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AS YOU LIKE IT

by William Shakespeare

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Scene II.

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Another part of the Forest

Another part of the Forest

| OLIVER |
|---|
| , Son of Sir Rowland de Bois |
| JAQUES |
| , Son of Sir Rowland de Bois |
| |
| ORLANDO |
| , Son of Sir Rowland de Bois |
| |
| ADAM |
| , Servant to Oliver |
| |
| DENNIS |
| , Servant to Oliver |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| , a Clown |
| , a Clown |
| SIR OLIVER MARTEXT |
| , a Vicar |
| |
| CORIN |
| , Shepherd |
| |
| SILVIUS |
| , Shepherd |
| WILLIAM |
| |
| , a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey |
| A person representing |
| HYMEN |
| |
| |

, Lord attending on the Duke in his Banishment

, a Courtier attending upon Frederick

LE BEAU

CHARLES

, his Wrestler

ROSALIND

, Daughter to the banished Duke

CELIA

, Daughter to Frederick

PHEBE

, a Shepherdess

AUDREY

, a Country Wench

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, 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.

ACT I

SCENE I. An Orchard near OLIVER'S house

[Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.]

ORLANDO

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou 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

| Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury? |
|---|
| OLIVER |
| Know you where you are, sir? |
| ORLANDO |
| O, sir, very well: here in your orchard. |
| OLIVER |
| Know you before whom, sir? |
| ORLANDO |
| Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother: and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit; I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. |
| OLIVER |
| What, boy! |
| ORLANDO |
| Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. |
| OLIVER |

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

| 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 has railed on thyself. |
|---|
| ADAM |

[Coming forward]

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

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all 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.

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.] **OLIVER** Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis! [Enter DENNIS.] **DENNIS** Calls your worship? **OLIVER** Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? **DENNIS** So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you. **OLIVER** Call him in. [Exit DENNIS.] —'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is. [Enter CHARLES.] **CHARLES**

Good morrow to your worship.

What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

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 disguis'd 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 thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLIVER

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means 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 anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come 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.]

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him: for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether 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

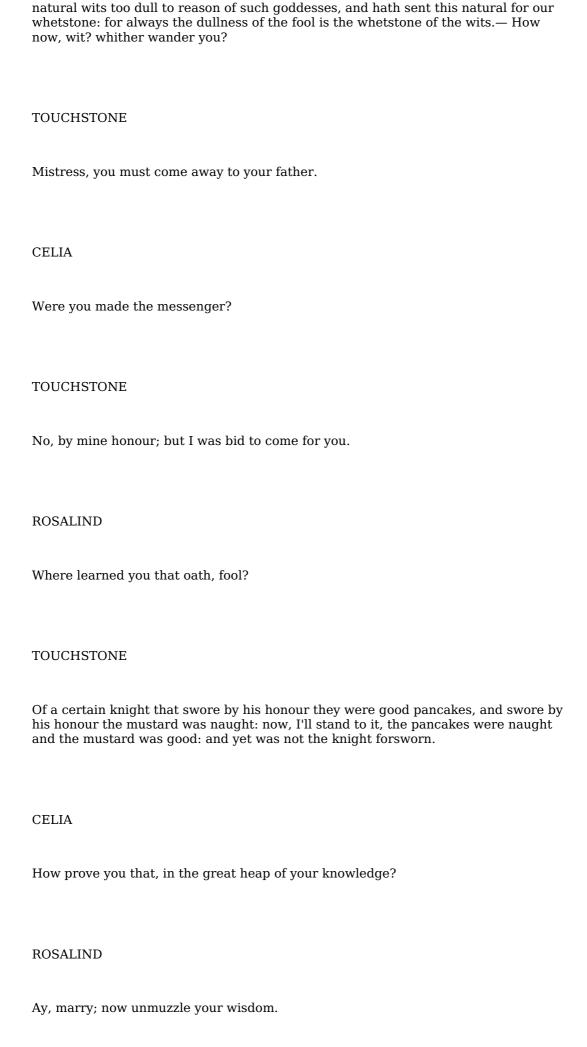
| CELIA |
|--|
| I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry. |
| ROSALIND |
| Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. |
| |
| CELIA |
| Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. |
| ROSALIND |
| Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours. |
| CELIA |
| You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. |
| ROSALIND |
| From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; what think you of falling in love? |

CELIA

Marry, I 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 mayst in honour come off again.

| ROSALIND |
|--|
| What shall be our sport, then? |
| CELIA |
| Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. |
| ROSALIND |
| I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. |
| CELIA |
| 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. |
| ROSALIND |
| Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. |
| CELIA |
| No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? —Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? |
| [Enter TOUCHSTONE.] |
| ROSALIND |

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



Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our

| TOUCHSTONE |
|---|
| Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. |
| |
| CELIA |
| By our beards, if we had them, thou art. |
| TOLICIETONE |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancackes or that mustard. |
| |
| CELIA |
| Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st? |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| One that old Frederick, your father, loves. |
| |
| CELIA |
| My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days. |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly. |

By my troth, thou sayest true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the

CELIA

| ROSALIND |
|---|
| With his mouth full of news. |
| CELIA |
| Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young. |
| ROSALIND |
| Then shall we be news-crammed. |
| CELIA |
| All the better; we shall be the more marketable. |
| [Enter LE BEAU.] Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news? |
| LE BEAU |
| Fair princess, you have lost much good sport. |
| CELIA |
| Sport! of what colour? |
| LE BEAU |

What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

| As wit and fortune will. |
|---|
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Or as the destinies decrees. |
| CELIA Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Nay, if I keep not my rank,— |
| ROSALIND |
| Thou 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. |
| ROSALIND |
| 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 |

ROSALIND

| LE BEAU |
|---|
| There comes an old man and his three sons,— |
| CELIA |
| I could match this beginning with an old tale. |
| LE BEAU |
| |
| Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks.— |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| "Be it known unto all men by these presents,"— |
| |
| LE BEAU |
| The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Alas! |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? |

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

| LE BEAU |
|--|
| Why, this that I speak of. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. |
| CELIA |
| Or I, I promise thee. |
| ROSALIND |
| But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?— Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? |
| LE BEAU |
| You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. |
| CELIA |
| Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. |
| [Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.] |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. |
| ROSALIND |

Is yonder the man?

| Even he, madam. |
|--|
| CELIA |
| Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully. |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling? |
| ROSALIND |
| Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave. |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the 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. |
| CELIA |
| Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau. |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| Do so; I'll not be by. |
| [DUKE FREDERICK goes apart.] |
| LE BEAU |

Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

LE BEAU

ORLANDO I attend them with all respect and duty. **ROSALIND** Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? **ORLANDO** No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. **CELIA** Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. **ROSALIND** Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle 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.

ROSALIND

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

| CELIA |
|--|
| And mine to eke out hers. |
| ROSALIND |
| Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you! |
| CELIA |
| Your heart's desires be with you. |
| CHARLES |
| Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? |
| ORLANDO |
| Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| You shall try but one fall. |
| CHARLES |
| No; I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. |

You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

ORLANDO

ROSALIND Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man! **CELIA** I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.] ROSALIND O excellent young man! **CELIA** If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.] DUKE FREDERICK No more, no more. ORLANDO

Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

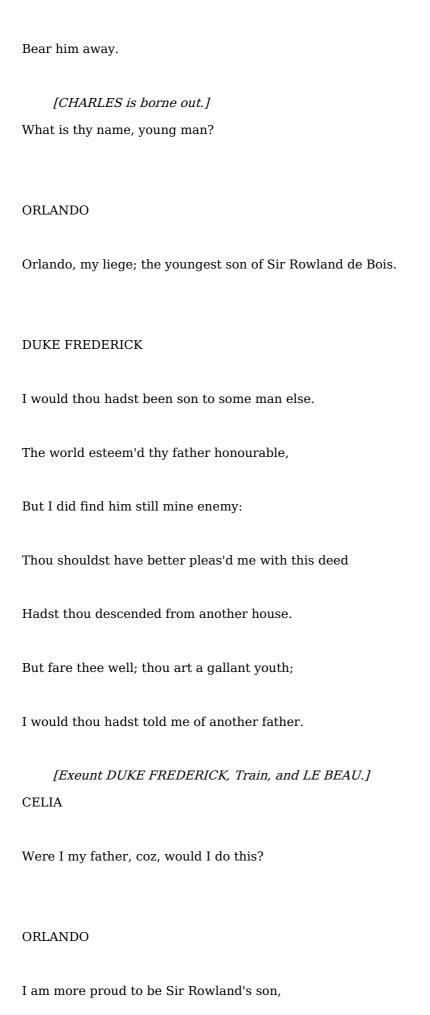
How dost thou, Charles?

DUKE FREDERICK

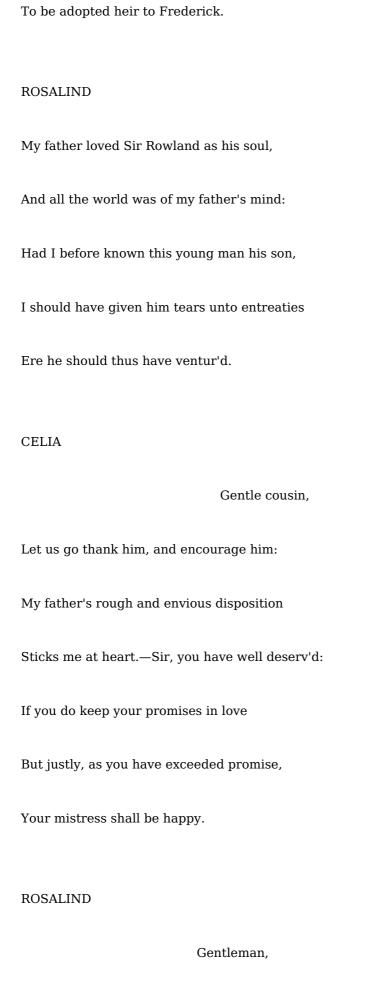
LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

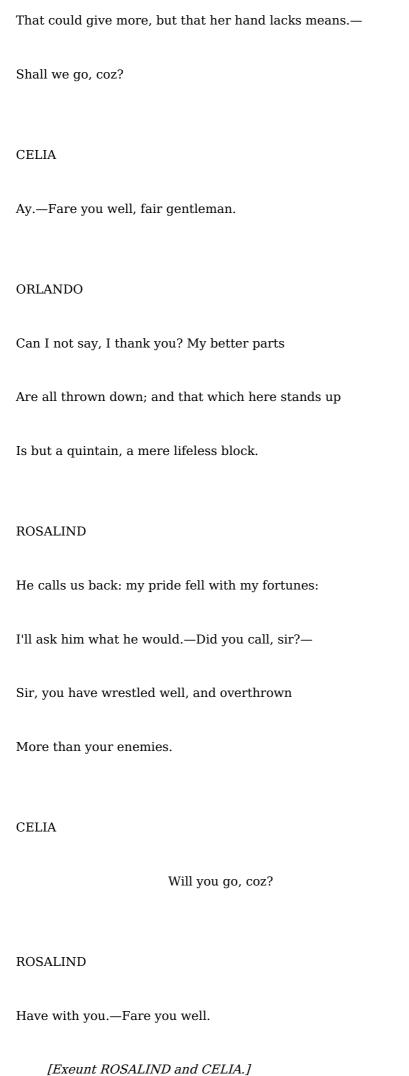
DUKE FREDERICK



His youngest son;—and would not change that calling



[Giving him a chain from her neck.]
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,



ORLANDO

```
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 miscónstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
ORLANDO
I thank you, sir: and pray you tell me this;
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, 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. **ORLANDO** I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [Exit LE BEAU.] Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:-But heavenly Rosalind!

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace

| [Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.] |
|---|
| CELIA |
| Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word? |
| ROSALIND |
| Not one to throw at a dog. |
| |
| CELIA |
| No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; |
| come, lame me with reasons. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any. |
| CELIA |
| CELIA |
| But is all this for your father? |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world! |
| |
| CELIA |

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

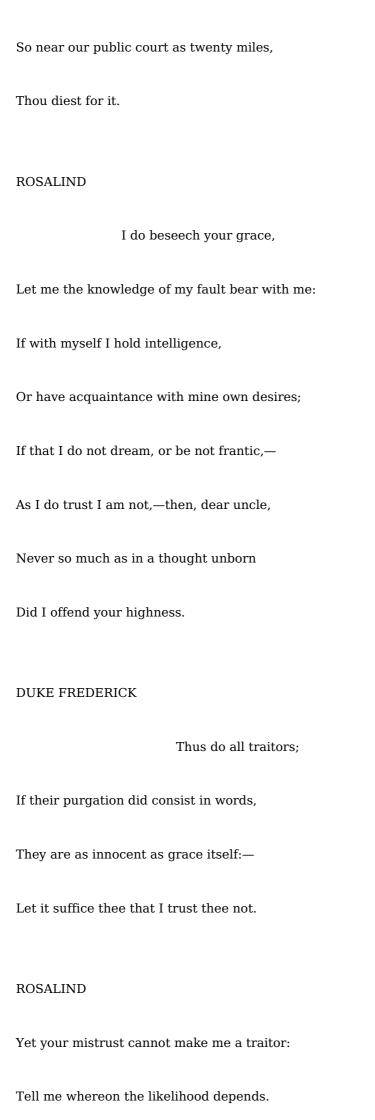
ROSALIND I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart. **CELIA** Hem them away. **ROSALIND** I would try, if I could cry hem and have him. **CELIA** Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. **ROSALIND** O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself. **CELIA** O, a good wish upon 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? **ROSALIND**

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I

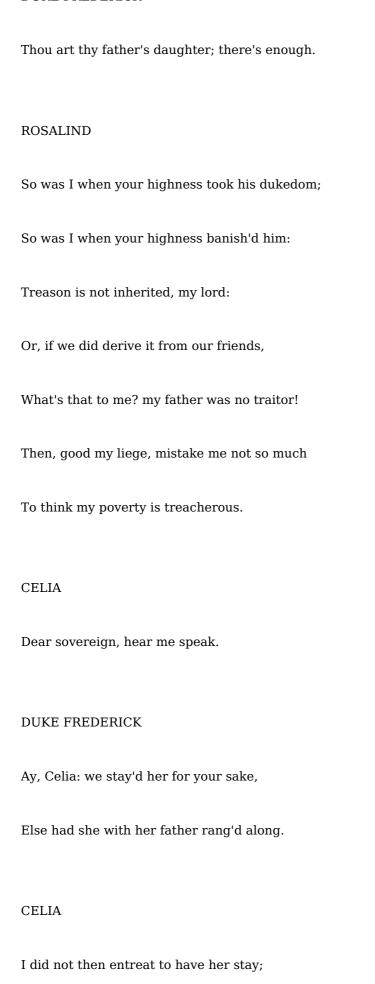
The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

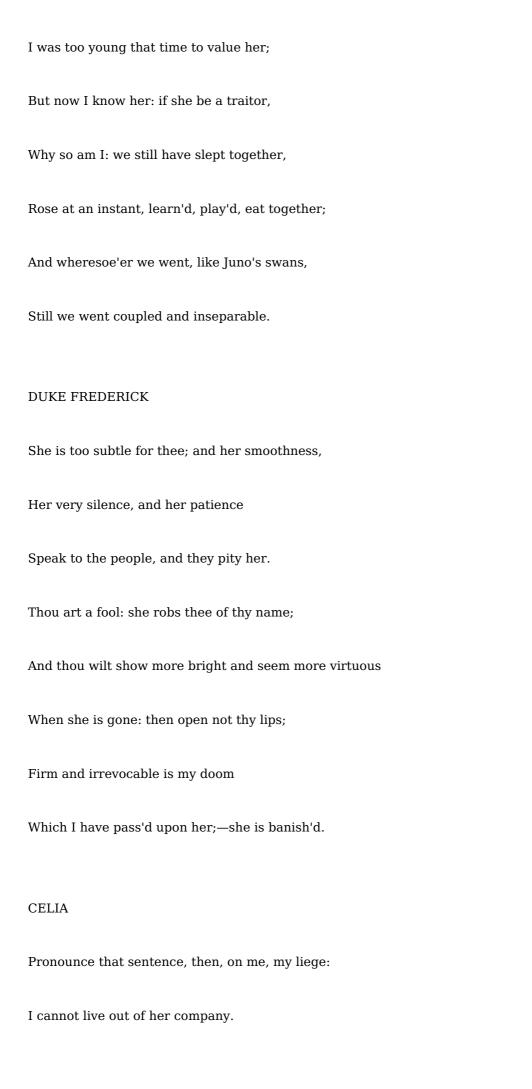


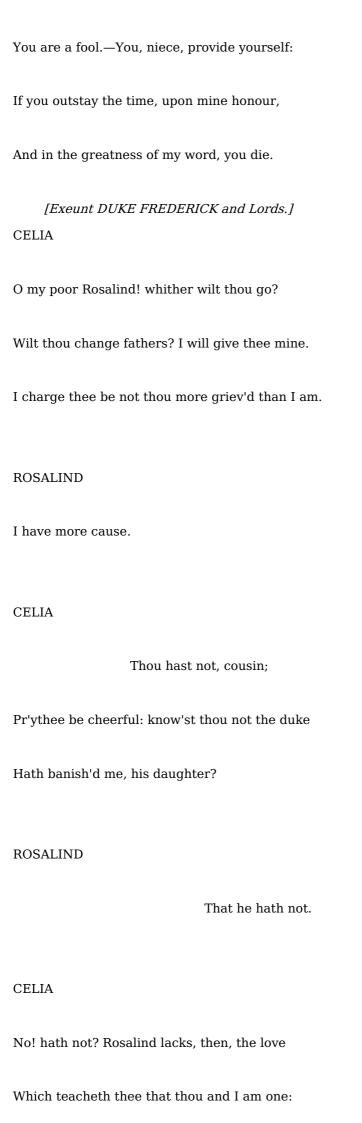


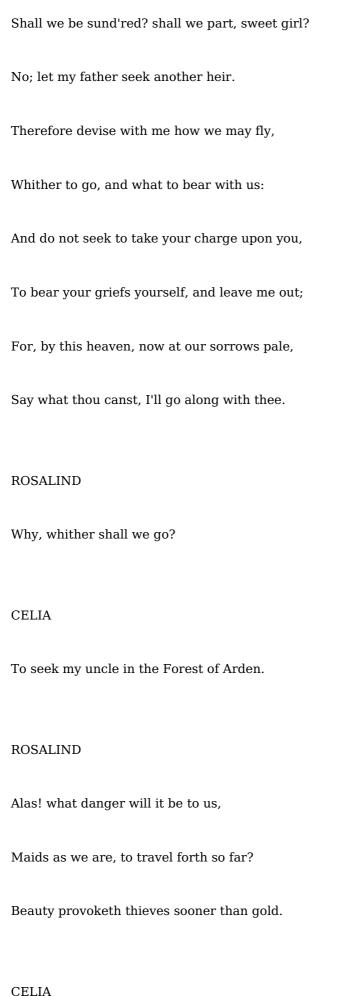
DUKE FREDERICK



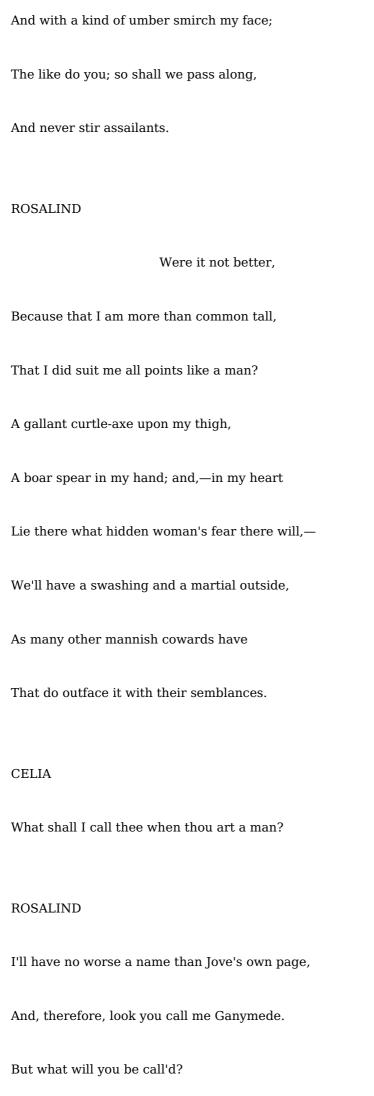
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:







I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,



| Something that hath a reference to my state: |
|---|
| No longer Celia, but Aliena. |
| ROSALIND |
| 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? |
| CELIA |
| He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; |
| Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, |
| And get our jewels and our wealth together; |
| Devise the fittest time and safest way |
| To hide us from pursuit that will be made |
| After my flight. Now go we in content |
| To liberty, and not to banishment. |
| [Exeunt.] |

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden

[Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other LORDS, in the dress of foresters.]
DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,-

The seasons' difference: as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,

"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.

| Happy is your grace, |
|--|
| That can translate the stubbornness of fortune |
| Into so quiet and so sweet a style. |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| Come, shall we go and kill us venison? |
| And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools, |
| Being native burghers of this desert city, |
| Should, in their own confines, with forked heads |
| Have their round haunches gor'd. |
| FIRST LORD |
| Indeed, my lord, |
| The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; |
| And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp |
| Than doth your brother that hath 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 markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
DUKE SENIOR
                       But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
FIRST 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 worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being there alone,
```

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Left and abandoned 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 SENIOR
And did you leave him in this contemplation?
SECOND LORD
We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
```

Upon the sobbing deer.

| Show me the place: |
|---|
| I love to cope him in these sullen fits, |
| For then he's full of matter. |
| FIRST LORD |
| I'll bring you to him straight. |
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| SCENE II. A Room in the Palace |
| [Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.] DUKE FREDERICK |
| Can it be possible that no man saw them? |
| It cannot be: some villains of my court |
| Are of consent and sufferance in this. |
| FIRST LORD |
| I cannot hear of any that did see her. |
| 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.

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 FREDERICK** Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither: If he be absent, bring his brother to me, I'll make him find him: do this suddenly; And let not search and inquisition quail To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Before OLIVER'S House

ORLANDO Who's there? **ADAM** What, my young master?—O my gentle master! O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bonny prizer of the humorous duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. 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!

[Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.]

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

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. **ORLANDO**

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here.

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

We'll light upon some settled low content.

| 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. |
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden |
| [Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.] |
| ROSALIND |
| O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits! |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary. |



I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I

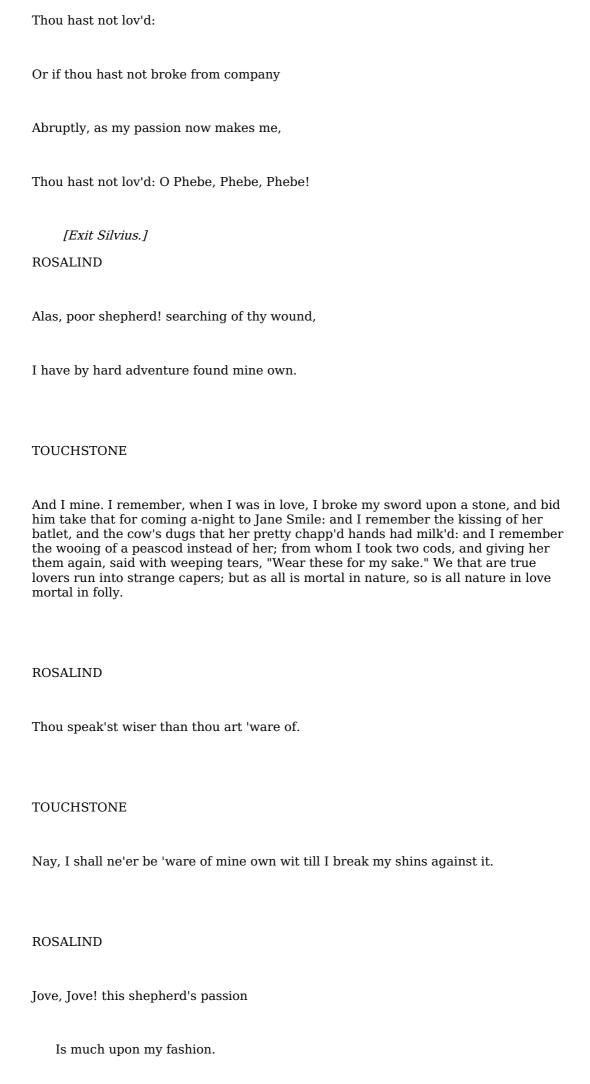
| CORIN |
|---|
| I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now. |
| SILVIUS |
| No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; |
| Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover |
| As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: |
| But if thy love were ever like to mine,— |
| As sure I think did never man love so,— |
| How many actions most ridiculous |
| Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy? |
| CORIN |
| Into a thousand that I have forgotten. |
| SILVIUS |
| O, thou didst then never love so heartily: |
| If thou remember'st not the slightest folly |

That ever love did make thee run into,

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

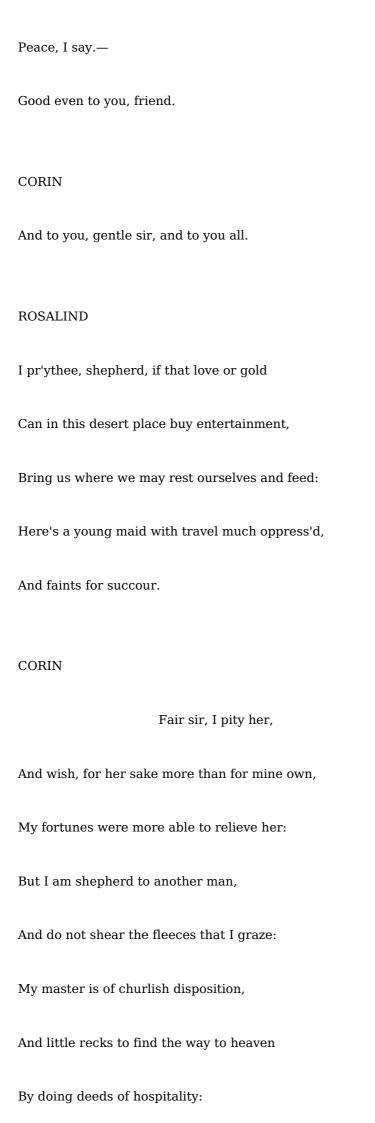
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

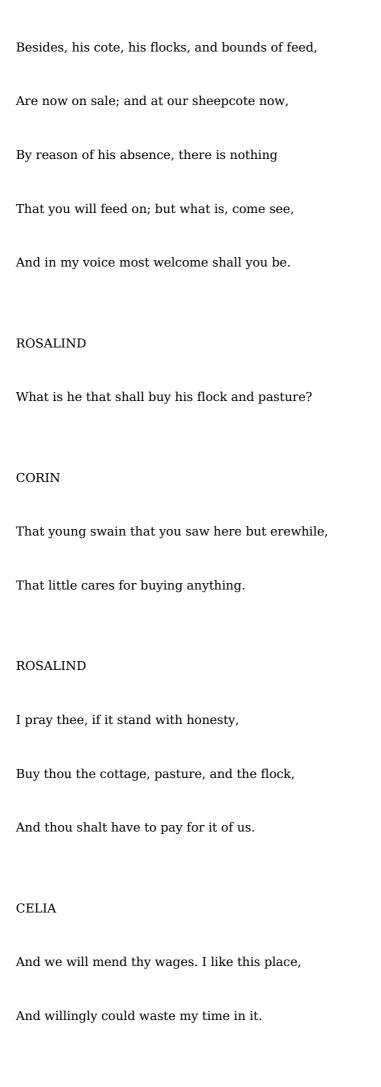
Thou hast not lov'd:



TOUCHSTONE

| And mine: but it grows something stale with me. |
|---|
| CELIA |
| I pray you, one of you question yond man |
| If he for gold will give us any food: |
| I faint almost to death. |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Holla, you clown! |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman. |
| |
| CORIN |
| Who calls? |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Your betters, sir. |
| |
| CORIN |
| Else are they very wretched. |

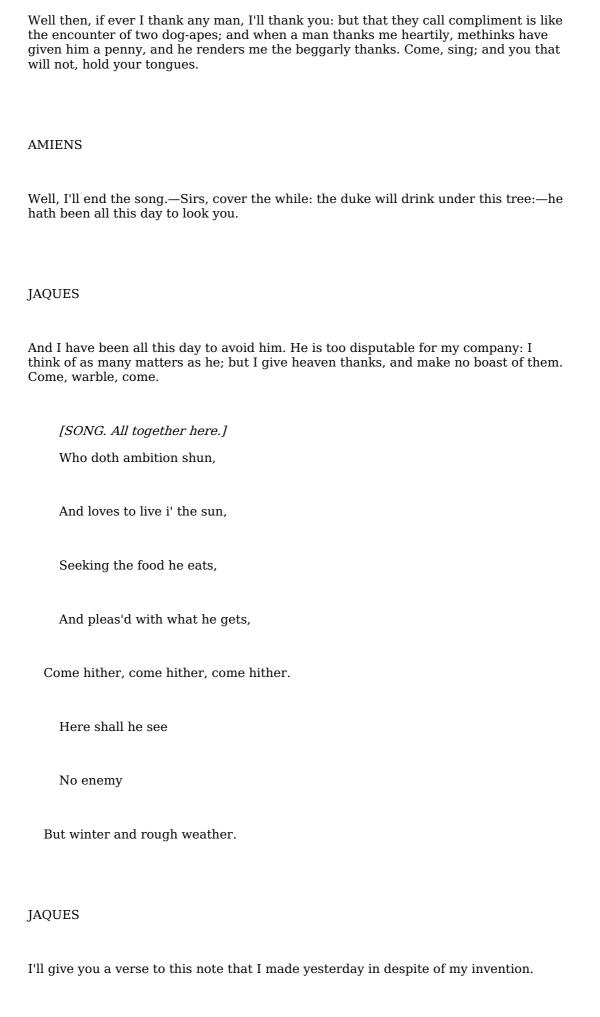




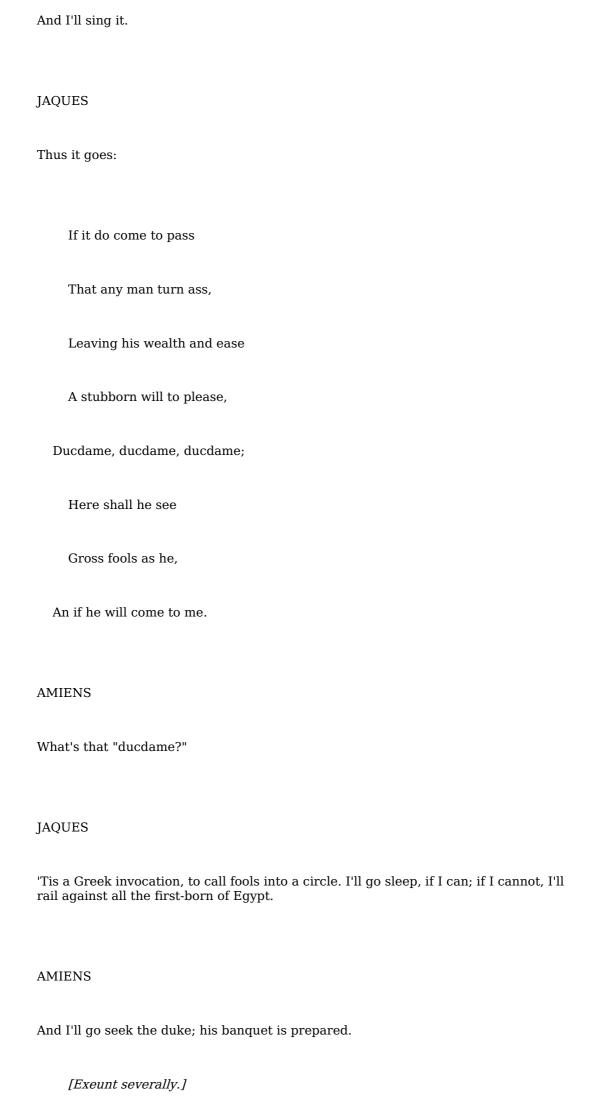
Assuredly the thing is to be sold: Go with me: if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.] **SCENE V.** Another part of the Forest [Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.] **AMIENS** [SONG] Under the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And turn 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.

| AMIENS |
|--|
| It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. |
| |
| JAQUES |
| I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more. |
| |
| AMIENS |
| My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you. |
| |
| JAQUES |
| I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more: another stanza. Call you them stanzas? |
| |
| AMIENS |
| What you will, Monsieur Jaques. |
| |
| JAQUES |
| Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? |
| AMIENS |
| ALIALIA CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP |
| More at your request than to please myself. |
| |

More, more, I pr'ythee, more.



AMIENS



SCENE VI. Another part of the Forest

| [Enter | ORLANDO | and ADAM.] |
|--------|---------|------------|
| [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.

ORLANDO

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another part of the Forest

[A table set. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and others.]

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

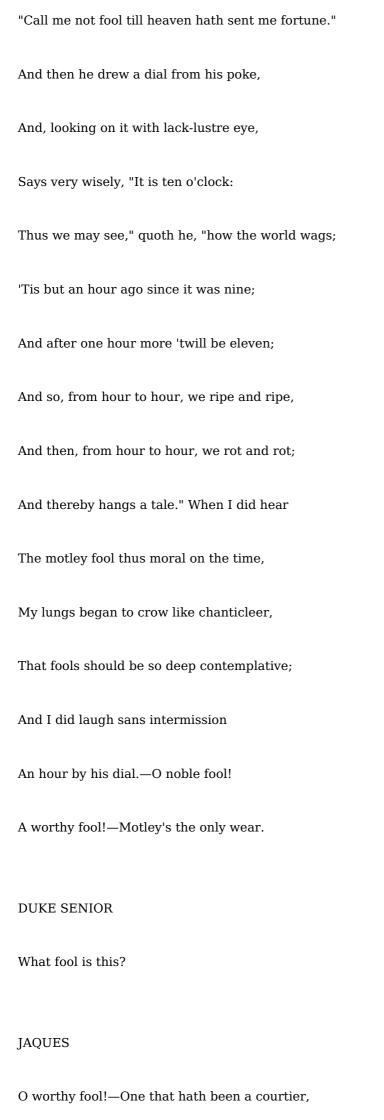
FIRST LORD

My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR

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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.
FIRST LORD
He saves my labour by his own approach.
     [Enter JAQUES.]
DUKE SENIOR
Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily!
JAQUES
A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' 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,
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```
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 cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.-O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
DUKE SENIOR
Thou shalt have one.
JAQUES
                    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 anatomiz'd |
| 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. |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do. |
| JAQUES |
| What, for a counter, would I do but good? |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| 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 license of free foot hast caught |

JAQUES Why, who cries out on pride That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the weary very means do ebb? 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 on my cost,— Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits His folly to the metal 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,

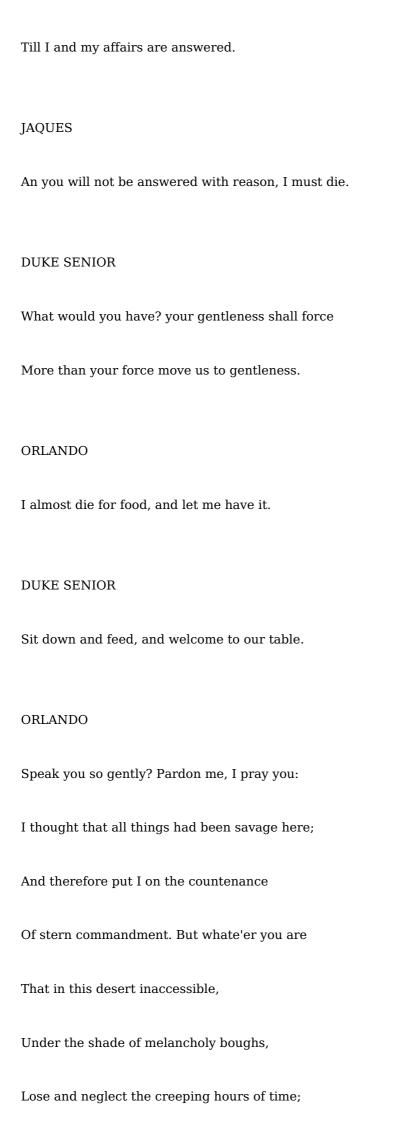
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

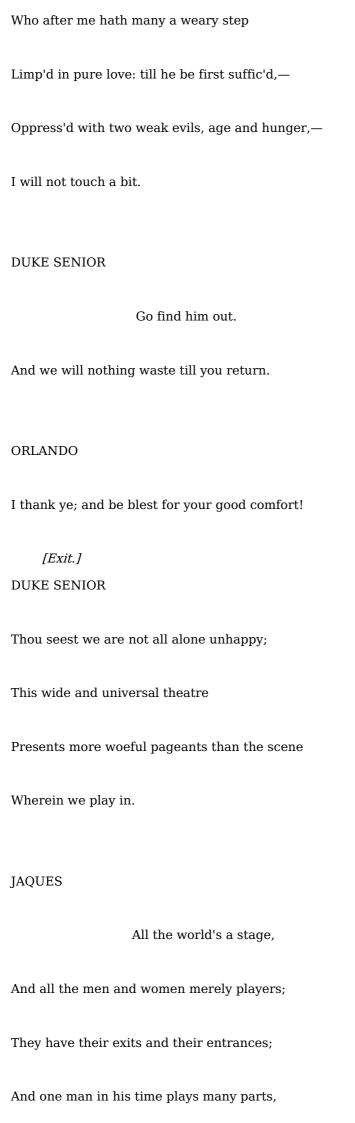
| ORLANDO |
|--|
| Forbear, and eat no more. |
| JAQUES |
| Why, I have eat none yet |
| ORLANDO |
| Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd. |
| JAQUES |
| Of what kind should this cock come of? |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress: |
| Or else a rude despiser of good manners,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

[Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.]



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 wip'd 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 SENIOR** 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 wip'd 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. ORLANDO 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



His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; 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 sav'd, 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 SENIOR |
| Welcome. Set down your venerable burden, |
| And let him feed. |
| ORLANDO |
| I thank you most for him. |
| ADAM |
| So had you need; |
| I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| 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 |

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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
       As benefits forgot:
     Though thou the waters warp,
     Thy sting is not so sharp
       As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
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Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

This life is most jolly.

DUKE SENIOR

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,—

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]

ACT III

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace

[Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and Attendants.]
DUKE FREDERICK

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

| I should not seek an absent argument |
|---|
| Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it: |
| Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is: |
| Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living |
| Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more |
| To seek a living in our territory. |
| Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine |
| Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands, |
| Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth |
| Of what we think against thee. |
| |
| OLIVER |
| O that your highness knew my heart in this! |
| I never lov'd my brother in my life. |
| |
| DUKE FREDERICK |
| More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors, |
| And let my officers of such a nature |
| Make an extent upon his house and lands: |
| Do this expediently, and turn him going. |

But were I not the better part made mercy,

SCENE II. The Forest of Arden

[Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.]
ORLANDO

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 every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit.]

[Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

CORIN

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

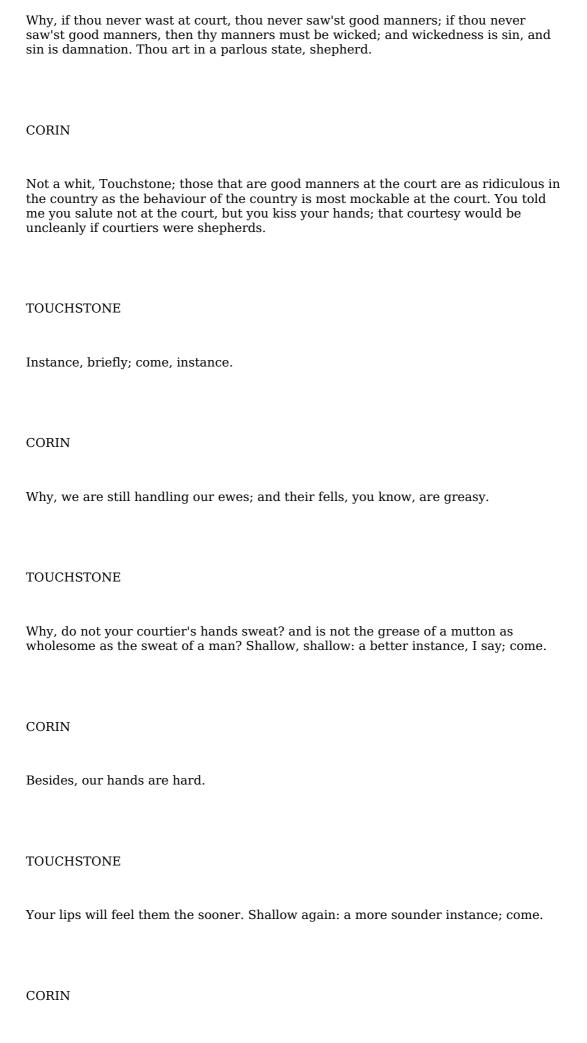
TOUCHSTONE

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is 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

| CORIN |
|--|
| No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? |
| CORIN |
| No, truly. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Then thou art damned. |
| CORIN |
| Nay, I hope,— |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. |
| CORIN |
| For not being at court? Your reason. |

TOUCHSTONE

against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

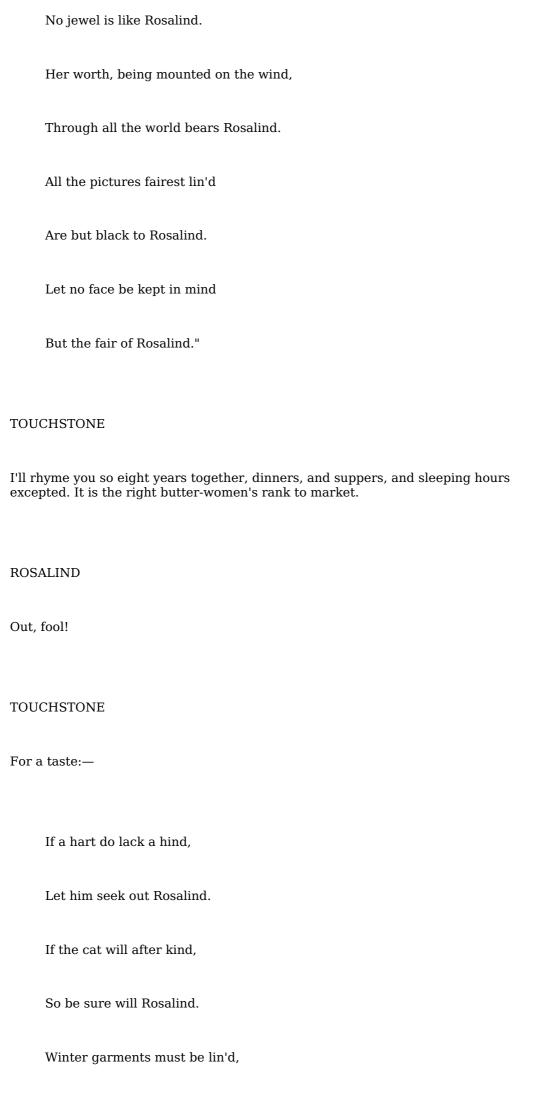


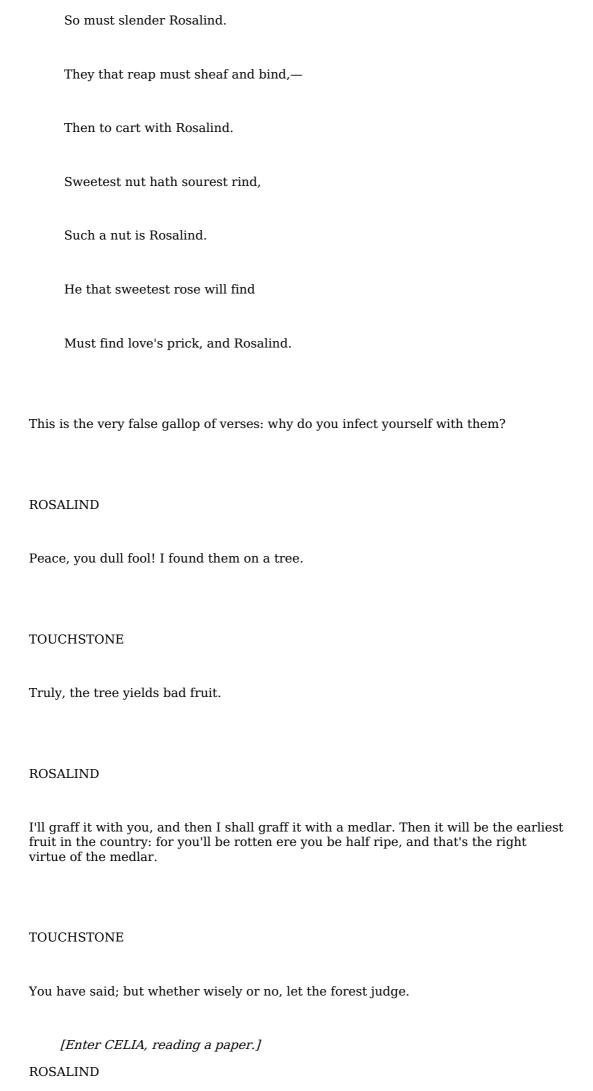
And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCHSTONE

| Most shallow man! thou worm's-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. | y |
|--|----|
| CORIN | |
| You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest. | |
| TOUCHSTONE | |
| Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. | u |
| CORIN | |
| 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. | |
| TOUCHSTONE | |
| That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and t betray a she-lamb of a twelvementh to crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. | :0 |
| CORIN | |
| Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother. | |
| [Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.] ROSALIND | |
| TOOM THIT AD | |

"From the east to western Ind,





| Peace! |
|---|
| Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside. |
| CELIA |
| "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 streching 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

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 devis'd, Of many faces, eyes, and hearts, To have the touches dearest priz'd. Heaven would that she these gifts should have, And I to live and die her slave." **ROSALIND** O most gentle Jupiter!—What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people!" **CELIA** How now! back, friends; shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah. **TOUCHSTONE**

That one body should be fill'd

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

[Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

| CELIA |
|--|
| Didst thou hear these verses? |
| ROSALIND |
| O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. |
| CELIA |
| That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses. |
| ROSALIND |
| Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. |
| CELIA |
| But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? |
| ROSALIND |
| I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. |
| CELIA |
| Trow you who hath done this? |

| Is it a man? |
|---|
| |
| CELIA |
| And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour? |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| I pray thee, who? |
| |
| CELIA |
| O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Nay, but who is it? |
| |
| CELIA |
| Is it possible? |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. |
| |
| CELIA |
| O wonderful, wonderful, most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! |

| CELIA |
|---|
| So you may put a man in your belly. |
| ROSALIND |
| Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard? |
| CELIA |
| Nay, he hath but a little beard. |
| ROSALIND |
| Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. |
| CELIA |
| It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant. |
| ROSALIND |
| Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid. |

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of

discovery. I pr'ythee 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 narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once or none at all. I pr'ythee take

the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

| ROSALIND |
|--|
| Orlando? |
| |
| CELIA |
| Orlando. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?— What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd 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. |
| |
| CELIA |
| You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled? |
| |
| CELIA |
| It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn. |
| |
| ROSALIND |

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

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

| CELIA |
|---|
| Give me audience, good madam. |
| ROSALIND |
| Proceed. |
| CELIA |
| There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight. |
| ROSALIND |
| Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground. |
| CELIA |
| Cry, "holla!" to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. |
| ROSALIND |
| O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. |
| CELIA |
| I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune. |
| ROSALIND |

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

| You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here? |
|---|
| ROSALIND |
| 'Tis he: slink by, and note him. |
| [CELIA and ROSALIND retire.] [Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.] JAQUES |
| I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone |
| ORLANDO And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society. |
| JAQUES |
| God buy you: let's meet as little as we can. |
| ORLANDO |
| I do desire we may be better strangers. |
| JAQUES |
| I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks. |

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

CELIA

ORLANDO

| JAQUES |
|--|
| Rosalind is your love's name? |
| ORLANDO |
| Yes, just. |
| JAQUES |
| I do not like her name. |
| ORLANDO |
| There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened. |
| JAQUES |
| What stature is she of? |
| ORLANDO |
| Just as high as my heart. |
| JAQUES |
| You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings? |
| ORLANDO |

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

| You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery. |
|--|
| ORLANDO |
| I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. |
| JAQUES |
| The worst fault you have is to be in love. |
| ORLANDO |
| 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you. |
| JAQUES |
| By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. |
| ORLANDO |
| He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him. |
| JAQUES. |
| There I shall see mine own figure. |
| ORLANDO |

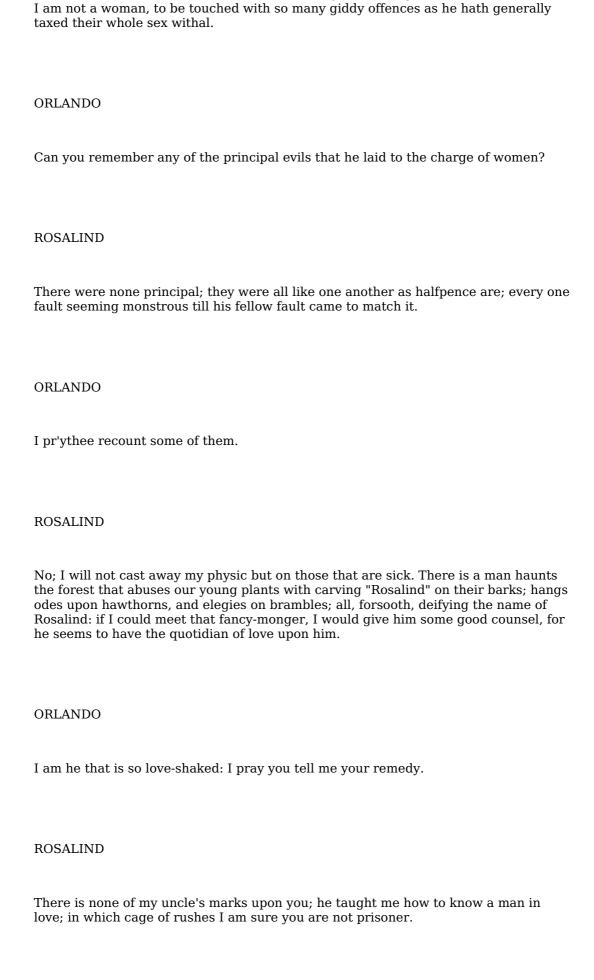
Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

| JAQUES |
|---|
| I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. |
| ORLANDO |
| I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. |
| [Exit JAQUES.—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.] ROSALIND |
| I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.— |
| Do you hear, forester? |
| ORLANDO |
| Very well: what would you? |
| ROSALIND |
| I pray you, what is't o'clock? |
| ORLANDO |
| You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest. |
| ROSALIND |
| Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock. |



| himself too soon there. |
|--|
| |
| ORLANDO |
| Who stays it still withal? |
| ROSALIND |
| With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves. |
| ORLANDO |
| Where dwell you, pretty youth? |
| ROSALIND |
| With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. |
| ORLANDO |
| Are you native of this place? |
| ROSALIND |
| As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled. |
| ORLANDO |
| Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling. |

ROSALIND

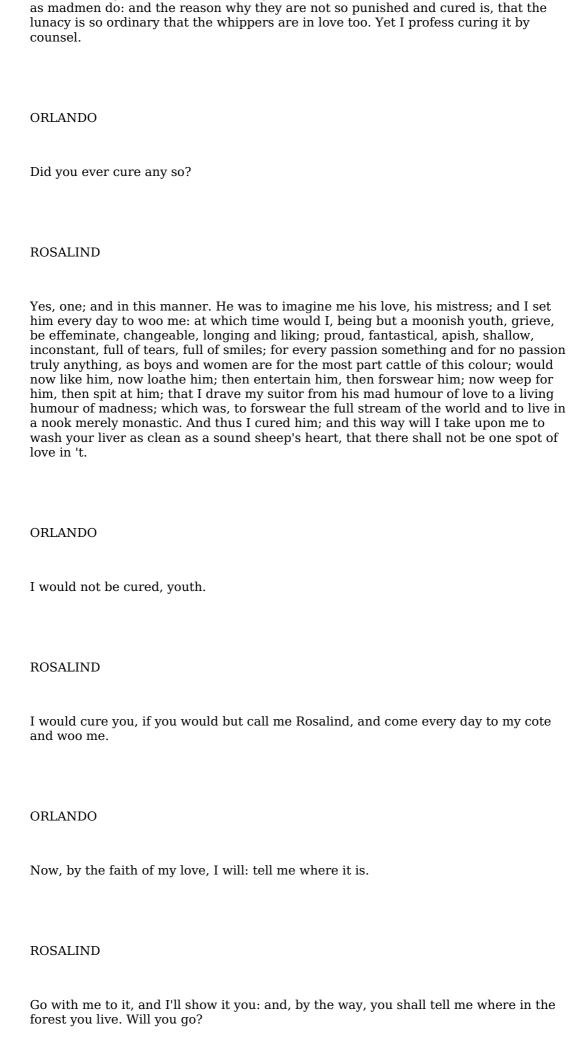


I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God

| ROSALIND |
|---|
| A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:— then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing 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. |
| ORLANDO |
| Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. |
| ROSALIND |
| Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? |
| ORLANDO |
| I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. |
| ROSALIND |
| But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? |
| ORLANDO |
| Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. |

What were his marks?

ROSALIND



Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip

| With all my heart, good youth. |
|---|
| ROSALIND |
| Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? |
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| SCENE III. Another part of the Forest |
| SCENE III. Another part of the Porest |
| [Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance observing them.] |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you? |
| AUDREY |
| Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. |
| |
| JAQUES |
| [Aside] |
| O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! |

ORLANDO



Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest! **TOUCHSTONE** Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. **AUDREY** I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. **TOUCHSTONE** Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. **JAQUES** [Aside] I would fain see this meeting. **AUDREY** Well, the gods give us joy! **TOUCHSTONE**

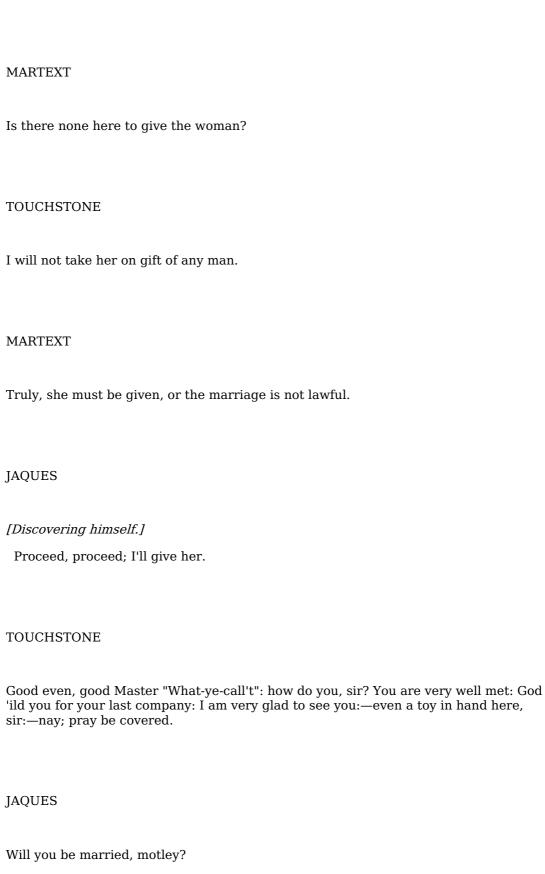
AUDREY

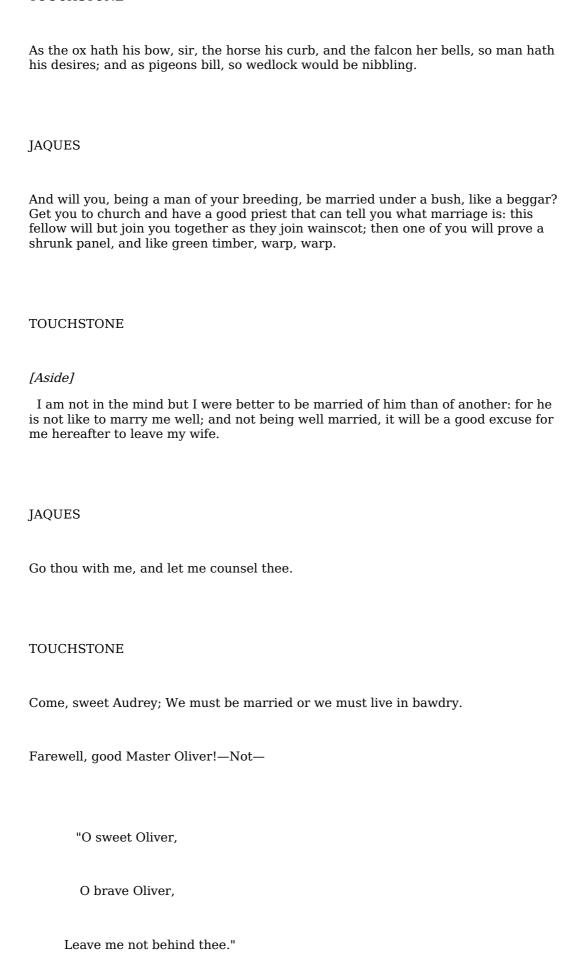
Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—"Many a man knows no end of his goods;" right! many a man has good horns and knows 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 horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

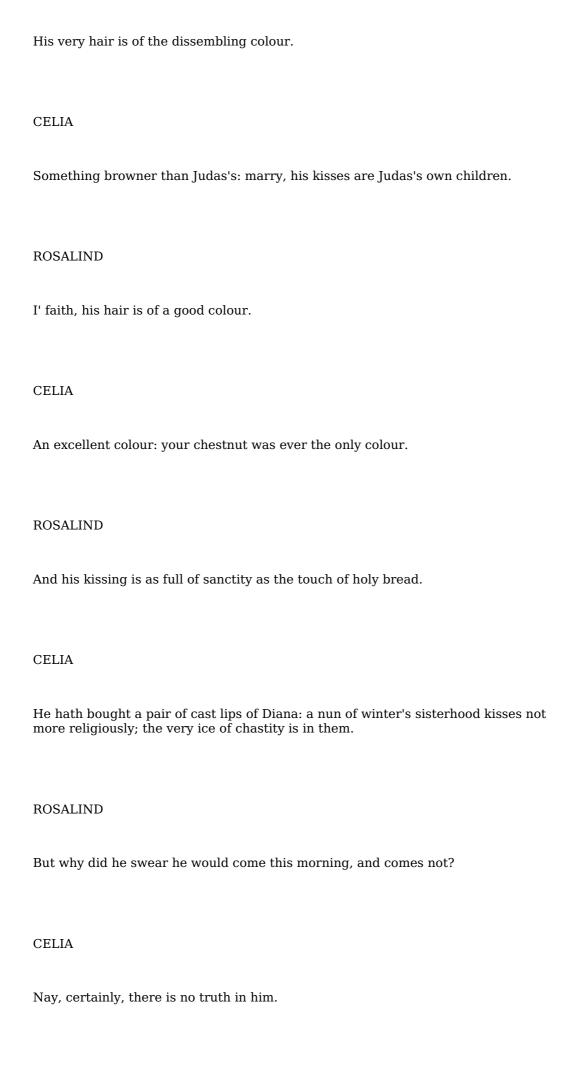
| [Entor | CID | | MARTEXT. | 7 |
|--------|-----|--------|----------|---|
| ıcıner | SIR | OLIVER | MARIEAI. | / |

| Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. | Will you despatch us here under this tree, or |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| shall we go with you to your chapel? | |



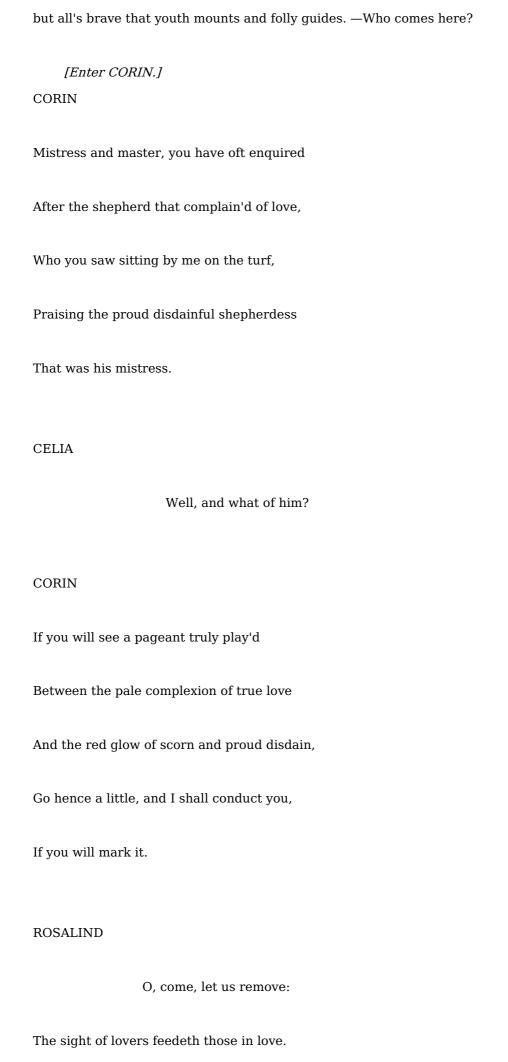


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"Wind away,—
       Begone, I say,
     I will not to wedding with thee."
    [Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.]
MARTEXT
'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.
    [Exit.]
SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage
    [Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.]
ROSALIND
Never talk to me; I will weep.
CELIA
Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.
ROSALIND
But have I not cause to weep?
CELIA
As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.
```



| Do you think so? |
|--|
| CELIA |
| Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut. |
| ROSALIND |
| Not true in love? |
| CELIA |
| Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. |
| ROSALIND |
| You have heard him swear downright he was. |
| CELIA |
| "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the fores on the duke, your father. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando? |
| CELIA |

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:



Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest

[Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.] **SILVIUS** 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.] **PHEBE** 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 frail'st 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 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 not force in eyes |
| That can do hurt. |
| SILVIUS |
| 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.

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. **ROSALIND** [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;

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

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 makes 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; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well. **PHEBE** Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Why look you so upon me? **PHEBE** For no ill-will I bear you. **ROSALIND** I pray you do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.-Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.— Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud; though all the world could see, None could be so abused in sight as he. Come to our flock. [Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.] **PHEBE** Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

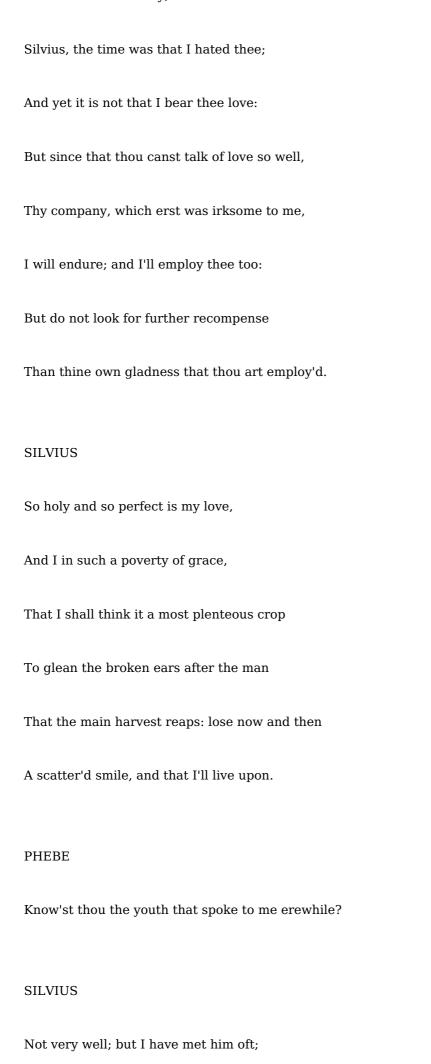
He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

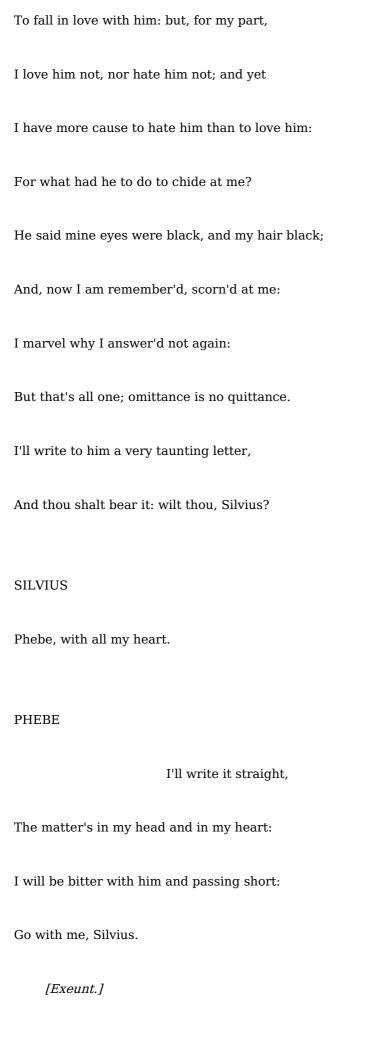
| PHEBE |
|---|
| Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius? |
| SILVIUS |
| Sweet Phebe, pity me. |
| PHEBE |
| Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius. |
| SILVIUS |
| Wherever sorrow is, relief would be: |
| If you do sorrow at my grief in love, |
| By giving love, your sorrow and my grief |
| Were both extermin'd. |
| PHEBE |
| Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly? |
| SILVIUS |
| I would have you. |
| PHEBE |

Sweet Phebe,—

Why, that were covetousness.



| And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds |
|---|
| That the old carlot once was master of. |
| PHEBE |
| 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 |



ACT IV

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden

| [Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.] |
|---|
| JAQUES |
| I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee. |
| ROSALIND |
| They say you are a melancholy fellow. |
| JAQUES |
| I am so; I do love it better than laughing. |
| ROSALIND |
| Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. |
| JAQUES |
| Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing. |
| ROSALIND |
| Why then, 'tis good to be a post. |
| JAQUES |

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



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.

| My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. |
|--|
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heartwhole. |
| ORLANDO |
| Pardon me, dear Rosalind. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail. |
| ORLANDO |
| Of a snail! |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him. |
| ORLANDO |
| What's that? |
| |
| ROSALIND |

ORLANDO

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

Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous. **ROSALIND** And I am your Rosalind. **CELIA** It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. **ROSALIND** Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? **ORLANDO** I would kiss before I spoke. **ROSALIND** Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were 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. **ORLANDO** How if the kiss be denied?

| ORLANDO |
|---|
| Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress? |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. |
| |
| ORLANDO |
| What, of my suit? |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? |
| |
| ORLANDO |
| I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| Well, in her person, I say I will not have you. |
| |
| ORLANDO |
| Then, in mine own person, I die. |
| |

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

ROSALIND



| What sayest thou? |
|--|
| ROSALIND |
| Are you not good? |
| ORLANDO |
| I hope so. |
| ROSALIND |
| Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister? |
| ORLANDO |
| Pray thee, marry us. |
| CELIA |
| I cannot say the words. |
| ROSALIND |
| You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando"— |
| CELIA |
| Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? |

| ROSALIND |
|--|
| Ay, but when? |
| ORLANDO |
| Why, now; as fast as she can marry us. |
| ROSALIND |
| Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." |
| ORLANDO |
| I take thee, Rosalind, for wife. |
| ROSALIND |
| I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions. |
| ORLANDO |
| So do all thoughts; they are winged. |
| ROSALIND |
| Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her. |

I will.

| ROSALIND |
|--|
| 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 disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou are inclined to sleep. |
| ORLANDO |
| But will my Rosalind do so? |
| ROSALIND |
| By my life, she will do as I do. |
| ORLANDO |
| O, but she is wise. |
| ROSALIND |
| Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. |
| ORLANDO |
| A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?" |
| ROSALIND |

Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

For ever and a day.

ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that? **ROSALIND** Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. 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. **ORLANDO** For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. **ROSALIND** Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours! **ORLANDO** I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again. **ROSALIND** Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come death!—Two o'clock is your hour? **ORLANDO**

Ay, sweet Rosalind.



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

| And I'll sleep. |
|--|
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| SCENE II. Another part of the Forest |
| [Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.] JAQUES |
| Which is he that killed the deer? |
| LORD |
| Sir, it was I. |
| JAQUES |
| Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? |
| LORD |
| Yes, sir. |
| JAQUES |
| Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. |

CELIA

```
1.
 What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2.
 His leather skin and horns to wear.
1.
 Then sing him home:
                        [The rest shall bear this burden.]
       Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
       It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1.
 Thy father's father wore it;
2.
 And thy father bore it;
All.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
       Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
     [Exeunt.]
```

SCENE III. Another part of the Forest

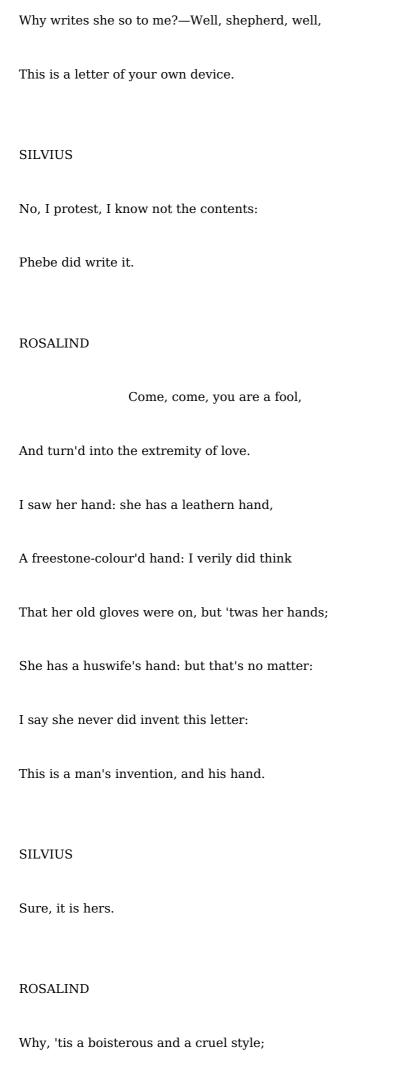
[Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.]

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando! **CELIA** I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here. [Enter SILVIUS.] **SILVIUS** 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. **ROSALIND** 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;

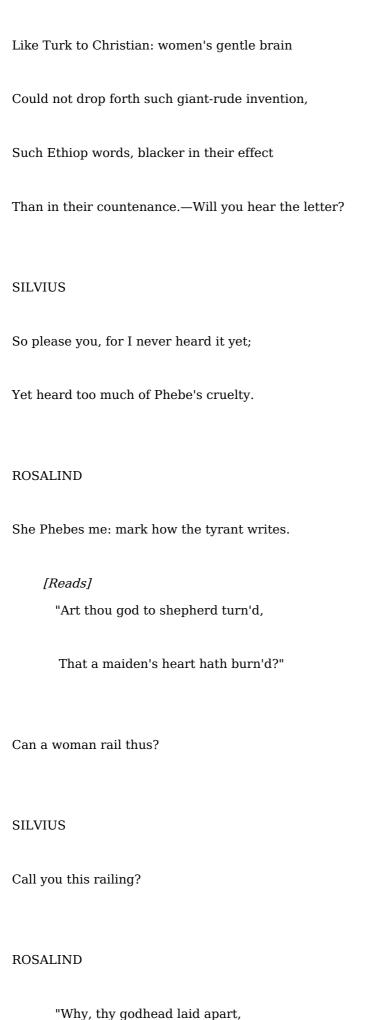
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt;



A style for challengers: why, she defies me,



willy, tilly goulleau laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—

"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 aspéct?

Whiles 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."

| Call you this chiding? |
|---|
| CELIA |
| Alas, poor shepherd! |
| ROSALIND |
| Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, —for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,—and say this to her;—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. |
| [Exit SILVIUS.] |
| [Enter OLIVER.] |
| OLIVER |
| Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, |
| Where in the purlieus of this forest stands |
| A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees? |
| CELIA |
| 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; |

SILVIUS

There's none within.

| OLIVER |
|---|
| If that an eye may profit by a tongue, |
| Then should I know you by description; |
| Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair |
| Of female 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? |
| CELIA |
| It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. |
| OLIVER |
| Orlando doth commend him to you both; |
| And to that youth he calls his Rosalind |
| He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he? |
| ROSALIND |
| I am: what must we understand by this? |
| OLIVER |

Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where,

This handkerchief was stain'd.

CELIA

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

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, $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left($

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

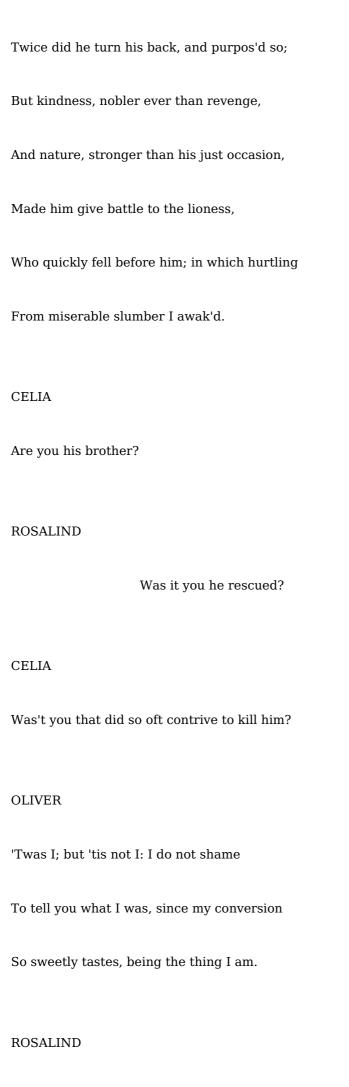
Who, with her head nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'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. |
| |
| CELIA |
| O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; |
| And he did render him the most unnatural |
| That liv'd amongst men. |
| |
| OLIVER |
| And well he might so do, |
| For well I know he was unnatural. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there, |
| Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? |



But, for the bloody napkin?—

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,

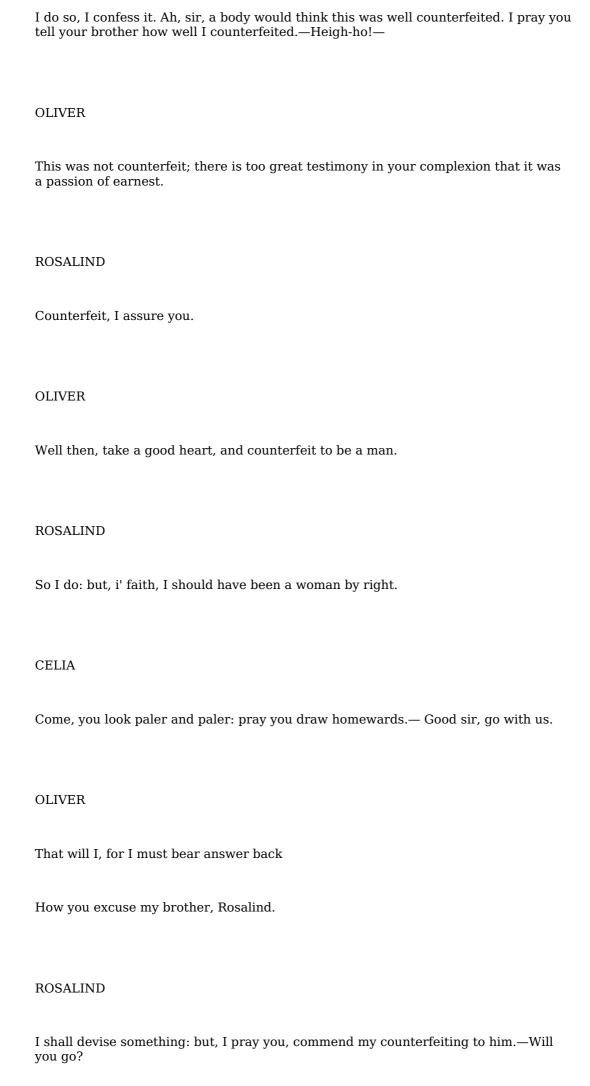
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd-youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

| [ROSALIND faints.] |
|---|
| CELIA |
| Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! |
| OLIVER |
| Many will swoon when they do look on blood. |
| CELIA |
| There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede! |
| OLIVER |
| Look, he recovers. |
| ROSALIND |
| I would I were at home. |
| CELIA |
| We'll lead you thither:— |
| I pray you, will you take him by the arm? |
| OLIVER |

Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?—You lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND



ACT V

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden

| [Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.] |
|--|
| TOUCHSTONE |
| |
| We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey. |
| we shan find a time, Addrey; patience, gende Addrey. |
| |
| |
| AUDREY |
| |
| Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. |
| |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| |
| A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth |
| here in the forest lays claim to you. |
| |
| |
| AUDREY |
| |
| Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you |
| mean. |
| |
| [Enter WILLIAM.] |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| |
| It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have |
| much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. |
| |
| |

Good even, Audrey.

WILLIAM

| AUDREY |
|---|
| God ye good even, William. |
| WILLIAM |
| And good even to you, sir. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend? |
| WILLIAM |
| Five and twenty, sir. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| A ripe age. Is thy name William? |
| WILLIAM |
| William, sir. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here? |

Ay, sir, I thank God.

WILLIAM

TOUCHSTONE "Thank God;"—a good answer. Art rich? WILLIAM Faith, sir, so-so. TOUCHSTONE "So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise? WILLIAM Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. **TOUCHSTONE** Why, thou 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? **WILLIAM** I do, sir. **TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

| No, sir. |
|--|
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Then learn this of me:—to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that |
| ipse |
| is he; now, you are not |
| ipse |
| , for I am he. |
| |
| |
| WILLIAM |
| |
| Which he, sir? |
| |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman,—which together is abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart. |
| AUDREY |
| Do, good William. |
| · • |
| |
| WILLIAM |
| |
| God rest you merry, sir. |
| [Exit.] |
| [Enter CORIN.] |
| CORIN |

Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away!

TOUCHSTONE

| Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. |
|---|
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| |
| SCENE II. Another part of the Forest |
| [Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.] |
| ORLANDO |
| Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her? |
| OLIVER |
| Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say, with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. |
| ORLANDO |
| You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. |
| [Enter ROSALIND.] |
| ROSALIND |
| God save you, brother. |

| And you, fair sister. |
|--|
| [Exit.] ROSALIND |
| O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! |
| ORLANDO |
| It is my arm. |
| ROSALIND |
| I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion. |
| ORLANDO |
| Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady. |
| ROSALIND |
| Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher? |
| ORLANDO |
| Ay, and greater wonders than that. |
| ROSALIND |

O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

They shall be married 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.

ROSALIND Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind? ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking.

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

ORLANDO

ROSALIND

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid 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.

| Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, |
|---|
| To show the letter that I writ to you. |
| ROSALIND |
| 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. |
| PHEBE |
| Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. |
| SILVIUS |
| It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— |
| And so am I for Phebe. |
| РНЕВЕ |
| And I for Ganymede. |
| ORLANDO |

And I for Rosalind.

PHEBE

| SILVIUS |
|---|
| It is to be all made of faith and service;— |
| And so am I for Phebe. |
| РНЕВЕ |
| And I for Ganymede. |
| ORLANDO |
| And I for Rosalind. |
| ROSALIND |
| And I for no woman. |
| SILVIUS |
| It is to be all made of fantasy, |
| All made of passion, and all made of wishes; |
| All adoration, duty, and observance, |
| All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, |
| All purity, all trial, all observance;— |

And so am I for Phebe.

And I for no woman.

| And so am I for Ganymede. |
|--|
| ORLANDO |
| And so am I for Rosalind. |
| ROSALIND |
| And so am I for no woman. |
| PHEBE |
| [To ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you? |
| SILVIUS |
| [To PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you? |
| ORLANDO |
| If this be so, why blame you me to love you? |
| ROSALIND |
| Why do you speak too,—"Why blame you me to love you?" |
| |

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

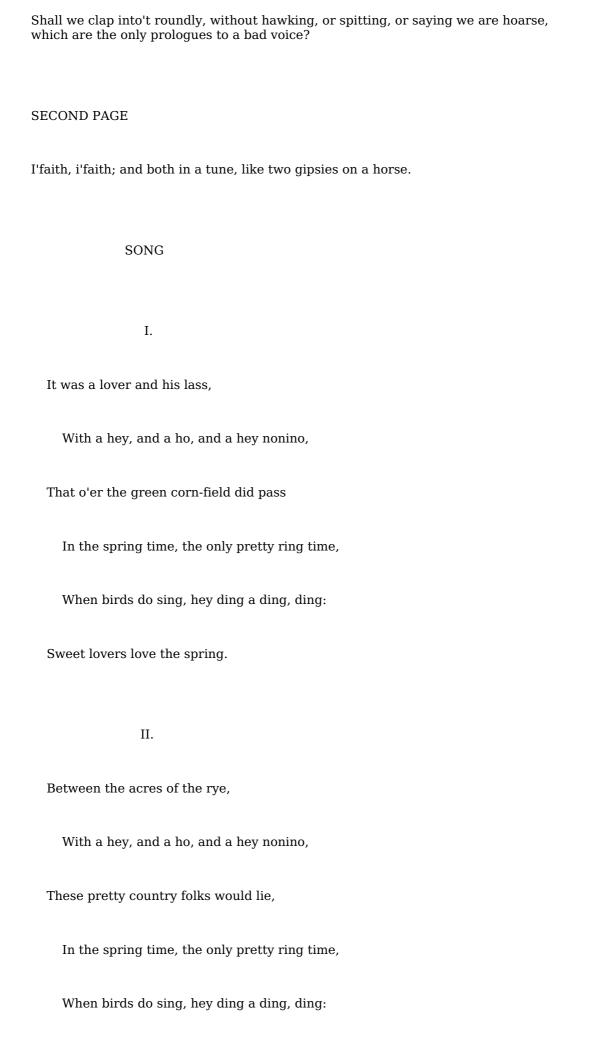
PHEBE

ROSALIND

| Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.— |
|--|
| [to SILVIUS] |
| I will help you if I can;— |
| [to PHEBE] |
| I would love you if I could.— |
| To-morrow meet me all together.— |
| [to PHEBE] |
| I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:— |
| [to ORLANDO] |
| I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:— |
| [to SILVIUS] |
| I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. |
| [to ORLANDO] |
| As you love Rosalind, meet. |
| [to SILVIUS] |
| As you love Phebe, meet;— |
| and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands. |
| SILVIUS |
| I'll not fail, if I live. |
| |
| РНЕВЕ |

| Nor I. |
|--|
| [Exeunt.] |
| |
| |
| SCENE III. Another part of the Forest |
| [Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.] |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married. |
| |
| AUDREY |
| I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages. |
| [Enter two Pages.] |
| FIRST PAGE |
| Well met, honest gentleman. |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song. |
| |
| SECOND PAGE |
| We are for you: sit i' the middle. |
| |

FIRST PAGE



Sweet lovers love the spring.

| 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, the only pretty ring time, |
| When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: |
| Sweet lovers love the spring. |
| TV. |
| 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, the only pretty ring time, |
| When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: |
| Sweet lovers love the spring. |
| |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable. |
| |

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

FIRST PAGE

By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with 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 SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not:

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

[Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.]

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:-

[To the Duke.]

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND [To Orlando.] And you say you will have her when I bring her? ORLANDO That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. **ROSALIND** [To Phebe.] You say you'll marry me, if I be willing? **PHEBE** That will I, should I die the hour after. ROSALIND But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

PHEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

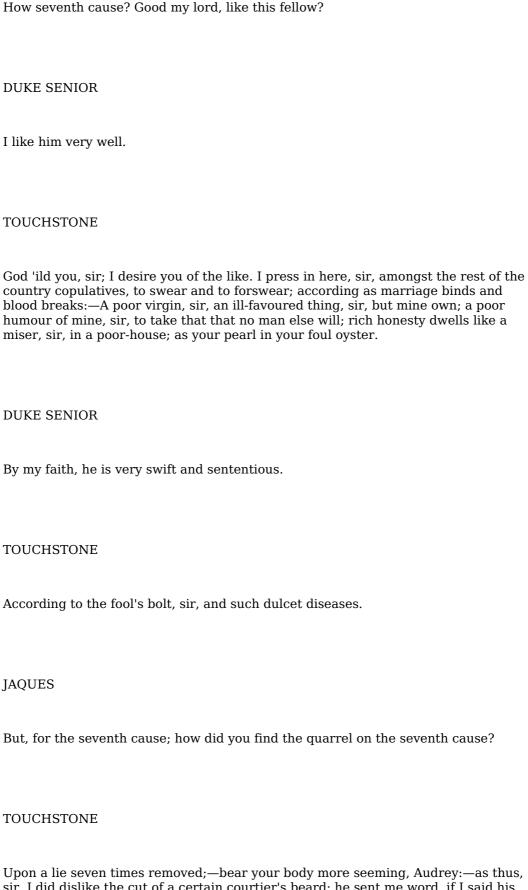
[To Silvius.]

| Though to have her and death were both one thing. |
|---|
| ROSALIND |
| 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 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 SENIOR |
| I do remember in this shepherd-boy |
| Some lively touches of my daughter's favour. |
| ORLANDO |
| My lord, the first time that I ever saw him |
| Methought he was a brother to your daughter: |

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

| Of many desperate studies by his uncle, |
|--|
| Whom he reports to be a great magician, |
| Obscurèd in the circle of this forest. |
| JAQUES |
| There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues are called fools. |
| [Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.] |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Salutation and greeting to you all! |
| JAQUES |
| Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. |
| JAQUES |
| And how was that ta'en up? |
| TOUCHSTONE |
| Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. |



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

JAQUES And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut? **TOUCHSTONE** I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted. **JAQUES** Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie? **TOUCHSTONE** O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the 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 peacemaker;-much virtue in "If." **JAQUES** Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool. **DUKE SENIOR** He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. [Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.] [Still MUSIC.] **HYMEN**

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 mightst join her hand with his, |
| Whose heart within his bosom is. |
| |
| ROSALIND |
| [To DUKE SENIOR.] |
| To you I give myself, for I am yours. |
| [To ORLANDO.] |
| To you I give myself, for I am yours. |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| |
| If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter. |
| ORLANDO |
| OILANDO |
| If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind. |
| |
| PHEBE |
| If sight and shape be true, |
| Why then, my love, adieu! |

```
[To DUKE SENIOR.]
 I'll have no father, if you be not he;—
[To ORLANDO.]
 I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—
[To PHEBE.]
 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
HYMEN
   Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
   'Tis I must make conclusion
       Of these most strange events:
   Here's eight that must take hands
   To join in Hymen's bands,
       If truth holds true contents.
[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]
 You and you no cross shall part:
[To OLIVER and CELIA.]
 You and you are heart in heart;
[To PHEBE.]
 You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:-
[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]
```

You and you are sure together,

| 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 honourèd; |
| Honour, high honour, and renown, |
| To Hymen, god of every town! |
| |
| DUKE SENIOR |
| O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me! |
| Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. |
| |
| РНЕВЕ |
| [To SILVIUS.] |
| I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; |
| Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. |

As the winter to foul weather.

[Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.]

JAQUES DE BOIS

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

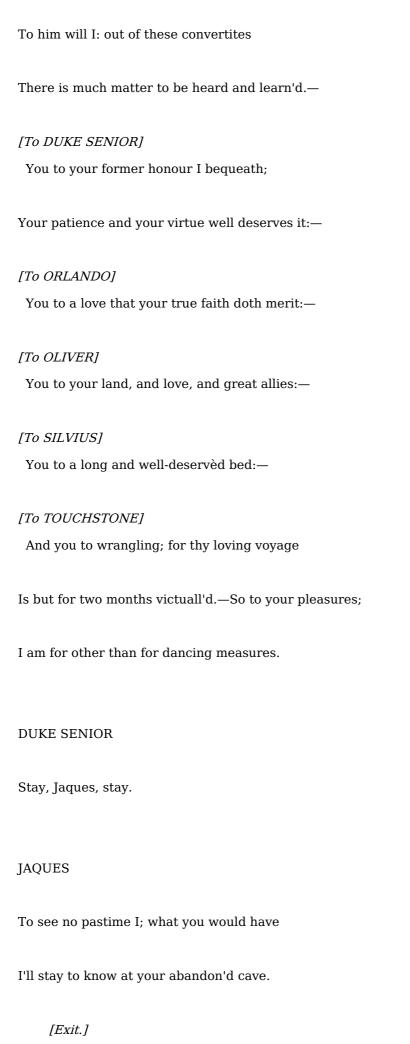
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

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 endur'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. |
| JAQUES |
| Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, |
| The duke hath put on a religious life, |
| And thrown into neglect the pompous court? |
| JAQUES DE BOIS |
| He hath. |



DUKE SENIOR

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance.]

EPILOGUE

ROSALIND

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

[Exeunt.]

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