Mirthful incident and woodland cheer, honest friendship and true affection, ripe philosophy and rich poetry, fascinating wit and effulgent imagination, are so admirably combined in it, that it charms us like the summer air. Nothing, after the perusal of this play, can disenchant the Forest of Arden—it is for ever As You Like It.

'In Love's Labour's Lost, Shakespeare jested at euphuism; in As You Like It, he played euphuist himself in pleasant mood, and out of quips and fancies built a wise and tender day-dream of the world. Starting from one of the fashionable Italianated novels of his day, Shakespeare wrote with a subtle waywardness this exquisite masque of life. His Forest of Arden is an Arcadia, and there shall be lions in it if he will. With the Arcadia the court contrasts—the court with its wicked and usurping Duke, and its good-natured popinjay, Le Beau; with its pitiless wrestler, who breaks the ribs of youth and hope, and at its gate, the grasp of the world of cruel brothers and hard masters. They who escape from the contest into that Arcadian shelter find, how “sweet are the uses of adversity.” And Rosalind, the girl-woman with her genial devotion to her cousin Celia, her soul of pity, her innocent mirth and bold playfulness; first bashfully conscious of her mannish dress, when she hears that young Orlando, too, is in Arcadia, then recklessly plunging into enjoyment of his love; what bold profit she takes out of his mystification, and how merrily she forces from him oaths of love that are, as to her, and not to her! Girlish abandonment to exquisite delight, womanly depths of feeling shown from time to time, when any rough wind sweeps across the rainbow mist—these lie together in her, as the depths of its wisdom lie near to the playfulness of the whole exquisite dramatic show, and through breaks in its golden cloud-world we seem to see all the kingdoms of the world of thought spread out before us.'*

'This drama presents one uniform picture of surpassing beauty. Every line teems with humanity. There is the philosophy of love, of mirth, and of melancholy. Of love, in all the delicacy and refinement of that exquisite passion—of mirth sparkling with the utmost exuberancy of wit and fancy—of melancholy, not “mopish, thicklipped, and dull melancholy,” but a spirit deeply stricken with the baseness and ingratitude of the world, moralising on the various conditions and pursuits of men, not with cynical asperity, but sorrowful regret, chequered with caustic and satirical humour. There is

little plot to arrest attention or to create suspense; the spell lies in the sentiments, which are clothed in language the most choice and appropriate, and in the grace and propriety of the characters.' . . . 'In contemplating this romantic and beautiful drama, all criticism necessarily rises into panegyric. Every part is so perfect—the philosophy, the humour, the sentiments, and the imagery—that to rise from it without delight and improvement, would betray an obliquity of moral nature wholly inconsistent with just perception and ethical rectitude. We are taught by the noblest example, that adversity is not, in reality, a bane to man, but to his pride and ambition; that its uses are sweet and salutary; and while with one hand it arrests the career of his unlicensed passions, it restores his mind to that state of healthful serenity, which when the vain blandishments of life are past and gone, is the remaining friend and companion of virtue. The schools dedicated to morals and philosophy, the holy temples of religion, surely never echoed with more divine precepts than those which are heard in the Forest of Arden. Mirth never sounded a merrier note, nor music a more enchanting strain, than those which glad the hearts and soothe the cares of its banished foresters.'*

'We call As You Like It,' says Professor Wilson, 'the only true "Romance of the Forest." Touching as it is, and sometimes even pathetic, it is all but beautiful, holiday amusement, and a quiet melancholy alternates with various mirth. The contrivance of the whole is at once simple and skilful—art and nature are at one. We are removed just so far out of our customary world as to feel willing to submit to any spell, however strange, without losing any of our sympathies with all life's best realities.'†

'Within the sequestered and romantic glades of the Forest of Arden people find leisure to be good and wise, or to play the fool and fall in love. . . . Nursed in solitude, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness, like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and toils of the world strikes upon the ear of those "who have felt them know-

* George Daniel in Cumberland's British Theatre.
† Mrs Jameson’s ‘Characteristics of Women,’ Blackwood’s Magazine, April 1833, p. 559.
ingly,” softened by time and distance. “They hear the tumult and are still.” The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralising equally free from pedantry or petulance.∗

‘Shakespeare knew nothing of the one-sidedness which condemned or rejected either life in the world of life in retirement, the one for the sake of the other.’ In Shakespeare’s play no expression of preference rests on either of the two kinds of life. In neither of the two circles does he find the condition of happiness or virtue in itself; but he sees happiness most surely dwelling not in this or that place, but in the beings who have a capacity and a natural share of qualification for either, or for every other kind of existence—in these beings who, exiled from the world, do not feel themselves miserable, just as little so as when they are recalled to the world from their solitude. The Poet knows nothing of a certain situation, condition, or age, which would be a sure source of happiness; but he knows that there are men and women in all classes and generations, like his Duke, his Rosalind, and his old Adam Spencer, who bear in their bosoms that equanimity and contentment which is the only fruitful soil of all true inner happiness, and who carry with them, wherever they go, a smiling Eden and a golden age.†

William Watkiss Lloyd surmises that ‘the quaint name of the play seems given in the same spirit of idleness that pervades and informs so many of its own scenes. It seems to reply carelessly to such a question as—How shall we entitle it? asked by men who are “fleeting the time after the manner of the golden world.” “Laud it as you like it,” it seems to say, or “As you like it allow it,” and this is the tenor of the epilogue of Rosalind, “I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you,” and so, with little more strenuousness of exhortation it is left to its fate, that could not be other than a kind one.’‡

It may have been so: but another and perhaps a more probable supposition is possible. When we read this drama, we see that it recognises Love as the pivot and centre of

∗ William Hazlitt’s Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays, p. 215.
† Shakespeare Commentaries, by Dr G. G. Gervinus (Bunnet’s Translation), p. 405.
‡ Essays on the Life and Plays of Shakespeare (50 copies, privately printed).
activity and joy—the very core of life. It has been said that its chief end was 'to daily with the innocence of love.' It, surely, however, has a higher aim than that. When we observe that all the evils in the play originate in the neglect of the royal law of life—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and that all the good results flow from obedience to that Divine rule; when we see how Selfishness complicates and Love explicates the plot, may it not be that As You Like It is a Divine morality as well as a charming play? In these words 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise' (Luke vi, 30; Matt. vii, 12), the Supreme Parable states the law of life in its social relations; and may not the great dramatist, seeing the fine moral teaching underlying the heavenly maxim, have resolved to show, as in a magic mirror, a little bit of the Eden possible in the world, were the higher sympathies of its denizens ruled by the love commended to us by the wisdom of the incarnated Lord of Life? On this ground we may regard Shakespeare as indicating his intention by the significance with which he renders into verse the saying—'There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth' (Luke xv. 7 and 10)—bringing out beautifully the fine At-one-ment which the following out of the Redeemer's precept, 'As you like it done to you, so do,' would effect, in the lines:

'Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
At-one together.'

SECTION II.

THE LITERARY SOURCES OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

PART I.—'THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMelyn.'

The Story of Gamelyn, which appears in the Harleian MSS. of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales as a ballad of greenwood life fit to be told by the 'Coke of London,' who took part in the jolly pilgrimage to the shrine of A'Becket—is the earliest source, as yet known, of some of the main elements of the plot of As You Like It. Thomas Tyrwhitt reject
the poem as un-Chaucerian; Professor Morley and Dr Richard Morris accept it; Dr Farmer objects to the suggestion of Dr Z. Grey and Mr Upton, that Shakespeare made use of this tale, that it was not printed till a century after As You Like It was written. This argument would certainly hold as strongly against Lodge, who has most evidently borrowed from it, as against Shakespeare. Whoever was its author, it had found a place among the papers connected with Chaucer's work, and must have been intended by him, either as an imitation of the popular rhymes of his times, or for adaptation to his own purpose and adoption in his work. The story, which extends to nearly eighteen hundred short lines, may here be presented in an abbreviated form, and our quotations may be limited to those passages in which coincidences between that poem and this play occur.

A doughty knight, Sir Johan of Boundys, died, leaving his property to his three sons, but—

'Soone the elder brother gyled the yonge knave.
   He took into his hande his lande and his lede,
   And Gamelyn himselfe to clothen and to feede,
   He clothed and he fed him yvel and eek wrothe,
   And let his lands for-fare and his houses bothe,
   His parkes and his woodes, and dede nothing well.

   Gamelyn stood on a day in his brotheres yerde,
   And began with his hand to handel his berde.

   Then thoughte Gamelyn it wente noughte arighte.
   Afterward cam his brother walkynge there,
   And said to Gamelyn—"Is our mete yare?"
   Then wrathed him Gamelyn and swore by Goddes Booke,
   "Thou shalt go bake thyselfe, I wil nought be thy cook."
   "How—brother Gamelyn, how answerest thou now?"
   Thou spake never such a word as thou dost now!"
   "By my faith, sayde Gamelyn, now me thinketh neede
   Of alle the harnes that I have I tok never ar heede.

   Alle that my fader byquath al goeth to schame,
   And therefore have thou Goddes curse, brother by thy name!"
   Then byspake his brother, that rape was of rees,
   "Stande stille Gaddelyng and hold right thy peace"—

   "I am no worse gaddelyng, ne no worse wight,
   But born of a lady and gotten of a knight!"—I, i.

His brother ordered his servants to whip him for his insolence, but with a staff Gamelyn drove them before him; chased
his brother into a loft, whence he promised to restore all that his father had bequeathed to Gamelyn (I, i, 1-100).

‘Then was ther bysiden cryed a w ras tling,
And therafter there was set up a ram and a ryng;
And Gamelyn was in good wil to wende thereto,
For to proven his might what he cowthe do.’

His brother prayed ‘that he mighte breke his nekke in that wrastlyng;’ When Gamelyn reached the scene a franklin was bewailing that the wrestler had slain his ‘tweye stal- worthe sones’ (I, ii, 130-140).

‘Barefoot and ungirt Gamelyn in cam;
Alle that weren in the place heede of him they name
How he durst aunte him, of him to doon his might
That was so doughty champioun in wrastlyng and in fight.
Upstert the champioun raply and anoon
Toward young Gamelyn he began to goon,

“Comes thou onst in myn hand, schalt thou never the l!”
It was well withinne the night and the moon schone,
When Gamelyn and the champioun togider gan to goon,
The champioun cast cornes to Gamelyn that was prest,
And Gamelyn stood stille and bad him goon his best.
Thenne seyde Gamelyn to the champioun,
“Thou art fast aboute to brynge me adoun;
Now I have i-proved many cornes of thyne,
Thou must, he seyde, proven one or two of myne.”
Gamelyn to the champioun yede smartly anon,
Of alle the cornes that he cowthe he schewed him but oon,
And kast him on the left syde, that three ribbes to-brake
And therto his oon arm, that give a gret crake.
Thenne seyde Gamelyn smartly anoon;
“Schal it be holde for a cast or elles for noon?”
Then seyd the champioun, whether that it bee,
He that comes ones in thine hand schal he never thee!

“Sith I wrastled first, it is i-go ful yore
But I was neuer my lyf handled so sore!”

And then seyd Gamelyn, “So mot I wel fare,
I have nought yet halvendel sold up my ware!”

Thus wanne Gamelyn the ram and the ring,
And wente with much joye home in the morning!’
—I, ii, 158-230.

His brother’s door was, however, shut against him. He burst
it open, broke the porter's neck, and threw his body into the well. The other servants fled before him. His brother got up into a turret, and thence, in hiding, saw Gamelyn keep open house for all. When his guests were gone, Gamelyn's brother crept from his hiding-place, and vowed he would make Gamelyn his heir. But, when he had seen his conduct to the porter, he said, he had sworn to bind him hand and foot. Would his brother have him forsworn? No! He consented to be bound; but when he was so, his brother chained him to a post in the hall, averring he was mad. For two days and nights he was so fettered, and then, by night, Adam Spencer, the cellarer, an old servant of his father's who had been in his brother's service sixteen years, unlocked his bonds, took him to the spence or buttery, and gave him meat and wine. Then he was taken back to his post, and stood there as if in bondage still; for on Sunday there was to be a great feast in the hall. When the guests, abbots, priors, etc., were feasting, Gamelyn besought food. They reviled him. He slipped from his unlocked chains, fell on them, aided by Adam Spencer, staff in hand, dispersed them, and put his brother in his former bonds in the hall. Gamelyn and Adam thereafter refreshed themselves. The sheriff's men came, on information laid by the churchmen, to arrest the misdoing Gamelyn and his helper. They dashed out at the postern, and gave them a sound drubbing. The sheriff himself, with his men-at-arms, next came. On seeing them Gamelyn remarked:

'I rede that we to wode goon or that we be founde,
Better is us there, loose, than in town y-bounde.

Gamelyn into the wood stalked stille
And Adam the Spencer liked full ylle—II, vi.

And as they stood talkyng bothen in feare
Adam heard talkyng of men, and nigh him thought they were.
Then Gamelyn under the woode looked aright,
Seven score of young men he saw well adight,
Alle satte atte mete in compass aboute.

Adam lokede then under woode bough,
And when he saw mete he was glad ynoough,
For he hoped that he should then have his deel,
And he was sore alonged after a good meal.'

They were received well by the outlaws, though they came—
INTRODUCTION.

"As men that ben hungry and mow no mete fynde,
And been hard bystade under woodes lynde—II, vii, 168-173.

Within the third week to him came tydyng,
To the maister outlaw that then was their kyng,
That he shoulde come home, his peese was i-made;
And of that good tydying he was then full glad.
Then seyde he to his young men, "Soth for to telle,
Me ben comen tydyings, I may no longer dwelle."
Then was Gamelyn anon, without tarryng,
Madde maister outlawe and crowned their kyng."

Afterwards Gamelyn's false brother became sheriff, and proclaimed wolves' head against him. He walked boldly, though attainted, into the moot-hall to speak his mind to his brother. He was seized and imprisoned, but released on the bail of his second brother, Sir Otte—the condition being that if he did not appear at the assizes, Sir Otte should take his place. He returned to his merry men, and when the time came, set out, accompanied by them, to the justice-hall. Adam, who had been sent before to reconnoitre, reported that Sir Otte was standing fettered in the moot-hall. Gamelyn released his fettered brother, pulled the traitorous sheriff from the bench, and placed him at the bar. He brought Sir Otte and Adam to support him in the seat of chief-justice, empannelled a jury of his own men, and condemned his brother the sheriff, his honour the justice, and their witnesses, to hanging, and put the sentences into execution.

"Sir Otte was eldest and Gamelyn was ying,
They wenten with their frendes even to the kyng;
They made peace with the kyng of the best assize.
The king loved wel Sir Otte and made him a justice;
And after, the kyng made Gamelyn, both in east and west,
Chief justice of alle his fre forest."

The connection between the quotations made, and the relations of Oliver and Orlando, Orlando and Charles the wrestler, Orlando and Adam, and of their progress to, and their reception in, the Forest of Arden, as well as with reference to the Duke's restoration, is very palpable, and shows that either primarily or secondarily, this story has had a share in forming the elements out of which the play of As You Like It has been developed.
PART II.—LODGE’S ‘ROSALYNGE: EUPHUES’ GOLDEN LEGACY.’

_Rosalynd: Euphues’ Golden Legacy, found after his Death, in his cell at Silexendra, bequeathed to Phialautus Sonnes, reared up with their Father in England; Fetched from the Canaries by T[homas] L[odge], Gent[leman],_ was published at London, being imprinted by Thomas Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590, in a black-letter quarto. It was reprinted by Abel Jefes for the same publishers in 1592; but in 1598, its proprietors were N. Ling and T. Gubbins (the T. G. of the first issue). During the next forty-four years seven editions were published, and then it seems to have fallen out of notice. The story is one of the earliest and best imitations of the _Euphues_ of the ‘eloquent and wittie John Lyly’ 1579, 1580, and nearly rivalled its exemplar in popularity and attractiveness. Like its prototype, it is full of strange conceits, of strained antitheses in idea and expression, of superabounding similitudes and copious references to mythology, history, and nature (sometimes most fantastically introduced, frequently in an irrelevant manner, and often fanciful and inaccurate in the extreme). The author represents his book as ‘hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas,’ while on ‘a voyage to the I[s]lands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour.’ The details are numerous and lengthily told, the soliloquies and explanations so tedious, as the author ‘draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument’ (Love’s Labour’s Lost, V, i, 18), that they become tiresome, and trite reflections couched in learned phraseology are spread needlessly over its pages. The work, as reprinted in Hazlitt’s edition of Shakespeare’s Library, Part I, Vol. II, occupies 144 pages octavo, and is too lengthy for insertion here. We, however, present an abstract of the old _novellette_, and quote verbatim those passages which have any close reference either to the plot or the matter of the play—those which form the elements wrought by Shakespeare into this fine pastoral drama.

‘There dwelled adjoyning to the citie of Bordeaux a knight’ [‘surnamed Sir John of Burdeux’] ‘of most honourable parentage, whome fortune had graced with many favors, and nature honored with sundrie exquisite qualities.’ At length, when the time came that ‘his glasse was runne,’ and ‘Nature of necessitie challenged her due,’ he having ‘three sonnes by his wife Lynida,’ ‘resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly
duties.' By his will he bequeathed to 'Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as well the excellencie of thy father's qualities, as the essentiaall forme of his proportions, to thee I give fourteene ploughlands, with all my manour houses and richest plate. Next unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my launce, with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outwarde shadows, Rosader will excede you alle in bountie and honour.' . . . 'Saladyne, after a month's mourning was past, fel to consideratioun of his father's testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his father's darling, but now under his tuition, that, as yet, they were not come to yeares, and he being their guardian, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter:' whereupon he began thus to meditate with himself: Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit (He is not wise, who is not wise for himself). Thy brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thy selfe.' 'Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, supresse his wittes with a base estate; and though he bee a gentleman by nature, forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture; so shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raign thy selfe sole lord over all thy father's possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him read on Galen while thou rifiest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth, if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.'

Rosader, for the space of three or four years, 'bare all with patience, til on a day, walkynge in the gardene by himselfe, he began to consider how contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and entreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attain to any honourable actions. Alas, quoth hee to himselfe (nature working those effectual passions), why should I, that am a gentleman borne, pass my time in such unnatural drudgery? Were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the courte a courtier, or in the field a soildier, then to live a foote-boy to my own brother? Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me arte to contemplate; I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accom- plish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God
has bestowed on mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune and the more his forwardness. With that, casting up his hand, he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler, he began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would no more be subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholic passions, in came Saladyne with his men.' "Sirrha (quoth he), what, is your heart on your halfpenny, or are you saying a dirge for your father's soule? What, is my dinner ready? At this question, Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie: Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for such an office; I am thine equal by nature though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumps in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why hast thou feld my woodes, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of such utensailles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answer me as a brother, or I shall trouble thee as an enemie.'

Saladyne, frowning, rebuked Rosader, and ordered his men to 'lay holde on him, and bind him,' but he, seizing a garden-rake, drove them to flight, and his brother hid from him in a loft, from which he called out to him: 'Be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong I'll make thee amends; revenge not anger in blood, say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt bee satisfied.' "These words appeased the choler of Rosader (for hee was of a milde and curteus nature), so that he layde down his weapon, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice.' "Whereupon, 'they embraced each other,' 'Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his landes, and what favour els (quoth hee) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may perform' (I, i, 1-84).

"Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, King of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrestling and of tournament, to busie his commons' heades.' . . . 'A champion there was to stand against all comers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and great strength.' "Saladyne, hearing of this,' 'by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him, with rich rewards, to sweare that if Rosader came within his claws hee should never more returne to quarrel with Sala-
dyne for his possessions. He then stirred up Rosader to hie 'to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare or trie with the Norman for the palme of activiteit.'

Torismond, who had by force banished Gerismond, the lawful king of France, 'that lived as an outlaw in the Forest of Arden,' was accompanied to the tournament by 'the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the show of their dutiful favours; to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objects, he hade appointed his owne daughter, Alinda, to be there, and the fair Rosalynde, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull damoisel.es that were famous for their features in all France.' 'When the tournament ceased the wrestling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers' (I, ii, 18o). He soon vanquished the two sonnes of a lustie francklin of the countrie, two tall young men 'of good lyniments and comely personage' (I, ii, 132-14o). Rosader, when he sawe this tragedie, 'vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where, noting more the companionie than the combatant, hee cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there like the stars of heaven, but at last, Love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader that, forgetting himselfe, hee stoode and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalynde's face, which she perceiving, blusht.' The Norman shook him roughly by the shoulder; but when the spectators 'noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wished him to be graced with the palme of victorie.' The Norman and 'hee clapt to' with 'so fierce an encounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe.' His opponent, remembering the bribe, resolved to 'stetch every limbe and trie every sinew' to win. 'On the contrary part, Rosader still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who, to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke as might have made the most coward desperate; which glance of Rosalynde so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader that, turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him, and braved him with a strong encounter: the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal.'
last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his father’s honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight that the Norman yielded to Nature her due and to Rosader the victorie’ (I, ii). ‘The death of this champioun’ ‘drew the king and all his peers into a great admiration, that so young yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence; but when they knew him to bee the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers intreated him with all favourable caress.’ ‘The ladies favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynde, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched; but she accounted love a toye, and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke; and therefore feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her neck a jewel and sent it by a page to the young gentleman’ (I, ii, 254). ‘To returne hir with the like he was unfurnished,’ but he sent a sonnet to Rosalynde, ‘which when shee read, shee blusht, but with a sweet contente in that she observed that love had allotted her so amorous a servant.’

Rosader returned in triumph to his brothers, having with him a troop of young men. Saladyne shut the gates against him. Rosader and his friends burst them open, and tooke free entertainment within (for all had fled), being served by ‘one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had beene an olde and trustie servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Hee, for the love that hee bare to his deceased master, favoured the part of Rosader.’ After the departure of his friends, Rosader, feeling aggrieved by the discourtesy of his brother Saladyne, would have resented it; but Saladyne, professing friendship for the time, made again a league of amity with him.

Rosalynde was indulging sweet thoughts of Rosader when ‘Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfections might be the beginning of his prejudice,’ ‘he thought to banish her from his court.’ ‘In this humour, with a sterne countenance, ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the courte; for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches and intended treasons. This doom was strange unto Rosalynde, and presently covered
with the shield of her innocence, she boldly broke out in reverent tears to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynde.' 'Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grieve in her heart and tears in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to entreat her father thus: Rosalynde and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing together with such private familiarities, that custom hath wrought an union of our nature and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love that we have two bodies and one soule' (I, iii, 71-78).

She maintained that her cousin was innocent, and affirmed that envy had occasioned the accusation, and concluded by saying, 'If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.' Torismond was highly incensed, and by a definitive and peremptory sentence banished them both. 'Rosalynde waxed very sad, and sat downe and wept. Alinda smiled, and sitting by her friende began thus to comfort her: Why, how now, Rosalynde, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune. Have I not often heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortune's contempt, and heroycal scene in the depth of extremities?'

'Be patient, Rosalynde, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father. Why, then, doth my Rosalynde grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who, by offering her a prejudice, proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who will be a faithful copartner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke all extremeties than to forsake thy fortunes.

I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynde' (I, iii, 92-108). 'At this Rosalynde began to comfort her, and then they sat down to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company: saying it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush (quot Rosalynde), art thou a woman, and hast not a sodaine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page; thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly that (trust mee) in what company soever I come.
I will not be discovered; I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil show him the poyn of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynde in al haste provided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynde, Ganimede' (I, iii, 108-140), 'they travelled along the vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows.' While, one day, 'grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode,' they saw some verses carved on the barke of a pine tree. After reading them: 'You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattle you women bee' (III, iii, 434), 'whose hearts sometimes are made of adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometimes of waxe that is fit for every forme; they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdaine; and this fault is so common to the sex that you see it pointed out in the shepheard's passions, who found his mistress as froward as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena), if your robes were off, what metal are you made of that you are so satirical against women? is it not a foul birde that defiles his own nest?' (IV, i, 207.) 'Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismond's daughter; for put mee but into a petticoat, and I wil stand in defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not.' After seeing another set of verses, 'No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passion. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena); but see, I pray, when poore women seeke to kepee themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises.' 'The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were wommen's sonses, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if men had growne from manne, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your page's apparel' (IV, i, 206), 'and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles.' Shortly afterwards they saw a place 'where an old shepheard sate, and with him a young swaine, under a covert most pleasantly situated.' Montanus and
Coridon sang love-songs together. When they had finished, 'Aliena stept with Ganime de from behinde the thicket.' The shepherds arose, and Aliena saluted them, saying, 'All hail! Although not by love yet by fortune I am a distressed gentlewoman as full of woe as you of perplexed thoughts; wandring this way in a forest unknown, only I and my page, weared with travel, would faine find some place of rest.' 'Faire mistresse,' said Coridon, 'I am sorrowful such a faire creature is crost with calamitie; pray for you I may, but relieve you I cannot; marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowde yourselves in a shepheard's cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour.' Aliena thanked him, and he, seeing her distress, asked her to discourse the cause of her grief. 'Let this suffice, gentle shepheard [said shee], my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous; and I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwel, for I mean to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low and content mee with a country life.' 'Marry, mistresse, quoth Coridon, if you meane so, you come in good time, for my landlord intends both to sell the farme I tyll and the flocke I keepe, and cheap you may have them for ready money.' Quoth Aliena, 'Send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, and thou shalt still under mee be overseer: only for pleasure's sake I and my page wil serve you, lead the flockes to the field and fold them. Thus wil I live quiet, unknown, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon that hee should not bee put out of his farme, that, putting off his shepheard's bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might' (II, iv).

'All this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phæbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganime de, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtis, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious.' Coridon conducted Aliena and Ganime de 'home, weary, to his poore cottage.' They, 'glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine, and though they had but countrey fare and coarse lodging, yet theyr welcome was so great, and theyr cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond,' and next day Aliena 'swapt a bargain with the landslord, and so became mistress of the farme and the flocke.'

Saladyne, whose anger had not cooled, called some of his
servants to surprise, seize, and bind Rosader; and this they
did, putting him in fetters chained to a post, where he was
left three days without food. 'Which Adam Spencer seeing,
touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister,
felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap; and
therefore, . . . ' in the night, rose up secretly and brought
him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him
and set him at liberty.' After feasting himself, Rosader's
thoughts turned to revenge. He would have fallen on Saladyn
in his sleep, but Adam advised him to simulate being
still bound, till his brother's fine company came to breakfast
next day, when he could complain to them; and if then no
aid was given or sympathy shown, they should together
'make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house,
and maintaine possession by force of armes, til the king hath
made a redresse of your abuses.' Rosader consented, the
guests came, he complained, Saladyne said he was mad,
they derided him, he got a pole-axe in his hand, and 'flew
amongst them with such violence and fury that he hurt
many; slew some, and drove his brother and the rest quite
out of the house.' 'Saladyne' went to the sheriffe of the
shire and made complaint of Rosader. 'The sheriffe tooke
with him five-and-twentiethallmen,' resolved to take and
punish the revolter. 'No sooner came Saladyne and he to
the gates but Rosader, unlookt for, leaped out and assailed
them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give
backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the presse in
despite of them all, and took their way to the Forest of
Arden.' 'Being come thither,' . . . . 'they chanced on a
path that led into the thick of the forest, where they wan-
dred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost
famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve
them; and hunger growing on so extreme, Adam Spencer
(being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill
and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble
and as ill-perplexed' (II, vi). 'What cheare, maister?' (said
he) 'though all faile, let not the heart faile; the courage of
a man is showed in the resolution of his death.' With that,
'Rosader, full of courage, though very faint, rose up and
wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my
minde gives me (quoth he), I shall bring thee meate. With
that, like a madman, he rose up and ranged up and downe
the woodes, seeking to encounter some wild beasts with his
rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or
else pledge his life in pawne for his loyaltie' (II, vi).
INTRODUCTION. 25

'It chanced that day that Gerismond, the lawful king of France, banished by Torismond, who, with a lustie crue of outlawes, lived in that forest, that day, in honour of his birth, made feast to alle his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of the lymon-tres. To that place, by chance, fortune conducted Rosader, who, seeing such a crue of brave men having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perish'd, hee stept boldly to the boord's end and saluted the company thus. Whatsoever thou bee that art master of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may; know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food, perish we must unlesse relieved by thy favours; therefore, if thou bee a gentleman, give meat to men and to such as are everie way worthie of life.' If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I dye valiantly than perish with so cowardly an extreme. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place and in his roome, not only to eate his fill but be the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader), but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby, famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme before I made him partner of my fortunes; therefore I wil runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that hee could not goe; whereupon, Rosader got him upon his backe and brought him to the place. . . . Gerismond having heard his story, fell on the neck of Rosader, told him how he was the king, exiled by Torismond, what familiarities had ever beene betwixte his father, Sir John of Bordeaux, and him; how faithful a subject hee lived, and how honourably he dyed; promising for his sake to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his foresters' (II, vii).

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who, desirous to possess such faire revenues, found just occasion to quarrel with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother, sent for him and had him put in prison; while in
strict durance, his conscience smote him for having 'sinned against Rosader.' The king demanded where his brother was; Saladyne made answer that 'he was fled from Bordeaux, but hee knew not whither. Nay, villain (quoth hee), I have heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, I banish thee from the court and country of France, and see thy departure be within tenne days, els trust me, thou shalt loose thy head. Saladyne, grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and to travaile abroade in every coast, till he found out his brother Rosader' (III, i).

Rosader, 'whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie; on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, and one day he engraved with his knife on the barke of a myrrh tree, a prettie estimate of his mistres' perfections. In these and such like passions, Rosader did every day eternise the name of his Rosalynde; and this day, especially, when Aliena and Ganimede, enforst by the heat of the sunne to seeke for shelter, by good fortune, arrived in that place where this amorous forester registered his melancholy passions, they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded arms, his passionate sighes, they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde; whereupon they brake off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps, thus: What newes, forester? hast thou wounded some deere and lost him in the fall? Care not for so small a losse, thy fees are but the skinne, the shoulder and the horns' (IV,ii,12), 'tis hunters' lucke to ayme faire and misse; and a woodman's fortune to strike and yet goe without the game. Reading the sonnet over he had cut in the myrrh tree, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena looked on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the forester, and seeing it was Rosader, blushet, yet thinking to shroude all under her page's apparel, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus: I pray thee tell me, forester, what is this Rosalynde, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? O swayne, she is the most sayrest of all faires, the phoenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of earthy perfection. And why, gentle forester, if she be so beautiful, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in your thoughts?' 'Ah, shepherd, I have reached at a starre, my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes.' With much other such talk, intermingled with verses in
Rosalynde's praise, the after-day was spent. Towards even-close, 'Believe mee (quoth Ganimede), either the forester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde faire above wonder; so it makes mee blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so unperfect. Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus: Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance, but resembling the shadowe, content thyselfe, for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you, Ganimede, quoth Ailiena, it is enough for pages to wait on beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves. Oh mistres, quoth Ganimede, hold you your peace, for you are partial. Who knowes not, but that all women have desire to tye soveraigntie to their petticottes, and ascribe beauty to themselves, wher if boies might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tel me, forester (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine, under the King of Outlawes, said he, the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kinglye, crowneth his thoughts with content' (II, i, 1-20), 'accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, than great men in danger.' Then giving both Ganimede and Ailiena a gentle good-night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittle-prattle (III, ii). Next morning they saw the forester walking in a melancholy mood, and Ganimede, minded to have a little sport with him, said, 'Forester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne? in contemplation, no doubt, of your Rosalynde. . . . Rosader seeing the faire shepherdesse and her prettie swayne, in whose companie he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute in this manner: Gentle shepheardes, al haile!—and as beautiful be your flocks, as you, happie in content. Love is restlesse; and my bede is but the cell of my bane, in that there I find busie thoughts and broken slumbers; heere, although everywhere passionate, yet I brook love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varieties of fancies. . . . Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrows with applying the perfection of every object to the excellence of Rosalynde's qualities. She is much beholding to you, quoth Ailiena; if I shall ever prove as amorous as Ænone, I wish I might finde as faithful a Paris as yourselse.' Ganimede suggested that Ailiena was in love with him; but Rosader would not hear of any temptation to withdraw his love from Rosalynde. 'Venus is to blame, forester, quoth Ganimede,
if, having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynde, if Rosalynde were fairer than herselfe.' Rosader then repeats several somnets in Rosalynde's praise, and at length Ganymede, loath to let him pass out of her presence, began thus: 'Nay, forester, quoth shee, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo; I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee, as thou art, Rosader; see in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou wouldst court her; and while we sing in love, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and plaie us a melodie. Content, quoth Rosader,' and then they proceed to sing a 'wooning eglogue' (III, ii, 446-456). 'When thus they had finished their courting eglogue, in such a familiar clause, Ganymede, as augur of some good fortune to light upon their affection, began to be thus pleasant: How now, forester, have I not fitted your turne? have I not played the woman handsomely, and showed myself as coy in grants as courteous in desires, and beeene as ful of suspicion as men of flattery? and yet to salve all, jump I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The forester at this, smiling shook his head, and made the merrie reply: Truth, gentle swayne, Rosader ha.h his Rosalynde but as Ixion had Juno, who thinking to possesse a goddesse embraced only a cloude.' . . . 'So fareth it with me, who . . . only in conceit reape a wished for content.' . . . 'Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest, from this day forth Ganymede shall cal thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganymede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganymede, and changed as red as a rose, and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to [be] a marriage in earnest, Rosader ful little thinking hee had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde' (IV, i). 'And so they passed away the day in many pleasant devices.' 'Now, forester,' Aliena said, 'marry, though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tommorrow morning if you meete us here, I'll promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content, quoth Rosader, 'tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love that in the day am so fond to doat on love; and so til tommorrow, you to your foldes, and I wil to my lodge;' and thus the forester and they parted.

'All this while did poore Saladyne wander up and downe
in the Forest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travaile through Germany into Italie; but the forest being ful
of by-pathes, and he unskilful of the country coast, slipt out
of the way, and chanced up into the desert, not farre from
the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader.
Saladyne, wearie with wandering up and downe, and hungry
with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket,
eating such fruit as the forest did afford, and contenting him-
selfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst
made delicate, after his repast he fel dead asleepe. As thus
he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the
grove for prey; and espying Saladyne, began to seize upon
him; but seeing he lay still without any motion, hee left to
touch him, for that lyons hate to prey on dead carkasses,
and yet, desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and
watcht to see if hee would stir. While thus Saladyne slept
secure, Rosader came pacing downe by the grove with a
boare speare in his hand in great haste. He spied where a
man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him. Whereupon draw-
ing more nigh, he perceived it was his brother. Perplexed
at so unexpected a chance, he saw that he must either resolve
to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave
him to the crueltie of the lyon. The latter he would not do.
With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rouse
himselfe; whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the
boar speare, and wounded the lyon very sore at the first
stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortal hurt,
leapt at Rosader, and with his paws gave him a sore pinch
on the breast, that he had almost falt, yet, in a short com-
batt slew hee the lyon, who at his death roared so loud, that
Saladyne awaked, and starting up was amazed at the sudden
sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so
sweet a gentleman wounded. Unweeting who his saviour was,
Saladyne told his whole history, and concluded by saying,
Thus, thus, sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as having
a blemish in my thoughts, for the wrongs I profered Rosader,
and atainte in my estate, to be throwne from my proper pos-
sessions by injustice. Passionate thus with many grieves, in
presence of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrim-like to secke
out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him. His
brother revealed himself, they were reconciled, and Rosader
conducted Saladyne to Gerismond's lodge' (IV, iii, 99-145).

'For two or three days he walked up and downe with his
brother to show him all the commodities that belonged to
his walke. In which time he was missed of his Gammede,
who mused greatly with Aliena what should become of their forester (IV, iii, 1-5); 'for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to bee montthes, til they feede theyr eyes with the sight of their desired object' (III, ii, 320-323). 'Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede,' when one day, 'she cast up her eye and saw where Rosader came pacinge towards them with his forest-bill on his necke' (I, ii, 131). 'As soon as Rosader was come within reach,' he excused his absence by telling what had occurred. While thus engaged, certain rascals, desirous of deforcing Aliena as a gift for the king, set on them. Rosader resisted and was wounded. Saladyne, passing that way, heard the noise, and rescued them. 'Aliena, after shee had breathed awhile, and was come to herselfe from this feare, looke about her and saw where Ganimede was busie dressyng up the woundes of the forester; but she cast her eyes upon this curteous champioun that had made so hotte a rescuce, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in herselfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troope of unbyrded villanes.' She thanked him gratefully, and 'Saladyne, hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, begane more narrowly to pry into her perfectiones, and to surveu all her lineaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie that to his cost he found her to bee most excelent; for Love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke perst the heart so deepe, as it could never after be rased out' (V, ii, 32-45).

Coridon told them at supper that 'Montanus, the young shepeherd that was in love with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her handes.' 'I would I might (quoth Aliena), once see that Phoebe.' 'One of these days, quoth Coridon, Ile bring Montanus and her downe.' 'Hence, Coridon, while they sate one day under an olive tree, came running towards them, Oh mistrese, quoth Coridon, you have a long time desired to see Phoebe, the faire shepherdesse, whom Montanus loves; so now, if it please you and Ganimede to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, bee courting her with his country ditties, and she coy as if she held love in disdaine.' 'They rose and went with Coridon' (III, iv, 50-62). 'Ah, Phoebe,' quoth Montanus, 'wherof art thou made that thou regardest not my melodie? Am I so
hateful an object that thine eyes condemne mee for an ab-
ject, or so base that thy desires cannot stoope so low as to
lend mee a gracious looke?’ . . . ‘Twice seven winters
have I loved faire Phœbe.’ . . . ‘Beautiful Phœbe, oh
might I say pitiful, then happy were I, though I tasted but
one minute of that goodhap.’ ‘At these wordes she fild her
face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharp
reply, Importunate shepheard, . . . Phœbe is no lettuce
for your lips.’ . . . ‘I speake not this in pride but in
disdaine, not that I scorn thee but that I hate love.’ ‘Gani-
mede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not
brooke the crueltie of Phœbe; but starting from behind the
bush said: And if, damsel, you fied from mee, I would trans-
form you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample
your branches under my feet. . . . What shepheardesse
so faire and so cruel? Disdaine becomes not cottages, nor
coyness maides. . . . Because thou art beautiful be not
so coy, as there is nothing so faire, so there is nothing more
fading.’ . . . ‘Such as disdaine in youth desire in age,
and then are they hated in winter that might have been loved
in their prime.’ Phœbe all the while gazed on the perfec-
tion of Ganimede, as deeply enamoured on his perfection as
Montanus inveigled with hers, and the ‘amorous girle-boy
perceived Phœbe was pincht by the heele’ (III, v, 1-80).

Saladyne ‘being requested by his brother to go to Aliena
and Ganimede to signify unto them that his woundes were
not dangerous,’ was happy to do so, and ‘trudgeth in all
haste towards the plaines where Alienae’s flocke did feede,
and told them that his brother hoped within these tenne
dayes to walk abroade and visit. In the meantime, quoth
Ganimede, say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and
bids him be of good cheare. I know not, quoth Saladyne,
who that Rosalynde is, but whosoever she is, her name is
never out of his mouth; but amidst the deepest of his pas-
sions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrows
with patience. Insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in
love, and shee some paragon that holds his heart perplexed,
whose name hee oft records with sighes, sometimes with
teares, straight with joye, then with smiles, as if in one per-
sone Love had lodged a chaos of confused passions’ (V, ii,
100-104). ‘By my fayth, quoth Aliena, Sir, you are deepe
read in love.’ After much talk Saladyne addressed Aliena
thus: ‘Love hath taught me such a lesson that I must con-
fesse his deitie and dignitie, and saie as there is nothing so
pretious as beautie, so there is nothing so piercing as fancie.
INTRODUCTION.

For since I arrived in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have beene so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (Sweete Aliena) Saladyne, without further circumstancce, loves Aliena—'and none but Aliena.' He then proposed marriage, and after some further conversation, 'Ganime De thinking hee had his mistresse long enough in shrift, sayd, What, a match or no? A match, quoth Aliena, or els it were an ill market. I am glad, quoth Ganime De, I would Rosader were here well to make up a messe.' Saladyne returned to Rosader a glad man, charged with the good wishes of Aliena and Ganime De.

Phoebe, fired with the uncouth flame of love, 'returned to her father's house, so gauld with restlesse passions as now shee begane to acknowledge' the power of love. 'Phoebe fel extreame sick, and so sicke as there was almost left no recovery of health.' 'Montanus craved to know the cause of her sickness,' but she was silent. 'For her last refuge she resolved to write unto Ganime De.' She could find no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called in Montanus, and instructed him to carry it to Ganime De. He became a willing messenger of his own martyrdom, and delivered Ganime De the letter, which, he said, came from Phoebe. It was a mere declaration of love, Ganime De showed it to Aliena, and they both smiled. Having questioned Montanus of his love, and finding it honest and true, Ganime De showed the letter and strove to dissuade him from entertaining that affection, but he exclaimed, 'Persuasions are bootless, reason lends no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute; and, therefore, though Phoebe loves Ganime De, yet Montanus must honour none but Phoebe' (IV, iii, 1-75). 'I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despair rather than shee should perish for want.' They, sympathising with him, set to 'devising how they might by any subtltie get Montanus the favour of Phoebe.' Along with Montanus, Ganime De went to see Phoebe, she modestly told her love; Ganime De counselled the acceptance of Montanus, and she promised, 'Could I cease to love Ganime De, I would resolve to like Montanus;' while on his part, Ganime De said, 'I wil never marry myself to woman but unto thyself' (V, ii, 118). Thus all three content and soothed up in hope, Ganime De took his leave of Phoebe, and departed, leaving her a contented woman and Montanus highly pleased.

Ganime De, on her return, saw Rosader and Saladyne sitting with Aliena in the shade, and 'coming to the crue,
saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soon, quothe Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must be solemnised betwene my brother and Aliena. I see well when love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both parties are willing. Truth, quothe Ganimede, but what a happy day should it be if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde. Ah, good Ganimede, quothe hee, by naming Rosalynde renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare, man, quothe Ganimede, I have a friend that is deeply experienst in necromancy and magick; what art can do shal be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde if either France or any bording nation harbour her, and upon that take the faith of a young shepheard (V, ii, 56-81). 'Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindful to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his followers to the feast. They all assembled in their best, and all anxious. The king with his foresters frolick it among the shepherds. Gerismond drank to Aliena, Aliena pledged the king, and dranke to Rosader, so the carouse went round from him to Pheobe, etc.' 'The king, noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede, began by his favours to call to minde the face of his Rosalynde, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader, quothe hee, the forme of Ganimede puts me in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply as though his heart would have burst. And what's the matter, quothe Gerismond, that you quit mee with such a sigh? Pardon mee, sir, quothe Rosader, because I love none but Rosalynde. And upon that condition, quothe Gerismond, that Rosalynde were here I would this day make up a marriage between her and thee. At this Aliena turned her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keepe countenance. Pardon my absence awhile, quothe Ganimede, who wente and drest herself in women's attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandal. Thus attired she came in, fell at her father's feete, craved his blessing, and told how she had lived in that country disguised. Gerismond was in such an extasie of content that he could not utter a word.' 'At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes enter-45ained his daughter Rosalynde, after many questions de-
manding of her what had passed between her and Rosader. So much, sir, quoth shee, as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the marriage. Why then, quoth Gerismond, Rosader, take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnise both thy brother's and thy nuptials. Rosader, beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosalynde, who, turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shown sufficient reason to suppress the force of her love. Yea, quoth Phoebe, and so great a persuasive, that if it please you, madame, and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage.' Aliena revealed herself as Alinda, daughter of Torismond, to the company. 'With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed, where, to the admiration of all the country swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnly solemnised' (V, iv). 'As soon as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the brides being set downe by Gerismond; Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors.' . . . 'As they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandyne, was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demanded who it was? It is, sir, quoth Rosader' (V, iv, 156-164), 'our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris, but what fortune hath driven him to seeke us out I know not.' He was introduced and welcomed, when, falling on his knee, he said: 'Although, right mightie prince, this day of my brothers' marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course, and therefore from daintie cates rise to sharpe weapons.' 'For know, Gerismond, that harde by, at the edge of the forest, the twelve peers of France are up in armes to recover thy rights; and Torismond, troup with a crew of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The armies are readie to joyne; therefore, shew thyselfe in the field to encourage thy subjects; and you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you and shewe yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have beene harty lovers. At this alarme, given him by Fernandyne, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. . . . To be short, the peers were conquerors, Torismond's army [was] put to flight, and himself slaine in battaile. The peers then gathered themselves together and saluted their king; conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens.'
INTRODUCTION.

Having summoned a parliament, Gerismond, by the consent of his 'nobles, created Rosader heire-apparent to the kingdom, hee restored Saladyne to all his father's land, and gave him the dukedom of Nameurs; hee made Fernandyne principall secretarie to him selfe; and that fortune might everie way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus lord over all the Forest of Arden, Adam Spencer captain of the king's guard, and Coridon master of Alinda's flocke.'

PART III.—TWO GREEK IDYLLS.

Perhaps—as an eminent scholar has pointed out—the idea of the love-complication between Phebe, Rosalind, and Silvius (III, v), was suggested by the sixth idyll of Moschus. The following is Shelley's translation of the Greek pastoral verses, Love those that love you:

"Pan loved his neighbour Echo—but that child  
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr's leaping;  
The Satyr loved, with wasting madness wild,  
The bright nymph Lyda, and so three went weeping.

"As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,  
The Satyr Lyda—and thus love consumed them;  
And thus to each, which was a woeful matter—  
To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them.

"For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,  
Each loving, so was hated. Ye that love not,  
Be warned, in thought turn this example over,  
That when ye love, the like return ye prove not."

If we are justified in supposing that Shakespeare's 'little Greek' included an acquaintance with the pastoral idyllists, it will be proper to note the resemblance between the under-plot of Silvius and Phebe, and the incident described in some lines of The Despairing Lover, by Theocritus. We quote a translation 'done' by M. J. Chapman, M.D., etc.:

"A youth was love-sick for a maid unkind,  
Whose form was blameless, but not so her mind;  
She scorned her lover, and his suit disdained;  
One gentle thought she never entertained.  
She knew not love—what sort of god, what darts,  
From what a bow, he shoots at youthful hearts!  
Her lips were strangers to soft gentleness,  
And she was difficult of all access."
INTRODUCTION.

She had no word to soothe his scorching fire,
No sparkle of the lip; no moist desire
To her bright eyes a dewy lustre lent;
Blushed on her cheek no crimson of consent,
She breathed no word of sighing born—no kiss
That lightens love, and turns its pain to bliss.

Yet even so she was—how fair to see!
The more she scorned him, still the more loved he.'

SECTION III.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PLAY—ARDENNES AND ARDEN.

The woodlands of the Ardennes, in the region lying between the Rhine and the Sambre, as well as those which stretched along the banks of the Avon, and extended from the Trent to the Severn, are famous, alike in the realms of reality and fiction. In the poetry of Ariosto, the myths about Merlin, the folk-lore of France, and the novels of Scott, the former are celebrated; and in the Arthurian romances, in the legend of Guy of Warwick, in the poems of Spenser and Drayton, and in the drama of the Shakespearian era, the woodlands of England's Midland Counties receive fame. Shakespeare did not himself select the Forest of Arden as the scene of his plot from amongst the other forest-lands of Europe. It is the scene of the incidents in Lodge's novel of Rosalynde, on which he founded his play; but he could not surely regard that name with indifference which recalled the forest-land of his native district to his mind, from which his 'foregoers' for many a generation had held a fair place. However true it may be, as Charles Knight has properly enough observed, 'that Shakespeare meant to take his forest out of the region of the literal,' it is no less certain that, as a poet can only idealise that of which he has first formed a real impression, though his dramatic Arden is some district in which there are palm-trees, lions, and serpents, yet Shakespeare's native Arden gave him his experience of woodland scenery, and the Ardennes of the romance cycles imparted
the ideal removedness his plot required. Both are ideally compounded, not really confounded, in the drama before us, and hence we shall describe each of them here, that the student may know something of the 'grounds' of the scene in which this charming pastoral comedy takes place.

ARDENNES (the Arduenna Sylva mentioned by Cæsar in his Gallic Wars, Book V, 3, and VI, 29 and 33; by Strabo in his Geography, Book IV; and by Tacitus in his Annals, Book III, 42), is a hilly forest-land in the north-west of ancient Gaul, 'stretching from the banks of the Rhine and the country of the Treviri [people of the present diocese of Trèves] to the lands of the Nervii [those who inhabit Flanders]. It extends over portions of Belgium, France, and Rhenish Prussia, and consists of hill and valley land gradually sloping towards the plains of Flanders. It may be regarded as taking its commencement from the hills of Thiérache, in Picardy, on the left of the Meuse, and proceeding to those of the Hautes Fagnes (heaths) and the banks of the river Roer in a crescent form, including the hill-lands of Luxembourg and the district of the Eifel towards the Rhine at Trèves. It is watered by the Meuse, the Semoy, the Ourte, the Sure, the Warge, the Roer, and other smaller rivers, and is thus broken up into a number of large valleys intersected by these waters. The region, though hilly, is not mountainous, its mean elevation being about 1540 feet above the sea-level, while its highest point, La Baraque Michel, rises to 2230 feet. It is even yet clothed with extensive forests of oak and birch; more rarely of alder, ash, and birch; pines and firs are scarce, and palms, of course, are not to be seen. Its pasture-lands are of great extent, its mutton is celebrated for its excellence, and a great deal of ewe-milk cheese is made in the district. Its wool is not, however, in very high repute. Rye and dwarf oats are the main cereals grown in it. The prevailing rocks of the Ardennes are clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartose sandstone. The famous mineral waters of Spa flow from its slaty rocks. Some rich iron mines are found on its western borders; vast heaths and immense marshes abound in it. Cattle are reared in great numbers on its meadows, and the hardy and valuable Ardennes pony, prized greatly even in Cæsar's days, is still held in high estimation. Field and forest sports are even yet very prevalent in the Ardennes, and in Shakespeare's time there was in the midst of the forest a little chapel dedicated to St
Hubert, the patron of hunters, with a shrine to which people made pilgrimages from the neighbouring towns; while, since the days of William de la Marck, ‘the Wild Boar of Ardennes’ (see Quentin Durward), who died 1485, there had been in its recesses freebooters and bandits.

Such are some of the external aspects of the Ardennes; but there surrounded it too, many associations powerful over the imagination. It was the scene of several of that cycle of tales which mythic fiction has gathered up regarding the paladins who took part in the famous jousts of Charlemagne. In it were the Merlin-built fountains of love and hatred, of which Boiardo and Ariosto sang as so much affecting Orlando Inamorato and Orlando Furioso, and to which the travels of the sad Sir Tristram, the lover of Isolde the fair, were so vainly directed. Here Huon de Villeneuve (1165-1223) placed the scene of The Four Sons of Aymon, Duke of Dordona (Dordogne): Rinaldo, Guicciardo, Alardo, and Ricciardetto, in that romance which captivated alike the Latins and the Teutons; and here, even yet, when the winter winds scour the heaths, the peasantry fancy they hear the scampering of the swift feet of Rinaldo’s wonderful steed, Bayard, while his footprints are, even now, to be seen in the Brabantine forest of Soignes (which Byron in his lines on Waterloo converts by a perhaps pardonable licence into Ardennes), as well as on a rock at Dinant, in Namur. Marvels were wrought by Rinaldo’s cousin, the fairy Oriander’s foster-son, a great magician—

‘Obscured in the circle of this forest.’

Imagination and history are united together again in the Forest of Ardennes in the pseudo-chronicle of Turpin or Tulpin, Archbishop of Rheims, containing a biography of Charlemagne and Roland, one of the earliest poetical productions of the Middle Ages, in which the doings of Charlemagne and his companions, the twelve peers of France, find celebration.

‘The Forest of Arden’ was in early times the most famous of the woodlands of Britain. Michael Drayton in his Polyolbion says:

‘That mighty Arden held, even in her height of pride,
Her one hand holding Trent, the other Severn’s side’—Song XIII.

It stretched from the banks of the Avon to the Trent on the north, and to those of the Severn on the south. Upon the
division of England into shires, that immense tract of forest was divided among different counties; but that part only which was included in Warwickshire retained the name. Even until recent times the country-life of the Arden district was of an old-world character. Old habits, customs, superstitions, methods of husbandry, and modes of speech survived in it, long after the busy manufacturing industries of the towns around it had necessitated or brought about the changes which civic life introduces. The scenery of Warwickshire is soft-lined and level in its beauty, gentle in its undulations, rounded in its ridges with small but sinuous windings of waters through its fields and shimmering among its woodlands. The flavour of the Forest of Arden is felt in all the writings of Shakespeare, and the music of its foliage mingled with the melody of its waters pervades them all. The pleasures of the home-life which is passed in such comfortable half-timber houses nestled among yellow corn-fields and green pasture-lands, margined and hemmed in by the hedges which fringe the field, and the forest, and the dim diverse duskiness of the woods, had special charms for him. Even in Shakespeare's time the forest had been much curtailed and thinned; but there were in it clumps of antique oaks, fine specimens of gnarled old thorns, spinnies of age-worn trees, of various sorts, quite enough to recall the days of the forest-life of Mercia and the legends which had gathered around the woods of Arden. Here was the land of Guy of Warwick, who by surpassing prowess achieved the hand of fair Felice; the adventures of Sir Harold of Arden took place in part within these glades; the fine old romance of Tirante the White was full of the forest-life of Arden; and the chief of England's chivalry, St George, the patron saint of his fatherland, 'wonned' in these woods. Nor was Arden less renowned in legend than in history. Kineton had been the residence of King John; Kenilworth had been the prison of Edward II; and Piers Gaveston was executed at Blacklow Hill; at Coventry the lists between Norfolk and Hereford were set by command of Richard II; and there too were held those 'mysteries' which formed the root-plant of the drama. King-making Warwick, the hero of the Wars of the Roses, was called 'the dog of Arden'; Edward IV was taken prisoner at Wolney; at Cheylesford 'Prince Hal' had held his madcap court-revelries. Marion Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, to whom Christopher Sly was such a profitless customer, and William Visor, of the same place, for whom Davy beseeches Shallow's favour as
against Clement Perkes of the Hill, are probably referable to characters and incidents from the real life of Arden. And Ashbies, in Wilmecot, or Wincot, the property Shakespeare inherited through his mother, was situated within the shaded cincture of the Forest of Arden.

Shakespeare has with studious art evaded giving to the Forest of Arden 'a local habitation' by avoiding the direct mention of any person or place which would induce a suggestion of any special locality. His Arden is an ideal forest, in the formation of which not only Flanders and Warwickshire, but the Italian poets and the British legendists had a share. It is, however, more and more English in the life it presents to us, and the scenery it describes or implies, exactly in proportion to his departure from the original story and its suggestions. The scenery is in fact the Warwickshire Avon set in imagination to the northward of France, and there further idealised by the introduction of lions, serpents, palms, and the sunny forestry in which open-air life is a possibility and a pleasure. Hence it has pleased him to exclude from our view the savage and vindictive side of forest-life in the Middle Ages, and to set before us only the careless, light-hearted, benevolent, and contemplative elements of sylvan outlawry as the background of his dramatic picture of

‘True, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity’—King John, III, iv, 66, 67.

‘Nothing,’ as Dr Drake has wisely remarked, ‘can blend more harmoniously with the romantic glades and magic windings of Arden than the society which Shakespeare has placed beneath its shades. The effect of such scenery on the lover of Nature is to take full possession of the soul, to absorb its very faculties, and, through the charmed imagination, to convert the workings of the mind into the sweetest sensations of the heart, into the joy of grief, into a thankful endurance of adversity, into the interchange of the tenderest affections; and find we not here, in the person of the Duke, the noblest philosophy of resignation; in Jacques the humorous sadness of an amiable misanthropy; in Orlando the mild objection of self-accusing humility; in Rosalind and Celia, the purity of sisterly affection; whilst love in all its innocence and gaiety binds in delicious fetters, not only the younger exiles, but the pastoral natives of the forest?’

Exactly a century after the first publication of *As You*

* Shakespeare and his Times, II, 432.
INTRODUCTION.

Like It in the folio, 1623, Charles Johnson issued an alteration of this play under the title of Love in a Forest, in which he made Frederick, Duke of Burgundy, and places the headquarters of the court at Liege. It is improbable that the city of the sovereign bishopric of Liege was ever the scene of the court, though it is likely enough that Burgundy might have been the designation of the dukedom in which the plot is laid. Richard, brother of Bosco, Duke of Provence, was the first Duke of Burgundy, 887. In 1369 Philip of Burgundy, by his marriage, became possessed of the Lordship of the Netherlands, in some of the chief cities of which, Dijon, Besançon, Bruges, etc., the Dukes of Burgundy had residences. In 1477 the dukedom became extinct, and fell into the possession of the French crown. Its dukes were generally French princes, or younger brothers of the reigning sovereigns of France and their descendants.

SECTION IV.

ON THE DATE OF THE COMPOSITION OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

No edition of As You Like It, is known prior to its appearance in the first folio collection of Shakespeare's plays in 1623; though that an earlier issue was intended, we learn from a prohibitory note found at the beginning of the second volume of the entries of the Stationers' Company's Registers, occurring among several irregular memoranda on two leaves therein, which stands thus:

'Aug. 4. As You Like It, a book,  
Henry the Fift, a book,  
The Comedy of Much Ado, a book,  

{ to be staled.'

This stay was ineffective in regard to The Chronicle History of Henry V, and Much Ado about Nothing, both of which were published in August 1600; and if, as it seems, the prohibition was observed with reference to this play, it appears to be a just inference, from the fact of its being first mentioned, that it was in existence, in a publishable form, at the same date, namely, in or prior to 1600. Though The Cokè's Tale of Gamelyn, on which the plot is partly founded, is not known.
to have been published prior to 1721, it appears to have been available in M.S., for Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, from which Shakespeare took the plot of this fine drama, also incorporates much of the matter contained in the ballad of *Gamelyn*. Lodge’s *Rosalynde: Euphues’ Golden Legacy*, was first published in 1590, and frequently reprinted. Mr. J. P. Collier states, that in the editions issued between 1592 and 1598, the name of *Rosalynde* ‘disappeared from the title-page,’ but was resumed in Ling’s, 1598 and subsequent, editions. Perhaps the reason for the re-appearance of the heroine’s name on the title was that, by the popularity of *As You Like It*, the character of Rosalind had attracted attention, and won the regard of those who took interest in plays and books. As we find besides in the body of the play the following lines:

‘Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might:


in which the reference is to Christopher Marlowe who was ‘slaine’ by Francis Archer, on the 1st of June 1593, and the quotation is from his poem of *Hero and Leander* (Sestiad I, line 156), which was first published in 1598, the likelihood of the foregoing date being the correct one is increased. Since it is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, Wits’ Treasury*, issued in 1598, it is perhaps probable that it was a new piece produced while that work was passing through the press. Two other slight facts help to corroborate the likelihood of this date being correctly assigned. In 1599, John Stow informs us that in 1596, there was set up at the Cross, in West Cheap, an ‘alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breast.’ Perhaps to this fountain, which was decayed and defaced in 1603, Rosalind refers when she says, ‘I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain’ (IV, i, 154). A book to which Touchstone makes very obvious reference—*Vincentio Saviolo, his Practise* (V, iv, 94-108)—was issued in 1595, by the Italian fencing-master of my Lord of Essex; and the humour of those allusions could only have been properly appreciated after the book had had time to be well known, and the theme of common talk. On these various grounds it appears reasonable to conclude that *As You Like It* was not written at an earlier date than 1595, nor a later one than 1600, but the balance of probability would lead us to favour the idea that its production took place in 1598, the year in which the plays of Shakespeare began to be issued with his name on the title-page—the year in which, as proprietor of _New_
INTRODUCTION.

Place, in Stratford-upon-Avon—bought 1597—he might feel that he was about to inhale breezes from Arden, the forest country of his native Warwickshire, his motherland, whence the Ardens took their name.

'We have one point to guide us [in fixing the period to which the plot of this play may be historically assigned, and] in our selection of the costume of this exquisite comedy—namely, the circumstance of an independent duchy in France. The action must therefore be supposed to take place before the union of the great fiefs of the crown, and consequently not later than the reign of Louis XII, whose marriage with Anne of Brittany incorporated that last and most independent province with the royal dominion in 1499.'—Charles Knight. In his Costume of Shakespeare's Comedy of As You Like It, 12mo, London, 1825, J. R. Planché has pointed out the sources whence a knowledge of the proper dresses may be, with approximate exactness, gained.

SECTION V.

NOTES ON THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The *dramatis personæ* are not given in a list preceding the play in the early folios; but this defect was supplied by Nicholas Rowe in his edition 1709, and his example has been generally followed.

1. THE DUKE, living in exile, has no special name given him in the play; in Lodge's *Rosalynde* he is called 'Gerismond, the lawful king of France.' *Dux* means leader of men, and Shakespeare generally employs the name Duke with that idea underlying it.

2. FREDERICK.—This name, which means peace-ruler, ought, perhaps, to have been given to the exiled Duke. In Lodge's novel his name appears as Torismond.

3. 'AMIENS was probably indebted for his name to the fact that the fair capital of Picardy was, at this period, much in the minds of Englishmen. It had been taken by the Spaniards in 1597, and Elizabeth sent 4000 men to assist Henry [IV] in its recapture'—C. Elliot Browne.

4 and 8. JACQUES is the French form of the name James.
INTRODUCTION.

from Jacobus, and Camden in his *Remaines*, 1605, complains that 'some Frenchified English, to their disgrace, have too much affected it.' As 'Jacques Bonhomme,' 'Maitre Jacques,' it is typical of good-nature, rusticity, and simplicity, the conventional representative of a countrified Frenchman, and probably as such was adopted for Sir Rowland's second son. There was, however, St Jacques, or James, the Pilgrim of Compostella and patron saint of Spain, 'the most melancholy of nations,' and this is probably the source of the name of 'Monsieur Melancholy' and 'Sir Traveller'—Jacques the moraliser.

[*The name of the melancholy Lord Jacques belongs to Warwickshire, where it is pronounced as one syllable [Jakes]. There are still some respectable families of the name in the neighbourhood of Stratford'—G. R. French's *Genealogica Shakespeariana*, p. 317.]

5. LE BEAU is a character-name, from the French *beau*, admirable, excellent, used as a noun signifying a man whose chief care is the decoration of his person. It is equivalent to the modern terms *The Fop*, *the Swell*.

6. CHARLES, from the Anglo-Saxon *Cearl*. 'A man in his manhood' is a name full of significance for the Duke's wrestler.

7. OLIVER, who in Lodge's novel is called Saladyne, is a well-chosen woodland name, from *Olivier*, an olive-tree. When Shakespeare decided on using Orlando as the name of the third son, he may have done so on the principle of providing a 'Rowland for an Oliver'—a proverb popular at the time to indicate a match or more than a match, in reference to the *Chansons de Roland*.

[Mr George Russell French suggests that it is 'probable that Shakespeare took the name of his knight [Sir Rowland De Boys] from an old but extinct family of great note in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, whose memory was long preserved in the latter county, Sir Ernald, or Arnold De Boys, Arno'd being easily transposed to Roland, and thence we have Orlando. The manor of Weston-in-Arden was held by Sir Ernald De Boys, temp. Edward I. . . . There were four generations in succession of lords of the manor of Weston-in-Arden, each of whom is called Sir Ernald'—*Genealogica Shakespeariana*, p. 316.]

9. ORLANDO, often written also Roland and Rowland, was the third and name-son of Sir Rowland de Bois—a woodland designation derived from the French *bois*, wood. Rowland was the pastoral name assumed by Michael Dray-
ton, the laureate of Arden. In Lodge's novel the hero is called Rosader, and probably Shakespeare's adoption of Orlando ("The Fame of the Land") in preference to that name was suggested to him by the perusal of Sir John Harrington's translation of Ariosto's _Orlando Furioso_, published in 1591, in which, as well as in _Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy_, a good deal is made of the tendency of lovers, wherever in their wanderings they find a tree fit to carve or write on, by fount or river, in wood or field, to leave their names written in as many ways as true lovers' knots could run.

'Scrtti, qual con carbone e qual con gesso'—xxiii, 106.
(Written, some with coal and some with chalk.)

10. ADAM.—The name of this fine old servant is given as Adam Despencer in the _Coke's Tale of Gamelyn_, and as Adam Spencer in Lodge's _Rosalynde_. The tradition of the stage is that Shakespeare himself performed this part.

11. DENNIS is a name derived from St Dionysius, Denys or Dunois, the apostle of France, first Bishop of Paris, who suffered martyrdom, A.D. 272, in the persecution under Valerian.

12. TOUCHSTONE derives his name from the Lapis Lydia, Lydian stone or basanite (from Greek _Basanos_, test), used by goldsmiths in assaying the quality of gold by the test of aquafortis: it is a peculiar kind of bituminous quartz, although black basalt is also sometimes employed. Among Bacon's _Apophthegms_ we read that 'Chilon would say that gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with gold.' He is the prototype of Touchstone, the honest goldsmith in _Eastward Hoe_, 1605.

13. SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.—Sir, meaning _reverend_, was the name given in Shakespeare's time to a person who had not been educated at a university, but had been inducted into priest's orders by licence of the bishop of a diocese. Oliver, from Olive, had probably an allusion in it to 'the gospel of peace;' and Martext was perhaps employed during the Marprelate controversy, as a satirical designation for one who could not be expected to give such expositions of Scripture as more learned vicars were able to do, with a _soupçon_ of puritanical reference to 'blind leaders of the blind.'

14. CORIN may perhaps be contracted from Coridon, the name given to an old shepherd in Lodge's _Rosalynde_; there was a _Corinthus_, who, according to Suidas, was an epic poet, a predecessor of Homer, a writer in the Doric character invented by his master, Palamedes, from whom is
might have become a classical pastoral name, used as Shakespeare elsewhere employs it:

'I know
When thou hast stolen away from faery land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida'


But the name may also have been intentionally used with reference to the old Forest of Arden; for Corin was the ancient name of the river Churn, which joins the Thames at Cricklade. It gave name to Corinium, the modern Cirencester, in the hundred of Crewthorn and Minety, Gloucester.

15. SILVIUS, as connected with Silva, a wood, forest or woodland, signifies a Silvicultrix, or forester. It is a better name than that of Lodge’s Montanus, a mountaineer. This name was probably suggested either from Virgil (Æneid, VI, 763), where Silvius is represented as the posthumous son of Æneas; or from Livy (Hist., I, 3), who makes him son of Ascanius and grandson of Æneas. Both authors agree in saying that the name was derived from its bearer ‘having been born in a wood.’

16. WILLIAM is stated in Verstegan’s Restitution of Decay’d Intelligence to signify ‘gilden or golden helmet;’ it is, however, in modern times interpreted ‘the helmet of resolution.’

I. ROSALIND.—Rosalynde is the heroine of Lodge’s Euphues’ Golden Legacy. ‘Faire Rosalind’ had, however, at this time, acquired a fresh poetic fame as the object of Spenser’s attachment, celebrated in his Shephearde’s Calendar, 1579, and Colin Clouts Come Home Againe, 1595. ‘Of all the sweet feminine names compounded from Rosa, that of Rosa-linda seems to be the most elegant, and therefore most befitting that particular character of ideal beauty which the dramatist here assigns to his imaginary princess. In Shakespeare’s time the Spanish language and literature were ascendant in Europe, and were much more familiarly heard and read about the English court than in the present day. Few readers may now be aware that Rosalinda is, in truth, a Spanish name—the adjective lindo, or linda, having no complete synonym in English, but expressing lissom beauty in the more exalted, combined with the wintry sense—meaning, in short, exquisitely graceful.
beautiful and sweet. The analogy will at once be seen, which the image of the graceful rose bears to the exquisite spirit of Rosalind, no less than to her buoyant figure in all its blooming charms—George Fletcher's *Studies of Shakespeare*, p. 200. Ganymede, the name she assumes in her disguise as a forest youth, is that of 'Jove's own page' (I, iii, 127), the most beautiful of all mortals, son of Tros and Callirrhoe, chosen by Jupiter to be his cup-bearer, and to dwell among the gods as his chosen servant.

II. Celia bears the name of Alinda in Lodge's novel. Shakespeare judiciously gave her one more distinct from that of her loving and well-beloved cousin. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, in her *History of Christian Names*, I, p. 312, thinks that 'Célie and Celia have been occasionally adopted by the French and English, probably under some misty notion of a connection with Cælum, heaven.' The pseudonym which she assumes for her forest-life, Aliena, is Latin or Italian, and signifies another, or one alienated.

III. Phebe is a name of Artemis or Diana, a maiden-divinity unconquerable by love, the goddess of flocks and of the chase. The name is very appropriate to the rustic scorners of love, whose liking for Ganymede was as fruitless as that of her divine namesake's penchant for Endymion.

IV. Audrey is a vulgarisation of Ethelreda. St Ethelreda, the canonised virgin-abbess of Ely, whose day was celebrated in the old calendars on 23d June, was commonly called St Audrey. The showy, worthless necklaces worn by country girls in her honour were called St Audreys, and from this is derived the word tawdry, flimsy ornaments without grace or fitness. Audrey has suffered among actresses from this evil association, who usually represent her, though wrongly, as if ungainly in figure, awkward in gesture, and tawdry in dress.

[In the sixth volume of the magnificent folio *Shakespeare* edited by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, it is noted that 'the characters of Jacques, Le Beau, Touchstone, William, Audrey, and Sir Oliver Martext, are Shakespeare's own invention, or at least are not found in Lodge's *Rosalynde.*']
THE ARGUMENT.

A LONG time ago, when France was divided into provinces—or as they were then called, duchies—there reigned in one of these petty sovereignties a usurper, Duke Frederick, who had deposed and banished his brother, the lawful prince. The latter, with a few faithful followers, retired to the Forest of Arden, and there, in exile, lived a life of contemplation and ease, enjoying their free forest-life and the simplicity of their station after the fashion of the golden age.

Among the nobles of this province one of the most beloved had been Sir Rowland de Bois. At his death he left three sons, Oliver, the heir to the estate and title; Jacques, who was being educated for public life at the university; and Orlando, whom he had charged the heir to bring up as became his lineage and position. This, Oliver, who was of an avaricious and envious disposition, had long neglected, and at last refused to do, and a serious quarrel occurred between the two brothers, which resulted in the eldest resolving to rid himself by foul means of Orlando. Opportune for his evil purpose, it had been arranged to hold at the court some grand public games, and at these Charles, the Duke's wrestler, had challenged all comers. He had heard that young Orlando was inclined to enter the lists with him, and came to ask Oliver to dissuade him from this purpose, lest, as he was that day to wrestle for his credit, the young man should suffer injury at his hands. Oliver thought this was a good opportunity to effect his object, and he, pretending great sorrow, gave the wrestler to understand that it would be a favour to him were Orlando disabled or killed. Charles promised to give heed to what had been said. On the day appointed for the games, Celia, Duke Frederick's daughter, and her cousin, Rosalind, daughter of the banished Duke, were walking and talking on the lawn of the palace, when a nobleman of the court, named Le Beau, came to tell them of the wrestling-match, and that the place where they then were had been fixed on as that on which Orlando and Charles should engage in encounter. Duke Frederick, on account of the odds in the men, was unwilling that the trial should take place, and asked the ladies to advise the stripling to desist from the unequal strife. He courteously refused to do so, remarking that even at the worst, his life had been so wretched of late that he did not much care though it might then come to an end. The ladies, interested in the handsome youth, and symp-pathising with his early sorrows, gave him their good wishes, and the
match commenced. After some tugging and straining, Orlando managed to throw his antagonist heavily. He was stunned to speechlessness. Duke Frederick, astonished at his prowess and spirit, asked Orlando who he was. He replied he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois. Frederick knew that his father had been one of the most zealous supporters of the rights of the exiled Duke, and instead of rewarding him for his bravery, frowned on him for his descent. This excited the best feelings of Rosalind, and she presented him with a gold chain from her own neck to wear for her sake. He accepted the gift with modest thankfulness. Scarcely, however, had he done so, than Lord Le Beau kindly returned from Duke Frederick's suite to tell him that his master was fuming with impetuous rage, and that it would be better for him to depart from the neighbourhood. Orlando returned to his brother's house, but as he was approaching, a faithful old servant met him, told him he had overheard his brother Oliver plotting his death, and recommended him to keep out of the way. Orlando, quite taken by surprise, and having no present means of support, found himself in a most difficult position. Adam, the old servant, offered, though he was aged and worn, to follow and serve him, and to put at his disposal the savings he had gathered to bring comfort to his declining years. Orlando, pressed by necessity, accepted the gift and service, and resolved to seek his father's friend, the banished Duke, in his exile in Arden.

Duke Frederick, in the ill-humour of the time, excited by her interest in the son of his old enemy, and made uneasy lest by her popularity she should arouse fresh favour for her father's cause, banished Rosalind from his court and kingdom. She remonstrated, and Celia entreated, but Frederick was inexorable. On this Celia resolved to share the banishment of her cousin, and both planned a run-away journey to the Forest of Arden. For their greater safety in their travels, Rosalind proposed to equip herself as a young forester, taking the name of Ganymede; Celia smirched her face with umber, and donned the garb of a shepherdess. They took with them their jewels and their wealth, and they also induced Touchstone, the court clown, to accompany them in their flight. On the discovery that Celia as well as Rosalind had disappeared, the consternation felt at the court was great; and when it was known that Orlando had about the same time left the province, the wrath of Duke Frederick was intense, and fear began to quicken within him. He commanded Oliver, on penalty of forfeiture of his estate, which meanwhile he confiscated, to bring Orlando to the court; and he took immediate steps to provide himself with the means of resistance, should his brother be induced by these circumstances and the advice of his followers to seek to retrieve his crown and power. But the exiled Duke had found his woodland life more sweet than the painted pomp of station, and had no thought of reversing things as they were.

Orlando, after considerable travel, for he had to betake himself
to by-paths and unfrequented roads, at length reached the forest. But toil and hunger had overcome Adam. Orlando strove to cheer his good old servant, and drawing his sword, told him he would either find food for his famished follower, or be prevented by death from doing so. In his progress through the forest he came to a place where a feast had been spread for the exiled Duke and his nobles, and commanding them to forbear to eat till his necessities were ministered to, was told to lay aside his weapon and share the repast. Thanking them for their courtesy, he explained the condition of his servant, and went off to fetch him. Finding the old man faint and feeble, he carried him to the scene of the feast, and during the repast he revealed his birth, circumstances, and ill-fortune, to the Duke, who adopted him into the fellowship of his forest band. Here Orlando gave himself up to the passion of love he had conceived for Rosalind, wrote verses concerning her, carved her name upon the trees, and hung poems in her praise on their boughs.

Rosalind and Celia, accompanied by Touchstone, after long travel and much fatigue, had also meanwhile reached the forest, and, having fallen in with a shepherd of the district, from whom they learned that a cottage and a sheep-walk were to be sold, had purchased the sheep-cote fenced about with trees on the outskirts of Arden, and had betaken themselves to the humble life of the woodland and pasture. Here they found the poems of Orlando, and saw his engravings of Rosalind's name on the bark, and at last they met him. Rosalind was there, of course, in her forester's dress, and Celia was attired as a shepherdess, and though they recognised him, he did not know them. After a time, Ganymede proposed, since he was so much in love with the lady who inspired his verses, he should woo him as representing the lady, and so ease his troubled heart. He consented, and with great merriment Rosalind in her disguise listened to his praises of her beauty, and his vows of unalterable constancy. One day Orlando was returning from an interview with Ganymede to his service under the Duke in the forest, when he saw a man wearied and worn, sleeping in the wood, a snake being wreathed round his neck ready to sting him, and a hungry lioness under a bush's shade preparing to spring upon the sleeping man should he show signs of life by stirring. His presence frightened the serpent, and he gave battle to the lioness and slew her. The noise awoke the ragged wretch, and he was found to be Oliver, who had wandered in poverty and sorrow seeking his lost brother, fully repentant of his ill-usage of Orlando. The meeting was very affecting. Orlando led Oliver to the old Duke, who gave him fresh array and entertainment. When they went to their own tent, Orlando was about to dress himself to return to Ganymede; but he was severely wounded in the arm by the claws of the lioness, and could not go. He commissioned Oliver to take the napkin with which his arm had been bound, all bloody as it was, and give it to Ganymede with his excuses. On seeing the handkerchief, Rosalind
THE ARGUMENT.

fainted: explanations were given, and from this interview arose an intimacy which ended in Oliver and Celia forming a mutual affection. In the interval a shepherdess named Phebe, who was beloved by Silvius, conceived a passion for Rosalind, supposing her to be, as she seemed, a young forester. Rosalind counselled her to return the affection of Silvius, but she refusing, nursed her fruitless affection. Notwithstanding the raillery of a fantastically melancholy lord, Jacques, Touchstone, too, had taken a tender feeling towards a country girl called Audrey, and besought her in marriage. When Orlando recovered, and heard of the rapidly ripened affection of Oliver and Celia, his sorrow was intense, because he could not gain similar felicity with his beloved Rosalind. Ganymede, however, told him that her uncle was a clever magician, who had instructed her in several of the enchanter's arts; promised him that if he wished it, he too might be married to the mistress of his heart at the same time as his brother. She also told Phebe that she would marry her then, if she ever married any woman, if she would agree to give Silvius her love, should she not desire to accept of the love of such a young forester as she was. A certain day being fixed upon, the different parties interested came before the exiled Duke, and Ganymede asked him if, were his daughter restored to him, he should be willing to give her in marriage to Orlando. He replied, yes! She departed for a short time, and brought in with her Celia and a person personating Hymen. Presenting herself before her father and Orlando, she said, holding out a hand to each, 'To you I give myself, for I am yours.' To the former she said, 'I'll have no father if you be not he,' and to the latter, 'I'll have no husband if you be not he;' and turning to Phebe, she affirmed, 'I'll ne'er wed woman if you be not she.' After this all things were made ready for the different marriages of Oliver and Celia, Orlando and Rosalind, Phebe and Silvius, and Touchstone and Audrey, when Jacques de Bois craved an audience of the exiled Duke, and informed him that the usurper, while leading a force to Arden to make war upon his brother, had been met by an old religious man, by whom he was turned from his purpose, and was now resolved to end his days in monastic seclusion. He restored all that he had usurped to its lawful sovereign, gave up all forfeited estates to their proper owners, and desired peace and goodwill to all. This pleasing news enhanced the happiness of the whole company except the cynical Jacques, who, having scorned the world and its ways before, thought he would go and see the effects of this change upon the retired usurper, and learn what lessons of life he might from him as a convertite. The marriages were solemnised, in due time the Duke and his followers resumed their life at court, and every one seemed to settle into confirmed joy and felicity.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.

AMIENS, Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.

JAQUES, Lords attending upon Frederick.

ALEXANDER, a Courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, Duke Frederick’s Wrestler.

OLIVER, Duke Frederick’s Wrestler.

JAQUES, Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.

ORLANDO, Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.

ADAM, Servants to Oliver.

DENNIS, Servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.

CORIN, Shepherds.

SILVIUS, Shepherds.

WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.

CEILA, Daughter to Frederick.

PHÆBE, a Shepherdess.

AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, a Person representing Hymen, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies first near Oliver’s House; afterwards partly in the Usurper’s Court and partly in the Forest of Arden.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

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

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.  

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

[Adam retires.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?
Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 29

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir? Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard. 35

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

Oli. What, boy! Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 55

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. 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 gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my
teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

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

_Enter Dennis._

_Den._ Calls your worship?

_Oli._ Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

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

_Oli._ Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

_Enter Charles._

_Cha._ Good morrow to your worship.

_Oli._ 'Good morrow,' Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

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

_Oli._ Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

_Cha._ O 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.

_Oli._ Where will the old Duke live?

_Cha._ 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.

_Oli._ What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

_Cha._ 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. To-morrow, 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 honour, 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.

Oli. 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 laboured 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 practise 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 anatomise him to thee, as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, 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!

[Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gam-ster: 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 misprised: 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.
SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke’s Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest 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 hast been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would’st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

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

Cel. 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 honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr’ythee, 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 may’st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

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

Ros. 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.

Cel. ’Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune’s office to nature’s: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?
Enter Touchstone.

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. 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 dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour 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.

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

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. 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 honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. [to Celia] One that old Frederick, [to Rosalind] your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

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

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st 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.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

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

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.
Enter Le Beau.

_Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau._ What's the news?

_Le Beau._ Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

_Cel._ Sport! of what colour?

_Le Beau._ What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

_Ros._ As wit and fortune will.

_Touch._ Or as

The Destinies decree.

_Cel._ Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

_Touch._ Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

_Ros._ Thou losest thy old smell.

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

_Ros._ Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

_Cel._ Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

_Le Beau._ There comes an old man and his three sons,—

_Cel._ I could match this beginning with an old tale.

_Le Beau._ Three proper young men, of excellent growth
and presence, with bills on their necks,—

_Ros._ Be it known unto all men by these presents,—

_Le Beau._ The eldrest 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.

_Ros._ Alas!

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

_Le Beau._ Why, this that I speak of.

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

_Cel._ Or I, I promise thee.

_Ros._ 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.

_Cel._ Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and
it.
Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.
Ros. Is yonder the man?
Le Beau. Even he, madam.
Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.
Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?
Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.
Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. 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.
Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.
Duke F. Do so, I'll not be by. [Duke F. goes apart.
Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.
Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?
Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.
Cel. 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.
Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.
Orl. 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 is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.
Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.
Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.
Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!
Cel. Your heart’s desires be with you.
Cha. Come! where is this young gallant that is so desirous
to lie with his mother earth?
Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest
working.
Duke F. You shall try but one fall.
Cha. No; I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him
to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.
Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have
mocked me before: but come your ways.
Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by
the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.
Ros. O excellent young man!
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who
should down. [Charles is thrown. Shout.
Duke F. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well
breathed.
Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?
Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.
Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.
What is thy name, young man?
Orl. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland
de Bois.
Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem’d thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should’st have better pleas’d me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[Exeunt Duke F., Train, and Le Beau.
Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland’s son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father’s mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur’d.
Cel. 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 deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

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

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

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

Ros. 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 [aside] overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
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.

Orl. 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 banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd 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,
SC. II.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

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!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. 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:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!
Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one
should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without
any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full
of briers is this working day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holi-
day foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths our very
petticoats will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in
my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than my-
self.

Cel. O, 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?
Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.
Cel. 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.
Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger!

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Ros. 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;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord:
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor!
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. 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,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

_Duke F._ She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
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
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

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

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

[Exeunt _Duke F._ and Lords.

_Cel._ 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.
_Ros._ I have more cause.

_Cel._ Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

_Ros._ That he hath not.

_Cel._ No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? 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:
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.

_Ros._ Why, whither shall we go?

_Cel._ To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

_Ros._ Alas! what danger will it be to us,
_Maidens_ as we are, to travel forth so far?

_Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold._

_Cel._ 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.  

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

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?  
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,  
And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?  

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.  
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?  

Cel. 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  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go in we, content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment.  

__________________  

ACT II.  
SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.  

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress  
of Foresters.  

Duke S. 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?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference—as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
ACT II. SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery:—these are counsellors
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;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

_Ami._ Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
_Duke S._ Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

_1 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 banish'd you.
To-day, 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 sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus, the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

_Duke S._ But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

_1 Lord._ O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
_Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament_
As weariness do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then, being there alone,
Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends;
’Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company: anon, a careless herd,
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?
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
In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

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

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.

2 Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

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

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur’d of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, 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;
And, she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. 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;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

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SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

_Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting._

**Orl.** 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?
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 bony prizer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
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.
O, what a world is this, when, what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

**Orl.** Why, what's the matter?

**Adam.** O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
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
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.

**Orl.** Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

**Adam.** No matter whither, so you come not here.

**Orl.** What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

_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.

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

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

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

Enter Rosalind in boy’s clothes, Celia dressed like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits!

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

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

Celia. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather ‘bear with you’ than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I;
When I was at home I was in a better place;
But travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so,

Good Touchstone!—Look you, who comes here?

A young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew’st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess; for I have lov’d ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh’d upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
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. O, thou did’st then ne’er love so heartily:

If thou remember’st 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’ praise,
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved:

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! 

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

Touch. 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 batlet, and the cow's ugs that her pretty chapt
hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peasod
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.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

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

Touch. And mine:

But it grows something stale with me.

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

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

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

Ros. 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 oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. 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 sheepcote now,*
SC. IV.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

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.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

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

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

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

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
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.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

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

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more.

I can suck melancholy out of a song,

As a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to

sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me no-

thing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.  

Ami. 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 for you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: (But I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

**SONG.**

*All together here.*

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

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

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

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

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

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepared.  

([*Exeunt severally.*]
Enter Orlando and Adam.

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

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable: hold death awhile at the arm’s end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerily: and I will be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.}


Scene VII.—Another part of the Forest. A table set.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform’d into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

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

Duke S. 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.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

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

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i’ the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask’d him in the sun,
And rail’d on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre 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;
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,
My lungs began to crow like chantineer,
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 S.** What fool is this?

**Fag.** 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
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**Duke S.** Thou shalt have one.

**Fag.** 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,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled 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
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomised
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world:—

*If they will patiently receive my medicine.*
SC. VII.]  AS YOU LIKE IT. 77

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.
Faq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Faq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
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 neighbour?
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
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Faq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Faq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress:
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd 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;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

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

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall

force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table. 105

Orl. 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
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 look’d on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll’d 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:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword,

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll’d to church,
And sat at good men’s feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender’d:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister’d.

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

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

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! 135

[Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
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;
SC. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
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 honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin’d,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
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.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. 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.

SONG.

1.
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.

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.
II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
185
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember’d not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! etc.
190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland’s son,—
As you have whisper’d faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn’d and living in your face,—
195
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov’d your father. The residue of your fortune,
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. 200

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. 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:
Find out thy brother wheresoe’er he is:
10
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
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother’s mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. 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 expeditiously, and turn him going.
[Exeunt.
SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress’ name, that my full life doth sway.
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 witness’d everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd’s life, Master Touchstone?

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

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

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

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

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

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour 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.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

Touch. 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.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. 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.

Touch. 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.

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


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

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; I cannot see how thou shouldst 'scape.

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

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

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

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

Ros. Out, fool!
SC. II.]  AS YOU LIKE IT.  83

Touch. 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.
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,
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?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree. 100

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [reads.]1
Why should this a desert be?
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,
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,
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.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.
Ros. O most gentle pulpiter!—what tedious homily of love
have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried,
*Have patience, good people!* 142

Cel. How now! back, friends;—shepherd, go off a little.
Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat,
though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrip-
page.  
[Exeunt CORIN and TOUCH.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of
them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 150

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear them-
selves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the
verse.

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

Ros. 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 be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an
Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 160

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.

Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;
but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so
encounter. 168

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible!

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

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful won-
derful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all
hooping! 175

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am
caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my dis-
position? 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 mightst 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.

184
Cel. So you may have a man for your fellow.

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

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

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

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he 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.

Cel. 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.

Ros. 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?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms 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.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he,

Stretched along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight,

It well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
As You Like It

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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

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

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

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

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

Jaq. 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.

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

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

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

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

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaq.—Celia and Ros. come forward.]
Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?
Orl. Very well: what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is’t o’clock?
Orl. You should ask me what time o’ day; there’s no clock in the forest.
Ros. 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.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?
Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I will tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised; if the interim be but a se’nnight, time’s pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
Orl. Who ambles time withal?
Ros. 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.
Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?
Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
Orl. Who stays it still withal?
Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.
Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
Orl. Are you native of this place?
Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.
Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.
Ros. 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 offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

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

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

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

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

Ros. 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.

Orl. What were his marks?

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. 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
lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

_Orl._ Did you ever cure any so?

_Ros._ 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 colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour 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.

_Orl._ I would not be cured, youth.

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

_Orl._ Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

_Ros._ 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?

_Orl._ With all my heart, good youth.

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

_[Exeunt._

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SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

_Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a distance observing them._

_Touch._ 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?

_Aud._ Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

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

_Jaq._ O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house._

_[Aside._
Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor
a man's good wit seconded with the forward child under-
standing, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning
in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee
poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed
and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly: for the truest poetry is the most feign-
ing; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in
poetry it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

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

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swearest to me thou art honest;
now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst
feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for hon-
esty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [Aside.

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

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

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

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttish-
ness 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.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [Aside.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart,
stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the
wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is
said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many
a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well,
that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting.
Horns? Ever to 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
honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how
much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn
more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.
Enter Sir Oliver Martext.
Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?
Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.
Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Faq. [discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.
Touch. Good even, good Master 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.

Faq. Will you be married, motley?
Touch. 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.

Faq. 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 green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. 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. [Aside.

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

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married: we must not live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver!—Not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

But,—

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

[Exeunt FAQ., TOUCH., and AUD.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.
SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosl. Never talk to me; I will weep.
Celi. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider
that tears do not become a man.
Rosl. But have I not cause to weep?
Celi. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.
Rosl. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Celi. Something browner than Judas’s: marry, his kisses
are Judas’s own children.
Rosl. I’faith, his hair is of a good colour.
Celi. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only
colour.
Rosl. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of
holy bread.
Celi. 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.
Rosl. But why did he swear he would come this morning,
and comes not?
Celi. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
Rosl. Do you think so?
Celi. I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-
steealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave
as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.
Rosl. Not true in love?
Celi. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.
Rosl. You have heard him swear downright he was.
Celi. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no
stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the
confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest
on the Duke, your father.
Rosl. 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?
Celi. O, that’s a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks
brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely,
quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny
tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff
like a noble goose: but all’s brave that youth mounts and
folly guides.—Who comes here?
Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well, and what of him?

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

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I’ll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom’d sight of death makes hard,
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, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell’st me there is murder in mine eye:
’Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
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, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

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

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

Ros. [advancing.] And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
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?
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,
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
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
SC. V.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

95

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

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

_Ros._ He's fallen in love with your foulness, 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.—
Why look you so upon me?

_Phe._ For no ill-will I bear you.

_Ros._ I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come to our flock. [Exeunt Ros., Cel., and Cor.

_Phe._ Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

Wer ever lovd that lovd not at first sight?

_Sil._ Sweet Phebe,—

_Phe._ Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

_Sil._ Sweet Phebe, pity me.

_Phe._ Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

_Sil._ Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

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

_Phe._ Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

_Sil._ I would have you.

_Phe._ 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,
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 employ'd.

_Sil._ So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

_Phe._ Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Sil. 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.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, 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:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
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
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee.
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Faq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Faq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Faq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! 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.

Faq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. 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.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Faq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit Jaques.] 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.

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

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of a thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.
Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

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

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

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

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the
Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 94

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

Ros. 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.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. 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?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—Will you, Orlando,—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. 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.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled 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 dis-
posed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? 138
Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.
Orl. O, but she is wise.
Ros. 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.
Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt? 147
Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.
Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?
Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool. 155
Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.
Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!
Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.
Ros. 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?
Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 164
Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.
Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu! 174
Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu! [Exit ORLANDO.
Cel. You have simply misus'd 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.
Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst
SCENE I. AS YOU LIKE IT.

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.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. 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 every one’s eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I’ll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I’ll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I’ll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let’s present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer’s horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; ’tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that killed the deer? 10
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was acrest ere thou wast born.
Thy father’s father wore it;
And thy father bore it:
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burden.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn, 15
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta’en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look who comes here.
Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: [Giving a letter.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
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.

Ros. 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,
Wore man as rare as Phœnix. 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.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn’d into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour’d hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but ’twas her hands;
She has a huswife’s hand; but that’s no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man’s invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

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

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe’s cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.

Art thou god to shepherd turn’d,
That a maiden’s heart hath burn’d?  

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr’st thou with a woman’s heart?
SC. III.] AS YOU LIKE IT.

Did you ever hear such railing?

While the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

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?
While you chid me I did love;
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
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.

Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. 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 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.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years. The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both; And to that youth he calls his Rosalind He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he? Ros. I am: what must we understand by this? Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. 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, And, mark, what object did present itself! Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd 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 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself. Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unfix'd itself, And with indented glides did slip away Into a bush: under which bush's shade A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch, When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: This seen, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there, Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd 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 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?
SC. III.

ROSE. Was it you he rescued?

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

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

ROSE. But, for the bloody napkin?—

OLY. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath’d,
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,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp’d 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.

Brief, I recover’d 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,
Dy’d in his blood, unto the shepherd-youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CLEE. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

[ROSALIND FAINTS.

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

CLEE. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

OLY. Look, he recovers.

ROSE. I would I were at home.

CLEE. We’ll lead you thither:—

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

OLY. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?—

You lack a man’s heart.

ROSE. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think
this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—

OLY. This was not counterfeited; there is too great testimony
in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

ROSE. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLY. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a

ROSE. So I do: but, ’faith, I should have been a woman
by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosl. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman’s saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who ’tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. 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.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i’ the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—

and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
ACT V. SC. I.] AS YOU LIKE IT. 107

Touch. Why, thou say'st 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? 34

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. 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. 42

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female, —which in the common is woman,—which together is abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart. 54

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away! 58

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. 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?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty
of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say, with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thronical 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.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. 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 labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her:—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. 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 to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you. Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.


Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.


Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and obedience, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance;— And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To ROSALIND.

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

[To PHEBE.

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

Ros. Why! do you speak too,—Why blame you me to love you?

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

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; ’tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [to SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you [to PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you [to PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I’ll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [to ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [to SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [to ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I’ll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands. 111

Sil. I’ll not fail, if I live.

Nor I. Nor I. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. 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. Here come two of the banished Duke’s pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page We are for you: sit i’ the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into’t roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?
2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.
It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, etc.

III.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, etc.

IV.
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. 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.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

[To ORLANDO.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say you'll marry me if I be willing? [To PHEBE.
Phs. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phs. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[To SILVIUS.
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. 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 tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.
Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very
strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jag. 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.
Touch. 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.
Faq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Faq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. 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-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster:—

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool’s bolt, sir:—and such dulcet diseases—

Faq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier’s beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so, to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

Faq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Faq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one
of them thought but of an If; as If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker:—much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her.
Yea, brought her hither
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To Duke S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To Orlando
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind. 110
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love, adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [To Duke S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [To Orlando.
Nor e'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
[To Orlando and Rosalind.
You and you are heart in heart:
[To Oliver and Celia.
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:— [To Phebe.
You and you are sure together,
[To Touchstone and Audrey.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason, wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.
Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured;
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. [To Celia.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; 140
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine. [To Silvius.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;
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,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
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
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endure'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Faq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Faq. de B. He hath.
Faq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [to Duke S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—
You [to Orlando] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [to Oliver] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [to Silvius] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [to Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Faq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
{Exit.
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but
it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue.
If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a
good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use
good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of
good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither
a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf
of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore
to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and
I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please
you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to
women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates
them,—that between you and the women the play may please.
If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and
breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have
good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my
kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

{Exeunt.
NOTES.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

1. As I, etc. 'This fine natural opening, as if Adam and Orlando had been engaged in conversation previously, and we are introduced in medias res to their talk, has troubled the commentators, who, not recognising the art of the author, insist on furnishing, at the suggestion of Sir W. Blackstone, this incomplete sentence with a proper subject by introducing "he," meaning "my father," before "bequeathed"'—W. N. Lettsom, or 'charged E. A. Abbott.

2. Poor a thousand—a poor thousand, by inversion or hyperbaton.

5. School—the university. See Hamlet:

'For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg'—I, ii, 112, 113.

7. At home unkept. 'Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits'—Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, i, 2.


11. Manage—manège, exercise, disciplined training.

15. Courtenance—mode of treating me, carriage towards me.

16. Hinds. From Hina, A.S., a domestic. Labourers hired by the year for service in the home-work of the farm or estate.

17. Mines—undermines; saps by slow degrees, and destroys by secret means—Hamlet, III, iv, 148.

25-27. Make . . . mar—(1) Do, (2) be profitable for, produce; spoil. See a similar play upon words in Love's Labour's Lost:

'King. What makes treason here?
Costard. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither'—IV, iii, 190-193.


30. Be naught awhile—a peevish, minced oath,—mischief take you, plague on you, etc. Naught, (1) worthless (III, ii, 14), (2) wicked, (3) accursed—Prov. xx, 14; Isa. xli, 24; Lear, II, iv, 136.


37. Him—a contraction for 'he whom'—Antony and Cleopatra, III, i, 15; Coriolanus, V, vi, 5.
37-39. I know . . . to know me—I am aware . . . so recognise or acknowledge me.


39. Custom of nations. By the law of primogeniture, by which the eldest son of a family is regarded as its representative, the heir of the position, honours, estate, responsibilities, etc., of the father.

41. Tradition—old custom handed down from age to age—Richard II, III, ii, 173; Henry V, V, i, 74.

44. Reverence—title to respect, formal regard—Cymbeline:

"Reverence,

(That angel of the world) doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low"—IV, ii, 247-249.

45. Boy. This epithet used derisively rouses the fresh-felt manliness of Orlando.

46. Elder . . . young. This play upon words has more in it than meets the ear. Elder not only means 'one born before another,' but is also the name of the plant Sambucus, the elder-tree or alder-tree, the pith of which is large, light, and little worth. Hence the Host calls Dr Caius contemptuously 'my heart of elder' (Merry Wives of Windsor, II, iii, 3), as equal to 'faint-hearted one.' There was also a tradition that 'Judas was hanged on an elder' (Love's Labour's Lost, V, ii, 610), and from this it became suggestive of treachery and deceit. The phrase therefore signifies, 'My faint-hearted, deceitful firstborn brother, you are too young (you give me a title betokening rather fewer years than I have attained) in this epithet "boy!"

47-49. Villain—(1) wicked wretch, (2) worthless fellow, (3) person of low birth. 'The villain is, first, the serf or peasant, villanus, because attached to the villa or farm. He is, secondly, the peasant, who, it is taken for granted, will be churlish, selfish, dishonest, and generally of evil moral conditions, these having come to be assumed as always belonging to him, and to be permanently associated with his name by those who were at the springs of language. At the third step, nothing of the meaning which the etymology suggests, nothing of "villa" survives any longer; the peasant is quite dismissed, and the evil moral conditions of him who is called by this name alone remain. That they do so is witnessed by the fact that the name would now in this, its final stage, be applied as freely, if he deserved it, to peer as to peasant'—R. C. Trench's English Past and Present, lect. iv, p. 151.

52. Charged . . . education. See I, i, 3.

52. Exercises—courses of training; means of education.

53. Allottery—allotment, legacy, sum bequeathed—I, i, 2.

64. Buy. Equal to push, purchase, pursue; perhaps it should be try.
NOTES.

69. Offend—be a cause of trouble to—Ps. cxix, 165; Matt. v, 29.
75. Grow. Some commentators suggest growl, as if the reference were to Adam, but the context seems to refer to Orlando. Grow is a provincialism for swell, become sulky, murmur, repine.
76. Physic your rankness—cure your overgrowth; lessen the swelling of your insolence and pride. A.S., Ranc, strong in growth.
7b. Thousand crowns—I, i, 2.
83. 'Twill be a good way [to physic his rankness].
85. Worship. 'Honour vel honos, est reverentia alicui exhibita (Anglicè, worship)—Ortus Vocabulorum, 410, 1514.
86. New news at the new court. This is an indication of the recentness of the usurpation and of the unsettled state of things at the time, and artfully introduces the elements of the plot the audience requires to be put in possession of.
103. The Forest of Arden. In 1595 Spenser, in his Astrophel, a pastoral elegy on Sir Philip Sidney, says:

'It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came
Where store he heard to be of salvagae prey;
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Not famous Ardeyn nor fowle Arlo is'—90-96.

'Some grave critics,' says Dr Maginn, 'have discovered, as a great geographical fault in Shakespeare, that he introduces the tropical lion and serpent into Arden, which, it appears, they have ascertained to lie in some temperate zone. I wish them joy of their sagacity. Monsters more wonderful are to be found in that forest; for never yet, since water ran and tall tree bloomed, were there gathered together such a company as those who compose the dramatis persona of As You Like It. All the prodigies spawned by Africa, leonum arida nutrix, might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jacques'—Shakespeare Papers, p. 91.

'Shakespeare's Forest of Arden,' as Julia Kavanagh says, 'in whatever region his delightful fancy may have placed it, lives for ever, and lives for more than England.' . . . It is 'the world's inheritance.' When we remember the episode of Silvius and Phebe (III, v; V, ii and iv), we might easily fancy that they had been enchanted by the springs spoken of in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, of which the first English translation was issued by Sir John Harrington in 1597:

'Two fountains grew
Like in the taste, but in the effects unlike,
Placed in Ardena, each in other's view:
Who tastes the one, love's dart the heart doth strike;
Contrary of the other doth ensue,
Who drinks thereof their lovers shall mislike'—I, 78.
104. *A many.* This is now only a provincial form of speech; in modern usage the article is omitted. The corresponding phrase *a few,* however, still retains the article.

1b. *Merry men* was a ballad phrase for 'forest outlaws.'

105. *The old Robin Hood of England.* A famous outlaw, noted for his personal courage, generosity, humanity, skill in archery, and freedom of life. Various periods have been assigned as that in which 'the Sherwood forester' flourished, ranging from the time of Richard I to the close of the reign of Edward II. An interesting book, *Robin Hood; a collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant, relating to that celebrated English Outlaw,* was published by Joseph Ritson, 1795. In Professor Francis J. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads,* Vol. V, an able introduction recites and critically examines the various statements made and theories held regarding this legendary hero. In 1847 John Matthew Gutch published *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hood,* and has illustrated therein every ballad, tale, and song about him. The earliest literary notice of these poems occurs in *The Vision of Piers Ploughman,* 1355-1365, who mentions 'rhymes of Robin Hood;' and Mr Gutch quotes from the papers of the Dean of York, in the appendix to Thoresby's *Ducaus Leodiensis,* the following inscription found on a gravestone at a short distance from Kirkley Hall, Yorkshire:

> 'Hear undernead dis lait stean
> Lais Robert, Earl of Huntingtun,
> Near arcir der as hie sa geud,
> An pip cauld im Robin Heud;
> Sick outlaws as he an his men
> Vil England nivr see agen.
> Obit 24 Kal. Decembris, 1247.'

Drayton's lines regarding him have been truly verified:

> 'In this our spacious Isle, I think there is not one
> But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done
> Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Mush, the miller's son,
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.'

106, 107. *Fleet the time . . . in the golden world.* The chorus in Guarini's *Pastor Fido* thus describes the elysian life of this innocent time:

> 'O charming golden age! when milk the food
> Of guileless man, his cradle the wild wood.
> The fearless flocks then roamed 'midst pastures fair,
> Rejoicing in their youthful brood.
> The infant world feared then no snare,
> Nor sword nor baneful poison's force;
> No black and guilty thoughts had then begun
> To veil the light of the eternal sun,
> Nor stop with wicked deeds the happy course.
Which reason steers free from fell passion’s power.
But oh! these happy days are o’er!
The wandering pine now seeks a foreign shore.
That pompous name—that idle vain conceit,
Made up of titles, flattery, and deceit,
Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
In those blest days, o’er human minds
Had no control; but real happiness,
Which high-born souls can ne’er possess,
These happy souls by honest toil
Procured, nor did their hearts know guile,
Amidst their woods and fields they knew
No happiness save what from virtue grew.
Then sports and carols midst the brooks and plains
Kindled a lawful flame in nymphs and swains:
True love from real merit sprung,
The heart’s true thoughts were uttered by the tongue’—Act IV.

114. Young and tender. 1 Chron. xxii, 5; xxix, 1. 
143. Gamester—perhaps mettlesome, frolicsome, as in Henry VIII,
I, 4, 45; probably courageous, plucky fellow, one showing
game. A wrestler or ‘fighter is still called a gamester in
Somerset’—J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. 
151. Kindle . . . thither—infame . . . to this end.

SCENE II.

1. Rosalind. In 1601 appeared ‘the first essay of a new British
poet’ to which William Shakespeare contributed a dainty
little set of verses on The Phenix and the Tortle. This
poem was entitled ‘Love’s Martyr; or, Rosalind’s Complaint:
allegorically shadowing the truth of love, etc, now first
translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano,
by Robert Chester;’ and Thomas Newton, in 1604, issued
A Pleasant New Historie; or, a Fragrant New Posie made of
Three Flowers—Rosa, Rosalynde, and Rosemary.

2. Celia. In 1594 W. Percy published his Sonnets to the Fairest
Celia.’

4. Learn. The Anglo-Saxon Laeran meant to teach. In modern
usage, teach signifies to impart knowledge, learn to receive it.


27. Housewife Fortune from her wheel. Compare Antony and
Cleopatra:

‘Let me rail so high
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel’—IV, xiii, 44.

Allusion may here probably be made to the fine allegorical
picture of Fortune, and the fate of those who climb her
unsteady wheel, contained in the fifth canto of The King’s
Quair, composed by James I., King of Scotland, 1595–1631.
This wheel is not to be trusted,
46. Our whetstone, etc. Perhaps this phrase ought to be interpreted as a compliment to a contemporary, whom Shakespeare had used as 'our whetstone.' In 1586 The Enemie to Unthriftiness appeared. The second part of it consists of 'An Addition or Touchstone for the Times,' exposing the dangerous mischiefs that the dyning howses (commonly called), ordinarie tables, and other (like) sanctuaries of iniquitie do dayly breede within the bowelles of the famous cittie of London, by George Whetstone, gent.'

54-57. Swore by his honour... and yet was not the knight forsworn. Compare Richard III.:

'King Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Queen Eliz. Profaned, dishonoured, and the third usurped.
King Rich. I swear—
Queen Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blenished, pawned his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory:
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wronged'
—IV, iv, 366-372.

63. Swear by your beards. Rabelais makes Grandgousier say to Gargantua: 'By my beard I swear, that for one puncheon thou shalt have threescore pipes'—I, 13.

71. Old. Here Touchstone uses the freedom of his profession and says old, in ridicule of his new assumption of the duchedom. Steevens remarks that the epithet old 'is an unmeaning term of familiarity; it is still in use, and has no reference to age.' Theobald gave the reply which, in folio 1623, is set for Rosalind to Celia. We have restored it to Rosalind, and supposed Touchstone to give a jocular answer addressed first to Celia, and then explanatorily to Rosalind.

74. Taxation—slander, scandal. See Taxing, II, vii, 86.

86. Sport is to be pronounced affectedly, so as to resemble spot.

92. Laid on with a trowel. This is usually interpreted as 'coarsely done.' Steevens says, 'This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a glaring falsehood.' Dr Johnson supposes 'the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a light subject.' C. E. Moberly regards it as signifying 'well rounded off into a jingle.' From Celia's 'well said!' it seems to mean 'neatly done, applied aptly.'

94. Thy old smell. Holinshed says: 'The making of new gentlemen bred great strife sometimes among the Romans; I mean when those which were novi homines were more allowed of for their virtues newlie scene and shewed, than the old smell of ancient race latelie defaced,' etc.—Description of England, Chap. V. Rosalind banters Touchstone by taking 'rank,'
meaning own place, to signify true station in one sense, and strong-scented in another, and so employs this equivoque. See Hamlet:

‘Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven’—III, iii, 36.


105. Bills signify halberds, but Rosalind figures them as scrolls, labels, or advertisements, inscribed with this current legal formula.

106. Be it known, etc. Lord Campbell says: ‘This is the commencement of all deeds poll, which in Latin was Noverint universi per presentes, and suggests that Shakespeare may have introduced this allusion in order to show his contempt for Nash’s sarcasm against those who “left the trade of Noverint” to become players, and as playwrights produce “whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches,” in 1589’—Shakespeare’s Legal Acquirements, p. 40.

122. Broken music. Rosalind, likening the ribs to the strings of a harpsichord or virginal, speaks of them as ‘broken music,’ which ‘means the music of stringed instruments in contradistinction to those played by wind. The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of sound’—W. J. Chappell’s Popular Music of the Olden Times, Vol. I, p. 246. Shakespeare alludes to it in Henry V, V, ii; Troilus and Cressida, III, i, as well as here. S. W. Singer proposes to read set for see.

134. Crept. The use of this word artfully shows Duke Frederick’s suspicion of cunning and secrecy in those near him.

163. Graciously signifies both comely in features, and the object of loving regard.

172. Heart’s desires. Rom. x, 1.

180, 181. An you mean .... mocked me before. 1 Kings xx, 11.

224. A quintain, a mere lifeless block. In Strutt’s Sports and Pastimes of the English People we read that ‘tilting or combating at the quintain is certainly a military exercise of high antiquity, and antecedent, I doubt not, to the jousts and tournaments. The quintain originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen armed at.
all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators' (p. 104). In country places, however, playing at the quintain as a gymnastic exercise had been introduced, and in such localities it was often formed merely of a broad plank on one side, with a sandbag hung on the other; hence we find Owen Feltham, in the 'exposition of Ecclesiastes ii, 11,' appended to the eighth edition of his Resolves, 1661, saying: 'The highest contentments that the world can yield become to us like the country quintains: while we run upon them with a lusty speed, if we post not faster off than we at first came on, the bag of sand strikes us in the neck, and leaves us nothing but the blueness of our wounds to boast on.'

239. Humorous—capricious, inconstant in temper. See II, iii, 8.
244. Daughter... manners. Compare Jessica's saying:

'Though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners'

—Merchant of Venice, II, iii, 18, 19.

245. Smaller. The old copies read 'taller; 'lower' has been substituted in many editions. The lection lesser was suggested by James Spedding, and is justified by Rosalind's self-portraiture, I, iii, 110: 'I am more than common tall.'

260. From the smoke into the smother—a proverb, from bad to worse.

Scene III.

10. Child's father. Perhaps this phrase is best interpreted by regarding it as a sign of confusion of thought. Rosalind intends to say jokingly, 'for my father's child,' meaning herself, but thinking of Orlando as a suitable prospective husband, emits this hysteron proteron, putting the last word first, and then seeing how she has erred, makes the subsequent sighing observation, 'O how,' etc.

11. Briars—a prickly plant or shrub of the genus Rubus, including, in common acceptance, sweetbrier, brambles, and some beaths. By its name briar it seems to be connected with
Briareus, the Uranid, a huge monster with a hundred hands and fifty heads. It was a saying of Sir Henry Wotton, 1568-1639, that 'dependants and suitors are always the burs, and sometimes the briers of favourites.'

12. Burs—the fruit of the burdock (Arctium Lappa), from Gaelic Borr, to swell; Italian, Borra; French, Bourre, stuffing; 'round, like bullets or balls, which are rough all over and full of sharp crooking prickles, taking hold of men's garments as they pass by.'

27, 30. Dearly. 'Dear is used by Shakespeare in a double sense for beloved and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly 'beloved' is dear [Debr, precious], and 'hateful' is dere [Derian, to provoke; Daru, harm, injury]. Rosalind uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense'—Dr Johnson.

29. Chase—style of arguing, running from such a point to such another.

68-71. We still... inseparable. Compare Le Beau's saying, I, ii, 248, 249: 'Whose loves,' etc. See this idea beautifully elaborated in Midsummer Night's Dream, III, ii, 203-214.

107. Umber—a variety of the iron-ore called hematite, which, when roasted, becomes reddish brown, and is then used as a pigment or artists' colour. It was brought from Umbria in Italy, and hence its name.

112. Curile-axe—a short, crooked sword; French, coutelas, and variously spelled 'courtias,' 'courtias,' 'curlas,' etc., in English; now 'cutlass.'

120. Ganymede. This name, which is that used by Lodge, would not be the less acceptable to Shakespeare that it had acquired a fresh poetic interest in The Affectionate Shepherd, containing the complaint of Daphnis for the love of Ganymede, by Richard Barnfield, 1594.

132. Now go in we, content. This is the reading of the first folio, and means Now let us go in, contentedly; the second folio gives, 'Now go we in content,' signifying Now we proceed, without care; perhaps the reading, 'Now go in; we consent,' would give the author's meaning. Compare Kent's saying:

'Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here'—Lear, I, i, 184.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

5. Here feel we not the penalty of Adam. Theobald altered the not of the old folios into but, and this reading has been very generally adopted. We adhere to the author's reading, though, after Whittier and Charles Knight, we rearrange the punctuation. The ordinary readings put 'the penalty of Adam' and the seasons' difference into apposition. Ours
makes them independent nominatives. What is 'the penalty of Adam?' The reference is plainly to Gen. iii, 19, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' So Milton understood it:

'On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread: what harm! Idleness had been worse!
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, His timely care
Hath unbesought provided; and His hand
Clothed us, unworthy, pitying while He judged;
How much more—if we pray Him—will His ear
Be open, and His heart to pity incline,
And teach us, further, by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!'
—Paradise Lost, x, 1053-1063.

And Cowper coincides with him in this:

'See him [the thresher] sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.'
—The Task, I, 363-366.

While the Duke and his followers did 'flee the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world' (I, i, 106), they were of those who toil not;' for, under the happy reign of Saturn, according to Hesiod,

'Men lived like gods, with minds secure from care,
Away from toils and misery; then was not
Timid old age, but aye, in feet and hands
Equally strong, the banquet they enjoyed
From every ill remote. They died as if
O'ercome with sleep, and all good things were theirs.'

Aratus, Ovid, and Virgil give similar views of the unlaborious days of the golden age, when man contentedly

' Loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets'
—Amiens' Song, II, v, 36-38.

6. The seasons' difference, or the change of seasons, was felt by the foresters of Arden, as the Duke here says, and Amiens sings,

'Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather'
—II, v, 40-42;

and these became 'counsellors' that they were human. This, 'it must be remembered', as Charles Knight observes, 'was ordained before the Fall, and was in no respect a penalty.'

'The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit Winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial Summer’s heat . . .
    ‘To bring a change
Of seasons to each clime’
—Paradise Lost, x, 651-656; 677, 678.

6. As—such as, namely, or for instance.
12. Sweet are the uses of adversity. Practical lessons or advantages.
   Heb. xii, 5-8, 11; Job v, 17; Prov. iii, 11, 12.
    ‘Affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort’
—Winter’s Tale, V, iii, 76, 77.

14. A precious jewel. ‘There is founde in olde and great toades, a
stone, which they call Borax or stelon; it is most commonly
founde in the head of a hee-toade, of power to repulse
poysons, and it is a most sovereigne medicine for the stone’
—The Secrete Wonders of Nature, by Edward Fenton, 4to,
1569. This notion, as Malone suggests, is ‘rather a figure
of speech than a fact in natural history; and it is its eye,
proverbially fine, that is the precious jewel in its head.’

16, 17. ‘Tongues in trees,’ etc. In John Arrowsmith’s Armilla
Catechetica; or, a Chain of Principles wherein the chief Heads
of the Christian religion are asserted and improved, 1659
(p. 119), the following quotation is made from the Epistles of
St Bernard (107): ‘Aliquid amplius invenis in sylvas quam
in libris.’ Sir Philip Sidney, in his Arcadia, says: ‘Thus
both trees, and each thing else, be the books to a fancie’
(Book I, p. 81, 9th ed., 1638).

18. I would not change it. Mr Upton suggested that this line
should be given to the Duke; Dr Johnson approved of the
suggestion, and the editors of the Globe Shakespeare have
adopted it. Dr Maginn thinks Amiens, consentingly, speaks
‘the sentiments of all.’

22. It irks me—it gives me pain. This form is almost obsolete,
though ‘irkson’ is still in use.

23. Nativeburghers. Sir Philip Sidney called deer ‘the wild
burgesses of the wood;’ Lodge, in Rosalynde, uses ‘the citizens
of the wood;’ and in Drayton’s Polyolbion, 1613, we read:

    ‘Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
    And everywhere walked free, a burgess of the wood.’
—Song XVIII.

24. Forked heads—antlered horns. The brow antler appears in the
deer’s second year; the bay antler in the third; the tray
antler in the fourth; the crockets in the fifth; the beam antler
in the sixth.

38. The big round tears. Thomson in The Seasons appropriates
this phrase:

    ‘The big round tears run down his dappled face.’—Autumn, 43.
The supposed peculiarity of the stag to shed tears, noticed by so many poets, is due to the appearance of a remarkable glandular sinus or tear-pit, at the inner corner of each eye, close to the nose, but without any passage for tears at all. The moistened moving edges of this sinus, which is composed of a fold of skin, capable of being opened and shut at the will of the animal, have been mistaken for tears flowing from the stag’s eyes ‘down his innocent nose.’

44. Moralise—comment upon and draw a latent meaning from.
46. Needless—not ‘unnecessary,’ but ‘already plentifully supplied.’
48, 49. Thy sum ... too much. Compare 3 Henry VI, V, iv, 8, 9:

‘With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much.

50. Velout is the technical name for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth. It contains the nutritive vessels from which they derive their enlargement. Here ‘velvet’ seems to be equivalent to delicate.


Scene II.

7. Untreasured. Notice the poetical meaningness of this one word.
10. Hesperia. One of ‘the watchers of the golden apples.’ From Hesperus, vesper, the evening star; connected with the evening.
20. Quail—fail, relax, be wanting; as in Cymbeline, V, v, 149.

Scene III.

7. Fond—indiscreet, or foolish as.
8. Bony prizer—athletic wrestler, ‘giant of mighty bone,’ who spent his strength in seeking prizes for his exhibitions of power. Perhaps, however, prise or pryse was the technical term for a single bout of grappling, from taking hold to unloosing by fall or otherwise, and prizer would then signify wrestler.
15. Envenoms—exposes to envy, malice, hatred; excites wrath against—John xv, 18, 19.
23, 24. To burn the lodging ... and you within it. Perhaps this was a reminiscence of the mode of the death of Darnley, 10th February 1566-7, who was murdered in the house of Kirk o’ Fields, beside the city walls of Edinburgh, by the blowing up of the lodging in which he lay, and while he was within it.
27. Place, from the Welsh Plas, mansion-house, residence. There is, however, perhaps here an apophasis, or emotional interruption of the sentence, leaving the words, ‘for you to approach,’ unexpressed.
43, 44. Ravens . . . sparrow. Job xxxviii, 41; Ps. clxvii, 9; Matt. vi, 26; Luke xii, 24; Matt. x, 29, 31; Luke xii, 6, 7.
57. Service. Perhaps, as service occurs again in the next line, we should here read virtue; but Walker thinks Shakespeare may have written in the next line,

'When duty sweat for duty, not for meed.'

74. A week—by a week; a satirical expression for entirely. To be 'a week too late for the fair' is to be altogether so.

Scene IV.

1. O Jupiter! She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits; hence we speak of a person 'as jovial,' as being 'born under the planet Jupiter or Jove, which was the joyfulest star, and of the happiest augury of all'—Trench's Study of Words, p. 84. One of Randolph's plays is called Aristippos; or, The Jovial Philosopher, and one of Broome's The Jovial Crew; or, The Merry Beggars.

1b. Merr. Some editors take the spirit of irony out of this by inserting 'weary.'

5. The weaker vessel. 1 Peter iii, 7.

15. Touchstone. This word was having a run of fashion. In 1581 was issued Newton's Lemnie's Touchstone of Complexions; and in 1594 John Dickinson produced Arisbas, Euphues amidst his Slumbers: Decyphering a Myrror of Constancie, a Touchstone of Tried Affection, begun in Chaste Desires, ended in Chose Delights, etc. Its meaning is exemplified in Pericles:

'Thaisa. The fifth [shield's blazon] a hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides'—II, ii, 36, 38.

44. Ballet or batter—A broad, flat wooden instrument for beating coarse cloth or clothes while being washed.

47. Weeping tears. This strong pleonasm is taken from Rosader's sonnet in Lodge's Rosalynde:

'In sorrowes cell I laye me downe to sleepe,
But wakynge woes were jealous of mine eyes;
They made me watch and bend themselves to wepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice,' etc.

49. Mortal . . . mortal. The former from mortalis, liable to death; the latter from mort, a provincialism for 'a great quantity,' meaning egregious.

76. The way to heaven, etc. Matt. xxv, 35, 43; Rom. xii, 13; 1 Peter iv. 9.

94. Feeder—tender of the sheep. Walker suggests factor; that is, your gent in buying the farm; perhaps, the word ought
to be *Fedor* or *Fedary*, male representative undertaking the suit and service required by the superior from those holding lands in feudal tenure under him.

**SCENE V.**

16. *Stanzo . . . . stanzos.* Jacques makes merry over the new Italianated term, *Stanza*, which is a definite division in a metrical composition containing some certain sense, terminating with a rest or pause. The word is Italian, and signifies a stand or station. Stanzas were first introduced from Italian into French poetry about 1580, and thence transferred to English as the name of a group of lines in metre and rhyme forming a section of a poem.

23. *Dog-apes.* Halliwell says this signifies 'the dog-faced baboon, a species first described by Gesner, 1551, and Douce quotes from Glanville's *Bartolmeus De Proprietatibus Rerum*: 'Some be called *Cenophe*, and be like to a hound in the face, and in the body like to an *ape* (xviii, 96). The *Cynocephalus hamadryas*, or dog-faced baboon, is a native of Arabia, Persia, and the hill-lands of Abyssinia. It is often sculptured on the ancient monuments of Egypt.

27. *Cover*—set the table.

44. *Invention*—skill or ingenuity of imaginative creation, poetical power. So Shakespeare calls *Venus and Adonis* 'the first heir of my "invention;"' and the chorus in *Henry V*, i, cries:

'O for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.'

56. *Greek* is probably here used for *unintelligible*. 'It is all Greek to me,' is a folk-saying for incomprehensible jargon. See *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, where Casca says Cicero 'spoke Greek' (282), and when asked 'to what effect?' replies, 'It was Greek to me' (287). Hamner gave it as *Duc ad me*—Lead (him) to me; Steevens suggested that it was a provincial call to fowls; Stanton thinks it is 'mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion.' The word has a sort of likeness in sound to the Greek *Aekwva*—To show, to welcome; to drink to (in show of friendship).

58. *I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.* *Exod.* xii, 29.

This play 'turns upon two incidents, in each of which a *first-born* brother is mainly concerned, in the one as suffering, and in the other as doing injury. And the reflection, therefore, naturally presents itself to the moralising Jacques, that to be a first-born son is a piece of good fortune not to be coveted now, any more than it was in the days of Pharaoh when all the first-born of Egypt were cut off, but rather to be railed at'—*Shakespeare and the Bible*, by Charles Words-
worth, D.C.L. Dr Johnson says 'the first-born of Egypt is a proverbial expression for high-born persons.' Perhaps it would be more accordant with the cynicism of Jacques to regard the phrase as expressing 'all who are exposed to inevitable calamity.' 'He will not consent even to the kindly maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—"Of the dead let naught but good be spoken;" but will even rail at those who perished under the exemplary judgment of God, not on account of their own personal sins entirely, like the first-born of Egypt.'

59. His banquet is prepared. Esther v, 4, 5, 12.

SCENE VI.

2. Measure, etc. See Romeo and Juliet:
'Taking the measure of an unmade grave'—III, iii, 70.

SCENE VII.

6. Discord in the spheres. Alluding to the Pythagorean doctrine (see Aristotle's De Caelo, ii, 9) that the celestial spheres are separated from each other by intervals corresponding with the relative lengths of strings arranged to produce harmonies, and hence that they are 'for ever singing as they shine.'


39. Dry as the remainder biscuit. So Asper, in the prologue to Every Man out of his Humour, ridicules the 'gallant,' who

'Now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chewed,
He steeps in his own laughter'—74-76.

40. Places—a scholastic phrase for stock arguments, ideas, topics—Loci communes.
44. Only suit—single desire and fitting dress.
48. The wind. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'—John iii, 8.
49. Blow on—eject my humour on, as a blowfly (Musca carnaria) lodges its eggs in animal flesh, healthy or putrid, and it becomes fly-blown.

50, 51. Most galled . . . most must laugh. 'The very attempt to disguise embarrassment too often issues in a secondary and more marked embarrassment'—DE QUINCEY.

52. Parish church, the steeple of which, for the most part, forms a conspicuous and leading object in the district.

53-57. He that a fool . . . glances of the fool. Prov. xxvi, 4, 5,
'Theobald being conscious of a hitch in the sense, proposed "[Not to] seem senselesse" for "seeme senselesse." In this lead he has been usually followed, even by the Cambridge editors. Had they seized the correct notion of the passage, they would not have done so. Why does a fool do wisely
in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his foily, he puts the wise man "in a strait betwixt two"—(1) to put up with the smart of the bod [taunt, jeer, scoff, sauciness], without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so, which makes him feel foolish enough; or (2) to put up with the smart and dissemble it, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation, which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, i.e., If not (If he do not), his "folly is anatomised even by the squandering glances of the fool;" taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways'—Dr Ingleby, The Still Lion, p. 81.

56. Anatomised—laid as distinctly open as a thing dissected.

63. Counter. Jettons or counters were small, thin pieces of copper or brass, sometimes of silver or gold, used in calculations. They were originally struck at Nuremberg (see Snellings's Treatise on Jettons), but some were also produced in England under the successors of Henry VIII.

67. Embossed sores and headed evils. Compare, in King Lear:

"Thou art a boil,  
A plague sore, or embossed carbuncle  
In my corrupted blood"—II, iv, 226-228.

70-72. Why, who . . . of any man. Tieck has pointed out the close resemblance in the argument employed here, and that made use of by Asper in the prologue to Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, which was first acted in 1599:

'If any man chance to behold himself,  
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;  
For if he shame to have his follies known,  
First he should shame to act them; my strict hand  
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe  
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls  
As lick up every idle vanity.'

The same theme is ably extended in Massinger's Roman Actor, I, iv.

73. Weary very means. S. W. Singer's emendation is wearer's. The folio 1623 gives 'the wearie, verie meanes.' Pope gave very, very means; J. P. Collier's MS. corrector supplied very means of wear; Swyfen Jervis suggested the means, the very means; W. N. Lettsom, your bravery brings your means; and the editors of the Globe Shakespeare mark the line with an obelus as hopelessly corrupt. Dyce approves of Singer's rendering.

90. Cock—gamebird; fellow ready for fight.
96. Inland bred—a native of the Midlands. See III, ii, 314.
97. Nurture—education, breeding, manners. 'It is a point of nurturn or good maners, to salute them that you meete. Urbanitas est salutare obvios'—John Baret's An Alvearie, 1573.
110. Inaccessible. ‘If we take the word inaccessible literally, its use is here a blunder. Let us indulge it with a latitude of construction, and say it refers to the extreme thickness of the woods. Desert is almost as irreconcilable with accuracy, as it signifies an uninhabited barren waste. The meaning, however, is forest so impervious’—FRANCIS.

139. Wherein we play in. This ‘is,’ says Dr Maginn, ‘tautological. Wherein we play on, i.e., continue to play.’

1b. All the world’s a stage. This is a version of the motto of the Globe theatre—Totus mundus agit histrionem—‘all the world acts the player,’ contained in a fragment from Petronius Arbiter. It was a common apophthegm of Shakespeare’s times. In Withol’s Dictionary the phrase occurs thus: ‘The world is a stage, full of change every way; every man is a player;’ and in Damon and Pythias, 1571, we find it stated that

‘Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage
Wherein many play their parts’
—Hazlitt’s Dodsley’s Old Plays, Vol. IV, p. 32.

Erasmus, in his Encomium Moriae, the Praise of Folly, published 1511, as ‘first Englyshed by Sir Thomas Chaloner,’ uses the same figure: ‘All this life of mortall man, what is it else but a certaine kynde of stage-plate? Whereas men come fourthe disguised one in one arraie, another in another, eche playinge his parte, till at last the maker of the plaie, or bokebearer, causeth them to avoide the skaffolde, and yet sometyme meketh one man come in two or three times, with sundrie partes and apparyle, as who before represented a kynge, beinge clothed all in purpre, havinge no more but shifted hymselfe a little, should showe hymselfe agayne lyke a wobegon myser’—Sig. E, iii, edition 1549.

158. Pantaloon. Addison, in his Travels in Italy, informs us that ‘there are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage—the doctor, harlequin, pantaloone, and Covielo. . . . Pantaloon is generally an old cully [fool], and Covielo a sharper. The dress of pantaloon consisted of long close breeches, of which the stockings also formed a part, reaching from hench to heel.’

163-165. Last scene . . . mere oblivion. Compare Homer’s ἀγράφω γάρ ὁ Οδύσσης, Odyssey, XXIV, 250—sorrow-sickened old age; Terence’s ‘Senectus ipsa est morbus,’ Phormio, IV, i, 9; Eccles. xii, 1-8.

166. Sans teeth, etc. Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out that in La Henriade, by Sebastian Garnier, 1594, we have the similar line:

‘Sans pied, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,
Meurtri de toutes parts.’

(Sans foot, sans hands, sans nose, sans ears, sans eyes,
Deadened in every part.)
167. Venerable burthen. Suggestive of, if not suggested by

'Sacra, et sacra altera patrem
Fert humeris venerabile onus Cythereius heros'
—Ovid's Metam., xiii, 625.
('The Cytherean hero bears on his shoulders the sacred things,
And another sacred thing, his father, a venerable burden, brings."

178. Because thou art not seen. Warburton proposed sheen for 'seen;' Farmer, the heart's for 'thou art;' and Staunton foreseen for 'not seen;' but the Rev. John Hunter, M.A., interprets the text as it stands thus: 'It is not because thou art invisible, and canst do hurt in secret and with impunity, that thou bitest so keenly as thou dost'—regarding the expression "so keen" as meaning so keen as the tooth of ingratitude.

187. Warp—contract and shrivel (here by freezing; in III, iii, 75, by drought). In the Thesaurus Linguarium of George Hickes, D.D., the great Anglo-Saxon scholar, 1642-1715, the Saxon proverb 'Winter shall warp water' is quoted, showing that the meaning of this word here is 'weave into a firm texture.' Propertius uses the same simile:

'Africus, in glaciem frigore nectit aquas'—Elegies, IV, iii.
(The south-west wind warps the waters into ice by its chiliness.)

Every one who observes, in the congelation of water, the fine network appearance which the surface acquires in the process, must see the beauty of the phrase.


197. Good old man, etc. Here this fine, faithful, age-worn servant passes away from the scene, and, singularly enough, is never noticed or mentioned again, unless, as has been surmised, Shakespeare intended it to be understood that he, having retired from the world, and become a hermit, was 'the old religious man' (V, iv, 151), by whom the usurping Duke was converted. If this is not the case, Dr Johnson's remark becomes just, that the author has 'forgot old Adam, the servant of Sir Rowland de Bois, whose fidelity should have entitled him to some notice and reward, and whom Lodge, at the conclusion of his novel [Rosalynde], makes captain of the king's guard.'

ACT III.—SCENE I.

3. Argument of—stimulant to, or subject for.
17. An extent. Here Lord Campbell assures us that 'a deep technical knowledge of law is displayed.' The Duke awards
a writ of extent in 'the language which would be used by
the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer'—an ex-
tendi facias, applying to house and lands, as a fieri facias
would apply to goods and chattels, and a capias ad satisfaci-
endum to the person'—Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements,
p. 42.

SCENE II.

2. Thrice-crowned queen of night—Hecate, who is called Trivia
and Triformis (see Æneid, iv, 609). In Chapman's Hymn
to Cynthia, 1594, that goddess is addressed as

'Nature's bright eye-sight and the Night's fair soul,
That with thy triple forehead dost control
Earth, seas, and hell;'

and in Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, 1609, thus:

'And thou, three-formed star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline once, twice, and thrice the same'—163-166.

Mythologists call her the three-formed goddess, ruling on
earth as Diana, in the sky as Luna, in the underworld as
Proserpina.

'Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.'

'Proserpina, Luna, Diana terrifies, enlightens, rules
The nether and the upper world, wild beasts, with her sceptre, brightness,
and arrows.'

Medoro's prayer to Diana in the Orlando Furioso, which Sir
John Harrington translated into English heroical verse in
1591, might have been the original:

'O lady queen, who by our ancestors
Justly went worshipped by a triple name,
Who showeth in heaven, and earth, and hell thy powers
And beauteous face another and the same,' etc.
—Leigh Hunt's version.

10. Unexpresse for inexpressible—surpassing the power of speech
to describe. Milton adopts the word twice: (1) Ode to the
Nativity (116); (2) Lycidas (176).

29. Natural philosopher—a quibble on natural, a fool; natural,
self-taught; and natural, observant of nature. In the last
sense it may be regarded as an early indication of the course
of thought suggested in Bacon's Great Instauration of the
Sciences, published, in first draught, in The Dignitie and
Proficieince of Science, 1605; but certainly the theme of con-
versation among the more intelligent much earlier.

37-40. If thou . . . damnation. This is a jocular sortes, or string.
of syllogisms, in which the conclusion of each is made the
premise of the next, till the main conclusion is reached.

40. Parlous—a provincialism for perilous.
46. Instance—proof, example.
47. Still—constantly. Fells—hides.
50. Mutton—sheep.
55. Surgery—dips and embrocations used in rearing farm-stock.
57. Civet—French, Civette; Arabic, Zabad—a substance of a pale
yellow colour, of the consistency of honey, of an acrid taste,
but of a peculiarly aromatic odour. It is the product of two
small quadrupeds, the Viverra sibetha and the Viverra
civetata, one of which inhabits Asia, the other Africa.
59. Perpend—ponder; take note; receive with due consideration.
64. Raw—Ignorant, inexperienced, foolish.
83. Rank—jog-trot style of going; ‘riding-rhyme,’ sing-song.
98. False gallop—‘when the horse begins with the wrong foot’—
C. E. Moberly.
103. Medlar—the top-shaped fruit, resembling a pear, of the Mespilus
Germanica, a large shrub or small tree which grows in the
hedges and thickets of England, and is cultured in
gardens. Its fruit is harsh, even when ripe, and is not
regarded as eatable till it is bletted, and its tough pulp has
become soft and juicy by decay. It was a common Midland
Counties’ jest, used punningly for meddler. See Measure for
Measure, IV, iii, 184; Timon of Athens, IV, iii, 305.
126-137. Therefore Heaven . . . dearest prized. Compare the
Greek

‘Pandora, whom the gods
Endowed with all their gifts’—Paradise Lost, IV, 714;

and Ferdinand’s exclamation to ‘admired Miranda,’

‘But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature’s best’—The Tempest, III, i, 46-48.

130-133. Helen’s cheek . . . Lucretia’s modesty. The surpassing
beauty of feature for which Helena, daughter of Jupiter and
Leda, wife of Menelaus, and mother of Hermione, the cause
of the Trojan war, without the ‘blushless’ heart which Homer
(iii, 180) gives her; the regal dignity and stately demeanour
of Cleopatra, eldest daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, queen of
Egypt, who fascinated Julius Cæsar, and inveigled Mark
Antony; the brisk buoyancy of step for which Atalanta, the
Arcadian daughter of Iasion and Clymene, most swift-footed
of mortals, was noted; and the feminine purity of soul of
the grieved Lucrece, the heroine of Shakespeare’s own poem
bearing that title, 1594.

132. Atalanta’s better part. The phrase seems to be a suggestion
from Ovid’s saying concerning Atalanta:
135. *Synod*—Friendly deliberative assembly; now chiefly used as an ecclesiastical term.

140. *Pulpiter.* The folios here have Jupiter; but the correction adopted by us from the Cambridge edition, proposed by James Spedding, has received almost universal acceptance.

158. *Palm tree.* Mr J. P. Collier suggested that this should read *plane-tree*; but from William Bulleyn's *Booke of Compoundes*, 1562, we learn that among rustics the *willow* is called palm; for he speaks of 'the kaies or woolly knots growing upon *sallow*, commonly called *palmes*’ (p. 40). Palsgrave, writing in 1530, calls ‘palme, the yellow that groweth on wyllowes, chatton’—quoted by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

159, 160. *Be-rhymed . . . an Irish rat.* Rat-rhymes are even yet, we believe, used in Ireland for the removing of these prolific pests from one house and ‘billeting’ them on another. That *rhyme* had a specific effect on Irish rats, was a belief of the author’s time. Just at the close of his *Defence of Poesie*, 1575, Sir Philip Sidney says he would not wish the defamer of poetry ‘to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland’; and Ben Jonson, in his dialogue ‘in the author’s lodgings’ at the close of *The Poetaster*, says of his detractors:

> They know I dare
> Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats
> In drumming tunes;

while Azoetus, in Thomas Randolph’s *The Jealous Lovers*, threatens that

> ‘My poets
> Shall, with a satyre steeped in gall and vinegar,
> Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland’—*V*, 11.

159. *Pythagoras’ time.* Pythagoras of Samos, son of Mnesarchus, was born about 582 B.C. All that can be traced back with certainty to Pythagoras himself is the doctrine of metempsychosis and the institution of certain religious and moral regulations, and perhaps the commencement of speculations in mathematics and theology. The soul, he is said to have held, was chained to the body as a punishment, and dwelt in it as in a prison; according to the grade of moral character attained, it passed, when a thousand years had elapsed, into beasts, birds, and fishes. Ovid states his doctrine thus:

> ‘Death has no power the immortal soul to slay,
> That, when its present body turns to clay,
> Seeks a fresh home, and, with unminished might,
> Inspires another frame with life and light.’

—*Metamorphoses*, XV, 158-162.
166. **Friends to meet.** The proverb goes, ‘Friends may meet, but mountains never greet;’ but in Pliny’s *Natural History* (translated by Philemon Holland, 1601) there is an account of ‘two hills’ which moved by an earthquake, ‘encountered together, charging, as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retrying again with a most mightie noise’—Book II, c. 83.

178. **A South-sea of discovery.** Warburton suggested ‘a South-sea off discovery;’ Capell ‘a South-sea-off discovery.’ C. E. Moberly explains the phrase thus—‘As endless as a Pacific to discover a thing in.’ Howard Staunton asks if Rosalind means that, though ‘caparisoned as a man,’ she has so much of a woman’s curiosity in her disposition, that ‘one inch of delay’ would cause her to betray her sex. Charles Knight paraphrases it: ‘My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further, I have space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea.’ Dr C. M. Ingleby gives the following ingenious solution of the difficulty, after remarking that ‘the unfortunate association of “South-sea” with a supposed voyage of “discoverie,” affords, perhaps, some explanation of the fact that the central or leading notion has always been missed.’ ‘Here we have a tale of questions—*coup sur coup*—falling as thick as hail upon the devoted Celia.’ See how many things she is called upon to discover, and then say whether she has not incurred a laborious and vexatious duty by her delay in answering the first question! How plain it is that her *inch* of delay has cast her upon a South-sea—a vast and unexplored ocean—of discovery. The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why? Because Rosalind fills up the delay (increases it in fact) with fresh interrogations, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South-sea of questions”—*The Still Lion*, p. 80.

The South-sea, or Pacific Ocean, first became known to Europeans through Columbus, who heard of its existence from some of the natives of America. It was first seen by Balboa 29th September 1513, but was not traversed till eight years afterwards by Magellan. Its extent, limits, and the position and number of its islands, were little known in Shakespeare’s time. The second part of *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation made by Sea or over Land to the most remote and farthest distant corners of the Earth*, contains an account of voyages made to the south and south-east. The book was first published in 1589, and an enlarged edition was called for in three vols, 1598, 1599, and 1600; so that, as Dr Johnson remarks, ‘How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined.’ The phrase
may perhaps signify a vast unexplored ocean of voyage, marvel, and hopeful uncertainty, like the South-sea.

205. *Gargantua* (from Spanish, *Garganta*, the gullet), the guzzler, of whom many stories were prevalent among Celtic nations, was the first hero of Rabelais. He was a gigantic personage, who sucked the milk of ten nurses, could drink up the waters of a flowing river, and once swallowed five pilgrims with their palmers' staves, unconcernedly in a salad. An English translation of *Gargantua* appeared prior to 1575. 'In the books of the Stationers' Company for 1592 is found an entry of *Gargantua his Prophecie*; and in those for 1594, of *A Booke entituled the Historie of Gargantua*—J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

215, 216. *Jove's tree . . . fruitful*. A laughing allusion to Minerva's springing full-grown from Jupiter's head, seeing that the oak's acorn Celia spoke of was a full-grown lover.

223 *Holla!*—stop! *Curvets*—leaps frolicsomely.

226. *Burden*—refrain, undersong; from *Bourdon*, drone.

232. *I had as lief*, Anglo-Saxon, *Leofian*, to love; *Leof*, dear, beloved; I would have been as much pleased to. *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 95.

250. *Conned them out of rings*—learned them from the love-mottoes or posies engraved in rings, like 'Love me and leave me not,' 'Keep ruth and truth,' etc. *See Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 150.

252. *Right painted cloth*. Maxims taken from the cloth or canvas used as a cheap substitute for tapestry, with which walls were hung. Such wall-hangings were often covered with devices, allegorical pictures, verses, proverbs, and mottoes. *See* 

> 'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
> Shall by a painted cloth be held in awe'—*Lucrece*, 245, 246.

Falstaff's ragged regiment, is said to consist of 'slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth'—1 *Henry IV*, IV, ii, 28; Micropsychus in Randolph's *The Muses' Looking Glass*, 1633:

> 'I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall
> In painted cloth the story of the Prodigal'—III, i.

John Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Certain Travels of an Uncertain Journey*, 1653, says that in 'the Star,' at Rye, where he lodged,

> 'As upon my bed I musing lay,
> The chamber hanged with painted cloth, I found
> Myself with "sentences" beleaguered round.'

Of the 'sentences' or 'saws,' we have a specimen given not only in Taylor's rhymes, but earlier in *No Whipping, nor Tripping; but a kind Friendly Snipping*, published 1601, where we are invited to—
'Read what is written on the painted cloth:
Do no man wrong—Be good unto the poor—
Beware the mouse, the maggot, and the moth—
And—Ever have an eye upon the door,' etc.

275. Clock—from French, cloche; German, gloche; Dutch, kloche;
Swedish, klocka, a bell. Before the use of mechanical clocks,
dials, clepsydras, sand-glasses, and other horologues were
employed; and it was the custom to 'strike upon the bell' the
hours of the day. It is supposed that clocks were intro-
duced into England from the Low Countries, where this kind
of mechanism for the determination of time seems to have
inherited the name of the bell, which had formerly measured
time. It is probable that striking clocks were known in
Italy in the latter part of the thirteenth or the early portion
of the fourteenth century. The first clock at Bologna was
put up in 1356; Henri Vic, or de Wyck, a German, placed
a clock in the palace of Charles V, 1364; Rymer mentions
in his Fader that Edward III granted protection to three
Dutch 'horologiers' who had been invited from Delft to
England in 1368. In Chaucer's Nonne's Priest's Tale 'a
cok, hight Chaunteclere' is thus spoken of:

'Wel sikkerer was his crownyng in his lodge,
    Than is a clok or an abbaye orologe'—33, 34.

The oldest English clock extant is one of date 1540 in a
turret of Hampton Court Palace. Clocks, however, had
been greatly improved and become common in the time of
Elizabeth.

278. Sighing, etc. Compare Richard II—'Sighs, and tears, and
        groans, show minutes, times, and hours'—V, v, 57.

283-302. Time travels .... trots .... ambles .... gallops ....
stays. 'Rosalind refers to the comparative comfort and
discomfort, and not to the speed of the different gait which
she enumerates'—R. G. WHITE.

306, 307. Skirts .... fringe. James VI used to characterise his
kingdom of Fife—with its inland corn-fields and its active
commercial coast-towns—as 'an old grey garment with a
golden fringe.'

309. Coney (Cuniculus)—the rabbit; kindled (German, kindeln),
brought forth.

314. Inland. Brought up on the demesnes of the lord of the
manor, and so tinctured with the refinement of the superior,
his guests, retainers, etc.; opposed to outlandish, unrefined,
'rude in speech and manners,' as well as upland, rustic,
boorish, untrained. See this illustrated in 'The Fifth Eglog
of Alexander Barclay of the Cytizen and Uplondysman,
Imprinted at London, in Flete St., at the Signe of Sonne,
by Wynkyn de Worde, about 1514. Reprinted by the
Percy Society (vol. 22), 1847.'
314. Courtship—courtiers, the behaviour of court-bred men. See
Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels—'Your courtier elementary
is one but newly entered, or, as it were, in the alphabet... of courtship.'

322. Halfpence. The halfpence of Elizabeth's time were small
silver coins.


331. Quotidian—a daily-recurring illness like the ague. Milton
speaks of a wife of an incompatible disposition as 'a quotidi-
ian of sorrow and disappointment'—Doctrine and Discipline
of Divorce, II, 16.

343. Ungartered. Negligence in dress has, time out of mind, been
regarded as a sign of being deeply in love; and going un-
gartered, especially, was deemed a conclusive and infallible
mark of a subject of Cupid. See Two Gentlemen of Verona,
II, i, 79; Hamlet, II, i, 80. In How a Man may Choose a
Good Wife from a Bad, by Joshua Cooke (?), 1602, we have
these lines:

* Fuller.

I was once like thee
A sigher, melancholy humourist,
Crosser of arms, a goer without garters,
A hat-band hater, and a busk-point wearer,' etc.—I, iii, 20-22.
—Hazlitt's Dodsley's Old Plays, IX, p. 17.

346. Point-device—dainty and finical; up to the mark.
359. Merely—nothing else than; absolutely, altogether.

360. Dark house—place of confinement; not like our modern
lunatic asylums—light, airy, and comfortable, but dismal,
dreary, and depressing. See Comedy of Errors—'They
must be bound and laid in some dark room'—IV, iv, 97;
V, i, 237-253; also Twelfth Night, III, iv, 148-154; v,
349-351.

367. Moonish—languishing, sickly, and changeable.

378. Liver. 'Plato hath seated reason in the braine, anger in the
heart, lust in the liver'—Montaigne's Essays, Florio's version,
1603, p. 307.

384. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Francis, 'the dramatic
Censor,' suggests the insertion here of the words 'The more
so as thou hast strong traces of Rosalind's favour,' justified
by the lines:

'My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.'
—V, iv, 28, 29.

SCENE III.

3. Feature—appearance; but this court word was strange to
Audrey, and she, recollecting that feat meant deed or action,
takes it (like creature, scripture, etc.,) as an abstract noun for
actions, doings.
6. Capricious (from Caper, a goat, goatish) — capering, lusty. Goths, a quibble, as if goats.

7. Worse than Jove in a thatch’d house. ‘Shakespeare,’ says Francis, ‘the dramatic Censor,’ ‘seems fond of classical allusions, which is a presumptive, though by no means a positive, proof of erudition.’ The particular allusion here made is to Ovid’s story of Baucis and Philemon (Metamorphoses, VIII, 611-697), in which that poet shows how acceptable hospitality is to Heaven, and how sure of recompense from the gods. The same part of the story, ‘Jupiter huc, specie mortali . . . venit’ (626), is referred to in Much Ado About Nothing, II, i, 100:

‘My visor is Philemon’s roof; within the house is Jove.’

11. A great reckoning in a little room—an extravagant bill for mean entertainment, alluding to a French proverb, ‘The Rabelaisian quart d’heure.’ The wit of Minden said: ‘There is only one quarter of an hour in human life miserably spent—that between calling for the reckoning and the settling of it;’ and this is not lessened by being charged first-class prices in a less than ordinarily comfortable hostel.

27. A material fool. One with both wisdom and wit in him, and that of a substantial, not a flimsy sort.

32. Slut . . . foul. Slut—from the Danish, slet, a rag, an apron—came to mean a female careless of her personal appearance, dirty and untidy. Foul, from Saxon ful, originally signified defiled, disgraceful; but it is used here as equivalent to ‘not fair’ in line 28 above, or unattractive to the eye.

52. Defence—the noble art of self-defence, fencing, etc.

59, 60. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. So saith The Form of Solemnisation of Marriage: ‘Then shall the minister say, Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner. The minister, receiving the woman at her father’s or friend’s hands, shall cause the man with his right hand to take the woman by her right hand,’ etc.

84. O sweet Oliver. A Ballat of Swete Olyver, leave me not behind thee, was entered on the Stationers’ Registers, 1584-86.

Scene IV.

7. Browner than Judas’s [hair]. Judas, the betrayer, is always represented by the great painters with hair of the colour of bistre (a warm brown, as artists call it), in a dress of dingy yellow—bistre and yellow being the colours of treachery, ignominy, and aversion.

12. The touch of holy bread—the bread taken at the communion, sacramental bread.

14. Cast—left off as worn out; some read chaste.
32. Of what parentage I was. He had perceived 'in this shepherd boy some lively touches of his daughter's favour'—V, iv, 26.

SCENE V.

7. Dies and lives. The Cambridge edition records nine substitutes for this phrase. 'The simple fact is, that this phrase was a recognised *hysteron proteron*—Dr Ingleby. 'It means, of course, to make that thing a matter of life and death. The profession or calling of a man is that by which he dies and lives, i.e., by which he lives, and failing which he dies'—Dr Sebastian Evans.

23. Cicatrice and capable impressure. 'Cicatrice' is not here very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. 'Capable impressure,' hollow mark—Johnson.

77, 78. All the world . . . as he. See Shakespeare's Sonnets:

'Love's eye (ay) is not so true as all men's no'—148, 8.


101-103. To gleam . . . a scatter'd smile. Seemingly suggested, as Steevens notes, by *Ruth* ii, 15, 16.

107. Carlot. This, in the first folio, is printed in italics, as a proper name. It is a derivation from *carle*, a peasant.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

11. 'Emulation should be *emulative*, to make it agree with the other clauses of the sentence. "The scholar's melancholy" is not *pride*, nor the soldier's *ambition*, etc. The adjective is used throughout—fantastical, proud, ambitious, politic, nice'—Dr Maginn.

15. Simples—medicinal plants. Drayton says:

'Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures and which can kill'—Cynthia.

17. Often. Here used as an adjective, as in 'Thine often infirmities' (1 Tim. v, 25), not as now an adverb.

23-35. Yes, I have . . . Where have you been? 'Rosalind is a little vexed with Orlando for not keeping tryst. She sees him when he first comes in (line 26); but purposely does not look at him . . . He speaks, but she still . . . pretends to be absorbed in Jacques; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still . . . continues to talk to Jacques, till a curve in the path [as it were] takes him out of sight; then, turning, she seems to see Orlando for the first time, and
breaks upon him with, "Why, how now," etc.'—R. G. White.

34. *Swan in a gondola.* Visited Venice, then the most noted of wicked cities.

43. *Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant, etc.* As a sergeant, who has a warrant for the apprehension of a felon or debtor, touches his man. *See—*

'A fellow all in buff,
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys,' etc.—*Comedy of Errors*, IV, ii, 37-39;

and compare *Cymbeline*, V, iii, 78.

60. *Leer.* From Saxon, *Hleare; facies, form; vultus, countenance, look, features, or complexion.* See in *Titus Andronicus*, 'A young lad framed of another leer'—IV, ii, 119.

83. *Attorney—proxy,* substitute; 'representative or deputy [celui qui vient a tour d'autrui; qui alterius vices subit; Legatus, Vakeel']—LORD CAMPBELL. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, V, i, 100; *Richard III*, IV, iv, 127, 413; V, iii, 83.

85. *Troilus—son of Priam, king of Troy, and his wife, Hecuba. He was slain by Achilles, and is the hero of Shakespeare's mock-heroic play of *Troilus and Cressida.*

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds'—*Lucrece*, 1484, 1485.

88-92. *Leander . . . Hero of Sestos.* 'Hero and Leander, of whom divine Musæus sang, and a diviner muse than him, Kit Marlowe'—Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599. Marlowe's unfinished version of Musæus' 'Story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont'
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, i, 21, 22;

completed by George Chapman, was published in 1598. From this version Phebe quotes her 'saw of might' (III, v, 80). It is not at all improbable, however, that though 1598 is the earliest known extant edition of Marlowe's version, there were previous issues of the work; for we find among the entries in the Stationers' Registers the following: 'John Wolfe, Sept. 8th, 1593.—*A Booke entitled Hero and Leander, being an Amorous Poem devised by Christopher Marlow,*' This, John Wolfe was very likely to publish while the memory of Marlowe's death, 3d June 1593, was still fresh.

101. *Fridays.* As the day of the week on which Jesus Christ was crucified, Friday was appointed by the early Church as a day of strict voluntary abstinence and mortification of the flesh; and Rosalind means to say that even on fast-days love would make her hunger and thirst for Orlando.

113. *Will you.* The form in *The Office of Matrimony* is, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife,' etc. 'The man shall
answer, I will.' Then the woman having been given, the man shall say, 'I (M.) take thee (N.) to my wedded wife,' etc., and the woman shall say, 'I (N.) take thee (M.) to my wedded husband,' etc.

120. Commission—'certificate of the banns being thrice asked,' or special licence.

136. Laugh like a hyen. The *Hyana crocuta*, or spotted hyæna, a native of South Africa, called by the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope the tiger-wolf, besides its ordinary howling, utters a sign of gratified passion, which resembles hysterical laughter, and hence is sometimes called the laughing hyæna.

147. Wit, whither wilt? Compare I, ii, 48: 'Wit, whither wander you?' In *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, by John Taylor, among the names of such authors alphabetically recited, as are simply mentioned in this work, jocularly quoted, is 'Wit, Whither Wilt Thou?' Thomas Adams, in a sermon preached at St Paul's Cross, 7th March 1611, a third edition of which was published in 1614, said: 'Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua—power without policy is like a piece without powder; many a pope sings that common ballad of hell, "Ingenio perit qui miser, ipse meo:'

""Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me! My wit hath wrought my misery."—p. 39.

151. You shall never take her without her answer, etc. So said Chaucer. Proserpine hath promised:

'Now by my moder Ceres' soule I swere,
That I schal gyve hir suffizant answere,
And alle wimmen after for hir sake,
That though they be in any guilt i-take,
With face bold they schal themselves excuse,
And bere them down that woldë them accuse,
For lack of answere, noon of them schal dyen,
Ah, had a man seyn a thing with both his eyen,
Yet shall wymmen visage it hardily,
And wepe, and swere, and chide subtily,
So that ye men shall be as lewd as geese.'

—The Merchant's Tale, 1021-1031.

175. Time. 'Time tries all,' as the proverb says. Compare 'That old common arbitrator, Time'—*Troylus and Cressida*, IV, v, 225.

179. Nest—a delicate, lady-like hint of the proverb given by Lodge, 'Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne neste?' more commonly, 'It's an ill bird that files its own nest.'

182. An unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal. Perhaps this simile ought to be taken as a time-mark of the production of the play. The history of Portugal engaged a good deal of attention between 1578 and 1602. On 4th August 1578 the destructive battle of Alcazar—on which George Peele composed a play published in 1594—was fought, and Don Sebastian, the king, was lost on the field, and never subse-
quently reappeared, though his return, like that of Arthur's from Avalon, was long expected. In 1589, before the public excitement at the defeat of the Spanish Armada had subsided, a band of adventurers—21,000 men in 180 vessels—engaged in an expedition into Portugal under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, in which the Earl of Essex also had a share. Instead of returning with the spoils of victory, 11,000 persons perished; of the 1100 gentlemen volunteers, only 350 returned to their native country. They were engulfed in its unknown bottom. In the German play, Der Bezahlte Bruderwald, founded, it is believed, about 1598, on an early draught of Shakespeare's Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark suggests ironically to his uncle-father, 'Send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again.' In 1602 there appeared at London The True History of the late and lamentable Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, on which Philip Massinger founded his play, Belieue as you List—a drama only recently discovered and printed, whose title is a sort of echo of the play before us. A Portuguese Voyage is noticed also as a memorable thing in John Webster's Northward-Ho! published 1607, but acted some time before that date.

Scene II.

3. Like a Roman conqueror. In grand procession, with the spoils of his prowess carried before him, and his companions-in-arms following him as he passed onward in his embroidered robe, with a wreath of victory round his brows (line 5).

10. What shall he have, etc. Sir Thomas Elyot, in The Governor, 1531, says regarding the hunting of red deer and fallow: 'To them which in this huntynge do showe moste prowess and actyvyty, a garlande or some other lyke token to be given in sign of victory, and with a joyful manner to be broughte in the presence of hym that is chiefe of the company there, to receive condigne prayse for their good endeavour.'—Book I, chap. xviii.

Charles Knight says this song was set to music in Shakespeare's own time by John Hilton, bachelor of music of the University of Cambridge, organist of St Margaret's, Westminster, contributor to The Triumphs of Oriana, 1601, and editor of Catch that Catch can: a choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, etc., 1652. In the volume just named, this song, set to music, appears as a catch. In it, however, the words, 'Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,' do not appear, and this suggests that these words constitute a stage direction that the company shall sing him home in due style, while the rest either sing the chorus or carry the deer that was slain.
SC. III.]

NOTES. 147

SCENE III.

2. Much—spoken ironically, nothing of, not a shadow of.
17. Rare as Phænix—Unica semper avis.

‘In Arabia,
There is one tree, the phænix’ throne; one phænix
At this hour reigning there’—Tempest, III, iii, 22.

‘The phænix is always alone, and the only bird of its kind
in the world’—Paradin’s Heroic Devices, 1562.

22. Mason thinks this line is incomplete, and that we should read
‘Phebe did write it [with her own fair hand],’ and then
Rosalind’s reply follows more naturally.

25. A freestone-colour’d hand. Stratford-on-Avon is situated
on the Oolite strata which are much used in building, because
they are able to be worked freely or easily by the mason.
This, therefore, is a glover’s-son-like descriptive phrase for
a somewhat brownish-yellow hand, readily suggested to a
Warwickshire man.

69, 70. Made thee a tamed snake—charmed thee into a spiritless and
contemptible thing.

77. Bottom—dale or dell, glen or valley—Zech. i, 8.
86. Ripe Sister. Lettsom suggests a right forehead. The Rev. John
Hunter here ingeniously explains that Orlando reported that
‘the boy,’ ‘by stuffing out his bosom,’ had given ‘himself the
appearance of a girl of ripe age,’ and was full-breasted.

87. Browner, because smirched with umber—I, iii, 107.

92. Napkin. From the explanations given in Baret’s Alvearie and
Hutton’s Lexicon, 1583, of the words caesitium and sudarium,
we know that napkin and handkerchief were in Shakespeare’s
time used as synonyms.

100. Food in the first folio; but cud, on the suggestion of Sir Walter
Scott (in the ‘Introduction’ to Quentini Durward), has been
d deemed by Dyce, Staunton, etc., as idiomatic. Lev. xi, 4;
Deut. xiv, 7.

134. ’Twas I, but ’tis not I. Rom. vii, 15-23; Gal. v, 14-18, 24-26.

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ACT V.—SCENE I.

30, 31. The fool doth think . . . a fool. C. E. Moberly says this
is ‘the marrow of the Apologia Socratis condensed into a few
words. See Prov. xii, 15.’ Bishop Wordsworth asks, is
this saying ‘derived from 1 Cor. iii, 18? 

56. Rest you merry—a proverbial parody on the phrase Requiescat
in pace—rest you in peace.
NOTES.

SCENE II.

10. Estate. 'If a man,' says Blackstone, 'grants all his estate in C. to A. and his heirs, everything that he can possibly grant shall pass thereby.' 'Shakespeare's law expression is, as usual, accurate'—C. E. MOBERLY, M.A.

17. Fair sister. Here Oliver playfully sets against the term 'brother'—slyly indicating her knowledge of the 'sudden wooing' (6) and its results—these words applicable to Rosalind in her assumed character of a woman courted by his brother Orlando.

29. Thrasonical—boastful, blustering, resembling Thraso (θράσως, a braggart), a swaggering bully of a captain, one of the characters in the Eunuchus of Terence, who is full of himself, boastful of his valour, and the intimates he has gained by his bravery.

35. Incontinent—(1) Immediately, (2) unable to control themselves.

55. Magician. Derived through late Latin, Magicus, from Magnus, a wise man—one skilled in calling the secret powers of nature into action, supposed to be able to make spirits obey his will, and one therefore obnoxious to the acts passed against those who practised 'the arts of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantments, charms, conjurations, or magic,' January 1562-3, in the seventh year of the reign of Elizabeth, and brought under the ban of the Daemonologie of James VI, 1597, or made amenable to the fate of Dr Fian, a notable sorcerer who was burned at Edinburgh in January 1591 as the head of a conspiracy of two hundred enchanters to bewitch and drown his majesty James VI on his return from Denmark in 1590: founded on the texts Ex. xxii, 18; Deut. xviii, 10-12, as then interpreted.

88-90. Obedience . . . observance. In the first folio, 1623, the word observance closes both these lines, most likely, in one or other, in error. Various endeavours have been made to supply a suitable change. Malone proposed obedience in the latter, Collier in the former line. This has been, as nearer the original script, subsequently altered to obeisance; subservience has been proposed for the former, and S. W. Singer alters the latter into endurance.

SCENE III.

4. A woman of the world—a popular phrase, derived from pre-Reformation times, when nuns, renouncing the world and the world's ways and joys, were regarded as Heaven's favourites, and, founding on 1 Cor. vii, married women were scorned as worldlings. Compare Beatrice's saying:

'Thus every one goes to the world but I.'

—Much Ado About Nothing, II, i, 39.
33. The ditty. Latin Dictum, the thing said, the words of a song.

**SCENE IV.**

4. As those that fear they hope, and know they fear—Folio 1623.
   'As those that fear their hope, and know their fear'—HEATH.
   'As those that fear to hope, and know they fear'
   —J. P. COLLIER'S MS.
   'As those that fear their hope, and hope their fear'
   —W. N. LETTSOM.

The above are the three best, in our opinion, of the round dozen of endeavours made to amend this line. S. W. Singer quotes the following explanation as given by a friend: 'As those who are alarmed at their own tendency to be sanguine (fear that they are harbouring secret hopes which will lead to disappointment), and are quite aware that they fear, hope and fear alternating, they are not quite certain whether they hope, but fear they do. They fear, because to hope is imprudent; they are quite certain that they fear'—Shakespeare Vindicated, p. 43.

35, 36. Flood . . . . couples . . . . ark. The clean beasts went into the ark by sevens, the unclean by twos. Gen. vii. 2.

43. Trod a measure. Measures were performed at court, and at the public entertainments of the societies of Law and Equity, at their halls, on special occasions. Measures, although they originally seem to have meant any dance which kept due time to music, as Sir John Davies says—'Dancing is moving all in measure,'—came to signify stately, slow, sweeping dances, something like our modern minuets; for—

   'As men more civil grew,
   He [Love] did more grave and solemn measures frame,
   With such faire order and proportion true
   And correspondence every way the same,
   That no fault-finding eye did ever blame [65].

   Yet all the feet whereon these measures goe
   Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slowe' [66]
—Orchestra: or, a Poem on Dauncing, by Sir John Davies, 1596.

52. I desire you of the like. This is a phrase which, quibbling on the 'like' of Jacques and the Duke, signifies, 'I return you the compliment.'

58. Pearl in your foul oyster. The pearl-oyster (Avicula or Meleagrina margaritifera) is too rank and coarse to be eaten. Its pearls are generally, if not always, produced by eggs which have become abortive, and which remain in the molluse instead of being ejected into the sea; thus 'pearls, though esteemed,' as Sir John Hill says, 'of the number of gems by
our jewellers, are but [the results of] a distemper in the creature producing them, being a morbid secretion by which the animal coats over, in defence of its health, any intrusive or unwholesome matter which it cannot remove, and which would injure its tender body if left rough and uncovered. As the peculiar secretion by which it smoothens all that is to come into contact with it goes on regularly to supply the growth and wear of the shell, the unextruded body constantly gets its share too, and hence increases in size till it becomes a valuable and ornamental gem. Linnaeus suggested to the Swedish government a means of producing pearls in the mollusca by inserting grains of sand in the inside of their shells; and the Chinese practise on their Unio hyria, a freshwater mussel, a similar method of producing pearls.

70. Quip is defined in Lyly’s Alexander and Campaspe, 1582, as ‘a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.’ It is generally a quid pro quo, a return scoff, banter, taunt, or sarcasm; hence Sir Henry Sidney, in a letter to his son, Sir Philip Sidney, remarks: ‘I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, that they will rather lose their friend than their scoff.’ Quips were greatly in fashion in those days, thus we have Greene’s Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592, and Quips for Upstart New-fangled Gentlemen, by Stephen Gosson, 1595.

83. We quarrel in print by the book. The particular ‘book’ here referred to is supposed to be one published by an Italian dancing-master, patronised by the Earl of Essex, to whom the work is dedicated. It is entitled Vicentio Saviolo, his Practise, In two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the rapier and dagger. The second of honor and honorable quarrels. Both interlaced with sundrie pleasant discourses, not unfit for all gentlemen and captains that profess arms. At London, Printed for William Mattes, etc., 1595.’ The second book, however, has a separate preface, which bears the date 1594, so that it may have been previously published. The closeness and pertinency of the reference may be seen from the following quotation of the contents of the several chapters of this ‘discourse,’ as the author describes it, ‘most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honors, touching the giving and receiving of the lie, whereupon the duello and the combats in divers sortes doth insue, and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor and the contrarie; and the right understanding of wordes,—viz., I. What the reason is, that the partie unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger; and of the nature of lies. II. Of the manner and diversitie of lies. III. Of lies certaine. IV. Of conditional lyes. V. Of the lye in general. VI. Of the lye in particular. VII. Of foolish lyes. VIII. A conclusion touching the
challenger and the defender, and of the wrestling and returning back of the lye or dementie.' In Chap. IV. 'Of conditional lies,' Saviolo remarks: 'Conditional lyes be such as are given conditionally; as if a man should saie or write these wordes—If thou hast saide that I have offerde my lorde abuse, thou lyest; or if thou saiest so hereafter, thou shalt lye. . . . Of these kind of lyes given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes . . . whereof no sure conclusion can arise;' so showing that there is 'much virtue in If' (V, iv, 94). This subject was of public interest in those days, and other books, according to which men might 'quarrel in print,' were extant, such as 'The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell and the Nature of Injuries, with their Repulses.' London: Printed by Richard Jhones, 1590, 4to, which was dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, and is attributed to Sir William Segar, author of Honor, Military and Civil, 1602.

84. Books for good manners. Of these there were a great number extant in Shakespeare's time. A Boke Named and Intytled Good Maners was issued by Wynkyn de Worde, 1507. The Schoole of Vertue and Booke of Goode Nurture for Children and Youth to Learne theyre Dutie by, by F[ancis] S[eager], was printed by Wylyyam Seres at London, 1557. In the Stationers' Registers, 1576, there is an entry of A Booke intituled how a Yonge Gentleman may behave in all Companies; and in the same year there issued from the press the 'Galatæo of Maister John Della Casa, Archbishop of Beneventa; or rather a Treatise of the Maners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to use and escheue in his Familiar Conversation. . . . First written in the Italian tongue, and now done into English by Robert Peterson, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman.' In the year 1577, Hugh Rhodes wrote and had printed The Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners for Men, Servants, and Children; and 'The Ciuile Conversation of M. Stephen Guasso, showing the fruits that may be reaped by Conversation, and Teaching to know Good Companie from Ill—the Manner of Conversation meete for all persons, Gentlemen and Yeomen, Princes, Learned and Unlearned; translated out of French by G. Petti, author of The Palace of Pleasure,' was issued in 1586.

98. Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind; and Celia. Here it is probable Rosalind should enter attired as a woman, so that in 'sight and shape' she may be known to all. Yet the garment should be so put on that at the close of the play, and while repeating the first sentence of the epilogue—'It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue'—the dress may be thrown off. It is to be remembered that ladies' characters were in Shakespeare's time performed by boys. The introduction of this poetic masque is part of the deviceful
magic of Rosalind, and the verses Hymen sings must be regarded as her composition, even to the consummated ‘wedlock hymn,’ in which the ‘blessed bond’ on which the family relationship rests is ‘honoured’ with love-inspired sweetness.

99, 101. Then is there mirth . . . alone together. Luke xv, 7, 10; Acts vii, 26. At one, alone, come into communion, are reconciled and harmonised.

129. Questioning—conversation in which query and reply abound. See III, iv, 31.

140. Eat my word—draw back from the fulfilment of my promise.

151, 152. Meeting . . . was converted. ‘By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper [“Duke Frederick”] and the hermit [“an old religious man”], and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers’—DR. JOHNSON. This lesson would probably have enforced the importance of the texts, Prov. x, 12; Luke vi, 31; and Matt. viii, 12.

163. Every is here used as a pronoun—each of all taken individually.

203. The play may please. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, in his great folio Shakespeare, Vol. VI, p. 71, notes that in Richard Brathwaite’s Barnabe’s Journall, 1648-50, ‘As You Like It is spoken of as a common provincial saying; this may have arisen from the popularity of this play, which even as early as 1615 appears to have found its way into the hands of Cervantes, the second part of whose Don Quixote bears several traces of the influence of As You Like It.’

That ‘the play may please,’ Shakespeare has exerted all the art of the dramatist, and all the skill of a cultured moralist. He shows in it that love is a transforming power—a purifying influence, a restoring agency, a calmer of troubled thoughts, a healer of stricken hearts, a harmoniser of disturbed lives, an elevator of the moral nature, and a quickener of every social sympathy—the very essence of human happiness. By the sweet reformatory presence of that love which ‘doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,’ we see evil disarmed and goodness triumphant; and it is made patent to the eye and to the heart that love is the law of life, obedience to which results in ‘true delights’ to those who follow the precept—Do to others As You Like It done to you.
QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

ACT I.

What was the condition of the family of Sir Rowland de Bois at the commencement of this play?
Describe the course the quarrel between Oliver and Orlando took.
What was the condition of the reigning Duke and his family at the commencement of this play?
Describe the wrestling at the court.
What changes did this wrestling occasion in Rosalind?
Of what crime did the Duke accuse Rosalind, and what punishment did he inflict on her?
How did Celia act in these circumstances?
What is the meaning of the terms 'school,' 'manage,' 'hinds,' 'make,' 'mar,' 'tradition,' 'villain,' 'offend,' 'gamester,' 'learn,' 'taxation,' 'bills,' 'humorous,' 'briers,' 'burs,' 'chase,' 'umber,' 'curtle-axe?'
What do the following phrases mean, viz., 'Be naught,' 'courtesy of nations,' 'physic your rankness,' 'merry men,' 'laid on with a trowel,' 'broken music?'
Quote five passages from Scripture illustrating Act I of this play.
Were the names adopted by Rosalind and Celia in their exile appropriate, and why?
Quote five beautiful passages from Act I.
What were the characteristics of the times (1) of 'Robin Hood,' (2) of 'the golden age?'

ACT II.

How was the Duke affected when he heard of the departure of Celia and Rosalind?
Under what circumstances, and from what cause, did Orlando leave his brother's house?
How did the reigning Duke act in regard to Orlando?  
In what condition did Rosalind and her companion reach the Forest of Arden?  
How did they get on when there?  
In what condition did Orlando get to the forest, and what did he do when there?  
How was he received by 'the exiled Duke' and his followers?  
What is meant by the following phrases, viz., 'The penalty of Adam,' 'the seasons' difference,' 'the bony prizer,' 'the weaker vessel,' 'the firstborn of Egypt,' 'inland bred'?  
What do the following words signify: 'Heedless,' 'velvet,' 'envenoms,' 'place,' 'mortal,' 'stanzo,' 'invention,' 'cover,' 'anatomised,' 'Greek,' 'pantaloons,' 'warp'?  
Quote four passages of Scripture alluded to in Act II.  
Quote four beautiful passages from Act II.  
Quote three parallels from other poets illustrating passages in Act II.  
Quote any three classical allusions occurring in Act II.

ACT III.

How did Duke Frederick act when he heard of Oliver's usage of Orlando?  
How was Orlando meanwhile engaged?  
What discovery did Rosalind and Celia make in the forest?  
What caused Rosalind's embarrassment on hearing of Orlando's presence in the forest?  
How did Rosalind act during her first interview with Orlando in the forest?  
Who was Audrey, and who were her lovers?  
How did Jacques conduct himself in the forest?  
How did Touchstone and Jacques get on when they met?  
Describe 'the proud, disdainful shepherdess,' Phebe.  
Describe 'the pageant' of love between her and Silvius which Rosalind witnessed, and the part Rosalind took in it.  
How did Phebe resolve to act towards Rosalind?  
Give the signification of the following terms: 'Unexpressive,' 'instance,' 'burden,' 'kindled,' 'courtship,' 'quotidian.'  
Explain the following phrases: 'Right painted cloth,' 'worse than Jove in a thatched house,' 'dies and lives,' 'point-device,' 'dark house,' 'ungartered,' 'feature.'  
Quote and explain (1) six classical and (2) four Scriptural allusions in Act III.  
What references are made to (1) Pythagoras, (2) Judas, and (3) any of the works of Rabelais in Act III?  
Explain 'civet,' 'coney,' 'medlar,' 'palm-tree,' 'South Sea of discovery.'  
What opinion of Plato is referred to in Act III?
ACT IV.

Describe a pageant of love as performed in the forest between Rosalind and Orlando.
How may Rosalind's neglect to reply to Orlando's address (i, 27) be explained?
What did Celia think of the performance?
How did the foresters treat 'him that killed the deer?'
How did Phebe's 'device' work on Rosalind?
What had happened to Oliver since Orlando left his house?
How came he to know Rosalind and Celia?
How did Oliver describe himself as a 'convertite?'
How did Rosalind receive his narration?
Is there any reason for supposing that Oliver had discovered Rosalind's sex?
What references are made to Marlowe in this play?
Give the meaning of 'simples,' 'leer,' 'attorney,' 'bottom,' 'swam in a gondola,' 'rare as Phoenix,' 'freestone-coloured,' 'by and by.'
Quote (1) three Scriptural, (2) three classical, and (3) three proverbial allusions made in Act IV, and explain each of them.
Quote four beautiful passages from Act IV.
State any 'various readings' in Act IV deserving of consideration.

ACT V.

Describe Touchstone's dealing with William?
Explain 'thrasonical,' 'woman of the world,' 'ditty,' 'quip,' 'questioning,' 'eat my word.'
What references are made to books in Act V?
What evidences of having been a courtier does Touchstone give?
What Scripture references are made use of in Act V?
What sudden change took place in Duke Frederick?
Show from the play the applicability of Marlowe's 'saw of might' to the characters in it.
How did Orlando and Oliver settle regarding Celia?
What arrangement did Rosalind propose for Orlando's happiness?
How did Rosalind and Phebe get on with Silvius?
How had Rosalind acted to her father when she conversed with him in the forest?
Describe the life of the exiled Duke in Arden.
What proposals did Rosalind get agreed to in the forest?
How did she satisfy the conditions of her threefold bargain?
Give some examples of Touchstone's 'courtiership.'
What tale did Jacques de Bois bring to the forest?
How did the whole affair come to a happy conclusion?
GENERAL QUESTIONS.

Describe life in the Forest of Arden.
What texts of Scripture may this play be regarded as illustrating?
How may the name of the drama be accounted for?
On what poem are the adventures of Orlando founded?
In what novel do we find the forest adventures of Rosalind and Celia narrated?
By what poems might the episode of Phebe and Silvius have been suggested?
With what books on 'honour' and 'good manners' may Shakespeare have been acquainted?
What 'proverb' is quoted in the epilogue?
What characters in this play are similar to those in (1) The Cōke's Tale of Gamelyn, (2) Rosalynde?
What characters are there in As You Like It which do not appear in these sources?
Give the derivation of (1) four names of male characters, and (2) three of female ones used in this play.
In what books had any of these names been used previously?
In what places may the scene of this play be supposed to occur?
Give an outline of the geography of (1) Arden, (2) 'Arden.'
What poetical licences does Shakespeare use regarding his Forest of Arden?
Quote from this play three references to historical events.
Quote four references to ancient mythology from this play.
At what time may this play have been written?
When may the plot be supposed to have occurred?
Give, in outline, the argument of As You Like It.
Write a sketch of the life of Orlando.
Compare the characters and careers of Rosalind and Celia.
Compare the wit of Jacques and Touchstone.
Write an estimate (1) of Adam, (2) of Corin, as servants.
Give a brief sketch of the reign of (1) 'Duke Frederick,' (2) of 'the old Duke.'
Quote three examples of sorites from this play.
Explain any six 'forest terms' occurring in this play.
What statements are made concerning deer in this play?
Describe the 'mock' marriage scenes between (1) Rosalind and Orlando, (2) Touchstone and Audrey.
Explain any four scientific facts alluded to in this play.
Describe the marriage arrangements agreed to in the last scene.
Quote six instances of various readings in this play.
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